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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. XVI.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. XVI.

SMART,	HARTE,
WILKIE,	LANGHORNE,
P. WHITEHEAD,	GOLDSMITH,
FAWKES.	ARMSTRONG,
LOVIBOND,	JOHNSON.

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C. Whittingham, Printer, Goswell Street, London.

THE

POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

VOL. XVI.

THE

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER SMART,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne in Kent, April 11th, 1722. His father was possessed of about three hundred pounds a year in that neighbourhood, and was originally intended for holy orders. Why he did not enter into holy orders, or what occupation he pursued, we are not told, except that at one time he had acted as steward of the Kentish estates of lord Barnard, afterwards earl of Darlington.

His mother was a Miss Gilpin, of the family of the celebrated reformer Bernard Gilpin; an ancestor by the father's side, Mr. Peter Smart, had been a prebendary of Durham in the reign of Charles the First, and was accounted by the puritan party as the proto-martyr in their cause, having been degraded and deprived of all his ecclesiastical preferments, fined five hundred pounds, and imprisoned eleven years. When restored to liberty by the parliament, he appeared as a witness against archbishop Laud. The particular libel for which he suffered is written in Latin verse, and was published in 1643. This is probably what the author of the life prefixed to Smart's poems, (edit. 1791) calls "an interesting narrative in a pamphlet."

When our poet was at school, his father died, and so much in debt, that his widow was obliged to sell the family estate at a considerable loss. As he had, however, received a liberal education, he is said to have communicated to his son a taste for literature, and probably that turn for pious reflection, which appears in many of his poetical pieces, and was not interrupted with impunity by the irregularities of his life.

Smart was born earlier than the usual period of gestation, and to this circumstance his biographer ascribes that delicacy of constitution which rendered him unequal to the indulgencies of men of vigour and gaiety. His taste for poetry is said

to have appeared when he was only four years old, in an extempore effusion that indicated a relish for verse and an ear for numbers; but unfortunately for this story the extempore effusion has neither been preserved nor authenticated. He was educated at Maidstone, until he was eleven years old, at which time his father died, and his mother was induced to send him to Durham, where he might enjoy the advantages of a good school, change of air, and what in her circumstances became desirable, the notice and protection of his father's relations. Who they were we are not told, but young Smart was very cordially received at Raby castle, by lord Barnard, and in this family obtained the friendship of the honourable Mrs. Hope, and the more substantial patronage of the late duchess of Cleveland, who allowed him forty pounds a year until her death, in 1742. His gratitude to these noble personages is amply testified by his Ode to lord Barnard, whom he particularly acknowledges as one who encouraged his youthful studies. It was probably owing to the liberality of the same family that, after he had acquired very considerable reputation at Durham school, he was sent to Cambridge in his seventeenth year, and admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30, 1739.

At college he was much more distinguished for his poetical efforts and classical taste than for an ambition to excel in the usual routine of academical studies,[1] and soon became a general favourite with such of his contemporaries as were men of gaiety and vivacity. A convivial disposition led him at the same time to associate rather too frequently with men who were of superior fortune, while pride kept him from avowing his inability to support their expences. His only dependance was what he derived from his college, and the allowance made to him by the duchess of Cleveland. This imprudence involved him in difficulties from which he probably might have been soon extricated, if it had not induced an habitual neglect of pecuniary matters which adhered to him throughout life, and a love for convivial enjoyments, which afterwards formed the chief blot in his character. In all other respects, Smart was a man of strict principles, and of blameless conduct.

When at college, we are told he was extremely fond of exercise, and of walking especially, at which times it was his custom to pursue his meditations. There is nothing very singular in this, as most young men at college find walking more convenient than riding; but it is added, what probably will not be so readily believed, that by constant treading he actually wore out a path on one of the paved walks belonging to Pembroke Hall!

During the early part of his residence at Cambridge, he wrote the Tripos poems in this collection, a species of composition published, or at least written, every year when the bachelors of arts have completed their degrees. It is not often that much notice is taken of these effusions, but the merit of Smart's verses was immediately and generally acknowledged. When afterwards, by the advice of his friends, he offered himself as a candidate for an university scholarship, he is said to have translated Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's day into Latin. But this is doubted by his biographer, on account of the length and labour of the composition. He

[1] It appears by his Ode on the Eagle, &c. that he had little respect for college men, or college studies. —C.

must, however, have executed that translation about this time,[2] as the applause it received induced him to turn his mind to other translations from the same author, and to write to him for his advice or approbation. The following answer was immediately transmitted by Pope.

"Sir, Twickenham, Nov. 18.

"I thank you for the favour of yours: I would not give you the trouble of translating the whole essay you mention: the two first epistles are already well done, and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry than common place. A few lines at the beginning and the conclusion, will be sufficient for a trial whether you yourself can like the task or not. I believe the Essay on Criticism will in general be more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well done, was the want of a right understanding of the subject, which appears in the foreign versions, in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one indeed in Latin verse printed at Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant: and another in French prose: but in these the spirit of poetry is as much lost, as the sense and system itself in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation of my Ode, which you sent me, and in which I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry. I am,

Your most obliged
and sincere humble servant,
"A. Pope."

This correspondence, which seems to relate principally to the Essay on Man, was probably very flattering on both sides. Smart, as a young man aiming at poetical honours, was gratified with the letters of Pope; and Pope, who was ever alive to extent of fame, was not sorry to find his works introduced on the continent in a classical form. Smart proceeded accordingly to translate the Essay on Criticism, of all Pope's writings, perhaps the most unfit for the purpose, but it brought him into some reputation with scholars and he did not perceive that it retarded his popularity as an English poet. It was, however, the fashion with the young poets of that time to translate from Pope, although he had not much taste for Latin verse; and they could derive little more advantage from the employment than the praise usually bestowed upon a school-task.

In 1743 he was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts, and July 3, 1745, was elected a fellow of Pembroke Hall. About this time he wrote a comedy, of which a few songs only remain, and a ludicrous soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle, preserved in the Old Woman's Magazine. The soliloquy and some account of the play are here extracted from his life published in 1791.

[2] He published it in 1746 along with his own Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's day, and in the last page announces that a Latin version of Pope's Essay on Criticism, and Milton's L' Allegro and Il Penseroso, were preparing for publication.—*C.*

"Enter the Princess Perriwinkle sola, attended by fourteen maids of great honour.

"Sure such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn;
This bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love.
Pride, Love, and Reason will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with Fizgig, Pride, Pride, Pride denies,
Put on a Spanish padlock, Reason cries;
But tender gentle Love with every wish complies.
Pride, Love and Reason fight till they are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beats the luckless Collier—white.
The dusty Collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the Barber—black.
In comes the Brickdust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the Collier and the Barber—red.
Black, red and white in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost."

"The play was called 'A Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair.' The business of the drama was laid in bringing up an old country baronet to admit his nephew a fellow commoner at one of the colleges; in which expedition a daughter or niece attended. In their approach to the seat of the Muses, the waters from a heavy rain happened to be out at Fenstanton, which gave a young student of Emmanuel an opportunity of shewing his gallantry as he was riding out, by jumping from his horse and plunging into the flood to rescue the distressed damsel, who was near perishing in the stream, into which she had fallen from her poney, as the party travelled on horseback. The swain being lucky enough to effect his purpose, of course gained an interest in the lady's heart, and an acquaintance with the rest of the family, which he did not fail to cultivate on their arrival at Cambridge, with success as far as the fair one was concerned. To bring about the consent of the father, (or guardian, for my memory is not accurate) it was contrived to have a play acted, of which entertainment he was highly fond; and the Norwich company luckily came to Cambridge just at the time; only one of the actors had been detained on the road; and they could not perform the play that night, unless the baronet would consent to take a part; which, rather than be disappointed of his favourite amusement, he was prevailed upon to do, especially as he was assured that it would amount to nothing more than sitting at a great table, and signing an instrument, as a justice of peace might sign a warrant; and having been some years of the quorum, he felt himself quite equal to the undertaking. The under-play to be acted by the Norwich company on this occasion, was the "Bloody War of the King of Diamonds with the King of Spades;" and the actors in it came on with their respective emblems on their shoulders taken from the suits of the cards they represented. The baronet was the king of one of the parties, and in signing a declaration of war, signed his consent to the marriage of

his niece or daughter, and a surrender of all her fortune.—This farce was acted at Pembroke College-Hall, the parlour of which made the Green Room."

In 1747, Smart took the degree of master of arts, and became a candidate for the Seatonian prize, which was adjudged to him for five years, four of them in succession. The subjects of his poems were—The Eternity—March 25, 1750;—The Immensity—April 20, 1751;—The Omniscience—Nov. 2, 1752;—The Power—Dec. 5, 1753; and the Goodness of the Supreme Being—Oct. 28, 1755.

It is probable he might have succeeded in the year 1754, but his thoughts were for some time diverted by an important change in his situation. In 1753 he quitted college, on his marriage with Miss Ann Maria Carnan, the daughter by a former husband of Mary, wife of the late worthy Mr. John Newbery. He had been introduced to this gentleman's family by Dr. Burney, the celebrated author of the History of Music, who composed several of Smart's songs, and enriched the collection of his works published in 1791, with some original compositions not generally known to belong to our poet.

Before this time Smart had occasionally visited London, and had relinquished the prospects of any regular profession. In 1751 he published his Seatonian poem on the Immensity of the Supreme Being; and about the same time appears to have been engaged with Newbery in a general scheme of authorship. He had a ready turn for original compositions both in prose and verse, and as Newbery projected many works in the form of periodical miscellanies, must have been an useful coadjutor. During the years 1750 and 1751, he was a frequent contributor to the Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, and carried on at the same time The Midwife, or the Old Woman's Magazine, a small periodical pamphlet, which was published in threepenny numbers, and was afterwards collected into three volumes 12°. Smart and Newbery were almost the sole writers in this last work, which consists of short pieces in prose and verse, mostly of the humorous kind, and generally in a style of humour which in our more polished days would be reckoned somewhat coarse.

During the publication of the Midwife, he wrote the prologue and epilogue to Othello, when acted at Drury-lane theatre by the Delaval family and their friends. Of the importance of this prologue and epilogue he had so high an opinion, that when he published them in March 1751, he added a solemn notice of their being entered in the hall-book of the Stationers' Company, and threatened to prosecute all persons who should pirate them, or *any part of them*. As he affected to conceal his share in the Midwife, he permits the old lady to copy these articles "because a work of merit printed in that magazine is as a brilliant set in gold, and increased not diminished in its lustre." It would be trifling to notice these little matters, did they not throw some light on the character and pursuits of our author. He was now fast acquiring the various arts of puffing, and he ever preserved a much higher opinion of his works, than even his best friends could allow to be just.—Among other schemes to which it is to be regretted a man of talents should descend, we find him about the beginning of the year 1752, endeavouring to amuse the town with a kind of farcical performance, called The Old Woman's Oratory, intended partly to ridicule Orator Henley's buffooneries, and partly to promote

the sale of the Old Woman's Magazine. In neither of these was he very successful: the magazine was soon discontinued for want of encouragement, and Henley was a man whose absurdities could be heightened only by himself.

Notwithstanding these pursuits, Smart's pleasing manners and generally inoffensive conduct procured him the friendship of Johnson, Garrick, Dr. James, Dr. Burney, and other men of literary eminence in that day. Garrick afterwards evinced his liberality, when Smart was in distress, by giving him the profits of a free benefit at Drury-lane theatre, and that it might be the more productive, introduced for the first time the short drama of the Guardian, in which he appeared in a principal character. Lord Delaval also, to whom Smart had been private tutor at Cambridge, and his brother Sir Francis, were among his friends, and it was at their request he wrote the prologue and epilogue to Othello.

In 1752, he published a collection of his poems, in 4to. in an elegant and rather expensive form; and although they not only received the praise due to them, but the very flattering decision, that in point of genius he might rank with Gray and Mason, yet as this opinion was qualified by some objections, he immediately became the implacable enemy of reviews and reviewers. He supposed at the same time, what we believe is very improbable, that Dr. afterwards Sir John Hill, was the author of the criticism on his poems, in the Monthly Review, and determined to take his revenge for this and the other offences committed by Hill, by publishing a poem which had been written previously to this affair, entitled the Hilliad. Of this Book First made its appearance accordingly in the beginning of the year 1753[3].

The Hilliad, which is perhaps one of the most bitter satires ever published, would afford a very unfavourable opinion of our author's character, had it not been an attack on a man who had rendered himself ridiculous and contemptible by practising with unblushing effrontery every species of literary and medical quackery. According to Smart, Hill gave the first public provocation in one of his Inspectors, where he accuses Smart of ingratitude. Hill alleged that he had been the cause of Smart's being brought up to town: that he had been at all times his friend, and had supported his character; and, that long before he appeared as Inspector, he spoke well of those pieces, on the merit of which Smart's fortune at that time depended: he hints also among other favours, that he had been the means of introducing him to Newbery; and for all this, the only return Smart made was by an abusive poem, "a long elaborate work, which he has read at alehouses and cyder cellars, and if any bookseller will run the risk, will publish[4]."

To this heavy accusation, Smart pleaded not guilty *in toto*, solemnly declaring in an advertisement in the Daily Gazetteer, that he never received the least favour from Hill, directly or indirectly, unless an invitation to dinner which he never accepted, might be reckoned such. He denied at the same time ever having been in his company but twice, the first time at Mr. Newbery's, the second at Vauxhall gardens; and asserts that Hill had been his enemy as much as it was in his power, particularly in the Impertinent[5], another of his papers, in which he abuses

[3] About the end of 1752, he published the Seatonian prize on the Omniscience.—*C.*

[4] Inspector, Dec. 7, 1752.

[5] This paper went no farther than one number.—*C.*

not only Smart, but Fielding, who was his particular friend. This declaration was corroborated by an advertisement from honest Newbery, who adds that he introduced Smart to Hill, six months after the former had engaged with himself (Newbery) in business, when they met as perfect strangers. With respect to Hill's assertion that he had been the means of introducing Smart to Mr. Newbery, the latter declares it to be an absolute falsehood.

The truth was, that Hill pretended to take the part of our poet in the Inspector, which he was known to write, while he abused him in the Impertinent, the author of which, he flattered himself, was not known. But it was among the misfortunes of this archquack, although advantageous to the public, that whatever disguise he put on was alwa s too thin to elude the penetration of his contemporaries. This trick in particular had been discovered by the reviewer of books in the Gentleman's Magazine, five months before the Inspector appeared, in which he accused Smart of ingratitude. We are not therefore to wonder that the discovery of such malignant hypocrisy stimulated Smart to write the Hilliad, which it appears he first read or circulated in manuscript among his friends. But whatever praise they bestowed on the genius displayed in this satire, they were not pleased that he had involved himself in a war of obloquy with one whom to conquer was to exceed in the worst part of his character; and Smart probably listened to their opinions, for he published no more of the Hilliad [6]. Hill had the credit of writing a Smartiad, which served no other purpose than to set off the merit of the other.

In 1754, Smart published the Seatonian prize poem on the Power, and in 1756, that on the Goodness of the Supreme Being[7]; and in the same year his Hymn to the Supreme Being, on recovery from a dangerous fit of illness; which illness, if I mistake not, filled up the space between the years 1754 and part of 1756. "Though the fortune;" says his biographer, "as well as the constitution of Mr. Smart required the utmost care, he was equally negligent in the management of both, and his various and repeated embarrassments acting upon an imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind; which at last were attended with paroxysms so violent and continued as to render confinement necessary. In this melancholy state, his family, for he had now two children, must have been much embarrassed in their circumstances, but for the kind friendship and assistance of Mr. Newbery. Many other of Mr. Smart's acquaintance were likewise forward in their services; and particularly Dr. Samuel Johnson, who on the first approaches of Mr. Smart's malady, wrote several papers for a periodical publication in which that gentleman was concerned, to secure his claim to a share in the profits of it."

The publication alluded to was the Universal Visitor and Memorialist, published by Gardner, a bookseller in the Strand. Smart and Rolt, a much inferior writer, are said to have entered into an engagement to write for this magazine, and

[6] In his letter prefixed to the Hilliad, he intimates that he had no intention of carrying it further; and adds that he would rather be commended to posterity by the elegant and amiable muses, than by the satiric sister.—*C.*

[7] His biographer informs us that he delayed so long to undertake this poem, that there was barely opportunity to write it upon paper, and send it to Cambridge by the most expeditious conveyance, within the time limited for receiving the compositions.—*C.*

for no other work whatever; for this they were to have a third of the profits, and the contract was to be binding for ninety-nine years. In Boswell's Life of Johnson, we find this contract discussed with more gravity than it seems to deserve. It was probably a contrivance of Gardner's to secure the services of two irregular men for a certain period. Johnson, however, wrote a few papers for our poet; "not then," he added, "knowing the terms on which Smart was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in the Universal Visitor no longer." The publication ceased in about two years from its commencement.

Smart's madness, according to Dr. Johnson's account, discovered itself chiefly in unnecessary deviations from the usual modes of the world, in things that are not improper in themselves. He would fall upon his knees and say his prayers in the street, or in any unusual place, and insisted on people praying with him. His habits were also remarkably slovenly: but he had not often symptoms of dangerous lunacy, and the principal reason of his confinement was to give his constitution a chance of recovering from the effects of intemperance.

After his release, when his mind appeared to be in some measure restored, he took a pleasant lodging in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park, and conducted his affairs for some time with prudence. He was maintained partly by his literary occupations, and partly by the generosity of his friends, receiving among other benefactions, fifty pounds a year from the Treasury, but by whose interest his biographer was not able to discover. In 1757, he published a prose translation of the works of Horace. From this performance he could derive little fame. He professes, indeed, that he had been encouraged to think that such a translation would be useful to those who are desirous of acquiring or recovering a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue, but the injury done to learners by literal translations was at this time too generally acknowledged to allow him the full force of this apology. His sentiments on the undertaking, when he came to reflect more seriously, will appear hereafter in a letter from Dr. Hawkesworth.

In what manner he lived for some time after this, we are not told. It was in 1759 that Garrick gave him the profits of a benefit before mentioned, when it appears that he was again involved in pecuniary distresses. In 1763, he published a song to David, in which there are some passages of more majestic animation than in any of his former pieces, and others in which the expression is mean, and the sentiments unworthy of the poet or the subject. These inequalities will not, however, surprize the reader when he is told that this piece was composed by him during his confinement, when he was debarred the use of pen, ink and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key, upon the wainscot. This poem was not admitted into the edition of his works published in 1791, but the grandeur and originality of the following thoughts will apologize for my introducing in this place the only part of it, I have been able to recover, and for which I am indebted to the Monthly Review.

"Sublime — invention ever young,
Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue,

To God th' eternal theme;
Notes from your exaltations caught,
Unrival'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.
His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage:
Blest light still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michael of his bloom,
Th' Abishag of his age.
He sung of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, pow'r, and enterprize
Commences, reigns, and ends.
The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade
Dale, champaign, grove and hill:
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secresy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.
Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses: while Earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice, or sound,
Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART."

In the same year he published a smaller miscellany of poems on several occasions, at the conclusion of which he complains again of the Reviewers, and betrays that irritability of self conceit which is frequently observed to precede, and sometimes to accompany derangement of mind. In other respects these poems added little to his fame, and except one or two have not been reprinted.

In 1764, he published Hannah, an oratorio, the music of which was composed by Worgan, and soon after in the same year an Ode to the Earl of Northumberland, on his being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, with some other pieces. In all these his imagination, although occasionally fine, went often into wild excesses, and evinced that his mind had never recovered its sober tone. The following letter from Dr. Hawkesworth, already mentioned, to Mrs. Hunter, one of Smart's sisters, affords an interesting display of his general conduct and sentiments at this time.

"Dear Madam,

"I am afraid that you have before now secretly accused me, and I confess that appearances are against me: I did not, however, delay to call upon Mr. Smart, but I was unfortunate enough twice to miss him. I was the third day of my being in town seized with a fever that was then epidemic, from which I am but just recovered. I have since my being in town this second time called on my

old friend, and seen him. He received me with an ardour of kindness natural to the sensibility of his temper, and we were soon seated together by his fireside: I perceived upon his table a quarto book, in which he had been writing, a prayer-book and a Horace: after the first compliments, I said I had been at Margate, had seen his mother and his sister, who expressed great kindness for him, and made me promise to come and see him: to this he made no reply: nor did he make any enquiry after those I mentioned: he did not even mention the place, nor ask me any questions about it, or what carried me thither. After some pause, and some indifferent chat, I returned to the subject, and said that Mr. Hunter and you would be very glad to see him in Kent: to this he replied very quick, "I cannot afford to be idle;" I said he might employ his mind as well in the country as in town, at which he only shook his head; and I entirely changed the subject. Upon my asking him when we should see the Psalms, he said they were going to press immediately: as to his other undertakings, I found he had completed a translation of Phædrus in verse for Dodsley at a certain price, and that he is now busy in translating all Horace into verse, which he sometimes thinks of publishing on his own account, and sometimes of contracting for it with a bookseller: I advised him to the latter, and he then told me he was in treaty about it, and believed it would be a bargain: he told me his principal motive for translating Horace into verse, was to supersede the prose translation which he did for Newbery, which he said would hurt his memory. He intends however to review that translation, and print it at the foot of the page in his poetical version, which he proposes to print in quarto with the Latin, both in verse and prose, on the opposite page; he told me he once had thoughts of printing it by subscription, but as he had troubled his friends already, he was unwilling to do it again, and had been persuaded to publish it in numbers, which, though I rather dissuaded him, seemed at last to be the prevailing bent of his mind: he read me some of it: it is very close, and his own poetical fire sparkles in it very frequently; yet, upon the whole, it will scarcely take place of Francis's, and therefore, if it is not adopted as a school book, which perhaps may be the case, it will turn to little account. Upon mentioning his prose translation, I saw his countenance kindle, and snatching up the book, "What," says he, "do you think I had for this?" I said I could not tell. "Why," says he, with great indignation, "thirteen pounds." I expressed very great astonishment, which he seemed to think he should encrease by adding, "but, Sir, I gave a receipt for a hundred;" my astonishment however was now over, and I found that he received only thirteen pounds because the rest had been advanced for his family; this was a tender point, and I found means immediately to divert him from it.

"He is with very decent people, in a house most delightfully situated with a terrace that overlooks St. James's Park, and a door into it. He was going to dine with an old friend of my own, Mr. Richard Dalton, who has an appointment in the king's library, and if I had not been particularly engaged, I would have dined with him. He had lately received a very genteel letter from Dr. Lowth, and is by no means considered in any light that makes his company as a gentleman, a scholar, and a genius less desirable."

In his intervals of health and regularity, he still continued to write, and although

he perhaps formed too high an opinion of his effusions, he spared no labour when employed by the booksellers, and formed in conjunction with them many schemes of literary industry which he did not live to accomplish. In 1765, he published a poetical translation of the Fables of Phædrus, with the appendix of Gudius, and an accurate original text on the opposite page. This translation appears to be executed with neatness and fidelity, but has never become popular. His translation of the Psalms which followed in the same year affords a melancholy proof of want of judgment and decay of powers. Many of his psalms scarcely rise above the level of Sternhold and Hopkins, and they had the additional disadvantage of appearing at the same time with Merrick's more correct and chaste translation. In 1767, our poet executed the design hinted at in Dr. Hawkesworth's letter, by republishing his Horace, with a metrical translation, in which although we find abundance of inaccuracies, irregular rhymes and redundancies, there are some passages conceived in the true spirit of the original.

His last publication, in 1768, exhibited a more striking proof of want of judgment than any of his late performances. It was intitled the Parables of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, done into familiar verse, with occasional applications for the use of younger minds. This was dedicated to Master Bonnel George Thornton, a child of three years old, and is written in that species of verse which would be tolerated only in the nursery.

In what manner he lived during these years his biographer has not informed us: but at length he was confined for debt in the King's Bench prison, the rules of which were obtained for him by his brother-in-law Mr. Thomas Carnan. Here he died after a short illness occasioned by a disorder in his liver, May 18th, 1770, leaving two daughters who, with his widow, have long been settled at Reading, and by their prudent management of the bookselling trade, transferred to them by the late Mr. John Newbery, have been enabled to maintain a very respectable rank in life.

In 1791, a collection of his poetical pieces was formed, to which were prefixed some memoirs of his life collected from his relations. Of these much use has been made in the present sketch, but it has been found necessary to employ considerable research in supplying the want of proper dates, and other circumstances illustrative of the literary character of a man who, with all his failings, had many amiable qualities, and certainly the genius of a real poet. Of his personal character, the following particulars yet remain to be added from the Memoirs.

"His piety was exemplary and fervent; it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be told, that Mr. Smart, in composing the religious poems, was frequently so impressed with the sentiment of devotion, as to write particular passages on his knees.

"He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess; so as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmost want himself: he was also particularly engaging in conversation, when his first shyness was worn away; which he had in common with literary men, but in a very remarkable degree. Having undertaken to introduce his wife to my Lord Darlington, with whom he was well acquainted;

he had no sooner mentioned her name to his Lordship, than he retreated suddenly, as if stricken with a panic, from the room, and from the house, leaving her to follow overwhelmed with confusion.

"As an instance of the wit of his conversation, the following extemporary spondiac, descriptive of the three Bedels of the University, who were at that time all very fat men, is still remembered by his academical acquaintance.

Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina Bedellorum.

"This line he afterwards inserted in one of his poems for the Tripos."

As a poet Smart exhibits indubitable proofs of genius, but few of a correct taste, and appears to have seldom exercised much labour, or employed cool judgment in preparing his works for the public. Upon the whole therefore he is most successful in his lighter pieces, his odes, his songs, and fables. Of his odes, that on Ill-nature; the Morning, Noon, and Night pieces, particularly the last, if the epigrammatic turn at the conclusion does not disappoint the pensive reader, may be cited as productions of rich and original fancy, nor will it detract much from their praise that they sometimes remind us of Milton. His fables are entitled to high praise, for ease of versification and delicacy of humour; and although he may have departed from the laws which some critics have imposed on this species of composition, by giving reason to inanimate objects, it will be difficult by any laws to convince the reader that he ought not to be delighted with the Tea-pot and the Scrubbing-brush, the Bag Wig and the Tobacco-pipe, or the Brocaded Gown and the Linen Rag.

In his religious poems, written for the Seatonian prize, there is much to commend, and where we are most disposed to blame, the fault perhaps is in the expectation that such subjects can be treated with advantage. In the preface to his Ode to St. Cecilia, he allows that "the chusing too high subjects has been the ruin of many a tolerable genius;" and Dr. Johnson, with majestic energy, remarks that "whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved." Of this Smart seems to have been aware, although ambition and interest, neither illaudable in his circumstances, prompted him to make an attempt, in which, whatever his success, he was allowed to excel his rivals. We find him accordingly digressing from his immediate subjects, wherever he can: in his poem on Eternity, he treats of the creation and end of the world, and the last judgment: and in that of Omniscience, he confines himself principally to the wonderful effects of instinct. That there are some splendid passages in these poems, calculated to elevate the mind, and to impart the pious enthusiasm which animated the poet, it would be unjust to deny, but they are perhaps nearly balanced by pompous irregularities, and some of those extraordinary flights which remind us of Blackmore. What can be worse poetry than such lines as

"O Thou whose ways to wonder *at*'s distrust,
Whom to *describe*'s presumption."?

Or what more bold and reprehensible freedoms than to call the Almighty the

"'Great Poet of the universe," and to speak of himself as "The Poet of his God?"

The Hymn to the Supreme Being is free from all these objections, and is in truth a composition of great pathos and sublimity.

The Hilliad is professedly an imitation of the Dunciad, to which, however, it is greatly superior in design, and generally in execution. Hill was a more fair object of ridicule than either of the heroes of Pope's satire, and in the Hilliad we have such a profusion of ludicrous imagery as cannot perhaps be found in any composition of the same length in our language. Of poems written in profound contempt, and with no other object than to accumulate terms and epithets of the most poignant ridicule, the Hilliad perhaps may be considered as the first.

POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

ODES.

IDLENESS.

ODE I.

Goddess of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
  Obsequious to the Muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
  Oh! sweet insensibility!

Sister of peace and indolence,
  Bring, Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
Elaborately void of sense,
  And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near some cowslip-painted mead,
  There let me doze out the dull hours,
And under me let Flora spread,
  A sofa of her softest flow'rs.

Where, Philomel, your notes your breathe
  Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
And murmurs of the stream beneath
  Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness, the woes
  Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
  We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
  Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea,
But to be idle at the last,
  And find a pleasing end in thee.

TO ETHELINDA,

ON HER DOING MY VERSES THE HONOUR OF WEARING THEM IN HER BOSOM.—WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN.

ODE II.

Happy verses! that were prest
In fair Ethelinda's breast!

Happy Muse, that didst embrace
The sweet, the heav'nly-fragrant place!
Tell me, is the omen true,
Shall the bard arrive there too?

Oft thro' my eyes my soul has flown,
And wanton'd on that iv'ry throne:
There with extatic transport burn'd,
And thought it was to Heav'n return'd.
Tell me is the omen true,
Shall the body follow too?

When first at Nature's early birth,
Heav'n sent a man upon the Earth,
Ev'n Eden was more fruitful found,
When Adam came to till the ground:
Shall then those breasts be fair in vain,
And only rise to fall again?

No, no, fair nymph—for no such end
Did Heav'n to thee its bounty lend;
That breast was ne'er design'd by fate
For verse, or things inanimate;
Then throw them from that downy bed,
And take the poet in their stead.

ON AN EAGLE

CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT.

ODE III.

Imperial bird, who wont to soar
  High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
  Their heads in ether shroud;—
Thou servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
  To the bleak north's extremest goal;—
Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
The sovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
  And shake thy native pole!

Oh cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
  What more than Gothic ire,
At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
  To check thy daring fire,

Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
Where discipline and dulness dwell,
Where genius ne'er was seen to roam;
Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home!

Tho' dim'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing
So grov'ling! once so great!
The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
In tend'rest lays thy fate.
What time by thee scholastic pride
Takes his precise, pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But stinks, and stagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass:
Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
Who study downward on the ground;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
While more than mathematic gloom,
Envelopes all around.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.

ODE IV.

If, like th' Orphean lyre, my song could charm
And light to life the ashes in the urn,
Fate of his iron dart I would disarm,
Sudden as thy disease should'st thou return,
Recall'd with mandates of despotic sounds,
And arbitrary grief that will not hear of bounds.
But, ah! such wishes, artless Muse, forbear;
'Tis impotence of frantic love,
Th' enthusiastic flight of wild despair,
To hope the Thracian's magic power to prove.
Alas! thy slender vein,
Nor mighty is to move, nor forgetive to feign,
Impatient of a rein,
Thou canst not in due bounds the struggling measures keep,
—But thou alas! canst weep—
Thou canst—and o'er the melancholy bier
Canst lend the sad solemnity a tear.
Hail! to that wretched corse, untenanted and cold,
And hail the peaceful shade loos'd from its irksome hold.
Now let me say thou'rt free,
For sure thou paid'st an heavy tax for life,
While combating for thee,
Nature and mortality
Maintain'd a daily strife.
High, on a slender thread thy vital lamp was plac'd
Upon the mountain's bleakest brow,
To give a noble light superior was it rais'd,
But more expos'd by eminence it blaz'd;
For not a whistling wind that blew,
Nor the drop descending dew,
But half extinguish'd its fair flame—but now
See—hear the storms tempestuous sweep—
Precipitate it falls—it falls—falls lifeless in the deep.
Cease, cease, ye weeping youth,
Sincerity's soft sighs, and all the tears of truth.
And you, his kindred throng, forbear
Marble memorials to prepare,
And sculptur'd in your breasts his busto wear.
'Twas thus when Israel's legislator dy'd,
No fragile mortal honours were supply'd,
But even a grave denied.
Better than what the pencil's daub can give,
Better than all that Phidias ever wrought,
Is this—that what he taught shall live,
And what he liv'd for ever shall be taught.

ON GOOD-NATURE.

ODE V.

Hail, cherub of the highest Heav'n,
Of look divine, and temper ev'n,
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien,
Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry praise the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh! curse on slander's viprous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong;
Ideots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
Life idly inoffensive such a grace,
That it shou'd steal thy name and take thy place?

No—thou art active—spirit all—
Swifter than lightning, at the call
Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
(As reason's luminary guides)
Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,
Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel
'Tis only for thy neighbours weal:
Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
Averse to envy, slow to blame,
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
From flattery's fawning tongue, and bending knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast;
Nought is excluded, little, or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms,
For Oh! I love thee, to my arms—
All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall *existence* then be *life* indeed.

ON ILL-NATURE.

ODE VI.

Offspring of folly and of pride,
To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
By pedant affectation taught and bred:
Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
Go, with thy looks of dark design,
Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.
Thy planet was remote, when I was born;
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
What time the Sun exerts his genial ray,
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day;
When to exist is but to love and sing,
And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

There in yon lonesome heath,
Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beast, or fowl attempts to breathe;
Where Nature's pencil has no colours laid;
But all is blank, and universal shade;
Contrast to figure, motion, life, and light,
There may'st thou vent thy spite,
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all th' infernal crew the worst;
The worst in genius, measure and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit the den,
Behold the Heav'n-deserted fen,
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed;
There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad,
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
Th' ear-piercing hern, the plover screaming high,
Millions of humming gnats fit orestrum shall supply.

Away—away—behold an hideous band
An herd of all thy minions are at hand,
Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And prompt to listen at her neighbours latch.
Next Scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgins, and the poet's fame,
A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame.
Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
And elevates her hands and plods upon her book.

Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
Then Vanity, and Affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, Ill-Nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
Away—thou art infectious—haste away.

TO THE REVEREND AND LEARNED

Dr. WEBSTER,

Occasioned by his Dialogues on Anger and Forgiveness.

ODE VII.

'Twas when the omniscient creative pow'r
Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
And, delegated at th' appointed hour,
Great Moses led away his chosen band;
When Israel's host, with all their stores,
Past thro' the ruby-tinctur'd crystal shores,
The wilderness of waters and of land:
Then persecution rag'd in Heav'n's own cause,
Strict justice for the breach of Nature's laws,
The legislator held the scythe of fate,
Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,
Death and destruction mark'd their bloody way;
Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their hate.

But when the King of Righteousness arose,
And on the illumin'd east serenely smil'd,
He shone with meekest mercy on his foes,
Bright as the Sun, but as the Moon-beams mild;
From anger, fell revenge, and discord free,
He bad war's hellish clangour cease,
In pastoral simplicity and peace,
And show'd to man that face, which Moses could not see.

Well hast thou, Webster, pictur'd Christian love,
And copied our great master's fair design,
But livid Envy would the light remove,
Or croud thy portrait in a nook malign—
The Muse shall hold it up to popular view—
Where the more candid and judicious few
Shall think the bright original they see,
The likeness nobly lost in the identity.

Oh hadst thou liv'd in better days than these,
F'er to excel by all was deem'd a shame!
Alas! thou hast no modern arts to please,
And to deserve is all thy empty claim.
Else thou'dst been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
There, where thy dignify'd inferiors sit—
Oh *they* are in their generations wise,
Each path of interest *they* have sagely trod,—
To live—to thrive—to rise—and still to rise—
Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

Behold where poor unmansion'd Merit stands,
All cold, and crampt with penury and pain;
Speechless thro' want, she rears th' imploring hands,
And begs a little bread, but begs in vain;
While Bribery and Dullness, passing by,
Bid her, in sounds barbarian, starve and die.
"Away" (they cry) "we never saw thy name. [Fame;
Or in Preferment's list, or that of
Away—nor here the fate thou earn'st bewail,
Who canst not buy a vote, nor hast a soul for sale."

Oh Indignation, wherefore wert thou given,
If drowsy Patience deaden all thy rage?—
Yet we must *bear*—such is the will of Heaven;
And, Webster, so prescribes thy candid page.
Then let us hear thee preach seraphic love,
Guide our disgusted thoughts to things above;
So our free souls, fed with divine repast,
(*Unmindful of low* mortals mean employ)
Shall taste the present, recollect the past,
And strongly hope for every future joy.

EPITHALAMIUM.

ODE VIII.

Descend, descend, ye sweet Aonian maids,
Leave the Parnassian shades,
The joyful Hymeneal sing,
And to a lovelier fair
Than fiction can devise, or eloquence declare,
Your vocal tributes bring.
And you, ye winged choristers, that fly
In all the pensile gardens of the sky,
Chant thro' th' enamel'd grove,
Stretch from the trembling leaves your little throats,
With all the wild variety of artless notes,
But let each note be love.
Fragrant Flora, queen of May,
All bedight with garlands gay,
Where in the smooth-shaven green
The spangled cowslips variegate the scene,
And the rivulet between,
Whispers, murmurs, sings,
As it stoops, or falls, or springs;
There spread a sofa of thy softest flowers,
There let the bridegroom stay,
There let him hate the light, and curse the day,
And blame the tardy hours.

But see the bride—she comes with silent pace,
Full of majesty and love;
Not with a nobler grace
Look'd the imperial wife of Jove,
When first ineffably she shone
In Venus' irresistible, enchanting zone.
Phœbus, great god of verse, the nymph observe,
Observe her well;
Then touch each sweetly-trem'lous nerve
Of thy resounding shell:
Her like huntress-Dian paint,
Modest, but without restraint;
From Pallas take her decent pace,
With Venus sweeten all her face,
From the Zephyrs steal her sighs,
From thyself her sun-bright eyes;
Then baffled, thou shalt see,
That as did Daphne thee,
Her charms description's force shall fly,
And by no soft persuasive sounds be brib'd
To come within Invention's narrow eye;
But all indignant shun its grasp, and scorn to be describ'd.

Now see the bridegroom rise,
Oh! how impatient are his joys!
Bring zephyrs to depaint his voice,
Bring lightning for his eyes.
He leaps, he springs, he flies into her arms,
With joy intense,
Feeds ev'ry sense,
And sultanates o'er all her charms.
Oh! had I Virgil's comprehensive strain,
Or sung like Pope, without a word in vain,
Then should I hope my numbers might contain,
Engaging nymph, thy boundless happiness,
How arduous to express!
Such may it last to all eternity:
And may thy lord with thee,
Like two coeval pines in Ida's grove,
That interweave their verdant arms in love,
Each mutual office cheerfully perform,
And share alike the sunshine, and the storm;
And ever, as you flourish hand in hand,
Both shade the shepherd and adorn the land,
Together with each growing year arise,
Indissolubly link'd, and climb at last the skies.

ODE IX.

The Author apologizes to a Lady for his being a little Man.

Natura nusquam magis, quam *in minimis* tota est. Plin.

ολιγον τε φιλον τε. Hom.

Yes, contumelious fair, you scorn
The amorous dwarf that courts you to his arms,
But ere you leave him quite forlorn,
And to some youth gigantic yield your charms,
Hear him—oh hear him, if you will not try,
And let your judgment check th' ambition of your eye.

Say, is it carnage makes the man?
Is to be monstrous really to be great?
Say, is it wise or just to scan
Your lover's worth by quantity or weight?
Ask your mamma and nurse, if it be so;
Nurse and mamma I ween shall jointly answer, no.

The less the body to the view,
The soul (like springs in closer durance pent)
Is all exertion, ever new,
Unceasing, unextinguish'd, and unspent;

Still pouring forth executive desire,
As bright, as brisk, and lasting, as the vestal fire.

Does thy young bosom pant for fame:
Would'st thou be of posterity the toast?
The poets shall ensure thy name,
Who magnitude of *mind*, not *body* boast.
Laurels on bulky bards as gately grow,
As on the sturdy oak the virtuous misletoe.

Look in the glass, survey that cheek—
Where Flora has with all her roses blush'd;
The shape so tender,—look so meek—
The breasts made to be press'd, not to be crush'd—
Then turn to me,—turn with obliging eyes,
Nor longer Nature's works, in miniature, despise.

Young Ammon did the world subdue,
Yet had not more external man than I;
Ah! charmer, should I conquer you,
With him in fame, as well as size, I'll vie.
Then, scornful nymph, come forth to yonder grove,
Where I defy, and challenge, all thy utmost love.

ODE XI.

An Ode on the 26th of January, being the Birth-Day of a Young Lady.

All hail, and welcome joyous morn,
Welcome to the infant year;
Whether smooth calms thy face adorn,
Or lowering clouds appear;
Tho' billows lash the sounding shore,
And tempests thro' the forests roar,
Sweet Nancy's voice shall soothe the sound;
Tho' darkness shou'd invest the skies,
New day shall beam from Nancy's eyes,
And bless all nature round.

Let but those lips their sweets disclose,
And rich perfumes exhale,
We shall not want the fragrant rose,
Nor miss the southern gale.
Then loosely to the winds unfold,
Those radiant locks of burnish'd gold,
Or o'er her bosom let them rove;
His treasure-house there Cupid keeps,
And hoards up, in two snowy heaps,
His stores of choicest love.

This day each warmest wish be paid
To thee the Muse's pride,
I long to see the blooming maid
Chang'd to the blushing bride.
So shall thy pleasure and thy praise
Increase with the increasing days,
And present joys exceed the past;
To give and to receive delight,
Shall be thy task both day and night,
While day and night shall last.

ODE XI.

ON TAKING A BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

In allusion to Horace. Book iii, Ode 30.
Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

'Tis done: I tow'r to that degree,
And catch such heav'nly fire,
That Horace ne'er could rank like me,
Nor is King'schapel higher[1].—
My name in sure recording page
Shall time itself o'erpow'r[2],
If no rude mice with envious rage
The buttery books devour.
A title[3] too with added grace,
My name shall now attend,
Till to the church with silent pace
A nymph and priest ascend[4].
Ev'n in the schools I now rejoice,
Where late I shook with fear,
Nor heed the moderator's voice
Loud thundering in my ear[5].
Then with Æolian flute I blow
A soft Italian lay[6],
Or where Cam's scanty waters flow[7],
Releas'd from lectures, stray.
Meanwhile, friend Banks[8], my merits claim
Their just reward from you,
For Horace bids us challenge fame,
When once that fame's our due[9],
Invest me with a graduate's gown,
Midst shouts of all beholders,
My head with ample square-cap crown[10],
And deck with hood my shoulders.

CAMBRIDGE. B.A.

[1] Regali situ pyramidum altius.—
[2] Quod non innumerabilis
Annorum series, &c.
[3] Bachelor.
[4] —— Dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitè virgine pontifex.
[5] —— Quæ violens
Obstrepit Aufidus.——
[6] —— Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos.
[7] —— Qua pauper aquæ Daunus, &c.
[8] A celebrated taylor.
[9] —— Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.——
[10] —— Mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens—— comam.

A MORNING PIECE,

OR AN HYMN FOR THE HAY-MAKERS.

ODE XII.

Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
Auroram clarâ consuetum voce vocare. Lucret.

Brisk Chanticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night.
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy Sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.

Strong Labour got up.—With his pipe in his mouth,
He stoutly strode over the dale,
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south,
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Collin was awake,
And thus he sung reclining on his rake.
Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon maple tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her in rosy pride,
Sweet Society the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly home-spun vest.
The abbey bells in wak'ning rounds
The warning peal have giv'n;
And pious Gratitude resounds,
Her morning hymn to Heav'n.

All nature wakes—the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise,—and all is day—
Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the Sun shines, our hay-cocks to make,
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blith as the wake.

Our voices let's raise
In Phœbus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

A NOON-PIECE;

OR, THE MOWERS AT DINNER.

ODE XIII.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Silvani, caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis. HOR.

The Sun is now too radiant to behold,
And vehement he sheds his liquid rays of gold;
No cloud appears thro' all the wide expanse;
And short, but yet distinct and clear,
To the wanton whistling air
The mimic shadows dance.

Fat Mirth, and Gallantry the gay,
And romping Ecstasy 'gin play.
Now myriads of young Cupids rise,
And open all their joy-bright eyes,
Filling with infant prate the grove,
And lisp in sweetly-fault'ring love
In the middle of the ring,
Mad with May, and wild of wing,
Fire-ey'd Wantonness shall sing.

By the rivulet on the rushes,
Beneath a canopy of bushes,
Where the ever-faithful Tray,
Guards the dumplins and the whey,
Collin Clout and Yorkshire Will
From the leathern bottle swill.

Their scythes upon the adverse bank
Glitter 'mongst th' entangled trees,
Where the hazles form a rank,
And court'sy to the courting breeze.

Ah! Harriot! sovereign mistress of my heart,
Could I thee to these meads decoy,
New grace to each fair object thou'dst impart,
And heighten ev'ry scene to perfect joy.

On a bank of fragrant thyme,
Beneath yon stately, shadowy pine,
We'll with the well-disguised hook
Cheat the tenants of the brook;
Or where coy Daphne's thickest shade
Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
There read Sidney's high-wrought stories
Of ladies charms and heroes glories;
Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
And kiss the fiction into fact.

Or satiate with Nature's random scenes,
Let's to the gardens regulated greens,
Where taste and elegance command
Art to lend her dædal hand,
Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
To discipline are reconcil'd,
And laws and order cultivate,
Quite civiliz'd into a state.

From the Sun and from the show'r,
Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
Secluded from the teasing pry
Of Argus' curiosity:
There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
The gay meridian is seen,
Ere decays the lamp of light,
And length'ning shades stretch out to night—
Seize, seize the hint—each hour improve
(This is morality in love)
Lend, lend thine hand—O let me view
Thy parting breasts, sweet avenue!
Then,—then thy lips, the coral cell
Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell!
Thus we'll each sultry noon employ
In day-dreams of ecstatic joy.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

ODE XIV.

Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nœniâ. HOR.

'Twas when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth ev'ry glit'ring star,
And up th' ascent of Heav'n her brilliant host had led.

Night with all her negro train,
Took possession of the plain;
In an hearse she rode reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind:
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept Stillness in a winding sheet.
Next to her deaf Silence was seen,
Treading on tip-toes over the green;
Softly, lightly, gently she trips,
Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips.

You could not see a sight,
You could not hear a sound,
But what confess'd the night,
And horrour deepen'd round.

Beneath a myrtle's melancholy shade,
Sophron the wise was laid:
And to the answ'ring wood these sounds convey'd:
While others toil within the town,
And to fortune smile or frown,
Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
And married to that woman, Noise;
Sacred Wisdom be my care,
And fairest Virtue, Wisdom's heir.

His speculations thus the sage begun,
When, lo! the neighbouring bell
In solemn sound struck one:—
He starts—and recollects—he was engag'd to Nell.
Then up he sprang nimble and light,
And rapp'd at fair Ele'nor's door;
He laid aside virtue that night,
And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

ON MISS * * * *.*

ODE XV.

Long, with undistinguish'd flame,
I lov'd each fair, each witty dame.
My heart the belle-assembly gain'd,
And all an equal sway maintain'd.

But when you came, you stood confess'd
Sole sultana of my breast;
For you eclips'd, supremely fair,
All the whole seraglio there.

In this her mien, in that her grace,
In a third her face;
But you in ev'ry feature shine
Universally divine.

What can those tumid paps excel,
Do they sink, or do they swell?
While those lovely wanton eyes
Sparkling meet them, as they rise.

Thus is silver Cynthia seen,
Glisteping o'er the glassy green,
While attracted swell the waves,
Emerging from their inmost caves.

When to sweet sounds your steps you suit,
And weave the minuet to the lute,
Heav'ns! how you glide!—her neck—her chest—
Does she move, or does she rest?

As those roguish eyes advance,
Let me catch their side-long glance,
Soon—or they'll elude my sight,
Quick as lightning, and as bright.

Thus the bashful Pleiad cheats
The gazer's eye, and still retreats,
Then peeps again—then skulks unseen,
Veil'd behind the azure skreen.

Like the ever-toying dove,
Smile immensity of love;
Be Venus in each outward part,
And wear the vestal in your heart.

When I ask a kiss, or so—
Grant it with a begging ne,
And let each rose that decks your face
Blush assent to my embrace.

ON THE FIFTH OF DECEMBER,

BEING THE BIRTH-DAY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

ODE XVI.

Hail, eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year.
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in silver snow,
Smile gladly on this blest of days.
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
And Phœbus shine in all his state
With more than summer rays.

Tho' jocund June may justly boast
Long days and happy hours,
Tho' August be Pomona's host,
And May be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell June, his fire and crimson dies,
By Harriot's blush and Harriot's eyes,
Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away:
Tell August, thou canst let him see
A richer, riper fruit than he,
A sweeter flow'r than May.

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

Hanc Vos, Pierides festis cantate calendis,
Et testudineâ, Phœbe superbe, lyrâ
Hoc solenne sacrum multos celebretur in annos,
Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.
TIBULLUS.

PREFACE.

The author of the following piece has been told, that the writing an ode on St. Cecilia's Day,

[1] Miss Harriot Pratt of Downham, in Norfolk, to whom our author was long and unsuccessfully attached, and who was the subject also of the Cramb. Ballad, and other verses in this collection. C.

after Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, would be great presumption, which is the reason he detains the reader in this place to make an apology, much against his will, he having all due contempt for the impertinence of prefaces. In the first place then, it will be a little hard (he thinks) if he should be particularly mark'd out for censure, many others having written on the same subject without any such imputations; but they, (it may be) did not live long enough to be laughed at, or, by some lucky means or other, escaped those shrewd remarks, which, it seems, are reserved for him. In the second place, this subject was not his choice, but imposed upon him by a gentleman very eminent in the science of music, for whom he has a great friendship, and who is, by his good sense and humanity, as much elevated above the generality of mankind, as by his exquisite art he is above most of his profession. The request of a friend, undoubtedly, will be sneered at by some as a stale and antiquated apology: it is a very good one notwithstanding, which, is manifest even from it's triteness; for it can never be imagined, that so many excellent authors, as well as bad ones, would have made use of it, had they not been convinced of it's cogency. As for the writer of this piece, he will rejoice in being derided, not only for obliging his friends, but any honest man whatsoever, so far as may be in the power of a person of his mean abilities. He does not pretend to equal the very worst parts of the two celebrated performances already extant on the subject; which acknowledgment alone will, with the good-natured and judicious, acquit him of presumption; because these pieces, however excellent upon the whole, are not without their blemishes. There is in them both an exact unity of design, which though in compositions of another nature a beauty, is an impropriety in the Pindaric, which should consist in the vehemence of sudden and unlook'd for transitions: hence chiefly it derives that enthusiastic fire and wildness, which, greatly distinguish it from other species of poesy. In the first stanza of Dryden[1] and in the fifth of Pope[2], there is an air, which is so far from being adapted to the majesty of an ode, that it would make no considerable figure in a ballad. And lastly, they both conclude with a turn which has something too epigrammatical in it. Bating these trifles, they are incomparably beautiful and great; neither is there to be found two more finish'd pieces of lyric poetry in our language, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, of Milton excepted, which are the finest in any. Dryden's is the more sublime and magnificent; but Pope's is the more elegant and correct; Dryden has the fire and spirit of Pindar, and Pope has the terse-

[1] Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

[2] Thus song cou'd prevail
O'er Death, and o'er Hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

-ness and purity of Horace. Dryden's is certainly the more elevated performance of the two, but by no means so much so as people in general will have it. There are few that will allow any sort of comparison to be made between them. This is in some measure owing to that prevailing but absurd custom which has obtained from Horace's time even to this day, viz. of preferring authors to the bays by seniority. Had Mr. Pope written first, the mob, that judge by this rule, would have given him the preference; and the rather, because in this piece he does not deserve it.

It would not be right to conclude, without taking notice of a fine subject for an ode on St. Cecilia's Day, which was suggested to the author by his friend the learned and ingenious Mr. Comber, late of Jesus College in this university; that is David's playing to king Saul when he was troubled with the evil spirit. He was much pleased with the hint at first, but at length was deterred from improving it by the greatness of the subject, and he thinks not without reason. The chusing too high subjects has been the ruin of many a tolerable genius. There is a good rule which Fresnoy prescribes to the painters; which is likewise applicable to the poets.

Supremam in tabulis lucem captare dici
Insanus labor artificum; cum attingere tantum lucem;
Non pigmenta queant: auream sed Vespere
Seu modicum mane albentem; sive ætheris actam
Post hyemen nimbis transfuso sole caducam;
Seu nebulis saltam accipient, tonitruque rubentem.

THE ARGUMENT.

Stanza I, II. Invocation of men and angels to join in the praise of S. Cecilia. The divine origin of music. Stanza III. Art of music, or it's miraculous power over the brute and inanimate creation exemplified in Waller, and Stanza IV, V, in Arion. Stanza VI. the nature of music, or it's power over the passions. Instances of this in it's exciting pity. Stanza VII. In promoting courage and military virtue. Stanza VIII. Excellency of church music. Air to the memory of Mr. Purcell.—Praise of the organ and it's inventress Saint Cecilia.

I.

From your lyre-enchanted tow'rs,
Ye musically mystic pow'rs,
Ye, that inform the tuneful spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,
While each orb in ether swims
Accordant to th' inspiring hymns;

[3] It seems to have been otherwise in Homer's time.
Τὴν γὰρ ἀοιδὴν μᾶλλον ἐπικλείουσ' ἀνθρωποι
Ἥτις ἀκουοντεσσιν νεωτατη ἀμφιπεληται.
Homer Odyss. a.

And Pindar would have it otherwise in his.

——— αἰνεῖ γὰ Παλαιον
μὲν οἶνον, ἀνθεα δ' ὑμνων
νεωτερῶν ——— Olymp. 9.

Hither Paradise remove
Spirits of Harmony and Love!
Thou too, divine Urania, deign t' appear,
And with thy sweetly-solemn lute
To the grand argument the numbers suit;
Such as sublime and clear,
Replete with heavenly love,
Charm th' enraptur'd souls above:
Disdainful of fantastic play,
Mix on your ambrosial tongue
Weight of sense with sound of song,
And be angelically gay.

CHORUS.

Disdainful, &c. &c.

II.

And you, ye sons of Harmony below,
How little less than angels, when ye sing!
With emulation's kindling warmth shall glow,
And from your mellow-modulating throats
The tribute of your grateful notes
In union of piety shall bring.
Shall Echo from her vocal cave
Repay each note, the shepherd gave,
And shall not we our mistress praise
And give her back the borrow'd lays?
But farther still our praises we pursue;
For ev'n Cecilia, mighty maid,
Confess'd she had superior aid—
She did—and other rites to greater pow'rs are due.
Higher swell the sound and higher:
Let the winged numbers climb:
To the Heav'n of Heav'ns aspire,
Solemn, sacred, and sublime:
From Heav'n music took it's rise,
Return it to it's native skies.

CHORUS.

Higher swell the sound, &c. &c.

III.

Music's a celestial art;
Cease to wonder at it's pow'r,
Tho' lifeless rocks to motion start,
Tho' trees dance lightly from the bow'r,
Tho' rolling floods in sweet suspense
Are held, and listen into sense.
In Penhurst's plains when Waller, sick with love,
Has found some silent solitary grove,
Where the vague Moon-beams pour a silver flood
Of trem'lous light athwart th' unshaven wood,
Within an hoary moss-grown cell,
He lays his careless limbs without reserve,
And strikes, impetuous strikes each quer'lous nerve
Of his resounding shell.
In all the woods, in all the plains
Around a lively stillness reigns;
The deer approach the secret scene,
And weave their way thro' labyrinths green;
While Philomela learns the lay,
And answers from the neighbouring bay.
But Medway, melancholy mute,
Gently on his urn reclines,
And all attentive to the lute,
In uncomplaining anguish pines:
The crystal waters weep away,
And bear the tidings to the sea:
Neptune in the boisterous seas
Spreads the placid bed of peace,
While each blast,
Or breathes it's last,
Or just does sigh a symphony and cease.

CHORUS.

Neptune, &c. &c.

IV.

Behold Arion—on the stern he stands
Pall'd in theatrical attire,
To the mute strings he moves th' enliv'ning hands,
Great in distress, and wakes the golden lyre.
While in a tender Orthian strain
He thus accosts the mistress of the main:
By the bright beams of Cynthia's eyes
Thro' which your waves attracted rise,
And actuate the hoary deep;
By the secret coral cell,
Where love, and joy, and Neptune dwell
And peaceful floods in silence sleep;
By the sea-flow'rs, that immerge
Their heads around the grotto's verge,
Dependent from the stooping stem;
By each roof-suspended drop,
That lightly lingers on the top,
And hesitates into a gem;
By thy kindred wat'ry gods,
The lakes, the riv'lets, founts and floods,
And all the pow'rs that live unseen
Underneath the liquid green;
Great Amphitrite (for thou can'st bind
The storm and regulate the wind)
Hence waft me, fair goddess, oh, waft me away,
Secure from the men and the monsters of prey!

CHORUS.

Great Amphitrite, &c. &c.

V.

He sung—The winds are charm'd to sleep,
Soft stillness steals along the deep,
The Tritons and the Nereids sigh
In soul-reflecting sympathy,
And all the audience of waters weep.
But Amphitrite her Dolphin sends—[4] the same,
Which erst to Neptune brought the nobly perjur'd dame—
Pleas'd to obey, the beauteous monster flies,
And on his scales as the gilt Sun-beams play,
Ten thousand variegated dies
In copious streams of lustre rise,
Rise o'er the level main and signify his way—
And now the joyous bard, in triumph bore,
Rides the voluminous wave, and makes the wish'd for shore.
Come, ye festive, social throng
Who sweep the lyre, or pour the song,
Your noblest melody employ,
Such as becomes the mouth of joy,
Bring the sky-aspiring thought,
With bright expression richly wrought,
And hail the Muse ascending on her throne,
The main at length subdued, and all the world her own.

CHORUS.

Come, ye festive, &c. &c.

[4] Fabulantur Græci hanc perpetuam Deis virginitatem vobisse: sed cum a Neptuno sollicitaretur ad Atlantem confugisse, ubi a Delphino persuasa Neptuno assensit. *Lilius Gyraldus.*

VI.

But o'er th' affections too she claims the sway,
Pierces the human heart, and steals the soul away,
And as attractive sounds move high or low,
Th' obedient ductile passions ebb and flow.
Has any nymph her faithful lover lost,
And in the visions of the night,
And all the day-dreams of the light,
In sorrow's tempest turbulently tost—
From her cheeks the roses die,
The radiations vanish from her Sun-bright eye,
And her breast, the throne of love,
Can hardly, hardly, hardly move,
To send th' ambrosial sigh.
But let the skilful bard appear,
And pour the sounds medicinal in her ear;
Sing some sad, some plaintive ditty,
Steept in tears, that endless flow,
Melancholy notes of pity,
Notes that mean a world of woe;
She too shall sympathize, she too shall moan,
And pitying others' sorrows sigh away her own.

CHORUS.

Sing some sad, some &c. &c.

VII.

Wake, wake, the kettle-drum, prolong
The swelling trumpet's silver song,
And let the kindred accents pass
Thro' the horn's meandring brass.
Arise—The patriot Muse invites to war,
And mounts Bellona's brazen car;
While Harmony, terrific maid!
Appears in martial pomp array'd:
The sword, the target, and the lance
She wields, and as she moves, exalts the Pyrrhic dance.
Trembles the Earth, resound the skies—
Swift o'er the fleet, the camp she flies
With thunder in her voice and lightning in her eyes.
The gallant warriors engage
With inextinguishable rage,
And hearts unchill'd with fear;
Fame numbers all the chosen bands,
Full in the front fair Vict'ry stands
And Triumph crowns the rear.

CHORUS.

The gallant warriors, &c. &c.

VIII.

But hark the temple's hollow'd roof resounds,
And Purcell lives along the solemn sounds—
Mellifluous, yet manly too,
He pours his strains along,
As from the lion Sampson flew,
Comes sweetness from the strong.
Not like the soft Italian swains,
He trills the weak enervate strains,
Where sense and music are at strife;
His vigorous notes with meaning teem,
With fire, with force explain the theme,
And sing the subject into life.
Attend—he sings Cecilia—matchless dame!
'Tis she—'tis she—fond to extend her fame,
On the loud chords the notes conspire to stay,
And sweetly swell into a long delay,
And dwell delighted on her name.
Blow on, ye sacred organs, blow,
In tones magnificently slow;
Such is the music, such the lays,
Which suit your fair inventress' praise:
While round religious silence reigns,
And loitering winds expect the strains,
Hail majestic mournful measure,
Source of many a pensive pleasure!
Best pledge of love to mortals giv'n,
As pattern of the rest of Heav'n!
And thou chief honour of the veil,
Hail, harmonious Virgin, hail!
When Death shall blot out every name,
And Time shall break the trump of Fame,
Angels may listen to thy lute;
Thy pow'r shall last, thy bays shall bloom,
When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
And all the tuneful spheres be mute.

GRAND CHORUS.

When Death *shall blot out every name,* &c.

HYMN

TO THE SUPREME BEING,

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF ILLNESS.

TO DOCTOR JAMES.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING made an humble offering to him, without whose blessing your skill, admirable as it is, would have been to no purpose, I think myself bound by all the ties of gratitude, to render my next acknowledgments to you, who, under God, restored me to health from as violent and dangerous a disorder, as perhaps ever man survived. And my thanks become more particularly your just tribute, since this was the third time, that your judgment and medicines rescued me from the grave, permit me to say, in a manner almost miraculous.

If it be meritorious to have investigated medicines for the cure of distempers, either overlooked or disregarded by all your predecessors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man, who wrote the Medicinal Dictionary, and invented the Fever Powder.

Let such considerations as these, arm you with constancy against the impotent attacks of those whose interest interferes with that of mankind; and let it not displease you to have a share for your particular enemies, who are foes to the public in general.

It is no wonder, indeed, that some of the retailers of medicines should zealously oppose whatever might endanger their trade; but 'tis amazing that there should be any physicians mercenary and mean enough to pay their court *to*, and ingratiate themselves *with*, such persons, by the strongest efforts to prejudice the inventor of the Fever Powder at the expense of honour, dignity, and conscience. Believe me however, and let this be a part of your consolation, that there are very few physicians in Britain, who were born gentlemen, and whose fortunes place them above such sordid dependen-

cies, who do not think and speak of you, as I do.

I am, dear sir,
your most obliged,
and most humble servant,
C. SMART.

When Israel's ruler [1] on the royal bed
In anguish and in perturbation lay,
The down reliev'd not his anointed head,
And rest gave place to horrour and dismay.
Fast flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gasping sigh
When God's own prophet thunder'd—Monarch, thou must die.

"And must I go," th' illustrious mourner cry'd,
"I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime has died
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
Like David, who have still rever'd thy word
The sovereign of myself and servant of the Lord!"

The judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
Shot from that Heaven to which his sighs had soar'd;
The Sun retreated [2] at his maker's nod
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

But, O immortals! What had I to plead
When Death stood o'er me with his threat'ning lance,
When reason left me in the time of need,
And sense was lost in terrour or in trance,
My sinking soul was with my blood inflam'd,
And the celestial image sunk, defac'd and maim'd.

I sent back memory, in heedful guise,
To search the records of preceding years;
Home, like the raven to the ark [3], she flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears:
O Sun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly shade!

But who are they, that bid affliction cease!—
Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
Vengeance divine's by penitence suppress—
She struggles with the angel, conquers, and is blest [4].

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair!
In man humility's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes he's Christ's own care—
O all-sufficient Lamb! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who shall slight, or who can doubt thy power?

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gentle in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder and adore.

[1] Hezekiah vi. Isaiah xxxviii.
[2] Isaiah, chap. xxxviii. [3] Gen. viii. 7.
[4] Gen. xxxii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
Appear'd a widow to my frantic sight;
My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life, and light;
I come, ye spotless sweets! I come again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt in vain.

All glory to th' Eternal, to th' Immense,
All glory to th' Omniscient and Good,
Whose pow'r's uncircumscrib'd, whose love's intense,
But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood.
Except thro' him—thro' him, who stands alone,
Of worth, of weight allow'd for all mankind t' atone!

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd soul,
And to the blind gave or restor'd the day,—
Nay more,—far more unequal'd pangs sustain'd,
Till his lost fallen flock his taintless blood regain'd.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
Nor wou'd my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd shook fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He pitying did a second birth bestow
A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and woe.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, th' enraptur'd lyre;
Ye Heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words no more his mandates break,
But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou can'st new joys e'en to the blest impart;
The list'ning angels lay their harps aside
To hear the music of thy contrite heart;
And Heav'n itself wears a more radiant face,
When charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

Chief of metallic forms is regal gold [5];
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold;
O'er Flora's flock imperial is the rose:
Above all birds the sov'reign eagle soars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

What can with great Leviathan compare,
Who takes his pastime in the mighty main?
What, like the Sun, shines thro' the realms of air,
And gilds and glorifies th' ethereal plain?—
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway;
For all was made for him——to serve and to obey.

Thus in high Heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, close by th' Almighty's throne,
In him she shines confest, who came to make her known.

[5] Pind. Olymp. 1.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the past the future may atone;
That I may act what thou hast giv'n to know,
That I may live for thee and thee alone,
And justify those sweetest words from Heav'n,
"That he shall love thee most to whom thou'st most forgiven.[6]"

ON THE

ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING;

A POETICAL ESSAY.

A CLAUSE OF

MR. SEATON'S WILL,

Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I GIVE my Kislingbury estate to the university of Cambridge for ever: the rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the vice-chancellor for the time being, as he the vice-chancellor, the master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek professor for the time being, or any two of them, shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a subject, which subject shall for the first year be one or other of the perfections or attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding years, till the subject is exhausted; and afterwards the subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the vice-chancellor, master of Clare-Hall, and Greek professor to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to that master of arts, whose poem on the subject given shall be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed, the expense of which shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the residue given as a reward for the composer of the poem, or ode, or copy of verses.

WE the underwritten, do assign Mr. Seaton's reward to C. Smart, M. A. for this poem on The Eternity of the Supreme Being and direct the said poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the will.

EDM. KEENE, vice-chancellor.
J. WILCOX, master of Clare-Hall.

March 25, 1750.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in pow'r supreme
Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom,
The air, the earth or azure main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vast concave of th' etherial round)
If to the Heav'n of Heavens they'd wing their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—
May then the youthful, uninspired bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal; may he soar
Where seraph, and where cherubin on high
Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?
He may—if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign t' assist,
Great Poet of the Universe, his song.
Before this earthly planet wound her course
Round Light's perennial fountain, before Light
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day,
Before "the morning-stars together sang"
And hail'd thee Architect of countless worlds—
Thou art—all glorious, all-beneficent,
All wisdom and omnipotence thou art.
But is the era of creation fix'd
As when these worlds began? Cou'd aught retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever,
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That puissance immeasurably vast,
And bounty inconceivable cou'd rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action—
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stampt with thine uncounterfeited seal.
But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense
Th' eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' omniscient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,
Of sp'rits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the universe,
Creation and Redemption—and a while
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory.
Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can,—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd.
A day shall come when all this [illegible] shall perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage
To make perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void; the Earth beneath
Shall sever in the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames—
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,

[6] Luke vii. 41, 42, 43.

In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the Heav'ns
And fix the Earth continual; Athos, where:
Where, Teneriff's thy stateliness to day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden Sun.
Nor shall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion, O my country; thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrours of th' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day; ye must submit
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But tho' the Earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an ideot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and silver-tressed Moon
With all her bright retinue, must be lost;
Yet thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert: yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! He comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see; He comes! th' archangel from above.
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible and arise;
From east to west, from the antarctic pole
To regions hyperborean, all ye sons,
Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heav'n—
Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible and arise."
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and like the ark
Fix'd on the mountain-top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And, winds and waves and rocks and tempests past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heav'n:
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd shall give
Praises more worthy the eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore, thou,
Purge thou my heart, Omnipotent and good!
Purge thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain
I offer fruitless sacrifice, with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' gratitude were bless'd with all the pow'rs
Her bursting heart cou'd long for, tho' the swift,
The firy-wing'd imagination soar'd
Beyond ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is INEFFABLE.
Yet still let reason thro' the eye of faith
View him with fearful love; let truth pronounce,
And adoration on her bended knee
With Heav'n directed hands confess his reign,
And let th' angelic, archangelic band
With all the hosts of Heav'n, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—"For thou art holy,
For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."

ON THE

IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY,

A CLAUSE OF

MR. SEATON'S WILL,

Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

I GIVE my Kislingbury estate to the university of Cambridge for ever: the rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the vice-chancellor for the time being, as he the vice-chancellor, the master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a subject, which subject shall for the first year be one or other of the perfections or attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding years, till the subject is exhausted; and afterwards the subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the vice-chancellor, master of Clare-Hall, and Greek professor to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to that master of arts, whose poem on the subject given shall be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expense of which shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the residue given as a reward for the composer of the poem, or ode, or copy of verses.

WE the underwritten do assign Mr. Seaton's reward to C. Smart, M. A. for his poem on The Immensity of the Supreme Being, and direct the said poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the will.

EDM. KEENE, vice-chancellor.
J. WILCOX, master of Clare-Hall.

April 20, 1751.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The poet of my God—Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploring bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how Nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving. Hail, all hail,

Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of th' eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of Glory' immense, the orphan's might exclude.
What tho' th' Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heav'n's exalted dome
By mortal eye unken'd—where East nor West
Nor South, nor blust'ring North has breath to blow;
Albeit he there with angels, and with saints
Hold conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest:
Yet know that nor in presence or in pow'r
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same.
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measure her pathless walk, studious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
Still faithful, still inconstant to the Sun;
Or where the comet thro' space infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.
Or where in Heav'n above the Heav'n of Heav'ns
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.
Or whether on the Ocean's hoist'rous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with out-stretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows;
The suppliant sailor finds thee there, his chief,
His only help—when thou rebuk'st the storm—
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.
Oh! cou'd I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Wou'd also speak thy residence; and there
Wou'd I thy servant, like thy still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flow'rs gay,
And shrubs, with amber, from the pearl-pav'd bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan
The terrour and the glory of the main
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence thro' the genial bowels of the Earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani, or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-intrench'd gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thund'ring down
In desperate cascade, with flow'rs and beasts
And all the living landscape of the vale.
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there.
Hence with th' ascending springs let me advance,
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence he stands
So simple! and so great! the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
Yet thou art there, yet God himself is there
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd)
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chants she in her song;
While the all emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.
Now from the plains, where th' unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon tow'rs
The work of lab'ring man and clumsy art
Seen with the ring-dove's nest—on that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poise the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou ideot, that assertst there is no God,
View and be dumb forever—
Go bid Vitruvious or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come [cherry
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
To blush with just vermilion—hence away—
Hence ye prophane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer divine—
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,

See and adore his providence and pow'r—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O infinite of Goodness and of Glory!
The knee, that thou hast made, shall bend to thee,
The tongue, which thou hast tun'd, shall chant thy praise,
And thy own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to thee for ever.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

To the most reverend his grace the lord archbishop of Canterbury; this poetical essay on the Omniscience of the Supreme Being, is with all humility inscribed, by his grace's most dutiful, most obliged, and most obedient humble servant,

C. SMART.

A CLAUSE OF

MR. SETAON'S WILL,

Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I GIVE my Kislingbury estate to the university of Cambridge for ever; the rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the vice-chancellor for the time being, as the vice-chancellor, master of Clare-hall, and the Greek professor for the time being, or any two of them, shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a subject, which subject shall for the first year be one or other of the perfections or attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding years, till the subject is exhausted; and afterwards the subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the vice-chancellor, master of Clare-hall, and Greek professor to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to that master of arts, whose poem on the subject given shall be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expense of which shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the residue given as a reward for the composer of the poem, or ode, or copy of verses.

WE the underwritten, do assign Mr. Seaton's reward to C. Smart, M A. for his poem on The Omniscience of the Supreme Being, and direct the said poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the will.

J. WILCOX, vice-chancellor.
T. FRANKLIN, Greek-professor.

November 2, 1752.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God, and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise, and blow thy everlasting trump.
All glory to th' Omniscient, and praise,
And pow'r, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my Heart, whom he, and he alone,
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne:
And may th' eternal, high mysterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched Heav'ns
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay
A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knewst,
Knewst all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to day, thou didst vouchsafe,
And teach me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in thee is wonderous,
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself.
What is that secret pow'r, that guides the brutes,
Which ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from thee,
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,
That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.
Who taught the pye, or who forewarn'd the jay
To shun the deadly nightshade? tho' the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plumb
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit,
They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reas'ner, philosophic man, [—No.
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?
Full many a race has fall'n into the snare
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface,
And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim
By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
Of slow experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.
The venerable sage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t' investigate the pow'rs
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following, what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
And baseless fabric from conjecture builds.
While the domestic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd

By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician, knows the case,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark, from afar the feather'd matron [1] screams,
And all her brood alarms, the docile crew
Accept the signal one and all, expert
In th' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd,
That the rapacious adversary's near.
But who inform'd her of the approaching danger,
Who taught the cautious mother that the hawk
Was hateht her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.
When Philomela, e'er the cold domain
Of crippled winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the north
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon,
She Heav'n-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts nor coy west nor east, but instant knows
What Newton, or not sought, or sought in vain[2].
Illustrious name, irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting ocean, and the highest Heav'ns
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales:
Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
Ere yet Refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.
When Knowledge at her father's dread command
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,
Oh to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes!
Oh how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare!
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
Of bloated ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious ant, the wisest insect,
And best economist of all the field!
Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure time and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet conscious that December's on the march
Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish winter's fiercest blow.
For when, as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues,
And storm-proof cells, with management most meet
And unexampled housewifry, she forms,
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn,
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But, if thy deaden'd sense, and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chymist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from discordant flow'rs
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
Avaunt Conceit, Ambition take thy flight
Back to the prince of vanity and air!
Oh! tis a thought of energy most piercing,
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woful vicissitude! when man, fall'n man,
Who first from Heav'n, from gracious God himself, [brutes
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know by
Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being;
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascend,
And trace Omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise—for tho' we stand
Of many a Godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire transgression, tho' no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the Earth,
With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd.
Still is there scope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their last exertion—show'rs of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people, O ye sons of men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives, [6]
Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
Shall deign t' allow, still patiently abide,
And praise him more and more; nor cease to chant
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And pow'r, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet.
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with the choicest stores the altar crowd.

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

[1] The hen turkey.
[2] The longitude.

ON THE

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

CLAUSE OF

MR. SEATON'S WILL,

Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I give my Kirlingbury estate to the university of Cambridge for ever: the rents of which shall be disposed of yearly, by the vice-chancellor for the time being, as he the vice-chancellor, the master of Clare-hall, and the Greek professor for the time being, or any two of them, shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a subject, which subject shall for the first year be one or other of the perfections or attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding years, till the subject is exhausted; and afterwards the subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the vice-chancellor, master of Clare-hall, and Greek professor to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to that master of arts, whose poem on the subject given shall be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expense of which shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the residue given as a reward for the composer of the poem, or ode, or copy of verses.

WE the underwritten do assign Mr. Seaton's reward to C. Smart, M. A. for his poem on The Power of the Supreme Being, and direct the said poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the will.

P. Yorke, vice-chancellor.
J. Wilcox, master of Clare-Hall.
Tho. Franklin, Greek professor.

Dec. 5, 1753.

"Tremble, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet said,
"At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains,
And all ye hillocks on the surface bound."
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll,
The Muse with transport hears ye, once again
Convulse the solid continent, and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles.
'Tis thy terrific voice; thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force,
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine, behold! recoils
Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
But what is this, celestial though the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Shou'd Ocean to his congretated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watery world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last ling'ring undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!
But not alone in the aërial vault
Does he the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the Earth,
And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heav'n-assaulting spires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts, though many a bastion jut
Forth from the ramparts elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable upturn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflicted ear, and terrifies the eye
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
Within Augusta's walls twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation, but ev'n thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever:
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath: O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction: we confess
That thou art he, th' Almighty: we believe:
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.
Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On the hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And forests are no more. For conflict dreadful!
The West encounters East, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shudd'ring seek their dens,
And fly like tim'rous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies;—while he supreme
Stands stedfast if in the centre of the storm.
Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanoes, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.
Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That wooes the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand, that dealt it!—baffled here
By his omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves, her,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round
Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial space
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in ev'ry place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention! Who? O who shall tell
His acts miraculous, when by his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends, when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
Before th' astonish'd Sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Sampson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung t' o'er-
throw
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy! O
O love unequal'd, mystery immense, [tion
Which angels long t'unfold! 'tis man's redemp-
That crowns thy glory, and thy pow'r confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb,
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
"Let there be peace" (he said) and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea,
When "Peace, be still, ye boisterous winds," he cry'd,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And Death, and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstacy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,
And all eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate
With worthier numbers, him, who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess King of Kings
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE

GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING,

A POETICAL ESSAY.

To the right honourable the earl of Darlington this essay on the Goodness of the Supreme Being, is inscribed, by his lord-ship's most obliged, and obedient servant,

C. SMART.

A CLAUSE OF

MR. SEATON'S WILL,

Dated Oct. 8, 1755.

I give my Kislingbury estate to the university of Cambridge for ever: the rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the vice-chancellor for the time being, as he the vice-chancellor, the master of Clare-hall, and the Greek professor for the time being, or any two of them, shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a subject, which subject shall for the first year be one or other of the perfections or attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding years, till the subject is exhausted; and afterwards the subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the vice-chancellor, master of Clare-hall, and Greek professor to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the rent of the above estate to that master of arts, whose poem on the subject given shall be best approved by them. Which poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expense of which shall be deducted out of the product of the estate, and the residue given as a reward for the composer of the poem, or ode, or copy of verses.

We the underwritten, do assign Mr. Seaton's reward to C. Smart, M A. for his poem on The Goodness of the Supreme Being, and direct the said poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the will.

H. Thomas, vice-chancellor.
J. Wilcox, master of Clare hall.

Oct. 28, 1755.

Orpheus, for so the Gentiles call'd thy name[1],
Israel's sweet psalmist, who alone could wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew;
Thou, who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art or nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil angel:—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself; each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on Earth, as he is prais'd in Heaven.
Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand

[1] See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany in his Life of David.

Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the tim'rous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky east, and lightsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for thee
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View through th' immaculate, pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted Heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of him, who, e'er he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive;
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And though their throats coarse ruttling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man;—
But not to all,—for hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly base
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song:
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies;—the solemn scene
The Sun through storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude;—behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to him she sings,
To him who feeds, who clothes and who adorns,
Who made and who preserves, whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
O he is good, he is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best
In order and in beauty:—raise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To him, who made the mite; though Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tow'r-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to him
Who is as great, as perfect and as good
In his less-striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault and seeks the assisting glass.
Approach and bring from Araby the blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, sable Africa, with rev'rence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursu'd the lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks and caverns wide
Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair India, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends,
Haste from the west, and with thy fruits and flow'rs,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
And christian excellence, his goodness own,
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory,—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread!
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious pray'r.
"O all-sufficient, all beneficent,
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love;
Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
But quell tyrannic pride with peerless pow'r,
Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak,
O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
To Heav'n, to immortality, and thee!"

THE

HOP-GARDEN.

A GEORGIC.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Me quoque Parnassi per lubicra culmina raptat
Laudis amor: studium sequor insanabile vatis,
Ausus non operam, non formidare poetæ
Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
Monstratum digito, ——— VAN. PRÆD. RUST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE land that answers best the farmer's care,
And silvers to maturity the hop:
When to inhume the plants; to turn the glebe;
And wed the tendrils to th' aspiring poles:
Under what sign to pluck the crop, and how
To cure, and in capacious sacks infold,
I teach in verse Miltonian. Smile the Muse,
And meditate an honour to that land
Where first I breath'd, and struggled into life,
Impatient, Cantium, to be call'd thy son.
Oh! cou'd I emulate skilled Sydney's Muse,
Thy Sydney, Cantium—He, from court retir'd,
In Penshurst's sweet Elysium sung delight,
Sung transport to the soft-responding streams
Of Medway, and enliven'd all her groves:
While ever near him, goddess of the green,
Fair Pembroke[1] sat and smil'd immense applause.
With vocal fascination charm'd the hours[2],
Unguarded left Heav'n's adamantine gate,
And to his lyre, swift as the winged sounds
That skim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.
Had I such pow'r, no peasants humble toil
Shou'd e'er debase my lay: far nobler themes,
The high achievements of thy warrior kings
Shou'd raise my thoughts, and dignify my song.
But I, young rustic, dare not leave my cot,
For so enlarg'd a sphere—ah! Muse beware,
Lest the loud larums of the braying trump,
Lest the deep drum shou'd drown thy tender reed,
And mar its puny joints: me, lowly swain,
Every unshaven arboret, me the lawns,
Me the voluminous Medway's silver wave,
Content inglorious[3], and the hopland shades!
Yeomen and countrymen, attend my song:
Whether you shiver in the marshy Weald[4],
Egregious shepherds of unnumber'd flocks,
Whose fleeces, poison'd into purple, deck
All Europe's kings: or in fair Madum's[5] vale
Imparadis'd, blest denizons, ye dwell;
Or Dorovernia's[6] awful tow'rs ye love:
Or plough Tunbridgia's salutiferous hills
Industrious, and with draughts chalybiate heal'd,
Confess divine Hygeia's blissful seat;
The Muse demands your presence, ere she tune
Her monitory voice; observe her well,
And catch the wholesome dictates as they fall.
'Midst thy paternal acres, farmer, say
Has gracious Heav'n bestow'd one field, that basks
Its loamy bosom in the mid-day Sun,
Emerging gently from the abject vale,
Nor yet obnoxious to the wind, secure
There shalt thou plant thy hop. This soil, perhaps,
Thou'lt say, will fill my garners. Be it so,
But Ceres, rural goddess, at the best
Meanly supports her vot'ry', enough for her,
If ill-persuading hunger she repell,
And keep the soul from fainting: to enlarge,
To glad the heart, to sublimate the mind,
And wing the flagging spirits to the sky,
Require th' united influence and aid
Of Bacchus, god of hops, with Ceres join'd.
'Tis he shall generate the buxom beer.
Then on one pedestal, and hand in hand,
Sculptur'd in Parian stone (so gratitude
Indites) let the divine co-partners rise.
Stands eastward in thy field a wood? tis well.
Esteem it as a bulwark of thy wealth,
And cherish all its branches; tho' we'll grant,
Its leaves umbrageous may intercept
The morning rays, and envy some small share
Of Sol's beneficence to th' infant germ.
Yet grudge not that: when whistling Eurus comes,
With all his worlds of insects in thy lands
To hyemate, and monarchize o'er all
Thy vegetable riches, then thy wood
Shall ope it's arms expansive, and embrace
The storm reluctant, and divert its rage.
Armies of animalcules urge their way
In vain: the ventilating trees oppose
Their airy march. They blacken distant plains.
This site for thy young nursery obtain'd,
Thou hast begun auspicious, if the soil
(As sung before) be loamy; this the hop
Loves above others, this is rich, is deep,
Is viscous, and tenacious of the pole.
Yet maugre all its native worth, it may
Be meliorated with warm compost. See!
Yon craggy mountain[7], whose fastidious head
Divides the star-set hemisphere above,
And Cantium's plains beneath; the Apennine
Of a free Italy, whose chalky sides
With verdant shrubs dissimilarly gay,
Still captivate the eye, while at his feet
The silver Medway glides, and in her breast
Views the reflected landscape, charm'd she views
And murmurs louder ecstasy below.
Here let us rest a while, pleas'd to behold
Th' all beautiful horizon's wide expanse,
Far as the eagle's ken. Here tow'ring spires
First catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to Heav'n.

[1] Sister to sir Philip Sydney.
[2]—Πυλαι μυκον ουρανου ἀς εχον Ὡραι. HOM. E.
[3] Rure mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque in glorius!
VIRG. GEORG. 2.
[4] Commonly, but improperly called, the Wild.
[5] Maidstone.
[6] Canterbury.
[7] Boxley-Hill, which extends through great part of Kent.

The lofty elms in humble majesty
Bend with the breeze to shade the solemn groves,
And spread an holy darkness; Ceres there
Shines in her golden vesture. Here the meads
Enrich'd by Flora's dædal hand, with pride
Expose their spotted verdure. Nor are you,
Pomona, absent; you 'midst hoary leaves
Swell the vermilion cherry; and on yon trees
Suspend the pippin's palatable gold.
There old Sylvanus in that moss-grown grot
Dwells with his wood-nymphs: they with chaplets green
And russet mantles oft delight, aloft
From yon bent oaks, in Medway's bosom fair
Wonder at silver bleak, and prickly pearch,
That swiftly thro' their floating forests glide.
Yet not even these—these ever varied scenes
Of wealth and pleasure can engage my eyes
T' o'erlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence
The thrush, sweet warbler, chants th' unstudied lays
Which Phœbus' self, vaulting from yonder cloud
Refulgent, with enliv'ning ray inspires.
But neither tow'ring spires, nor lofty elms,
Nor golden Ceres, nor the meadows green,
Nor orchats; nor the russet mantled nymphs
Which to the murmurs of the Medway dance,
Nor sweetly warbling thrush, with half those charms
Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land close,
Joint-work of Art and Nature, which reminds
The Muse, and to her theme the wand'rer calls.
Here then with pond'rous vehicles and teams
Thy rustics send, and from the caverns deep
Command them bring the chalk: thence to the kiln
Convey, and temper with Vulcanian fires.
Soon as 'tis form'd, thy lime with bounteous hand
O'er all thy lands disseminate; thy lands
Which first have felt the softening spade, and drank
The strength'ning vapours from nutritious marl.
This done, select the choicest hop, t' insert
Fresh in the opening glebe. Say then, my Muse,
Its various kinds, and from th' effete and vile,
The eligible separate with care.
The noblest species is by Kentish wights
The Master-hop yclep'd. Nature to him
Has giv'n a stouter stalk, patient of cold,
Or Phœbus ev'n in youth, his verdant blood
In brisk saltation circulates and flows
Indesinently vigorous: the next
Is arid, fetid, infecund, and gross,
Significantly styl'd the Fryar: the last
Is call'd the Savage, who in ev'ry wood,
And ev'ry hedge unintroduc'd intrudes.
When such the merit of the candidates,
Easy is the election; but, my friend,
Would'st thou ne'er fail, to Kent direct thy way,
Where no one shall be frustrated that seeks
Ought that is great or good. Hail, Cantium, hail!
Illustrious parent of the finest fruits,
Illustrious parent of the best of men!
For thee Antiquity's thrice sacred springs
Placidly stagnant at their fountain head,
I rashly dare to trouble (if from thence
I aught for thy utility can drain)
And in thy towns adopt th' Ascræan muse.
Hail heroes, hail invaluable gems,
Fav'rites of Heav'n! to whom the general doom
Is all remitted, who alone possess
Of Adam's sons fair Eden—rest ye here,
Nor seek an earthly good above the hop;
A good! untasted by your ancient kings,
And to your very sires almost unknown.
In those blest days when great Eliza reign'd
O'er the adoring nation, when fair peace
Or spread an unstain'd olive round the land,
Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets
To lord it o'er the world, when our brave sires
Drank valour from unecauponated beer;
The hop (before an interdicted plant,
Shun'd like fell aconite) began to hang
Its folded floscles from the golden vine,
And bloom'd a shade to Cantium's sunny shores
Delightsome, and in cheerful goblets laught
Potent, what time Aquarius' urn impends
To kill the dulsome day—potent to quench
The Syrian ardour, and autumnal ills
To heal with mild potations; sweeter far
Than those which erst the subtile Hengist [9] mix'd
T' inthrall voluptuous Vortigern. He, with love
Emasculate and wine, the toils of war
Neglected, and to dalliance vile and sloth
Emancipated, saw th' incroaching Saxons
With unaffected eyes; his hand which ought
T' have shook the spear of justice, soft and smooth,
Play'd ravishing divisions on the lyre:
This Hengist mark'd, and (for ours'd insolence
Soon fattens on impunity! and rises
Briareus from a dwarf) fair Thanet gain'd.
Nor stopt he here; but to immense attempts
Ambition sky-aspiring led him on
Adventrous. He an only daughter rear'd,
Roxena, matchless maid! nor rear'd in vain.
Her eagle-ey'd callidity, deceit,
And fairy fiction rais'd above her sex,
And furnish'd with a thousand various wiles
Preposterous, more than female; wondrous fair
She was, and docile, which her pious nurse
Observ'd, and early in each female fraud
Her 'gan initiate: well she knew to smile,
Whene'er vexation gall'd her; did she weep?
'Twas not sincere, the fountains of her eyes
Play'd artificial streams, yet so well forc'd
They look'd like nature; for ev'n art to her
Was natural, and contrarieties
Seem'd in Roxena congruous and allied.
Such was she, when brisk Vortigern beheld,
Ill-fated prince! and lov'd her. She perceiv'd,
Soon she perceiv'd her conquest; soon she told,
With hasty joy transported, her old sire.
The Saxon inly smil'd, and to his isle
The willing prince invited, but first had
The nymph prepare the potions; such as fire
The blood's meandering rivulets, and depress

[8] Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
Magna virûm; tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes,
Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.
VIRG. GEORG. 2

[9] See the following story told at large in Lambarde's Perambulation of Kent.

To love the soul. Lo! at the noon of night
Thrice Hecate invok'd the maid—and thrice
The goddess stoop'd assent; forth from a cloud
These in a splendid cup of burnish'd gold
She stoop'd, and gave the filters power to charm.
The lovely sorceress mix'd, and to the prince
Health, peace and joy propin'd, but to herself
Mutter'd dire exorcisms, and wish'd effect
To th' love-creating draught: lowly she bow'd
Fawning insinuation bland, that might
Deceive Laertes' son; her lucid orbs
Shed copiously the oblique rays; her face
Like modest Luna's shone, but not so pale,
And with no borrow'd lustre; on her brow
Smil'd fallacy, while summoning each grace,
Kneeling she gave the cup. The prince (for who!
Who cou'd have spurn'd a suppliant so divine?)
Drank eager, and in ecstacy devour'd
Th' ambrosial perturbation; mad with love
He clasp'd her, and in hymeneal bands
At once the nymph demanded and obtain'd.
Now Hengist, all his ample wish fulfill'd,
Exulted; and from Kent th' uxorious prince
Exterminated, and usurp'd his seat.
Long did he reign; but all-devouring time
Has raz'd his palace walls—Perchance on them
Grows the green hop, and o'er his crumbled bust
In spiral twines ascends the scantile pole.—
But now to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed;
Tasks humble, but important, ask the Muse.
Come, fair magician, sportive Fancy, come,
With wildest imagery; thou child of thought,
From thy aerial citadel descend,
And (for thou canst) assist me. Bring with thee
Thy all-creative talisman; with thee
The active spirits ideal, tow'ring flights,
That hover o'er the muse-resounding groves,
And all thy colourings, all thy shapes display.
Thou too be here, Experience, so shall I
My rules nor in low prose jejunely *say*,
Nor in smooth numbers musically err;
But vain is Fancy and Experience vain,
If thou, O Hesiod! Virgil of our land,
Or hear'st thou rather[10], Milton, bard divine,
Whose greatness who shalt imitate, save thee?
If thou, O Philips[11], fav'ring dost not hear
Me, inexpert of verse; with gentle hand
Uprear the unpinion'd Muse, high on the top
Of that immeasurable mount, that far
Exceeds thine own Plinlimmon, where thou tun'st
With Phœbus' self thy lyre. Give me to turn
Th' unwieldy subject with thy graceful ease,
Extol its baseness with thy art; but chief
Illumine, and invigorate with thy fire.
When Phœbus looks thro' Aries on the spring,
And vernal flow'rs teem with the dulcet fruit,
Autumnal pride! delay not then thy sets
In Tellus' facile bosom to depose
Timely: if thou art wise the bulkiest chuse:
To every root three joints indulge, and form
The quincunx with well regulated hills.
Soon from the dung-enriched earth, their heads
Thy young plants will uplift, their virgin arms
They'll stretch, and, marriageable, claim the pole.
Nor frustrate thou their wishes, so thou may'st
Expect an hopeful issue, jolly Mirth,
Sister of taleful Momus, tuneful Song,
And fat Good-nature with her honest face.
But yet in the novitiate of their love,
And tenderness of youth suffice small shoots
Cut from the widow'd willow, nor provide
Poles insurmountable as yet. 'Tis then
When twice bright Phœbus' vivifying ray,
Twice the cold touch of winter's icy hand,
They've felt; 'tis then we feel sublimer props.
'Tis then the sturdy woodman's axe from far
Resounds, resounds, and hark! with hollow groans
Down tumble the big trees, and rushing roll
O'er the crush'd crackling brake, while in his cave,
Forlorn, dejected, 'midst the weeping Dryads
Laments Sylvanus for his verdant care.
The ash or willow for thy use select,
Or storm enduring chesnut; but the *oak*,
Unfit for this employ, for nobler ends
Reserve untouch'd; she when by time matur'd,
Capacious of some British demi-god,
Vernon, or Warren, shall with rapid wing
Infuriate, like Jove's armour-bearing bird,
Fly on thy foes; they, like the parted waves,
Which to the brazen beak murmuring give way
Amaz'd and roaring from the fight recede.—
In that sweet month, when to the list'ning swains
Fair Philomel sings love, and every cot
With garlands blooms bedight, with bandage meet
The tendrils bind, and to the tall poll tie,
Else soon, too soon their meretricious arms
Round each ignoble clod they'll fold, and leave
Averse the lordly prop. Thus, have I heard
Where there's no mutual tie, no strong connection
Of love-conspiring hearts, oft the young bride
Has prostituted to her slaves her charms,
While the infatuated lord admires
Fresh-butting sprouts[12], and issue not his own.
Now turn the glebe: soon with correcting hand,
When smiling June in jocund dance leads on
Long days and happy hours, from ev'ry vine
Dock the redundant branches, and once more
With the sharp spade thy numerous acres till.
The shovel next must lend its aid, enlarge
The little hillocks, and erase the weeds.
This in that month its title which derives
From great Augustus' ever sacred name!
Sovereign of science! master of the Muse!
Neglected genius' firm ally! of worth
Best judge, and best rewarder, whose applause
To bards was fame and fortune! O! 'twas well,
Well did you too in this, all glorious heroes!
Ye Romans!—on Time's swing you've stamp'd his praise,
And time shall bear it to eternity.
Now are our labours crown'd with their reward,
Now bloom the florid hops, and in the stream
Shine in their floating silver, while above

[10] At ipse
Subtilis Veterum judex & callidus audis.
HORAT.

[11] Mr. John Philips, author of Cider, a poem.

[12] Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.
VIRG.

T' embow'ring branches culminate, and form
A walk impervious to the Sun; the poles
In comely order stand; and while you cleave
With the small skiff the Medway's lucid wave,
In comely order still their ranks preserve,
And seem to march along th' extensive plain.
In neat arrangement thus the men of Kent,
With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd,
Intrepid march'd; for well they knew the cries
Of dying Freedom, and Astræa's voice,
Who as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd
Of tyranny, and William; like a god,
Refulgent stood the conqueror, on his troops
He sent his looks enliv'ning as the Sun's,
But on his foes frown'd agony, and death.
On his left side in bright emblazonry
His falchion burn'd; forth from his sevenfold shield
A basilisk shot adamant; his bow
Wore clouds of fury!—on that with plumage crown'd,
Of various hue sat a tremendous cone:
Thus sits high-canopied above the clouds,
Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies,
Northern Aurora[1]; she thro' th' azure air
Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks
Continual, while waving to the wind
O'er Night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.
The trav'ler views th' unseemly day
Astound, the proud bend lowly to the earth,
The pious matrons tremble for the world.
But what can daunt th' insuperable souls
Of Cantium's matchless sons? On they proceed,
All innocent of fear; each face express'd
Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd
The well fed brigades of embroider'd slaves
That drew the sword for gain. First of the van,
With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain
Whistled with rustic notes; but such as show'd
A heart magnanimous: the men of Kent
Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads
The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs bend.
'Twas thus the Thracian, whose all quick'ning lyre
The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel,
Enchanted dancing Hæmus, to the tune,
The lute's soft tune! The fluttering branches
The rocks enjoy it, and the rivulets hear.
The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,
And all the mighty mountain nods applause.
The conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees
The vast abrupt of Scylla, or as one
That from th' oblivious streams of Lethe's pool
Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.
His host an universal panic seiz'd
Prodigious, inopine; their armour shook,
And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs;
Some to the walking wilderness gan run
Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade
For shelter sought—Wretches! they shelter find,
Eternal shelter in the arms of death!
Thus when Aquarius pours out all his urn
Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller
That wanders o'er the wintry waste, accepts
The invitation of some spreading beech
Joyous; but soon the treacherous gloom betrays
Th' unwary visitor, while on his head
Th' enlarging drops in double show'rs descend.
And now no longer in disguise the men
Of Kent appear; down they all drop their boughs,
And shine in brazen panoply divine.
Enough,—great William (for full well he knew
How vain would be the conquest) to the sons
Of glorious Cantium gave their lives, and laws,
And liberties secure, and to the prowess
Of Cantium's sons, like Cæsar, deign'd to yield:
Cæsar and William! hail immortal worthies,
Illustrious vanquish'd! Cantium, if to them,
Posterity with all her chiefs unborn,
Aught similar, aught second has to boast.
Once more (so prophesies the Muse) thy sons
Shall triumph, emulous of their sires—till then
With olive, and with hop-garlands crown'd,
O'er all thy land reign plenty, reign fair peace.

[1] Aurora borealis, or lights in the air; a phenomenon which of late years has been frequent here, and in all the more northern countries.

THE

HOP GARDEN.

A GEORGIC.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Omnia quæ multo ante memor provisa repones;
Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.
VIRG. Geor. lib. 1.

At length the Muse her destin'd task resumes
With joy; agen o'er all her hop-land groves
She seeks t' expatiate free of wing. Long while
For a much-loving, much-lov'd youth she wept,
Sorrowing in silence o'er th' untimely urn.
Hush then, effeminate sobs; and thou, my heart,
Rebel to grief no more—And yet a while,
A little while, indulge the friendly tears.
O'er the wild world, like Noah's dove, in vain
I seek the olive peace, around me wide
See! see! the wat'ry waste—In vain forlorn
I call the phenix, fair Sincerity;
Alas!—extinguish'd to the skies she fled,
And left no heir behind her. Where is now
The eternal smile of goodness? Where is now
That all-extensive charity of soul,
So rich in sweetness, that the classic sounds
In elegance Augustan cloth'd, the wit
That flow'd perennial, hardly were observ'd,
Or, if observ'd, set off that brighter gem.
How oft, and yet how seldom did it seem!
Have I enjoy'd his converse?—When we met,
The hours how swift they sweetly fled, and till
Agen I saw him how they loiter'd. Oh!
Theophilus', thou dear departed soul,
What flattering tales thou told'st me? How thou'dst hail
My Muse, and took'st imaginary walks
All in my hopland groves. Stay yet, oh stay!
Thou dear deluder, thou hast seen but half—
He's gone! and aught that's equal to his praise
Fame has not for me, tho' she prove most kind.
Howe'er this verse be sacred to thy name,
These tears, the last sad duty of a friend.
Oft I'll indulge the pleasurable pain

[1] Mr. Theophilus Wheeler, of Christ Church, Cambridge.

Of recollection; oft on Medway's banks
I'll muse on thee full pensive; while her streams
Regardful ever of my grief, shall flow
In sullen silence silverly along
The weeping shores—or else accordant with
My loud lamonts, shall ever and anon
Make melancholy music to the shades,
The hopland shades, that on her banks expose
Serpentine vines and flowing locks of gold.
Ye smiling nymphs, th' inseparable train
Of saffron Ceres; ye, that gamesome dance,
And sing to jolly Autumn, while he stands
With his right hand poizing the scales of Heav'n,
And while his left grasps Amalthea's horn:
Young chorus of fair Bacchanals, descend,
And leave awhile the sickle; yonder hill,
Where stand the loaded hop-poles, claims your care.
There mighty Bacchus seated cross the bin,
Waits your attendance—There he glad reviews
His paunch, approaching to immensity
Still nearer, and with pride of heart surveys
Obedient mortals, and the world his own.
See! from the great metropolis they rush,
Th' industrious vulgar. They, like prudent bees,
In Kent's wide garden roam, expert to crop
The flow'ry hop, and provident to work,
Ere winter numb their sunburnt hands, and winds
Engoal them, murmuring in their gloomy cells.
From these, such as appear the rest t' excel
In strength and young agility, select.
These shall support with vigour and address
The bin-man's weighty office; now extract
From the sequacious earth the pole, and now
Unmarry from the closely-clinging vine.
O'er twice three pickers, and no more, extend
The bin-man's sway; unless thy ears can bear
The crack of poles continual, and thine eyes
Behold unmoved the hurrying peasant tear
Thy wealth, and throw it on the thankless ground.
But first the careful planter will consult
His quantity of acres and his crop,
How many and how large his kilns; and then
Proportion'd to his wants the hands provide.
But yet of greater consequence and cost,
One thing remains unsung, a man of faith
And long experience, in whose thund'ring voice
Lives hoarse authority, potent to quell
The frequent frays of the tumultuous crew.
He shall preside o'er all thy hop-land store,
Severe dictator! His unerring hand,
And eye inquisitive, in heedful guise,
Shall to the brink the measure fill, and fair
On the twin registers the work record.
And yet I've known them own a female reign,
And gentle Mariane's[2] soft Orphean voice
Has hymn'd sweet lessons of humanity
To the wild brutal crew. Oft her command
Has sav'd the pillars of the hop-land state,
The lofty poles from ruin, and sustain'd,
Like Anna, or Eliza, her domain,
With more than manly dignity. Oft I've seen,
Ev'n at her frown the boist'rous uproar cease,
And the mad pickers, tam'd to diligence,
Cull from the bin the sprawling sprigs, and leaves
That stain the sample, and its worth debase.
All things thus settled and prepar'd, what now
Can stop the planter's purposes? Unless
The Heavens frown dissent, and ominous winds
Howl thro' the concave of the troubled sky.
And oft, alas! the long experienc'd wights
(Oh! could they too prevent them) storms foresee.
For, as the storm rides on the rising clouds,
Fly the fleet wild-geese far away[3], or else
The heifer towards the zenith rears her head,
And with expanded nostrils snuffs the air:
The swallows too their airy circuits weave,
And screaming skim the brook; and fen bred frogs
Forth from their hoarse throats their old grudge recite:
Or from her earthly coverlets the ant
Heaves her huge eggs along the narrow way:
Or bends Thaumantia's[4] variegated bow
Athwart the cope of Heav'n: or sable crows
Obstreperous of wing, in clouds combine:
Besides, unnumber'd troops of birds marine,
And Asia's feather'd flocks, that in the meads
Of flow'ry edg'd Cayster wont to prey,
Now in the shallows duck their speckled heads,
And lust to lave in vain, their unctuous plumes
Repulsive baffle their efforts: hearken next
How the curs'd raven, with her harmful voice,
Invokes the rain, and croaking to herself,
Struts on some spacious solitary shore.
Nor want thy servants and thy wife at home
Signs to presage the show'r; for in the hall
Sheds Niobe her prescient tears, and warns
Beneath thy leaden tubes to fix the vase,
And catch the falling dew drops, which supply
Soft water and salubrious, far the best
To soak thy hops, and brew thy generous beer.
But tho' bright Phœbus smile, and in the skies
The purple-rob'd serenity appear;
Tho' every cloud be fled, yet if the rage
Of Boreas, or the blasting east prevail,
The planter has enough to check his hopes,
And in due bounds confine his joys; for see
The ruffian winds in their abrupt career,
Leave not a hop behind, or at the best
Mangle the circling vine, and intercept

[2] The author's youngest sister.

[3] Nunquam imprudentibus imber
Obsuit. Aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
Aëriæ fugere grues! aut bucula cœlum
Suspiciens, patulis captavit naribus auras:
Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:
Et veterem in limo ranæ cecinere querelam.
Sæpius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova
Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens
Arcus, & e pastu decedens agmine magno
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
Jam varias pelagi volucres, & quæ Asia circum
Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,
Certatim largos humeris infundere rores;
Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
Et solain sicca secum spatiatur arena,
Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
Nescivere hyemem. VIRG. Georg. I.

[4] Iris.

The juice nutricious: fatal means, alas!
Their colour and condition to destroy.
Haste then, ye peasants; pull the poles, the hops;
Where are the bins? Run, run, ye nimble maids,
Move ev'ry muscle, ev'ry nerve extend,
To save our crop from ruin, and ourselves.
Soon as bright Chanticleer explodes the night
With flutt'ring wings, and hymns the new-born day,
The bugle-horn inspire, whose clam'rous bray
Shall rouse from sleep the rebel rout, and tune
To temper for the labours of the day.
Wisely the several stations of the bins
By lot determine. Justice this, and this
Fair prudence does demand; for not without
A certain method could'st thou rule the mob
Irrational, nor every where alike
Fair hangs the hop to tempt the picker's hand.
Now see the crew mechanic might and main
Labour with lively diligence, inspir'd
By appetite of gain and lust of praise:
What mind so petty, servile, so debas'd,
As not to know ambition? Her great sway
From *Colin Clout* to emperors she exerts.
To err is human, human to be vain.
'Tis vanity, and mock desire of fame,
That prompts the rustic, on the steeple top
Sublime, to mark the area of his shoe,
And in the outline to engrave his name.
With pride of heart the churchwarden surveys
High o'er the belfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
His story wrote in capitals: "'Twas I
That bought the fount; and I repaired the pews.
With pride like this the emulating mob
Strive for the mastery—who first may fill
The bellying bin, and cleanest cull the hops.
Nor aught retards, unless invited out
By Sol's declining, and the evening's calm,
Leander leads Lætitia to the scene
Of shade and fragrance—Then th' exulting band
Of pickers male and female, seize the fair
Reluctant, and with boist'rous force and brute,
By cries unmov'd, they bury her i' th' bin.
Nor does thy youth escape—him too they seize,
And *in* such posture place as best may serve
To hide his charmer's blushes. Then with shouts
They rend the echoing air, and from them both
(So custom has ordain'd) a largess claim.
Thus much be sung of picking—next succeeds
Th' important care of curing—Quit the field,
And at the kiln th' instructive Muse attend.
On your hair-cloth eight inches deep, nor more,
Let the green hops lie lightly; next expand
The smoothest surface with the toothy rake.
Thus far is just above; but more it boots
That charcoal flames burn equally below,
The charcoal flames, which from thy corded wood,
Or antiquated poles, with wond'rous skill,
The sable priests of Vulcan shall prepare.
Constant and moderate let the heat ascend;
Which to effect, there are, who with success
Place in the kiln the ventilating fan.
Hail, learned, useful man[5]! whose head and heart
Conspire to make us happy, deign t' accept
One honest verse; and if thy industry
Has serv'd the hopland cause, the muse forebodes,
This sole invention, both *in* use and fame
The mystic fan of Bacchus[6] shall exceed.
When the fourth hour expires, with careful hand
The half-bak'd hops turn over. Soon as time
Has well exhausted twice two glasses more,
They'll leap and crackle with their bursting seeds,
For use domestic, or for sale mature.
There are, who in the choice of cloth t'infold
Their wealthy crop, the viler, coarser sort,
With prodigal economy prefer:
All that is good is cheap, all dear that's base.
Besides the planter shou'd a bait prepare,
T' intrap the chapman's notice, and divert
Shrewd observation from her busy pry.
When in the bag thy hops the rustic treads,
Let him wear heel-less sandal; nor presume
Their fragrancy barefooted to defile:
Such filthy ways for slaves in Malaga
Leave we to practise—whence I've oft seen,
When beautiful Dorinda's ivory hands
Has built the pastry-fabric (food divine
For Christmas gambols and the hour of mirth)
As the dry'd foreign fruit, with piercing eye,
She culls suspicious—lo! she starts, she frowns
With indignation at a negro's nail.
Should'st thou thy harvest for the mart design,
Be thine own factor; nor employ those drones
Who've stings, but make no honey, selfish slaves!
That thrive and fatten on the planter's toil.
What then remains unsung? unless the care
To stack thy poles oblique in comely cones,
Lest rot or rain destroy them—'Tis a sight
Most seemly to behold, and gives, O Winter!
A landscape not unpleasing ev'n to thee.
And now, ye rivals of the hopland state,
Madam and Dorovernia now rejoice,
How great amidst such rivals to excel!
Let Grenovicum[7] boast (for boast she may)
The birth of great Eliza,—Hail, my queen!
And yet I'll call thee by a dearer name,
My countrywoman, hail! Thy worth alone
Gives fame to worlds, and makes whole ages glorious!
Let Sevenoaks vaunt the hospitable seat
Of Knoll[8] most ancient: awfully, my Muse,
These social scenes of grandeur and delight,
Of love and veneration, let me tread.
How oft beneath yon oak has amorous Prior
Awaken'd echo with sweet Chloe's name!
While noble Sackville heard, hearing approv'd,
Approving, greatly recompens'd. But he,
Alas! is number'd with th' illustrious dead,
And orphan merit has no guardian now!
Next Shipbourne, tho' her precincts are confin'd
To narrow limits, yet can show a train

[5] Dr. Hales.

[6] Mystica Vannus Iacchi. VIRG. Georg. 1.

[7] Greenwich, where Q. Elizabeth was born.

[8] The seat of the duke of Dorset.

Of village beauties, pastorally sweet,
And rurally magnificent. Fairlawn?
Opes her delightful prospects; dear Fairlawn
There, where at once at variance and agreed,
Nature and art hold dalliance. There where rills
Kiss the green drooping herbage, there where trees
The tall trees tremble at th' approach of Heav'n,
And bow their salutation to the Sun,
Who fosters all their foliage—These are thine,
Yes, little Shipbourne, boast that these are thine—
And if—but oh!—and if 'tis no disgrace,
The birth of him whom now records thy praise.
Nor shalt thou, Mereworth, remain unsung,
Where noble Westmorland, his country's friend,
Bids British greatness love the silent shade,
Where piles superb, in classic elegance,
Arise, and all is Roman, like his heart.
Nor Chatham, tho' it is not thine to show
The lofty forest or the verdant lawns,
Yet niggard silence shall not grudge thee praise.
The lofty forests by thy sons prepar'd
Becomes the warlike navy, braves the floods,
And gives Sylvanus empire in the main.
Oh that Britannia, in the day of war,
Wou'd not alone Minerva's valour trust,
But also bear her wisdom! Then her oaks
Shap'd by her own mechanics, wou'd alone
Her island fortify, and fix her fame;
Nor wou'd she weep, like Rachael, for her sons,
Whose glorious blood, in mad profusion,
In foreign lands is shed—and shed in vain.

THE

HILLIAD:

AN EPIC POEM.

——— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.
VIRG.

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Dear ****,

I AM now to acknowledge several letters, which I lately received from you, without any return on my part. As I have been very much hurried of late with a multiplicity of affairs, I must beg you will not only be kind enough to overlook my past omission, but to indulge me for a little time longer. As soon as I am master of sufficient leisure, I will give you my sentiments without reserve, concerning the affair, about which you have thought proper to consult me; for the present I desire you will consider this as a receipt for your many favours, or a promissory note to discharge my debt of friendship as soon as possible.

The design and colouring of a poem, such as you have planned, are not to be executed in a hurry, but with slow and careful touches, which will give that finishing to your piece, remarkable in every thing that comes from your hand, and which I could wish the precipitancy of my temper would permit me to aim at upon all occasions. I long to see you take a new flight to the regions of fame, not upon unequal wings, that sometimes rise to a degree of elevation, and then fall again, but with an uniform tenour, like the bird in Virgil,

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.

I have been now for about three weeks in this scene of smoke and dust, and I think the republic of letters seems to be lamentably upon the decline in this metropolis: Attornies clerks, and raw unexperienced boys, are the chief critics we have at present. With a supercilious look and peremptory voice, which they have caught from a few of their oracles, as dark and ignorant as themselves, these striplings take upon them to decide upon fable, character, language and sentiment.

Nescis, heu nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ;
Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.

With regard to writers, the town swarms with them, and the aim of them all is pretty much the same, viz. to elevate and surprise, as Mr. Bays says. At the head of these still continues the Inspector. As we frequently laughed together concerning this writer, when you were last in town, I need not here give you a description of his parts and genius. I remember you expressed great amazement at the reception his essays seemed to meet with in all our coffee-houses; but you must consider that there are artifices to gain success, as well as merit to deserve it. The former of these his Inspectorship is eminently possessed of, and sooner than fail, he will not hesitate, in order to make himself talked of at any rate, to become most glaringly ridiculous. This answers the purpose of the booksellers, as well perhaps as Attic wit, and hence it results that they are willing to continue him in their pay.

In the packet, which I have sent to you by the stage coach, you will find a paper called the Impertinent, written by himself. In this curious piece he has not stopped at abusing his own dear person, which is the only subject he has not handled with his usual malice, and the rest of it is made a vehicle for invective against Mr. Fielding and me. It was ushered into the world in a pompous manner, as if intended to be continued, but no second number was ever published, and to show you a further instance of his fallacy; he thence took occasion to triumph over a pretender to essay-writing, which he would fain insinuate, cannot be executed by any one but himself.

This unfair dealing, so unworthy a man, who aspires to be a member of the serene republic of letters, induced me to wave for a time the design you know I was engaged in, in order to bestow a

? The seat of lord Vane.

few lines upon this scribbler, who in my eyes is a disgrace to literature. In the first heat of my poetic fury, I formed the idea of another Dunciad, which I intended to call after the name of my hero, The Hilliad. The first book of it you will receive among other things, by the coach, and I shall be glad to be favoured with your opinion of it.

If it conduces to your entertainment, I shall have gained my end; for though I have received such provocation from this man, I believe I shall never carry it any further. I really find some involuntary sensations of compassion for him, and I cannot help thinking, that if he could keep within the bounds of decency and good manners, it would be a rare instance of what may be done by a flueney of periods, without genius, sense, or meaning. Though I am persuaded he is quite incorrigible, I am still reluctant to publish that piece, for I would rather be commended to posterity by the elegant and amiable muses, than by the satyric sister, politely called by an eminent author, 'the least enjuging of the Nine.'—

On this account I shall proceed no further 'till you have favoured me with your opinion, by which I will absolutely determine myself. I hope therefore you will peruse it as soon as you can with convenience, and return it to me by the stage. You may show it to Jack *****, and to Mr. ****.

I am, with great sincerity,
dear *****,
your most obedient humble servant,
C. SMART.

London, 15th December, 1752.

DEAR SMART,

THE perusal of your poem has given me so much pleasure, that I cannot postpone thanking you for it, by the first opportunity that has offered. I have read it to the persons you desired I should, and they approve the design in the highest manner. I cannot conceive what should make you hesitate a moment about the publication, and to be free with you, you must not by any means suppress it. When I say this, I must observe, that I should be glad to see you better employed, than in the dissection of an insect; but since the work should be done by some body, and since you have made such a progress, I must take the liberty to insist, that you will not drop this undertaking.

To speak in plain terms; I look upon it to be indispensably incumbent on you to bring the miscreant to poetic justice; it is what you owe to the cause of learning in general, to your Alma Mater, this university, and, let me add, it is what you owe to yourself. The world will absolve you from any imputation of ill-nature, when it is considered that the pen is drawn in defence of your own character. Give me leave upon this occasion to quote a passage from the Spectator, which I think pertinent to the present subject. "Every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them, wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others."

Thus thought the polite Mr. Addison in a case where he was not immediately concerned; and can you doubt what to do, when personally attacked? As soon as the hissing of the snake is heard, some means should be devised to crush him. The advice of Virgil is,—Cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor."

I can tell you that your friends here expect this of you, and we are all unanimous in thinking, that a man who has the honour of belonging to this learned university, and to whom the prize, for displaying with a masterly hand the attributes of his Maker, has been adjudged for three years successively, should not, on any account, suffer himself to be trifled with, by so frigid and empty a writer. I would have you reflect that you lanched into the world, with many circumstances, that raised a general expectation of you, and the early approbation of such a genius as Mr. Pope, for your elegant version of his ode, made you considered as one, who might hereafter make a figure in the literary world; and let me recommend to you, not to let the laurel, yet green upon your brow, be torn off by the prophane hands of an unhallowed hireling. This, I think, as is observed already, you owe to yourself, and to that university, which has distinguished you with honour.

Besides the motives of retaliation, which I have urged for the publication of your poem, I cannot help considering this matter in a moral light, and I must avow, that in my eyes it appears an action of very great merit. If to pull off the mask from an impostor, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is) a better opportunity never can offer itself.

In my opinion the cause of literature is in imminent danger of a total degeneracy, should this writer's diurnal productions meet with further encouragement. Without straining hard for it, I can perceive a corruption of taste diffusing itself, throughout the cities of London and Westminster. For a clear vein of thinking, easy natural expression, and an intelligible style, this pretender has substituted brisk question and answer, pert, unmeaning periods, ungrammatical construction, unnatural metaphors, with a profusion of epithets, inconsistent for the most part with the real or figurative meaning of his words, and in short, all the masculine beauties of style are likely to be banished from among us by the continuation of his papers for almost two years together.

Now, sir, I submit it to you, whether this may not lead on to a total depravity of sense and taste. Should the more sober at our coffee-houses be dazzled with false embellishment; should boys admire this unnatural flourishing; I do not in the

least question, but the rising generation will be totally infected with this strange motley style, and thus antithesis and point will be the prevailing turn of the nation.

It is to prevent a contagion of this sort, that Horace took the pen in hand; for this Quintilian favoured the world with his excellent work. The ingenious authors of France have always attended to this point. Truth, they insisted, is the very foundation of fine writing, and that no thought can be beautiful, which is not just, was their constant lesson. To enforce this and preserve a manly way of thinking Boileau lashed the scribblers of his time, and in our own country the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians have laboured for this end. To this we owe the Bathos, in which we find exposed, with the most delicate traits of satire, all false figures in writing, and finally to this we owe the Dunciad of Mr. Pope.

These instances, dear Smart, are sufficient to justify your proceeding, and let me tell you, that a cultivation of taste is a point of more moment than perhaps may appear at first sight. In the course of my reading I have observed that a corruption in morals has always attended a decline of letters. Of this Mr. Pope seems to be sensible, and, hence we find in the conclusion of his Dunciad, the general progress of dulness over the land is the final coup de grace to every thing decent, every thing laudable, elegant and polite.

> Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares morality expires.
> Nor public fame, nor private dares to shine,
> Nor human spark is left, nor glympse divine.
> Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd,
> Light dies before thy uncreating word.
> Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all.

I am aware that you may answer to what has been premised, that the man is not of consequence enough for all this, and you may observe to me, that at first setting out, I myself called him by the figurative and typical appellation of an insect. But if an insect gets into the sunshine, and there blazes, shines and buzzes to the annoyance of those, who may be basking in the beams, it is time for the Muse's wing to brush the thing away. In plain English, the rapidity, with which this writer went on in his progress, was so astonishing, that I really looked upon him to be reserved for the great instrument of dulness in the completion of her work, which certainly must be accomplished, unless a speedy stop be put to that inundation of nonsense and immorality with which he has overwhelmed the nation.

I have mentioned immorality, nor will I retract the word. Has he not attacked, maliciously attacked the reputations of many gentlemen, to whom the world has been greatly obliged?—He did not brandish his goose-quill for any length of time, before he discharged a torrent of abuse upon the reverend Mr. Francis, whose amiable character, and valuable translation of Horace, have endeared him both to those who are, and those who are not acquainted with him. Even beauty and innocence were no safe-guards against his calumny, and the soft-eyed virgin was by him cruelly obliged to shed the tender tear.

Upon the commencement of the Covent-Garden Journal, Mr. Fielding declared an humorous war against this writer, which was intended to be carried with an amicable pleasantry, in order to contribute to the entertainment of the town. It is recent in every body's memory, how the Inspector behaved upon that occasion. Conscious that there was not an atom of humour in his composition, he had recourse to his usual shifts, and instantly disclosed a private conversation; by which he reduced himself to the alternative mentioned by Mr. Pope; "and if he lies not, must at least betray." Through all Mr. Fielding's inimitable comic romances, we perceive no such thing as personal malice, no private character dragged into light; but every stroke is copied from the volume which nature has unfolded to him; every scene of life is by him represented in its natural colours, and every species of folly or humour is ridiculed with the most exquisite touches. A genius like this is perhaps more useful to mankind, than any class of writers; he serves to dispel all gloom from our minds, to work off our ill-humours by the gay sensations excited by a well directed pleasantry, and in a vein of mirth he leads his readers into the knowledge of human nature; the most useful and pleasing science we can apply to. And yet so deserving an author has been most grossly treated by this wild essayist; and, not to multiply instances, has he not attempted to raise tumults and divisions in our theatres, contrary to all decency and common sense, and contrary to the practice of all polite writers, whose chief aim has ever been to cherish harmony and good manners, and to diffuse through all ranks of people a just refinement of taste in all our public entertainments?

These considerations, dear sir, prompt you to the blow, and will justify it when given. I believe, I may venture to add, never had poet so inviting a subject for satire; Pope himself had not so good an hero for his Dunciad. The first worthy who sat in that throne, viz. Lewis Theobald of dull memory, employed himself in matters of some utility, and, upon being dethroned, the person, who succeeded, was one, who formerly had some scattered rays of light; and in most of his comedies, though whimsical and extravagant, there are many strokes of drollery; not to mention that the Careless Husband is a finished piece.

But in the hero of the Hilliad all the requisites seem to be united, without one single exception. You remember, no doubt, that in the dissertation prefixed to the Dunciad the efficient qualities of an hero for the little epic are mentioned to be vanity, impudence and debauchery. These accomplishments, I apprehend, are glaring in the person you have fixed upon. As a single and notable instance of the two first, has he not upon all occasions joined himself to some celebrated name, such as the right honourable

the earl of Orrery, or some other such exalted character? I have frequently diverted myself by comparing this proceeding to the cruelty of a tyrant, who used to tie a living person to a dead carcass; and as to your hero's debauchery, there are, I am told, many pleasant instances of it.

Add to these several subordinate qualifications, such as foppery, a surprising alacrity to get into scrapes, with a notable facility of extricating himself, an amazing turn for politics, a wonderful knowledge of herbs, minerals and plants, and to crown all, a comfortable share of gentle dulness. This gentle dulness is not that impenetrable stupidity, which is remarkable in some men, but it is known by that countenance, which Dr. Garth calls, "demurely meek, insipidly serene." It is known by a brisk volubility of speech, a lively manner of saying nothing through an entire paper, and upon all occasions, by a conscious simper, short insertions of witty remarks, the frequent exclamation of wonder, the self-applauding chit-chat, and the pleasant repartee.

Upon the whole, dear Smart, I cannot conceive what doubt can remain in your mind about the publication; it is conferring on him that ridicule, which his life, character, and actions deserve. I shall be in town in less than a fortnight, when I shall bring your poem with me, and if you will give me leave, I will help you to some notes, which I think will illustrate many passages.

——— "Satyrarum ego, (ni pudet illas)
Adjutor, &c. Juv.

I am, dear Smart,
Yours very sincerely,
* * * * * * * *.

Cambridge, 21st Dec. 1752.

THE HILLIAD.

Thou god of jest, who o'er th' ambrosial bowl,
Giv'st joy to Jove, while laughter shakes the pole;

NOTES VARIORUM.

Thou god of jest. As the design of heroic poetry is to celebrate the virtues and noble achievements of truly great personages, and conduct them through a series of hardships to the completion of their wishes, so the little epic delights in representing, with an ironical drollery, the mock qualities of those, who, for the benefit of the laughing part of mankind, are pleased to become egregiously ridiculous, in an affected imitation of the truly renown'd worthies above-mentioned. Hence our poet calls upon Momus, at the first opening of his poem, to convert his hero into a jest. So that in the present case, it cannot be said, *facit indignatio versum*, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *facit titillatio versum;* which may serve to show our author's temper of mind is free from rancour, or ill-nature. Notwithstanding the great incentives he has had to prompt him to this undertaking, he is not actuated by the spirit of revenge; and to check the follies of fancy and humorous invention, he further invokes the goddess Themis, to administer strict, poetic justice.

And thou, fair Justice, of immortal line,
Hear, and assist the poet's grand design,
Who aims at triumph by no common ways,
But on the stem of dulness grafts the bays.
O thou, whatever name delight thine ear,
Pimp! Poet! Puffer! 'Pothecary! Play'r!

NOTES VARIORUM.

Shakes the pole.] Several cavils have been raised against this passage. Quinbus Flestrin, the unborn poet, is of opinion that it is brought in merely to eke out a verse; but though in many points I am inclined to look upon this critic as irrefragable, I must beg leave at present to appeal from his verdict; and tho' Horace lays it down as rule not to admire any thing, I cannot help enjoying so pleasing an operation of the mind upon this occasion. We are here presented with a grand idea, no less than Jupiter shaking his sides and the Heavens at the same time. The Pagan thunderer has often been said to agitate the pole with a nod, which in my mind gives too awful an image, whereas the one in question conveys an idea of him in good humour, and confirms what Mr. Orator Henley says, in his excellent tracts, that "the deity is a joyous being."

MARTINUS MACULARIUS,
M. D. Reg. Soc. Bur. &c. &c.

Grafts the bays.] Much puzzle hath been occasioned among the naturalists concerning the engraftment here mentioned. Hill's Natural History of Trees and Plants, vol. 52. page 336, saith, it has been frequently attempted, but that the tree of dulness will not admit any such inoculation. He adds in page 339, that he himself tried the experiment for two years successively, but that the twig of laurel, like a feather in the state of electricity, drooped and died the moment he touched it. Notwithstanding this authority, it is well known that this operation has been performed by some choice spirits. Erasmus in his encomium on folly shows how it may be accomplished; in our own times Pope and Garth found means to do the same: and in the sequel of this work, we make no doubt but the stem here-mentioned will bear some luxuriant branches, like the tree in Virgil,

Nec longum tempus, et ingens
Exiit ad Cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua Poma.

Pimp,] An old English word for a mean fellow; see Chaucer and Spencer.

Poet,] Quinbus Flestrin saith, with his usual importance, that this is the only piece of justice done to our hero in this work. To this assents the widow at Cuper's, who it seems is not a little proud of "the words by Dr. Hill, and the music by Lewis Granon, esq." This opinion is further confirmed by major England, who admires the pretty turns on Kitty and Kate, and Catherine

Whose baseless fame by vanity is buoy'd,
Like the huge Earth, self-center'd in the void,
Accept one part'ner thy own worth t' explore,
And in thy praise be singular no more.
Say, Muse, what demon, foe to ease and truth,
First from the mortar dragg'd th' adventrous youth, [men,
And made him, 'mongst the scribbling sons of
Change peace for war, the pestle for the pen?

NOTES VARIORUM.

and Katy, but from these venerable authorities, judicious reader, you may boldly dissent *meo periculo*.

MART. MAC.

Puffer,] Of this talent take a specimen. In a letter to himself he saith; "you have discovered many of the beauties of the ancients; they are obliged to you; we are obliged to you; were they alive they would thank you; we who are alive do thank you." His constant custom of running on in this manner, occasioned the following epigram,

Hill puffs himself, forbear to chide;
An insect vile and mean,
Must first, he knows, be magnify'd
Before it can be seen.

'Pothecary, Play'r,] For both these, vide Woodward's letter, *passim*.

Like the huge Earth.] The allusion here seems to be taken from Ovid, who describes the Earth fixed in the air, by its own stupidity, or *vis inertiæ*:—

Pendebat in aere tellus,
Ponderibus librata suis.——

But, reader, dilate your imagination to take in the much greater idea our poet here presents to you: consider the immense inanity of space, and the comparative nothingness of the globe, and you may attain an adequate conception of our hero's reputation, and the mighty basis it stands upon. It is worth observing here that our author, *quasi aliud agens*, displays at one touch of his pen more knowledge of the planetary system, than is to be found in all the volumes of the mathematicians.

This note is partly by Macularius, and partly by Mr. Jinkyns, Philomath.

Say, Muse,] Observe, gentle reader, how tenderly our author treats his hero throughout his whole poem; he does not here impute his ridiculous conduct, and all that train of errours which have attended his consummate vanity, to his own perverse inclination, but with greater candour insinuates that some demon, foe to Hillario's repose, first misled his youthful imagination; which is a kind of apology for his life and character. He is not the only one who has been seduced to his ruin in this manner. We read it in Pope,

Some demon whisper'd, Visto have a taste.

Hence then arise our hero's misfortunes; and that the demon above-mentioned was a foe to truth, will appear from Hillario's notable talent

'Twas on a day (O may that day appear
No more, but lose its station in the year,
In the new style be not its name enroll'd
But share annihilation in the old!)
A tawny Sybil, whose alluring song,
Decoy'd the 'prentices and maiden throng,
First from the counter young Hillario charm'd,
And first his unambitious soul alarm'd —
An old strip'd curtain cross her arms was flung,
And tatter'd tap'stry o'er her shoulders hung;
Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
That more than spoke diversity of dirt;
With age her back was double and awry,
Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye,
Cold palsy shook her head—she seem'd at most
A living corpse, or an untimely ghost,

NOTES VARIORUM.

at misrepresenting circumstances, for which vide all the Inspectors.

May that day appear] This seems to be wrote with an eye to a beautiful passage in a very elegant poem;

Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
And make two lovers happy.—

The request is extremely modest; and I really wonder it was never complied with; but it must be said in favour of Mr. Smart, that he is still more reasonable in his demand, and it appears by the alteration in the style, that his scheme may be reduced to practice though the other is mighty fine in theory. The Inspector is of this opinion, and so is Monsieur de Scaizau.

A tatter'd tap'stry] Our author has been extremely negligent upon this occasion, and has indolently omitted an opportunity of displaying his talent for poetic imagery. Homer has described the shield of Achilles with all the art of his imagination; Virgil has followed him in this point, and indeed both he and Ovid seem to be delighted when they have either a picture to describe, or some representation in the labours of the loom. Hence arises a double delight; we admire the work of the artificer, and the poet's account of it; and this pleasure Mr. Smart might have impressed upon his readers in this passage, as many things were wrought into the tapestry here-mentioned. In one part our hero was administering to a patient, "and the fresh vomit runs for ever green." The theatre at May-fair made a conspicuous figure in the piece—the pit seemed to rise in an uproar—the gallery opened its rude throats—and apples, oranges, and halfpence flew about our hero's ears.—The Mall in St. James's Park was displayed in a beautiful vista, and you might perceive Hillario with his janty air waddling along.—In Mary-le-Bone Fields, he was dancing round a glow worm, and finally the Rotunda at Ranelagh filled the eye with its magnificence, and in a corner of it stood a handsome young fellow holding a personage, dressed in blue silk, by the ear; "the very worsted still looked black and blue." There were many other curious figures, but out of a shameful laziness has our poet omitted them.

POLYMETIS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

With voice far-fetch'd from hollow throat profound
And more than mortal was the infernal sound.
" Sweet boy, who seem'st for glorious deeds design'd,
O come and leave that clyster pipe behind;
Cross this prophetic hand with silver coin,
And all the wealth and fame, I have, is thine"—
She said—he (for what stripling cou'd withstand?)
Straight with his only six-pence grac'd her hand.
And now the precious fury all her breast
At once invaded, and at once possess'd:
Her eye was fix'd in an ecstatic stare,
And on her head uprose th' astonish'd hair;
No more her colour, or her looks the same,
But moonshine madness quite convuls'd her frame,
While, big with fate, again she silence broke,
And in few words voluminously spoke.
" In these three lines athwart thy palm I see,
Either a tripod, or a triple-tree,
For, Oh! I ken by mysteries profound,
Too light to sink, thou never can'st be drown'd—
Whate'er thy end, the Fates are now at strife,
Yet strange variety shall check thy life—
Thou grand dictator of each public show,
Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau,
Survey man's vice, self-prais'd, and self preferr'd,
And be th' Inspector of th' infected herd;
By any means aspire at any ends,
Baseness exalts, and cowardice defends, [well,
The chequer'd world's before thee—go—fare-
Beware of Irishmen—and learn to spell."
Here from her breast th' inspiring fury flew:
She ceas'd—and instant from his sight withdrew.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Th' astonish'd hair;] This passage seems to be an imitation of the Sybil in the sixth book of Virgil;

Subito non vultus, non color unus
Nec comtæ mansere comæ. ———

and is admirably expressive of the witch's prophetic fury, and ushers in the prediction of Hillario's fortune with proper solemnity.—

This note is by one of the Æolists, mentioned with honour in the Tale of a Tub.

Be th' Inspector, &c.] When the distemper first raged among the horned cattle, the king and council ordered a certain officer to superintend the beasts, and to direct that such, as were found to be infected, should be knocked on the head. This officer was called the Inspector, and from thence I would venture to lay a wager, our hero derived his title.

BENTLEY, Junior.

Beware of Irishmen, &c.] It is extremely probable that our poet is intimately acquainted with the classics; he seems frequently to have them in his eye, and such an air of enthusiasm runs through his whole speech, that the learned reader may easily perceive he has taken fire at some of the prophecies in Homer and Virgil.—The whole is delivered in breaks, and unconnected transitions, which denote vehement emotions in the mind; and the hint here concerning the Irish is perfectly in the manner of all great epic

Fir'd with his fate, and conscious of his worth,
The beardless wight prepar'd to sally forth.
But first ('twas just, 'twas natural to grieve)
He sigh'd and took a soft pathetic leave.
" Farewell, a long farewell to all my drugs,
My label'd vials, and my letter'd jugs;
And you, ye bearers of no trivial charge,
Where all my Latin stands inscrib'd at large;
Ye jars, ye gallipots, and draw'rs adieu,
Be to my memory lost, as lost to view,
And ye, whom I so oft have joy'd to wipe,
Th' ear-sifting syringe, and back-piercing pipe,
Farewell—my day of glory's on the dawn,
And now,—Hillario's occupation's gone."

Quick with the word his way the hero made,
Conducted by a glorious cavalcade;
Pert Petulance the first attracts his eye,
And drowsy Dulness slowly saunters by,
With Malice old, and Scandal ever new,
And neutral Nonsense, neither false nor true,
Infernal Falsehold next approach'd the band
With * * * and the Koran in her hand.
Her motley vesture with the leopard vies,
Stain'd with a foul variety of lies.
Next spiteful Enmity, gangren'd at heart,
Presents a dagger, and conceals a dart.

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poets, who generally give the reader some idea of what is to ensue, without unfolding the whole. Thus we find in Virgil,

Bella, horrida bella,
Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno,

and again

Alius Latio jam partus Achilles.

And in the sequel of this work, I believe, it will be found, that as Æneas had another Achilles, so our hero has had as formidable an adversary.

Farewell, a long farewell,] The ingenious Mr. L—der says that the following passage is taken from a work, which he intends shortly to publish by subscription, and he has now in the press a pamphlet, called Mr. Smart's Use and Abuse of the Moderns. But, with his leave, this passage is partly imitated from cardinal Wolsey's speech, and from Othello.

Neutral Nonsense, &c.] The train here described, is worthy of Hillario, pertness, dulness, scandal and malice, &c. being the very constituents of an hero for the mock heroic, and it is not without propriety that nonsense is introduced with the epithet, neutral; nonsense being like a Dutchman, not only in an unmeaning stupidity, but in the art of preserving a strict neutrality. This neutrality may be aptly explained by the following epigram,

Word-valiant wight, thou great he shrew,
That wrangles to no end;
Since nonsense is nor false nor true,
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

Falsehood,] This lady is described with two books in her hand, but our author chusing to preserve a neutrality, though not a nonsensical one, upon this occasion, the Tories are at liberty to fill up this blank with Rapin, Burnet, or any names

On th' earth crawls Flatt'ry with her bosom bare,
And Vanity sails over him in air.
Such was the groupe—they bow'd and they ador'd,
And hail'd Hillario for their sovereign lord.
Flush'd with success, and proud of his allies,
Th' exulting hero thus triumphant cries.
" Friends, brethren, ever present, ever dear,
Home to my heart, nor quit your title there,
While you approve, assist, instruct, inspire,
Heat my young blood, and set my soul on fire;
No foreign aid my daring pen shall chuse,
But boldly versify without a Muse.
I'll teach Minerva, I'll inspire the Nine,
Great Phœbus shall in consultation join,
And round my nobler brow his forfeit laurel twine."
He said—and Clamour, of Commotion born,
Rear'd to the skies her ear afflicting horn,

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that will fit the niches; and the Whigs may, if they please, insert Echard, Higgons, &c. But why, exclaimeth a certain critic, should falsehood be given to Hillario?—Because, replieth Macularius, he has given many specimens of his talent that way. Our hero took it into his head some time since to tell the world that he caned a gentleman whom he called by the name of Mario; what degree of faith the town gave him upon that occasion, may be collected from the two following lines, by a certain wag who shall be nameless.

To beat one man great Hill was fated;
What man?—a man that he created.

The following epigram may be also properly inserted here.

What H—ll one day says, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells us—'tis all a damn'd lye:
Dear doctor—this candour from you is not wanted;
For why shou'd you own it? 'tis taken for granted.

Crawls Flatt'ry, &c.] Our hero is as remarkable for his encomiums, where it is his interest to commend, as for his abuse, where he has taken a dislike; but from the latter he is easily to be bought off, as may be seen in the following excellent epigram.

An author's writings oft reveal,
Where now and then he takes a meal.
Invite him once a week to dinner,
He'll saint you, tho' the vilest sinner.
Have you a smiling, vacant face,
He gives you soul, expression, grace.
Swears what you will, unswears it too;
What will not beef and pudding do?

Without a Muse, &c.] No the devil a bit!—I am the only person that can do that!—My poems, written at fifteen, were done without the assistance of any Muse, and better than all Smart's poetry.—The Muses are strumpets—they frequently give an intellectual gonorrhœa—Court debt not paid—I'll never be poet laureate.—Coup de grace unanswerable—Our foes shall knuckle—five pounds to any bishop that will equal this—Gum guiacum for Latin lignum vitæ.

While Jargon grav'd his titles on a block,
And sty'd him M. D. Acad. Budig, Soc.
But now the harbingers of fate and fame
Signs, omens, prodigies, and portents came.
Lo! (through mid-day) the grave Athenian fowl,
Eyed the bright Sun, and hail'd him with a howl,
Moths, mites, and maggots, fleas, (a numerous crew!)
And gnats and grubworms crouded on his view,
Insects! without the microscopic aid,
Gigantic by the eye of Dulness made!
And strangor still—and never heard before!
A wooden lion roar'd, or seem'd to roar.
But (what the most his youthful bosom warm'd,
Heighten'd each hope and every fear disarm'd)
On an high dome a damsel took her stand,
With a well freighted Jordan in her hand,
Where curious mixtures strove on every side
And solid sounds with laxer fluids vied—

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Adam the first Dutchman—victorious stroke for old England—Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.
Oratory-Right-Reason-Chapel, Saturday 13th of January, and old style for ever.

Jargon grav'd &c.] Jargon is here properly introduced graving our hero's titles, which are admirably brought into verse, but the gentleman who wrote the last note, Mr. Orator H—ley, takes umbrage at this passage, and exclaimeth to the following effect. "Jargon is meant for me. There is more music in a peal of marrow-bones and cleavers than in these verses.—I am a logician upon fundamentals.—A rationalist,—lover of mankande, Glastonbury thorn,—huzza boys.—Wit a vivacious command of all objects and ideas.—I am the only wit in Great Britain." See Oratory Tracts, &c 10036.

Patience, good Mr. Orator! we are not at leisure to answer thee at present, but must observe that jargon has done more for our hero, than ever did the society at Bordeaux, as will appear from the following extract of a letter sent to Martinus Marcularius, by a fellow of that society:

J'ai bien reçu la lettre, dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur le 12me passé. A l'égard de ce Monsieur Hillario, qui se vante si prodigieusement chez vous, je ne trouve pas qu'il est enrollé dans notre société, & son nom est parfaitment inconnu ici. J'attends de vous nouvelles, &c.

Moth, mites, &c.]

The important objects of his future speculations! [eyes,
O would the sons of men once think their
And reason given 'em but to study flies.
M. Macularius.

Dulness made] This passage may be properly illustrated by a recollection of two lines in Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism.

As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is very apt to magnify.

Wooden lion roar'd,] Not the black lion in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, where the New Craftsman is published, nor yet the red lion at Brentford, but the beast of the Bedford, who may truly be said to have been alive, when animated

Lo! on his crown the lotion choice and large,
She soused—and gave at once a full discharge.
Not Archimedes, when with conscious pride,
" I've found it out! I've found it out!" he cry'd,
Not costive bardlings, when a rhyme comes pat,
Not grave Grimalkin when she smells a rat:
Not the shrewd statesman when he scents a plot,
Not coy Prudelia, when she knows what's what,
Not our own hero, when (O matchless luck!)
His keen discernment found another Duck;
With such ecstatic transports did abound,
As what he smelt and saw, and felt and found.
" Ye gods, I thank ye, to profusion free,
Thus to adorn, and thus distinguish me;
And thou, fair Cloacina, whom I serve,
(If a desire to please is to deserve,)
To you I'll consecrate my future lays,
And on the smoothest paper print my soft essays."
No more he spoke; but slightly slid along,
Escorted by the miscellaneous throng.

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by Addison and Steele, though now reduced to that state of blockheadism, which is so conspicuous in his master. *Ficulnus, inutile lignum.*
BENTLEY junior.

A full discharge,] Reader, do not turn up your nose at this passage! it is much more decent than Pope's—Recollect what Swift says, that a nice man has filthy ideas, and let it be considered this discharge may have the same effect upon our hero, as a similar accident had upon a person of equal parts and genius.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd by magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises from th' effluvia strong,
Imbibes new life and scours and stinks along.
POPE's Dunciad.

Archimedes, &c.] As soon as the philosopher here mentioned discovered the modern save-all, and the new invented-patent black-ball, he threw down his pipe, and ran all along Piccadilly, with his shirt out of his breeches, crying out like a madman, εὕρηκα! εὕρηκα! which in modern English is, the job is done! the job is done!
VETUS SCHOL.

Another Duck,] Hillario having a mind to celebrate and recommend a genius to the world, compares him to Stephen Duck, and at the close of a late Inspector, cries out, "I have found another Duck, but who shall find a Caroline?"

Print my soft essays,] Our hero for once has spoke truth of himself, for which we could produce the testimonies of several persons of distinction. Bath and Tunbridge-wells have upon many occasions testified their gratitude to him on this head, as his works have been always found of singular use with the waters of those places. To this effect also speaketh that excellent comedian, Mr. Henry Woodward, in an ingenious parody on busy, curious, thirsty fly, &c.

Busy, curious, hungry Hill,
Write of me and write your fill.

And now, thou goddess, whose fire-darting eyes
Defy all distance and transpierce the skies,
To men the counsils of the gods relate,
And faithfully describe the grand debate.
The cloud-compelling thund'rer, at whose call
The gods assembled in th' etherial hall,
From his bright throne the deities addrest:
" What impious noise disturbs our awful rest,
With din prophane assaults immortal ears,
And jars harsh discord to the tuneful spheres?
Nature, my hand-maid, yet without a stain,
Has never once productive prov'd in vain,
'Till now—luxuriant and regardless quite
Of her divine, eternal rule of right,
On mere privation she 'as bestow'd a frame,
And dignify'd a nothing with a name,
A wretch devoid of use, of sense and grace,
Th' insolvent tenant of encumber'd space.

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Freely welcome to abuse,
Could'st thou tire thy railing Muse.
Make the most of this you can,
Strife is short and life's a span.

Both alike, your works and pay,
Hasten quick to their decay,
This a trifle, those no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore.
Threescore volumes when they're writ,
Will appear at last b——t.

And now thou goddess, &c.] This invocation is perfectly in the spirit of ancient poetry. If I may use Milton's words, our author here presumes into the Heavens, an earthly guest, and draws empyreal air. Hence he calls upon the goddess to assist his strain, while he relates the counsils of the gods. Virgil, when the plot thickens upon his hands, as Mr. Bayes has it, has offered up his prayer a second time to the Muse, and he seems to labour under the weight of his subject, when he cries out,

Majus opus moveo, major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

This is the case at present with the writer of the Hilliad, and this piece of machinery will evince the absurdity of that Lucretian doctrine, which asserts that the gods are wrapped up in a lazy indolence, and do not trouble themselves about human affairs. The words of Lucretius are,

Omnis enim per se divûm natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota a rebus nostris, disjunctaque longè.

It is now recommended to the editors of the Anti-Lucretius to make use of this instance to the contrary in the next publication of that work.
M. MACULARIUS.

Encumber'd space.] Jupiter's speech is full of pomp and solemnity, and is finally closed by a description of our hero, who is here said to take up a place in the creation to no purpose. What a different notion of the end of his existence has Hillario, from what we find delivered by the excellent Longinus in his treatise on the Sublime.

"Good is his cause, and just is his pretence,"
(Replies the god of theft and eloquence.)
"A hand mercurial, ready to convey,
E'en in the presence of the garish day,
The work an English classic late has writ,
And by adoption be the sire of wit—
Sure to be this is to be something—sure,
Next to perform, 'tis glorious to procure.
Small was th' exertion of my god-like soul,
When privately Apollo's herd I stole,
Compar'd to him, who braves th' all-seeing Sun,
And boldly bids th' astonish'd world look on."

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The passage is admirable, translated by the author of the Pleasures of Imagination. "The godlike geniuses of Greece were well-assured that nature had not intended man for a low spirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory: she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Hence by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and much more than all the ocean."—Instead of acting upon this plan, Hillario is employed in pursuit of insects in Kensington-gardens, and as this is all the gratitude he pays for the being conferred upon him, he is finely termed an insolvent tenant.

By adoption he the sire, &c.] Our hero has taken an entire letter from sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne, and with inimitable effrontery published it in his Inspector, No. 239, as a production of his own. We are informed that, having been taxed with this affair, he declares with a great deal of art, that it was given him by another person, to which all we have to say is, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

M. MACULARIUS.

Glorious to procure.] If our author could be thought capable of punning, I should imagine that the word procure, in this place, is made use of in preference to an appellation given to our hero in the commencement of this poem, viz. a pimp; but the reader will please to recollect that the term pimp is not in that passage used in its modern acceptation.

Small was th' exertion, &c.] Not so fast, good poet, cries out in this place, M. Macularius. We do not find that Hillario, upon any occasion whatever, has been charged with stealing Apollo's quiver, and certain it is, that those arrows, which he has shot at all the world, never were taken from thence. But of Mercury it is recorded by Horace, that he really did receive the god of wit in this manner;

Te boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Risit Apollo.

Her approbation Venus next exprest,
And on Hillario's part the throne addrest,
"If there be any praise the nails to pare,
And in soft ringlets wreathe th' elastic hair,
In talk and tea to trifle time away,
The mien so easy and the dress so gay!
Can my Hillario's worth remain unknown,
With whom coy Sylvia trusts herself alone;
With whom, so pure, so innocent his life,
The jealous husband leaves his buxom wife?
What tho' he ne'er assume the post of Mars;
By me disbanded from all amorous wars;
His fancy (if not person) he employs,
And oft ideal countesses enjoys—
Tho' hard his heart, yet beauty shall control,
And sweeten all the rancour of his soul,

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Venus next exprest,] Venus rises in this assembly quite in the manner attributed to her in the ancient poets; thus we see in Virgil that she is all mildness, and at every word breathes ambrosia;

——— At non Venus aurea contra,
Pauca refert.—

She is to speak upon this occasion, as well as in the case produced from the Æneid, in favour of a much loved son, though indeed we cannot say that she has been quite so kind to Hillario, as formerly she was to Æneas, it being evident that she has not bestowed upon him that lustre of youthful bloom, and that liquid radiance of the eye, which she is said to have given the pious Trojan.

——— Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.

On the contrary Venus here talks of his black self, which makes it suspected that she reconciled herself to this hue, out of a compliment to Vulcan, of whom she has frequent favours to solicit: and perhaps it may appear hereafter, that she procured a sword for our hero from the celestial blacksmith's forge. One thing is not a little surprising, that while Venus speaks on the side of Hillario, she should omit the real utility he has been of to the cause of love by his experience as an apothecary, of which, he himself hath told us, several have profited; and it should be remembered at the same time, that he actually has employed his person in the service of Venus, and has now an offspring of the amorous congress. It is moreover notorious, that having, in his elegant language, tasted of the cool stream, he was ready to plunge in again, and therefore publicly set himself up for a wife, and thus, became a fortune-hunter with his pen; and if he has failed in his design, it is because the ladies do not approve the new scheme of propagation without the knowledge of a man, which Hillario pretended to explain so handsomely in the *Lucina sine concubitu*.—But the truth is, he never wrote a syllable of this book, though he transcribed part of it, and showed it to a bookseller, in order to procure a higher price for his productions.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

While his black self, Florinda ever near,
Shows like a diamond in an Ethiop's ear."
When Pallas—thus—"Cease—ye immortals —cease,
Nor rob serene stupidity of peace—
Should Jove himself in calculation mad
Still negatives to blank negations add,
How could the barren cyphers ever breed,
But nothing still from nothing would proceed?
Raise or depress—or magnify—or blame,
Inanity will ever be the same."
"Not so" (says Phœbus) "my celestial friend,
E'en blank privation has its use and end—
How sweetly shadows recommend the light,
And darkness renders my own beams more bright!

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Diamond in an Æthiop's ear,] There is neither morality, nor integrity, nor unity, nor universality in this poem.—The author of it is a Smart; I hope to see a Smartead published; I had my pocket picked the other day, as I was going through Paul's Church-yard, and I firmly believe it was this little author, as the man who can pun, will also pick a pocket.

JOHN DENNIS, Junior.

Inanity will ever be, &c.] Our author does not here mean to list himself among the disputants concerning pure space, but the doctrine he would advance, is, that nothing can come from nothing. In so unbelieving an age as this, it is possible this tenet may not be received, but if the reader has a mind to see it handled at large, he may find it in Rumgurtius, vol. 16, pagina 1001. De hac re multum et turpiter hallucinantur scriptores tam exteri quàm domestici. Spatium enim absolutum et relativum debent distingui, priusquam distincta esse possunt; neque ulla alia regula ad normam rei metaphysicæ quadrabit, quam triplex consideratio de substantiâ inanitatis, sive entitate nihili, quæ quidem consideratio triplex ad unam reduci potest necessitatem; nempe idem spatium de quo jam satis dictum est. This opinion is further corroborated by the tracts of the society of Bourdeaux. Selon la distinction entre les choses, qui n'ont pas de difference, il nous faut absolument agréer, que les idées, qui ont frappé l'imagination, peuvent bien être effacées, pourvu qu'on ne s'avise pas d'oublier cet espace immense, qui environne toute la nature, et le système des étoiles. Among our countrymen, I do not know any body that has handled this subject so well as the acurate Mr. Fielding, in his Essay upon Nothing, which the reader may find in the first volume of his Miscellanies; but with all due deference to his authority, we beg leave to dissent from one assertion in the said essay; the residence of nothing might in his time have been in a critic's head, and we are apt to believe that there is a something like nothing in most critic's heads to this day, and this false appearance misled the excellent metaphysician just quoted; for nothing, in its *puris naturalibus*, as Gravesend describes it in his experimental philosophy, does subsist no where so properly at present as in the pericranium of our hero.

MART. MACULARIUS.

How rise from filth the violet and rose!
From emptiness how softest music flows!
How absence to possession adds a grace,
And modest vacancy to all gives place?
Contrasted when fair Nature's works we spy,
More they allure the mind and more they charm the eye.
So from Hillario some effect may spring,
E'en him—that slight penumbra of a thing."
Morpheus at length in the debate awoke,
And drowsily a few dull words he spoke—
Declar'd Hillario was the friend of ease,
And had a soporific pow'r to please,
Once more Hillario he pronounc'd with pain,
But at the very sound was lull'd to sleep again.

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Music flows,] "Persons of most genius," says the Inspector, Friday Jan. 26, Number 587, "have in general been the fondest of music; sir Isaac Newton was remarkable for his affection for harmony; he was scarce ever missed at the beginning of any performance, but was seldom seen at the end of it." And indeed of this opinion is *M.* Macularius; and he further adds, that if sir Isaac was still living, it is probable he would be at the beginning of the Inspector's next song at Cuper's, but that he would not be at the end of it, may be proved to a mathematical demonstration, though Hillario takes so much pleasure in beating time to them himself, and though he so frequently exclaims, very fine!—O fine!—vastly fine!—Since the lucubration of Friday Jan. 26th has been mentioned, we think proper to observe here that his Inspectorship has the most notable talent at a motto—Quinbus Flestrin saith, "he is a tartar for that," and of this, learned reader, take a specimen along with you. How aptly upon the subject of music does he bid his readers pluck grapes from the loaded vine!

Carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas. OVID.

The above-mentioned Quinbus Flestrin, peremptorily says, this line has been cavilled at by some minor critics, because, "the grapes are sour;" and indeed of that way of thinking is Macularius, who hath been greatly astonished at the taste of Hillario, in so frequently culling from Valerius Flaccus. But he is clearly of opinion, that the lines from Welstead and Dennis, are selected with great judgment, and are hung out as proper signs of what entertainment is to be furnished up to his customers.

Penumbra of a thing,] Whatever mean opinion Dr. Phœbus may entertain of his terrestrial brother physician and poet, on Earth, Hillario is talked of in a different manner, as will appear from the following parody on the lines prefixed by Mr. Dryden, to Milton's Paradise Lost.

Three wise great men in the same era born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn,
Henley in care of souls display'd his skill,
Rock shone in physic, and in both John H-ll,
The force of Nature could no farther go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

Lull'd to sleep again.] The hypnotic, or sopo-

Momus the last of all, in merry mood,
As moderator in th' assembly stood.
"Ye laughter-loving pow'rs, ye gods of mirth,
What! not regard my deputy on Earth?
Whose chymic skill turns brass to gold with ease,
And out of Cibber forges Socrates?
Whose genius makes consistencies to fight,
And forms an union betwixt wrong and right?
Who (five whole days in senseless malice past)
Repents, and is religious at the last?

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riferous quality of Hillario's pen is manifest from the following asseveration, which was published in the New Craftsman, and is a letter from a tradesman in the city.

"Sir,

"From a motive of gratitude, and for the sake of those of my fellow-creatures, who may unhappily be afflicted, as I have been for some time past, I beg leave, through the channel of your paper, to communicate the disorder I have laboured under, and the extraordinary cure I have lately met with. I have had for many months successively a slow nervous fever, with a constant flutter on my spirits, attended with pertinacious watchings, twitchings of the nerves, and other grievous symptoms, which reduced me to a mere shadow. At length, by the interposition of divine Providence, a friend who had himself experienced it, advised me to have recourse to the reading of the Inspectors. I accordingly took one of them, and the effect it had upon me was such that I fell into a profound sleep, which lasted near six and thirty hours. By this I have attained a more composed habit of body, and I now doze away almost all my time, but for fear of a lethargy, am ordered to take them in smaller quantities. A paragraph at a time now answers my purpose, and under Heaven I owe my sleeping powers to the above-mentioned Inspectors. I look upon them to be a grand soporificum mirabile, very proper to be had in all families. He makes great allowance to those who buy them to sell again, or to send abroad to the plantations; and the above fact I am ready to attest whenever called upon. Given under my hand this 4th day of January, 1753.

"Humphrey Roberts, Weaver, in Crispin-street, Spital-fields, opposite the White Horse."

Forges Socrates,] Socrates was the father of the truest philosophy that ever appeared in the world, and though he has not drawn God's image, which was reserved for the light of the gospel, he has at least given the shadow; which together with his exemplary life, induces Erasmus to cry out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis;* of Mr. Cibber we shall say nothing, as he has said abundantly enough of himself; but to illustrate the poet's meaning in this passage, it may be necessary to observe, that when the British worthy was indisposed some time since, the Inspector did not hesitate to prefer him to the god-like ancient philosopher. *O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem.*

M. MACULARIUS.

Consistencies to fight,] Alluding to his egregious talent at distinctions without a difference.

Religious at the last?] On every Saturday the

A paltry play'r, that in no parts succeeds,
A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads.

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florid Hillario becomes, in Woodward's phrase, a lay preacher; but his flimsy, heavy, impotent lucubrations have rather been of prejudice to the good old cause; and we hear that there is now preparing for the press, by a very eminent divine, a defence of Christianity against the misrepresentations of a certain officious writer; and for the present we think proper to apply an epigram, occasioned by a dispute between two beaux concerning religion.

On grace, free will, and myst'ries high,
Two wits harangu'd the table;
J—n H—ll believes he knows not why,
Tom swears 'tis all a fable.

Peace, idiots, peace, and both agree,
Tom kiss thy empty brother;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
But dreads a friend like t'other.

A paltry play'r, &c.] It appears that the first effort of this universal genius, who is lately become remarkable as the Bobadil of literature, was to excel in Pantomine. What was the event? —he was damned.—Mr. Cross, the prompter, took great pains to fit him for the part of Oroonoko—he was damned.—He attempted Captain Blandford—he was damned.—He acted Constant in the Prevok'd Wife—he was damned.—He represented the Botanist in Romeo and Juliet, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market, under the direction of Mr. The. Cibber—he was damned.—He appeared in the character of Lothario, at the celebrated theatre in May-Fair—he was damned there too. Mr. Cross, however, to alleviate his misfortune, charitably bestowed upon him a 15th part of his own benefit. See the Gentleman's Magazine for last December, and also Woodward's letter, passim.

No mortal read.] Notwithstanding this assertion of Momus, our hero pro eâ quâ est verecundia, compareth himself to Addison and Steele, which occasioned the following epigram, by the right hon. the earl * * * addressed to the right honourable G—e D—n.

Art thou not angry, learning's great protector,
To hear that flimsy author, the Inspector,
Of cant, of puff, that daily vain inditer,
Call Addison, or Steele, his brother writer?
So à pert H—ll (in Æsop's fabling days)
Swoln up with vanity, and self-giv'n praise,
To his huge neighbour mountain might have said,
"See, (brother) how We Mountains lift the head!
How great we show! how awful and how high,
Amidst these paultry Mounts, that here around us lie."

And now, reader, please to observe, that since so ingenious a nobleman hath condescended to take notice of his Inspectorship, Mr. Smart doth not need any apology for the notice he hath also taken of him.

M. MACULARIUS.

The trumpet of a base deserted cause,
Damn'd to the scandal of his own applause;
While thus he stands a general wit confest,
With all these titles, all these talents blest,
Be he by Jove's authority assign'd,
The universal butt of all mankind."

So spake and ceas'd the joy-exciting god,
And Jove immediate gave th' assenting nod,
When Fame her adamantine trump uprear'd,
And thus th' irrevocable doom declar'd.

"While in the vale perennial fountains flow,
And fragrant zephyrs musically blow,
While the majestic sea from pole to pole,
In horrible magnificence shall roll,
While yonder glorious canopy on high
Shall overhang the curtains of the sky,
While the gay seasons their due course shall run,
Ruled by the brilliant stars and golden Sun,
While wit and fool antagonists shall be,
And sense and taste and nature shall agree,
While love shall live, and rapture shall rejoice,
Fed by the notes of Handel, Arne and Boyce,
While with joint force o'er humour's droll domain,
Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift shall reign,
While thinking figures from the canvas start,
And Hogarth is the Garrick of his art.

NOTES VARIORUM.

The trumpet, &c.] In a very pleasant account of the riots in Drury-lane play-house, by Henry Fielding, esq. we find the following humorous description of our hero in the character of a trumpeter. "They all ran away except the trumpeter, who having an empyema in his side, as well as several dreadful bruises on his breech, was taken. When he was brought before Garrick to be examined, he said the ninnies, to whom he had the honour to be trumpeter, had resented the use made of the monsters by Garrick. That it was unfair, that it was cruel, that it was inhuman to employ a man's own subjects against him. That Rich was lawful sovereign over all the monsters in the universe, with much more of the same kind; all which Garrick seemed to think unworthy of an answer; but when the trumpeter challenged him as his acquaintance, the chief with great disdain turned his back, and ordered the fellow to be dismissed with full power of trumpeting again on what side he pleased." Hillario has since trumpeted in the cause of pantomime, the gaudy scenery of which with great judgment he dismisses from the Opera-house, and saith, it is now fixed in its proper place in the theatre. On this occasion, Macularius cannot help exclaiming, "O Shakespear! O Jonson! rest, rest, perturbed spirits."

Handel, Arne, and Boyce,] The first of these gentlemen may be justly looked upon as the Milton of music, and the talents of the two latter may not improperly be delineated by calling them the Drydens of their profession, as they not only touch the strings of love with exquisite art, but also, when they please, reach the truly sublime.

Hogarth is the Garrick, &c.] The opinion which Mr. Hogarth entertains of our hero's writings, may be guessed at, by any one who will take the pleasure of looking at a print called Beer-street, in which Hillario's critique upon the Royal Society is put into a basket directed to the trunk-maker in St. Paul's Church-yard. I shall only just observe that the same compliment in this passage to Mr. Hogarth is reciprocal, and reflects a lustre on Mr. Garrick, both of them having similar talents, equally capable of the highest elevation, and of representing the ordinary scenes of life, with the most exquisite humour.

So long in gross stupidity's extreme,
Shall H-ll th' arch-dunce remain o'er every dunce supreme."

NOTES VARIORUM.

Conclusion.] And now, candid reader, Martinus Macularius hath attended thee throughout the first book of this most delectable poem. As it is not improbable that those will be inquisitive after the particulars relating to this thy commentator, he here gives thee notice that he is preparing for the press, Memoirs of Martinus Macularius, with his travels by sea and land, together with his flights aerial, and descents subterraneous, &c. And in the mean time he bids thee farewell, until the appearance of the second book of the Hilliad, of which we will say, speciosa miracula promet. And so as Terence says, Vos valete & plaudite.

THE

JUDGMENT OF MIDAS,

A MASQUE.

Auriculas Asini Mida Rex habet. Juv.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Apollo.
Pan.
Timolus, God of the Mountain.
Midas.
Calliope.
Melpomene.
Agno, } two Wood-Nymphs.
Melinoe, }
Satyrs, &c.

Timolus, Melinoe, and Agno, two Wood-nymphs.

TIMOLUS.

Agno, to day we wear our acorn crown,
The parsley wreath be thine; it is most meet
We grace the presence of these rival gods
With all the honours of our woodland weeds.
Thine was the task, Melinoe, to prepare
The turf-built theatre, the boxen bow'r,
And all the sylvan scenery.

MELINOE.

That task,
Sire of these shades, is done. On yester eve,
Assisted by a thousand friendly fays
While fav'ring Dian held her glitt'ring lamp,
We ply'd our nightly toils, nor ply'd we long,
For art was not the mistress of our revels,
'Twas gentle Nature, whom we jointly woo'd;
She heard, and yielded to the forms we taught her,
Yet still remain'd herself —— Simplicity,
Fair Nature's genuine daughter, too was there,
So soft, yet so magnificent of mien,
She shone all ornament without a gem.
The blithsome Flora, ever sweet and young,
Offer'd her various store: we cull'd a few
To robe, and recommend our darksome verdure,
But shunn'd to be luxuriant.—

TIMOLUS.

It was well.
Agno, thy looks are pensive: what dejects
Thy pleasure-painted aspect? Sweetest nymph,
That ever trod the turf, or sought the shade,
Speak, nor conceal a thought.

AGNO.

King of the woods,
I tremble for the royal arbiter.
'Tis hard to judge, whene'er the great contend,
Sure to displease the vanquish'd: when such
Contest the laurel with such ardent strife, [pow'rs
'Tis not the sentence of fair equity,
But 'tis their pleasure that is right or wrong.

TIMOLUS.

'Tis well remark'd, and on experience founded.
I do remember that my sister Ida
(When as on her own shadowy mount we met,
To celebrate the birth-day of the Spring,
And th' orgies of the May) wou'd oft recount
The rage of the indignant goddesses,
When shepherd Paris to the Cyprian queen,
With hand obsequious gave the golden toy.
Heav'n's queen, the sister and the wife of Jove,
Rag'd like a feeble mortal; fall'n she seem'd,
Her deity in human passions lost:
Ev'n wisdom's goddess, jealous of her form,
Deem'd her own attribute her second virtue.
Both vow'd and sought revenge.

AGNO.

If such the fate
Of him who judg'd aright, what must be his
Who shall mistake the cause? for much I doubt
The skill of Midas, since his fatal wish, [gift.
Which Bacchus heard, and curs'd him with the
Yet grant him wise, to err is human still,
And mortal is the consequence.

MELINOE.

Most true.
Besides, I fear him partial; for with Pan
He tends the sheep-walks all the live-long day,
And on the braky lawn to the shrill pipe
In awkward gambols he affects to dance,
Or tumbles to the tabor—'tis not likely
That such an umpire shou'd be equitable,
Unless he guess at justice.

TIMOLUS.

Soft—no more—
'Tis ours to wish for Pan, and fear from Phœbus,
Whose near approach I hear. Ye stately cedars,
Forth from your summits bow your awful heads,
And reverence the gods. Let my whole mountain tremble,
Not with a fearful, but religious awe,
And holiness of horror. You, ye winds,
That make soft, solemn music 'mongst the leaves,
Be all to stillness hush'd; and thou, their echo,
Listen, and hold thy peace; for see they come.

Scene *opens, and discovers* Apollo, *attended by* Clio *and* Melpomene, *on the right hand of* Midas, *and* Pan *on the left, whom* Timolus, *with* Agno *and* Melinoe, *join.*

MIDAS.

Begin, celestial candidates for praise,
Begin the tuneful contest: I, mean while,
With heedful notice and attention meet,
Will weigh your merits, and decide your cause.

APOLLO.

From Jove begin the rapturous song,
To him our earliest lays belong,
We are his offspring all;
'Twas he, whose looks supremely bright,
Smil'd darksome chaos into light,
And fram'd this glorious ball.

PAN.

Sylvanus, in his shadowy grove,
The seat of rural peace and love,
Attends my Dorick lays;
By th' altar on the myrtle mount, [fount,
Where plays the wood-nymph's favourite
I'll celebrate his praise.

CLIO.

Parnassus, where's thy boasted height,
Where, Pegasus, thy fire and flight,
Where all your thoughts so bold and free,
Ye daughters of Mnemosyne?
If Pan o'er Phœbus can prevail,
And the great god of verse shou'd fail?

AGNO.

From Nature's works, and Nature's laws,
We find delight, and seek applause;
The prattling streams and zephyrs bland,
And fragrant flow'rs by zephyrs fann'd,
The level lawns and buxom bow'rs,
Speak Nature and her works are ours.

MELPOMENE.

What were all your fragrant bow'rs,
Splendid days, and happy hours,
Spring's verdant robe, fair Flora's bluth,
And all the poets of the bush?
What the paintings of the grove,
Rural music, mirth and love?

Life and ev'ry joy wou'd pall,
If Phœbus shone not on them all.

MELINOE.

We chant to Phœbus, king of day,
The morning and the evening lay,
But Pan, each satyr, nymph and fawn,
Adore as laureat of the lawn;
From peevish March to joyous June,
He keeps our restless souls in tune,
Without his oaten reed and song,
Phœbus, thy days wou'd seem too long.

APOLLO.

Am I not he, who, prescient from on high,
Send a long look thro' all futurity?
Am I not he, to whom alone belong
The powers of med'cine, melody and song?
Diffusely lib'ral, as divinely bright,
Eye of the universe and sire of light.

PAN.

O'er cots and vales, and every shepherd swain,
In peaceable pre-eminence I reign;
With pipe on plain, and nymph in secret grove,
The day is music, and the night is love.
I, blest with these, nor envy nor desire
Thy gaudy chariot, or thy golden lyre.

CLIO.

Soon as the dawn dispels the dark,
Illustrious Phœbus 'gins t' appear,
Proclaimed by the herald lark,
And ever-wakeful chanticleer,
The Persian pays his morning vow,
And all the turban'd easterns bow.

AGNO.

Soon as the evening shades advance,
And the gilt glow-worm glitters fair,
For rustic gambol, gibe and dance,
Fawns, nymphs and dryads all prepare,
Pan shall his swains from toil relieve,
And rule the revels of the eve.

MELPOMENE.

In numbers as smooth as Callirhoe's stream,
Glide the silver ton'd verse when Apollo's the theme;
While on his own mount Cyparissus is seen,
And Daphne preserves her immutable green.
We'll hail Hyperion with transport so long,
Th' inventor, the patron, and subject of song.

MELINOE.

While on the calm ocean the halcyon shall breed,
And Syrinx shall sigh with her musical reed,
While fairies, and satyrs, and fawns shall approve
The music, the mirth, and the life of the grove,
So long shall our Pan be than thou more divine,
For he shall be rising when thou shalt decline.

MIDAS.

No more—To Pan and to his beauteous nymphs
I do adjudge the prize, as is most due.

Enter two Satyrs, *and crown* MIDAS *with a pair of ass's ears.*

APOLLO.

Such rural honours all the gods decree,
To those who sing like Pan, and judge like thee.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

REASON AND IMAGINATION.

A FABLE.

IMAGINATION, in the flight
Of young desire and gay delight,
Began to think upon a mate;
As weary of a single state;
For sick of change, as left at will,
And cloy'd with entertainment still,
She thought it better to be grave,
To settle, to take up, and save.
She therefore to her chamber sped,
And thus at first attir'd her head.
Upon her hair, with brilliants grac'd,
Her tow'r of beamy gold she plac'd;
Her ears with pendent jewels glow'd
Of various water, curious mode,
As nature sports the wintry ice,
In many a whimsical device.
Her eye-brows arch'd upon the stream
Of rays, beyond the piercing beam;
Her cheeks in matchless colour high,
She veil'd to fix the gazer's eye;
Her paps, as white as fancy draws,
She cover'd with a crimson gauze;
And on her wings she threw perfume
From buds of everlasting bloom.
Her zone, ungirded from her vest,
She wore across her swelling breast;
On which, in gems, this verse was wrought,
"I make and shift the scenes of thought."
In her right hand a wand she held,
Which magic's utmost pow'r excell'd;
And in her left retain'd a chart,
With figures far surpassing art,
Of other natures, suns and moons,
Of other moves to higher tunes.
The sylphs and sylphids, fleet as light,
The fairies of the gamesome night,
The muses, graces, all attend
Her service, to her journey's end:
And Fortune, sometimes at her hand,
Is now the fav'rite of her band,
Dispatch'd before the news to bear,
And all th' adventure to prepare.
Beneath an holm-tree's friendly shade,
Was Reason's little cottage made;
Before, a river deep and still;
Behind, a rocky soaring hill.
Himself, adorn'd in seemly plight,
Was reading to the eastern light;
And ever, as he meekly knelt,
Upon the Book of Wisdom dwelt.
The spirit of the shifting wheel,
Thus first essay'd his pulse to feel.—
"The nymph supreme o'er works of wit,
O'er labour'd plan, and lucky hit,

Is coming to your homely cot,
To call you to a nobler lot;
I, Fortune, promise wealth and pow'r,
By way of matrimonial dow'r:
Preferment crowns the golden day,
When fair occasion leads the way."
Thus spake the frail, capricious dame,
When she that sent the message came.—
" From first invention's highest sphere,
I, queen of imag'ry, appear;
And throw myself at Reason's feet,
Upon a weighty point to treat.
You dwell alone, and are too grave;
You make yourself too much a slave;
Your shrewd deductions run a length,
'Till all your spirits waste their strength:
Your fav'rite logic is fall close;
Your morals are to much a dose;
You ply your studies 'till you risk
Your senses—your should be more brisk—
The doctors soon will find a flaw,
And lock you up in chains and straw.
But, if you are inclin'd to take
The gen'rous offer which I make,
I'll lead you from this hole and ditch,
To gay conception's top-most pitch;
To those bright plains, where crowd in swarms
The spirits of fantastic forms;
To planets populous with elves;
To natures still above themselves,
By soaring to the wond'rous height
Of notions, which they still create;
I'll bring you to the pearly cars,
By dragons drawn, above the stars;
To colours of Arabian glow;
And to the heart-dilating show
Of paintings, which surmount the life:
At once your tut'ress, and your wife."—
——" Soft, soft," (says Reason) " lovely friend;
Tho' to a parley I attend,
I cannot take thee for a mate;
I'm lost, if e'er I change my state.
But whensoe'er your raptures rise,
I'll try to come with my supplies;
To muster up my sober aid,
What time your lively pow'rs invade;
To act conjointly in the war
On dulness, whom we both abhor;
And ev'ry sally that you make,
I must be there, for conduct's sake;
Thy correspondent, thine ally;
Or any thing, but bind and tye—
But, ere this treaty be agreed,
Give me thy wand and winged steed:
Take thou this compass and this rule,
That wit may cease to play the fool;
And that thy vot'riés who are born,
For praise, may never sink to scorn."

NEW VERSION OF THE PSALMS.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Hallelujah! kneel and sing
Praises to the heav'nly King;
To the God supremely great,
Hallelujah in the height.

Praise him, arch-angelic band,
Ye that in his presence stand;
Praise him, ye that watch and pray,
Michael's myriads in array.

Praise him, Sun at each extreme,
Orient streak, and western beam;
Moon and stars of mystic dance,
Silv'ring in the blue expanse.

Praise him, O ye heights that soar
Heav'n and Heav'n for evermore;
And ye streams of living rill
Higher yet and purer still.

Let them praise his glorious name,
From whose fruitful word they came;
And they first began to be
As he gave the great decree.

Their constituent parts he founds
For duration without bounds;
And their covenant has seal'd,
Which shall never be repeal'd.

Praise the Lord on earth's domains;
Praise, ye mutes, that sea contains;
They that on the surface leap,
And the dragons of the deep.

Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,
Streaming vapours, plumy snow;
Wind and storm, his wrath incurr'd
Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,
Every hill and every vale;
Fruit trees of a thousand dies,
Cedars that perfume the skies!

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
Nibbling flocks and droves that graze;
Reptiles of amphibious breed,
Feather'd millions form'd for speed.

Kings, with Jesus for their guide,
Peopled regions far and wide;
Heroes of their country's cause,
Princes, judges of the laws.

Age and childhood, youth and maid,
To his name your praise be paid;
For his word is worth alone
Far above his crown and throne.

He shall dignify the crest
Of his people, rais'd and blest;
While we serve with praise and pray'rs,
All in Christ his saints and heirs.

ODE TO LORD BARNARD,

ON HIS ACCESSION TO THAT TITLE.

Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri. Hor.

Melpomene, who charm'st the skies,
Queen of the lyre and lute,
Say, shall my noble patron rise,
And thou, sweet Muse, be mute?
Shall fame, to celebrate his praise,
Her loudest, loftiest accents raise,

And all her silver trumps employ,
And thou restrain thy tuneful hand,
And thou an idle list'ner stand
Amidst the general joy?

Forbid it, all ye powers above,
That human hearts can try,
Forbid it gratitude and love,
And every tender tye:
Was it not he, whose pious cares
Upheld me in my earliest years,
And cheer'd me from his ample store,
Who animated my designs,
In Roman and Athenian mines,
To search for learning's ore?

The royal hand, my lord, shall raise
To nobler heights thy name,
Who praises thee, shall meet with praise
Ennobled in thy fame.
A disposition form'd to please,
With dignity endear'd by ease,
And grandeur in good nature lost,
Have more of genuine desert,
Have more the merit of the heart,
Than arts and arms can boast.

Can I forget fair Raby's [1] towers,
How awful and how great!
Can I forget such blissful bowers,
Such splendour in retreat!
Where me, ev'n me, an infant bard,
Cleveland [2] and Hope [3] indulgent heard.
(Then, Fame, I felt thy first alarms)
Ah, much lov'd pair!—tho' one is fled,
Still one compensates for the dead,
In merit and in charms.

O more than compensation, sure!
O blessings on thy life!
Long may the three-fold bliss endure,
In daughters, sons, and wife!
Hope, copyist of her mother's mind,
Is loveliest, liveliest of her kind,
Her soul with every virtue teems,
By none in wit or worth outdone,
With eyes, that shining on the Sun,
Defy his brightest beams.

Hark! Charity's cherubic voice
Calls to her numerous poor,
And bids their languid hearts rejoice,
And points to Raby's door;
With open heart and open hands,
There, Hospitality—she stands,
A nymph, whom men and gods admire,
Daughter of heavenly Goodness she,
Her sister's Generosity,
And Honour is her sire.

What though, my lord, betwixt us lie
Full many an envious league,
Such vast extent of sea and sky,
As even the eye fatigue;
Though interposing Ocean raves,
And heaves his Heaven-assaulting waves,
While on the shores the billows beat,
Yet still my grateful Muse is free,
To tune her warmest strains to thee,
And lay them at thy feet.

Goodness is ever kindly prone
To feign what fate denies,
And others want of worth t'atone,
Finds in herself supplies:
Thus dignity itself restrains,
By condescension's silken reins,
While you the lowly Muse upraise;
When such the theme, so mean the bard,
Not to reject is to reward,
To pardon is to praise.

[1] His lordship's seat in the county of Durham.
[2] Her late grace of Cleveland.
[3] The honourable Mrs. Hope.

ODE TO LADY HARRIOT.

To Harriot all accomplish'd fair,
Begin, ye Nine, a grateful air;
Ye Graces, join her worth to tell,
And blazon what you can't excell.

Let Flora rifle all her bow'rs,
For fragrant shrubs, and painted flow'rs,
And, in her vernal robes array'd,
Present them to the noble maid.

Her breath shall give them new perfume,
Her blushes shall their dyes outbloom;
The lily now no more shall boast
Its whiteness, in her bosom lost.

See yon delicious woodbines rise
By oaks exalted to the skies,
So view in Harriot's matchless mind
Humility and greatness join'd.

To paint her dignity and ease,
Form'd to command, and form'd to please,
In wreaths expressive be there wove
The birds of Venus and of Jove.

There where th' immortal laurel grows,
And there, where blooms the crimson rose,
Be with this line the chaplet bound,
That beauty is with virtue crown'd.

ODE TO THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, PRESENTED ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF LORD WARKWORTH.

Whate'er distinguish'd patriots rise,
The times and manners to revise,
And drooping merit raise,
The song of triumph still pursues
Their footsteps, and the moral Muse
Dwells sweetly on their praise.

It is a task of true delight,
The ways of goodness to recite,
And all her works refin'd;
Though modest greatness under rate
Its lustre; 'tis as fix'd as fate,
Says truth with music join'd.

All hail to this auspicious morn,
When we, for gallant Warkworth born,
Our gratulations pay:
Though Virtue all the live-long year,
Refuse her eulogy to hear,
She must attend to day.

All hail to that transcendant fair,
That crown'd thy wishes with an heir,
And bless'd her native land:
Still shoots thy undegenerate line,
Like oak from oak, and pine from pine,
As goodly and as grand.

O how illustrious and divine
Were all the heroes of thy line,
'Gainst Rome's ambitious cheat!
Born all these base insidious arts,
Which work the most in weakest hearts,
To dare and to defeat!

Live then in triumph o'er deceit,
That with new honours we may greet
The house of arms and arts,
'Till blest experience shall evince
How fairly you present that prince,
Who's sovereign of our hearts.

In pity to our sister isle
With sighs we lend thee for a while;
O be thou soon restor'd,
Tho' Stanhope, Hallifax were there,
We never had a man to spare
Our love could less afford.

THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

The sweets of evening charm the mind,
Sick of the sultry day;
The body then no more confin'd,
But exercise with freedom join'd,
When Phœbus sheathes his ray.

While all-serene the summer Moon
Sends glances thro' the trees,
And Philomel begins her tune,
Asteria too shall help her soon
With voice of skilful ease.

A nosegay, every thing that grows,
And music, every sound
To lull the Sun to his repose;
The skies are coloured like the rose
With lively streaks around.

Of all the changes rung by time
None half so sweet appear,
As those when thoughts themselves sublime,
And with superior natures chime
In fancy's highest sphere.

ODE TO A VIRGINIA NIGHTINGALE,

WHICH WAS CURED OF A FIT IN THE BOSOM OF A YOUNG LADY, WHO AFTERWARDS NURSED THE AUTHOR IN A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

Sweet bird! whose fate and mine agree,
As far as proud humanity
The parallel will own;
O let our voice and hearts combine,
O let us, fellow warblers, join,
Our patroness to crown.

When heavy hung thy flagging wing,
When thou could'st neither move nor sing,
Of spirits void and rest;
A lovely nymph her aid apply'd,
She gave the bliss to Heav'n allied,
And cur'd thee on her breast.

Me too the kind indulgent maid,
With gen'rous care and timely aid,
Restor'd to mirth and health;
Then join'd to her, O may I prove
By friendship, gratitude and love,
The poverty of wealth.

MARTIAL. Book 1, Ep. 26.

When Brutus' fall wing'd fame to Porc'a brought,
Those arms her friends conceal'd, her passion sought.
She soon perceiv'd their poor officious wiles,
Approves their zeal, but at their folly smiles.
What Cato taught, Heaven sure cannot deny,
Bereav'd of all, we still have pow'r to die.
Then down her throat the burning coal conveyed,
"Go now, ye fools, and hide your swords," she said.

ON A LADY

THROWING SNOW-BALLS AT HER LOVER.

From the Latin of Petronius Ascanius.

When, wanton fair, the snowy orb you throw,
I feel a fire before unknown in snow,
E'en coldest snow I find has pow'r to warm
My breast, when flung by Julia's lovely arm.
T' elude love's powerful arts I strive in vain,
If ice and snow can latent fires contain.
These frolics leave; the force of beauty prove;
With equal passion cool my ardent love.

FABLES.

THE WHOLESALE CRITIC AND THE HOP MERCHANT.

FABLE I.

Hail to each ancient sacred shade
Of those, who grve the Muses aid,
Skill'd verse mysterious to unfold,
And set each brilliant thought in gold.
Hail Aristotle's honour'd shrine,
And, great Longinus, hail to thine;
Ye too, whose judgments ne'er could fail,
Hail Horace, and Quintilian hail;
And, dread of every Goth and Hun,
Hail Pope, and peerless Addison.
Alas! by different steps and ways
Our modern critics aim at praise,
And rashly in the learned arts,
They judge by prejudice and parts;

For crampt by a contracted soul,
How shou'd they comprehend the whole?
I know of many a deep-learn'd brother,
Who weighs one science by another,
And makes 'mongst bards poetic schism,
Because he understands the prism;
Thinks in acuteness he surpasses,
From knowledge of the optic-glasses.
There are some critics in the nation,
Profoundly vers'd in gravitation;
Who like the bulky and the great,
And judge by quantity and weight.
Some who're extremely skill'd in building,
Judge by proportion, form, and gilding,
And praise with a sagacious look
The architecture of a book.
Soon as the hops arriv'd from Kent,
Forth to the quay the merchant went,
Went critically to explore
The merit of the hops on shore.
Close to a bag he took his standing,
And at a venture thrust his hand in;
Then, with the face of a physician,
Their colour scann'd and their condition;
He trusts his touch, his smell, his eyes,
The goods at once approves and buys.
Catchup, so dextrous, droll, and dry,
It happen'd Catchup there was by,
Who like Iago[1], arch on all,
Is nothing, if not critical.
He with a sneer and with a shrug,
With eye of hawk, and face of pug,
Cry'd; "Fellow, I admire thy fun,
Thou most judiciously hast done,
Who from one handful buyst ten ton.
Does it not enter in thy crown,
Some may be mouldy, some be brown;
The vacancies with leaves supplied,
And some half pick'd and some half dry'd?"
The merchant, who Tom Catchup knew,
(A merchant and a scholar too)
Said, "What I've done is not absurd,
I know my chap and take his word.—
On thee, thou caviller at large,
I here retort thy random charge,
Who, in an hypercritic rage,
Judgest ten volumes by a page;
Whose wond'rous comprehensive view
Grasps more than Solomon e'er knew;
With every thing you claim alliance,
Art, trade, profession, calling, science;
You mete out all things by one rule,
And are an universal fool.
Though swoln with vanity and pride,
You're but one driv'ller multiplied,
A prig—that proves himself by starts,
As many dolts—as there are arts."

THE ENGLISH BULL DOG, DUTCH MASTIFF, AND QUAIL.

FABLE II.

Are we not all of race divine,
Alike of an immortal line?

[1] O, gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing if not critical.
Othello, Act, 2, scene 5.

Shall man to man afford derision,
But for some casual division;
To malice, and to mischief prone,
From climate, canton, or from zone,
Are all to idle discord bent,
These Kentish men—those men of Kent;
And parties and distinction make,
For parties and distinction's sake.
Souls sprung from an etherial flame,
However clad, are still the same;
Nor should we judge the heart or head,
By air we breathe, or earth we tread.
Dame Nature, who, all meritorious,
In a true Englishman is glorious;
Is lively, honest, brave and bonny,
In Monsieur, Taffy, Teague, and Sawney.
Give prejudices to the wind,
And let's be patriots of mankind.
Bigots, avaunt, sense can't endure ye,
But fabulists should try to cure ye.
A snub-nos'd dog to fat inclin'd
Of the true hogan mogan kind,
The favourite of an English dame,
Mynheer Van Trumpo was his name:
One morning as he chanc'd to range,
Met honest Towzer on the 'Change;
"And whom have we get here, I beg,"
Quoth he,—and lifted up his leg;
"An English dog can't take an airing,
But foreign scoundrels must be staring.
I'd have your French dogs and your Spanish,
And all your Dutch and all your Danish,
By which our species is confounded,
Be hang'd, be poison'd, or be drowned;
No mercy on the race suspected,
Greyhounds from Italy excepted:
By them my dames ne'er prove big-bellied,
For they, poor toads, are Farrinellied.
Well, of all dogs it stands confess'd,
Your English bull dogs are the best;
I say it, and will set my hand to't,
Cambden records it, and I'll stand to't.
'Tis true we have too much urbanity,
Somewhat o'ercharg'd with soft humanity;
The best things must find food for railing,
And every creature has its failing."
"And who are you?" reply'd Van Trump,
(Curling his tail upon his rump)
"Vaunting the regions of distraction,
The land of party and of faction.
In all fair Europe, who but we,
For national economy;
For wealth and peace, that have more charms,
Than learned arts, or noisy arms?
You envy us our dancing bogs,
With all the music of the frogs;
Join'd to the Tretchscutz's bonny loon,
Who on the cymbal grinds the tune.
For poets, and the Muses nine,
Beyond comparison we shine:
Oh! how we warble in our gizzards,
With X X's, H H's and with Z Z's.
For fighting—now you think I'm joking;
We love it better far than smoking.
Ask but our troops, from man to boy,
Who all surviv'd at Fontenoy.
'Tis true, as friends, and as allies,
We're ever ready to devise;

Our loves, or any kind assistance,
That may be granted at a distance;
But if you go to brag, good bye t' ye,
Nor dare to brave the High and Mighty."
"Wrong are you both," rejoins a quail,
Confin'd within its wiry jail:
"Frequent from realm to realm I've rang'd
And with the seasons, climates chang'd.
Mankind is not so void of grace,
But good I've found in every place:
I've seen sincerity in France,
Amongst the Germans complaisance;
In foggy Holland wit may reign,
I've known humility in Spain;
Free'd was I by a turban'd Turk,
Whose life was one entire good work;
And in this land, fair freedom's boast,
Behold my liberty is lost.
Despis'd Hibernia have I seen,
Dejected like a widow'd queen;
Her robe with dignity long worn,
And cap of liberty were torn;
Her broken fife, and harp unstrung,
On the uncultur'd ground were flung;
Down lay her spear, defil'd with rust,
And book of learning in the dust;
Her loyalty still blameless found,
And hospitality renown'd:
No more the voice of fame engross'd,
In discontent and clamour lost.—
Ah! dire corruption, art thou spread,
Where never viper rear'd it's head?
And didst thy baleful influence sow,
Where hemlock nor the nightshade grow.
Hapless, disconsolate, and brave,
Hibernia! who'll Hibernia save?
Who shall assist thee in thy woe,
Who ward from thee the fatal blow?
'Tis done, the glorious work is done,
All thanks to Heaven and Hartington.

FASHION AND NIGHT.

FABLE III.

Quam multa prava atque injusta fiunt moribus.
TERENT.

FASHION, a motley nymph of yore,
The Cyprian queen to Porteus bore:
Various herself in various climes,
She moulds the manners of the times;
And turns in every age or nation,
The chequer'd wheel of variegation:
True female that ne'er knew her will,
Still changing, tho' immortal still.
One day as the inconstant maid
Was careless on her sofa laid,
Sick of the Sun and tir'd with light,
She thus invok'd the gloomy Night:
"Come—these malignant rays destroy,
Thou screen of shame, and rise of joy.
Come from thy western ambuscade,
Queen of the rout and masquerade:
Nymph, without thee no cards advance,
Without thee halts the loit'ring dance;
Till thou approach, all, all's restraint,
Nor is it safe to game or paint;
The belles and beaux thy influence ask,
Put on the universal mask.
Let us invert, in thy disguise,
That odious nature, we despise."
She ceas'd—the sable mantled dame
With slow approach, and awful, came;
And frowning with sarcastic sneer,
Reproach'd the female rioteer:
"That nature you abuse, my fair,
Was I created to repair,
And contrast with a friendly shade,
The pictures Heaven's rich pencil made;
And with my sleep alluring dose,
To give laborious art repose;
To make both noise and action cease,
The queen of secresy and peace.
But thou a rebel, vile, and vain,
Usurp'st my lawful old domain;
My sceptre thou affect'st to sway,
And all the various hours are day;
With clamours of unreal joy,
My sister, Silence, you destroy;
The blazing lamp's unnatural light
My eye balls weary and affright;
But if I am allow'd one shade,
Which no intrusive eyes invade,
There all the atrocious imps of Hell,
Theft, Murder, and Pollution dwell:
Think then how much, thou toy of chance,
Thy praise is likely worth t' inhance;
Blind thing that run'st without a guide,
Thou whirlpool in a rushing tide,
No more my fame with praise pollute,
But damn me into some repute."

WHERE'S THE POKER?

FABLE IV.

THE poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,
And all the rites of rage perform'd;
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
Abusing, fidgetting, and fretting.
"Nothing but villainy, and thieving;
Good Heavens: what a world we live in?
If I don't find it in the morning,
I'll surely give my master warning.
He'd better far shut up his doors,
Than keep such good for nothing whores;
For wheresoe'er their trade they drive,
We vartuous bodies cannot thrive."
Well may poor Susan grunt and groan;
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each other's heels in throngs,
For the next day she lost the tongs:
The salt box, cullender, and pot,
Soon shar'd the same untimely lot.
In vain she vails and wages spent
On new ones—for the new ones went.
There'd been, (she swore) some dev'l or witch in,
To rob or plunder all the kitchen.
One night she to her chamber crept;
(Where for a month she had not slept;
Her master being, to her seeming,
A better playfellow than dreaming.)
Curse on the author of these wrongs,
In her own bed she found the tongs,
(Hang Thomas for an idle joker!)
In her own bed she found the poker;

With salt box, pepper box, and kettle,
With all the culinary metal.—
Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses;
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder, that the poker's missing.

THE TEA POT AND SCRUBBING BRUSH.

FABLE V.

A TAWDRY tea-pot, a-la-mode,
Whereart her utmost skill bestow'd,
Was much esteem'd for being old,
And on its sides with red and gold
Strange beasts were drawn, in taste Chinese,
And frightful fish, and hump-back trees.
High in an elegant beaufet,
This pompous utensil was set,
And near it, on a marble slab,
Forsaken by some careless drab,
A veteran scrubbing-brush was plac'd,
And the rich furniture disgrac'd.
The tea-pot soon began to flout,
And thus its venom spouted out:
"Who from the scullery or yard,
Brought in this low, this vile blackguard,
And laid in insolent position,
Among us people of condition?
Back to the helper in the stable,
Scour the close-stool, or wash-house table;
Or cleanse some horsing block, or plank,
Nor dare approach us folks of rank.
Turn—brother coffee pot, your spout,
Observe the nasty stinking lout,
Who seems to scorn my indignation,
Nor pays due homage to my fashion;
Take, silver sugar dish, a view,
And, cousin cream pot, pray do you."
"Pox on you all," replies old Scrub,
"Of coxcombs ye confederate club.
Full of impertinence, and prate,
Ye hate all things that are sedate.
None but such ignorant infernals,
Judge, by appearance, and externals:
Train'd up in toil and useful knowledge,
I'm fellow of the kitchen college,
And with the mop, my old associate,
The family affairs negociate.—
Am foe to filth, and things obscene,
Dirty by making others clean.—
Not shining, yet I cause to shine,
My roughness makes my neighbours fine;
You're fair without, but foul within,
With shame impregnated, and sin;
To you each impious scandal's owing,
You set each gossip's clack a going.—
How Parson Tythe in secret sins,
And how Miss Dainty brought forth twins:
How dear delicious Polly Bloom,
Owes all her sweetness to perfume;
Though grave at church, and cards can bet,
At once a prude and a coquette.—
'Twas better for each British virgin,
When on roast beef, strong beer, and sturgeon,
Joyous to breakfast they sat round,
Nor were asham'd to eat a pound.
These were the manners, these the ways,
In good queen Bess's golden days;
Each damsel ow'd her bloom and glee,
To wholesome elbow-grease, and me,
But now they centre all their joys
In empty rattle traps and noise.
Thus where the Fates send you, they send.
Flagitious times, which ne'er will mend,
'Till some philosopher can find,
A scrubbing-brush to scour the mind."

THE DUELLIST.

FABLE VI.

WHAT's honour, did your lordship say?
My lord, I humbly crave a day.—
'Tis difficult, and in my mind,
Like substance, cannot be defin'd.
It deals in numerous externals,
And is a legion of infernals;
Sometimes in riot and in play,
'Tis breaking of the Sabbath day:
When 'tis consider'd as a passion,
I deem it lust and fornication.
We pay our debts in honour's cause,
Lost in the breaking of the laws:
'Tis for some selfish impious end,
To murder the sincerest friend;
But wou'd you alter all the clan,
Turn out an honourable man.
Why take a pistol from the shelf,
And fight a duel with yourself.—
'Twas on a time, the Lord knows when,
In Ely, or in Lincoln fen,
A frog and mouse had long disputes,
Held in the language of the brutes,
Who of a certain pool and pasture,
Shou'd be the sovereign and master.
"Sir," says the frog, and damn'd his blood,
"I hold that my pretension's good;
Nor can a brute of reason doubt it,
For all that you can squeak about it."
The mouse, averse to be o'erpower'd,
Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward;
Too hard for any frog's digestion,
To have his froghood call'd in question!
A bargain instantly was made,
No mouse of honour could evade,
On the next morn, as soon as light,
With desperate bullrushes to fight;
The morning came—and man to man,
The grand monomachy began;
Need I recount how each bravado,
Shone in montant and in passado;
To what a height their ire they carry'd,
How oft they thrusted and they parry'd;
But as these champions kept dispensing,
Finesses in the art of fencing,
A furious vulture took upon her,
Quick to decide this point of honour,
And, lawyer like, to make an end on't,
Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.
Thus, often in our British nation,
(I speak by way of application)

A lie direct to some hot youth,
The giving which perhaps was truth,
The treading on a scoundrel's toe,
Or dealing impudence a blow,
Disputes in politics and law,
About a feather and a straw;
A thousand trifles not worth naming,
In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,
Shall cause a challenge's inditing,
And set two loggerheads a fighting,
Meanwhile the father of despair,
The prince of vanity and air.
His querry, like an hawk discovering,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,
Secure to get in his tuition,
These volunteers for black perdition.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE AND THE MANDRAKE.

FABLE VII.

The Sun had rais'd above the mead
His glorious horizontal head;
Sad Philomela left her thorn;
The lively linnets hymn'd the morn,
And Nature, like a waking bride,
Her blushes spreads on every side;
The cock as usual crow'd up Tray,
Who nightly with his master lay;
The faithful spaniel gave the word,
Trelooby at the signal stirr'd,
And with his gun, from wood to wood,
The man of prey his course pursu'd;
The dew and herbage all around,
Like pearls and emeralds on the ground;
Th' uncultur'd flowers that rudely rise,
Where smiling freedom art defies;
The lark, in transport, tow'ring high,
The crimson curtains of the sky,
Affected not Trelooby's mind—
For what is beauty to the blind?
Th' amorous voice of sylvan love,
Form'd charming concerts in the grove;
Sweet zephyr sigh'd on Flora's breast,
And drew the blackbird from his nest;
Whistling he leapt from leaf to leaf;
But what is music to the deaf?
At length while poring on the ground,
With monumental look profound,
A curious vegetable caught
His—something similar to thought:
Wond'ring, he ponder'd, stooping low,
(Trelooby always lov'd a show)
And on the mandrake's vernal station,
Star'd with prodigious observation.
Th' affronted mandrake with a frown,
Address'd in rage the wealthy clown.
"Proud member of the rambling race,
That vegetate from place to place,
Pursue the leveret at large,
Nor near thy blunderbuss discharge.
Disdainful though thou look'st on me,
What art thou, or what can'st thou be?
Nature, that mark'd thee as a fool,
Gave no materials for the school.
In what consists thy work and frame?
The preservation of the game.—
For what? thou avaricious elf,
But to destroy it all thyself;
To lead a life of drink and feast,
T' oppress the poor, and cheat the priest,
Or triumph in a virgin lost,
Is all the *manhood* thou canst boast.—
Pretty, in Nature's various plan,
To see a weed that's like a man;
But 'tis a grievous thing indeed,
To see a man so like a weed."

THE BROCADED GOWN AND LINEN RAG.

FABLE VIII.

From a fine lady to her maid,
A gown descended of brocade.
French!—Yes, from Paris—that's enough,
That wou'd give dignity to stuff.
By accident or by design,
Or from some cause, I can't divine;
A linen rag, (sad source of wrangling!)
On a contiguous peg was dangling,
Vilely besmear'd—for late his master,
It serv'd in quality of plaister.
The gown, contemptuous beholder,
Gave a French shrug from either shoulder,
And rustling with emotions furious,
Bespoke the rag in terms injurious.
"Unfit for tinder, lint, or fodder,
Thou thing of filth, (and what is odder)
Discarded from thy owner's back,
Dar'st thou proceed, and gold attack?
Instant away—or in this place,
Begar me give you coup de grace."
To this reply'd the honest rag,
Who lik'd a jest, and was a wag;
"Though thy glib tongue without a halt run,
Thou shabby second-hand subaltern,
At once so ancient and so easy,
At once so gorgeous and so greasy;
I value not thy gasconading,
Nor all thy alamode parading;
But to abstain from words imperious,
And to be sober, grave, and serious.
Though, says friend Horace, 'tis no treason,
At once to giggle, and to reason,
When me you lesson, friend, you dream,
For know I am not what I seem;
Soon by the mill's refining motion,
The sweetest daughter of the ocean,
Fair Medway, shall with snowy hue,
My virgin purity renew,
And give me reinform'd existence,
A good retention and subsistence.
Then shall the sons of genius join,
To make my second life divine.
O Murray, let me then dispense,
Some portion of thy eloquence;
For Greek and Roman rhetoric shine,
United and improved in thine.
The spirit stirring sage[1] alarms,
And Ciceronian sweetness charms.
Th' Athenian Akenside may deign
To stamp me deathless with his pen,

[1] Demosthenes.

While flows approv'd by all the Nine
Th' immortal soul of every line.
Collins, perhaps, his aid may lend,
Melpomene's selected friend.
Perhaps our great Augustan Gray
May grace me with a Doric lay;
With sweet, with manly words of woe,
That nervously pathetic flow.
What, Mason, may I owe to you?
Learning's first pride, and Nature's too;
On thee she cast her sweetest smile,
And gave thee Art's correcting file;
That file, which with assiduous pain,
The viper Envy bites in vain.—
Such glories my mean lot betide,
Hear, tawdry fool, and check thy pride.—
Thou, after scouring, dying, turning,
(If haply thou escape a burning)
From gown to petticoat descending,
And in a beggar's mantle ending,
Shalt in a dunghill or a stye,
'Midst filth and vermin rot and die.

MADAM AND THE MAGPIE.

FABLE IX.

Ye thunders roll, ye oceans roar,
And wake the rough resounding shore;
Ye guns in smoke and flames engage,
And shake the ramparts with your rage;
Boreas distend your chops and blow;
Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of Bow;
Ye drums and rattles, rend the ears,
Like twenty thousand Southwark fairs;
Bellow, ye bulls, and bawl, ye bats,
Encore, encore, ye amorous cats;
In vain, poor things, ye squeak and squall,
Soft Sylvia shall out-tongue you all:
But here she comes—there's no relief,
She comes, and blessed are the deaf.
"A magpie! why, you're mad, my dear,
To bring a chattering magpie here.
A prating play thing, fit for boys—
You know I can't endure a noise.—
You brought this precious present sure,
My headach and my cough to cure.
Pray hand him in and let him stain
Each curtain, and each counterpane;
Yes, he shall roost upon my toilet,
Or on my pillow—he can't spoil it:
He'll only make me catch my death.—
O Heavens! for a little breath!—
Thank God, I never knew resentment,
But am all patience and contentment,
Or else, you paltry knave, I shou'd
(As any other woman wou'd)
Wring off his neck, and down your gullet
Cram it, by way of chick or pullet.—
Well, I must lock up all my rings,
My jewels, and my curious things:
My Chinese toys must go to pot;
My dear, my pinchbecks—and what not?
For all your magpies are, like lawyers,
At once thieves, brawlers, and destroyers.—
You for a wife have search'd the globe,
You've got a very female Job,
Pattern of love, and peace, and unity,
Or how cou'd you expect impunity?
O Lord! this nasty thing will bite,
And scratch and clapper, claw and fight.
O monstrous wretch, thus to devise,
To tear out your poor Sylvia's eyes.
You're a fine Popish plot pursuing,
By presents to affect my ruin;
And thus for good are ill retorting
To ME, who brought you such a fortune;
To ME, you low-liv'd clown, to ME,
Who came of such a family;
ME, who for age to age possess'd
A lion rampant on my crest;
ME, who have fill'd your empty coffers,
ME, who'd so many better offers;
And is my merit thus regarded,
Cuckold, my virtue thus rewarded.
O 'tis past sufferance—Mary—Mary,
I faint—the citron, or the clary."
The poor man, who had bought the creature,
Out of pure conjugal good-nature,
Stood at this violent attack,
Like statues made by Roubilliac,
Though form'd beyond all skill antique,
They can't their marble silence break;
They only breathe, and think, and start,
Astonish'd at their maker's art.
Quoth Mag, "Fair Grizzle, I must grant,
Your spouse a magpye cannot want:
For troth (to give the Dev'l his due)
He keeps a rookery in you.
Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet lady,
Where there is din enough already,
We never should agree together,
Although we're so much of a feather;
You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,
Who make such wond'rous noise about it;
And your tongue of immortal mould
Proclaims in thunder you're no scold.
Yes, yes, you're sovereign of the tongue,
And like the king can do no wrong;
Justly your spouse restrains his voice,
Nor vainly answers words with noise;
This storm, which no soul can endure,
Requires a very different cure;
For such sour verjuice dispositions,
Your crabsticks are the best physicians."

THE BLOCKHEAD AND BEEHIVE.

FABLE X.

The fragrance of the new-mown hay
Paid incense to the god of day;
Who issuing from his eastern gate,
Resplendent rode in all his state:
Rous'd by the light from soft repose,
Big with the Muse, a bard arose,
And the fresh garden's still retreat
He measured with poetic feet.
The cooling, high, o'er-arching shade,
By the embracing branches made,
The smooth shorn sod, whose verdant gloss,
Was check'd with intermingled moss,
Cowslips, like topazes that shine,
Close by the silver serpentine,
Rude rustics which assert the bow'rs,
Amidst the educated flow'rs.

The lime tree and sweet-scented bay,
(The sole reward of many a lay)
And all the poets of the wing,
Who sweetly without salary sing,
Attract at once his observation,
Peopling thy wilds, Imagination!
"Sweet Nature, who this turf bedews,
Sweet Nature, who's the thrush's Muse!
How she each anxious thought beguiles,
And meets me with ten thousand smiles!
O infinite benignity!
She smiles, but not alone on me;
On hill, on dale, on lake, on lawn,
Like Celia when her picture's drawn;
Assuming countless charms and airs,
'Till Hayman's matchless art despairs,
Pausing like me he dreads to fall
From the divine original."
More had he said—but in there came
A lout—Squire Booby was his name:—
The bard, who at a distant view
The busy prattling blockhead knew,
Retir'd into a secret nook,
And thence his observations took.
Vex'd he cou'd find no man to tea*,
The squire 'gan chattering to the bees,
And pertly with officious mien,
He thus address'd their humming queen:
"Madam, be not in any terrours;
I only come t'amend your errours;
My friendship briefly to display,
And put you in a better way.
Cease, madam, (if I may advise)
To carry honey on your thighs,
Employ ('tis better, I aver)
Old Grub, the fairies' coach-maker;
For he who has sufficient art
To make a coach, may make a cart.
To these you'll yoke some sixteen bees,
Who will dispatch your work with ease;
And come and go, and go and come,
To bring your honey harvest home.—
Ma'am, architecture you're not skill'd in,
I don't approve your way of building;
In this there's nothing like design,
Pray learn the use of Gunter's line.
I'll serve your highness at a pinch,
I am a scholar every inch,
And know each author I lay fist on,
From Archimedes down to Whiston.—
Though honey making be your trade,
In chemistry you want some aid.—
Pleas'd with your work, altho' you sing,
You're not quite right—'tis not the thing.
Myself wou'd gladly be an actor,
To help the honey manufacture.—
I hear for war you are preparing,
Which I should like to have a share in:
Yet though the enemy be landing,
'Tis wrong to keep an army standing.—
If you'll ensure me from the laws,
I'll write a pamphlet in your cause.—
I vow, I am concern'd to see
Your want of state—economy.
Of nothing living I pronounce ill,
But I don't like your privy-council.
There is, I know, a certain bee,
(Wou'd he was from the ministry)
Which certain bee, if rightly known,
Wou'd prove no better than a drone;
There are (but I shall name no names,
I never love to kindle flames)
A pack of rogues with crimes grown callous,
Who greatly wou'd adorn the gallows;
That with the wasps, for paltry gold,
A secret correspondence hold,
Yet you'll be great—your subjects free,
If the whole thing be left to me.—"
Thus, like the waters of the ocean,
His tongue had run in ceaseless motion,
Had not the queen ta'en up in wrath,
This thing of folly and of froth.
"Impertinent and witless meddler,
Thou smattering, empty, noisy pedler!
By vanity, thou bladder blown,
To be the football of the town.
O happy England, land of freedom,
Replete with statesmen, if she need 'em,
Where war is wag'd by Sue or Nell,
And Jobson is a Machiavel!—
Tell Hardwick that his judgment fails,
Show Justice how to hold her scales.—
To fire the soul at once, and please,
Teach Murray and Demosthenes;
Say Vane is not by goodness grac'd,
And wants humanity and taste.—
The' Pelham with Mæcenas vies,
Tell Fame she's false, and Truth she lies;
And then return, thou verbal Hector,
And give the bees another lecture."
This said, the portal she unbarr'd,
Calling the bees upon their guard,
And set at once about his ears
Ten thousand of her grenadiers.—
Some on his lips and palate hung,
And the offending member stung.
"Just," (says the bard from out the grot)
"Just, though severe, is your sad lot,
Who think, and talk, and live in vain,
Of sweet society the bane.
Business misplac'd is a mere jest,
And active idleness at best."

THE CITIZEN AND THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

FABLE XI.

I love my friend—but love my ease,
And claim a right myself to please;
To company however prone,
At times all men wou'd be alone.
Free from each interruption rude,
Or what is meant by solitude.
My villa lies within the bills,
So—like a theatre it fills:
To me my kind acquaintance stray,
And Sunday proves no sabbath day;
Yet many a friend and near relation,
Make up a glorious congregation;
They crowd by dozens and by dozen,
And bring me all their country cousins.
Though gringing landlords on the road,
Who find for man and horse abode;

Though gilded grapes to sign-post chain'd,
Invite them to be entertain'd,
And straddling cross his kilderkin,
Though jolly Bacchus calls them in;
Nay—though my landlady wou'd trust 'em,
Pitgarlic's sure of all the custom;
And his whole house is like a fair,
Unless he only treats with air.
What? shall each pert half witted wit,
That calls me Jack, or calls me Kit,
Prey on my time, or on my table?
No—but let's hasten to the fable.
The eve advanc'd, the Sun declin'd,
Ball to the booby-hutch was join'd,
A wealthy cockney drove away,
To celebrate Saint Saturday;
Wife, daughter, pug, all crouded in,
To meet at country house their kin.
Thro' Brentford, to fair Twickenham's bow'rs,
The ungreas'd grumbling axle scow'rs,
To pass in rural sweets a day,
But there's a lion *in* the way:
This lion a most furious elf,
Hung up to represent himself,
Redden'd with rage, and shook his mane,
And roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd again.
Wond'rous, tho' painted on a board,
He roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd.
"Fool!" (says the majesty of beasts)
"At whose expense a legion feasts,
Foe to yourself, you those pursue,
Who're eating up your cakes and you;
Walk in, walk in, (so prudence votes)
And give poor Ball a feed of oats,
Look to yourself, and as for mam,
Coax her to take a little dram;
Let Miss and Pug with cakes be fed,
Then, honest man, go back to bed;
You're better, and you're cheaper there,
Where are no hangers on to fear.
Go buy friend Newbery's new Panthcon,
And con the tale of poor Acteon,
Horn'd by Diana, and o'erpower'd,
And by the dogs he fed devour'd.
What he receiv'd from charity,
Lewdness perhaps may give to thee;
And tho' your spouse my lecture scorns,
Beware his fate, beware his horns."
"Sir," says the Cit, (who made a stand,
And strok'd his forehead with his hand)
"By your grim gravity and grace,
You greatly wou'd become the mace.
This kind advice I gladly take,—
Draw'r, bring the dram, and bring a cake,
With good brown beer that's brisk and humming."
"A coming, sir! a coming, coming!"
The Cit then took a hearty draught,
And shook his jolly sides and laugh'd.
Then to the king of beasts he bow'd,
And thus his gratitude avow'd.—
"Sir, for your sapient oration,
I owe the greatest obligation.
You stand expos'd to sun, and show'r,
I know Jack Ellis of the Tow'r;
By him you soon may gain renown,
He'll show your highness to the town;
Or, if you chuse your station here,
To call forth Britons to their beer,
As painter of distinguish'd note,
He'll send his man to clean your coat."
The lion thank'd him for his proffer,
And if a vacancy shou'd offer,
Declar'd he had too just a notion,
To be averse to such promotion.
The citizen drove off with joy,
"For London—Ball—for London—hoy."
Content to bed he went his way,
And is no bankrupt to this day.

THE HERALD AND HUSBAND-MAN.

FABLE XII.

—— Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.
JUVENAL.

I WITH friend Juvenal agree,
Virtue's the true nobility;
Has of herself sufficient charms,
Altho' without a coat of arms.
Honestus does not know the rules,
Concerning Or and Fez, and Gules,
Yet sets the wond'ring eye to gaze on,
Such deeds no herald e'er could blaze on.
Tawdry achievements out of place,
Do but augment a fool's disgrace;
A coward is a double jest,
Who has a lion for his crest;
And things are come to such a pass,
Two horses may support an ass;
And on a gamester or buffoon,
A moral motto's a lampoon.
An honest rustic having done
His master's work 'twixt sun and sun,
Retir'd to dress a little spot,
Adjoining to his homely cot,
Where pleas'd, in miniature, he found
His landlord's culinary ground,
Some herbs that feed, and some that heal,
The winter's medicine or meal.
The sage, which in his garden seen,
No man need ever die [1] I ween;
The marjoram comely to behold,
With thyme, and sudeliest marygold,
And mint and pennyroyal sweet,
To deck the cottage windows meet,
And baum, that yields a finer juice
Than all that China can produce;
With carrots red, and turnips white,
And leeks, Cadwallader's delight;
And all the savory crop that vie
To please the palate and the eye.
Thus, as intent, he did survey
His plot, a Herald came that way,
A man of great escutcheon'd knowledge;
And member of the motley college.
Heedless the peasant pass'd he by,
Indulging this soliloquy;
"Ye gods! what an enormous space,
'Twixt man and man does Nature place;
While some by deeds of honour rise,
To such a height, as far out-vies
The visible diurnal sphere;
Whi'e others, like this rustic here,
Grope in the groveling ground content,
Without or lineage or descent.

[1] Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?

Hail, Heraldry! mysterious art,
Bright patroness of all desert,
Mankind would on a level lie,
And undistinguish'd live and die;
Depriv'd of thy illustrious aid,
Such! so momentous is our trade."
"Sir," says the clown, "why sure you joke,"
(And kept on digging as he spoke)
"And prate not to extort conviction,
But merrily by way of fiction.
Say, do your manuscripts attest,
What was old father Adam's crest;
Did he a nobler coat receive
In right of marrying Mrs. Eve;
Or had supporters when he kiss'd her,
On dexter side, and side sinister;
Or was his motto, prithee speak,
English, French, Latin, Welch, or Greek;
Or was he not, without a lye,
Just such a nobleman as I?
Virtue, which great defects can stifle,
May beam distinction on a trifle;
And honour, with her native charms,
May beautify a coat of arms;
Realities somewhat will thrive,
E'en by appearance kept alive;
But by themselves, Gules, Or, and Fez,
Are cyphers neither more or less:
Keep both thy head and hands from crimes,
Be honest in the worst of times:
Health's on my countenance impress'd,
And sweet content's my daily guest,
My fame alone I build on this,
And Garter King at Arms may kiss."—

A STORY OF A COCK AND A BULL.

FABLE XIII.

Yes—we excell in arts and arms,
In learning's lore and beauty's charms.
The seas wide empire we engross,
All nations hail the British cross;
The land of liberty we tread,
And woe to his devoted head,
Who dares the contrary advance,
One Englishman's worth ten of France.
These these, are truths, what man won't write for,
Won't swear, won't bully, or won't fight for;
Yet (tho' perhaps I speak thro' vanity)
Wou'd we'd a little more humanity:
Too far, I fear, I've drove the jest,
So leave to cock and bull the rest.
A bull, who'd listen'd to the vows
Of above fifteen hundred cows;
And serv'd his master fresh and fresh,
With hecatombs of special flesh,
Like to an hermit or a dervise,
(Grown old and feeble in the service)
Now left the meadow's green parade,
And sought a solitary shade.
The cows proclaim'd in mournful lowing,
The bull's deficiency in wooing,
And to their disappointed master,
All told the terrible disaster.
"Is this the case" (quoth Hodge) "O rare!
But hold, to morrow is the fair.
Thou to thy doom, old boy, art fated,
To morrow—and thou shalt be baited."
The deed was done—curse on the wrong!
Bloody description, hold thy tongue.—
Victorious yet the bull return'd,
And with stern silence inly mourn'd.
A vet'ran, brave, majestic cock,
Who serv'd for hour glass, guard, and clock,
Who crow'd the mansion's first relief,
Alike from goblin and from thief;
Whose youth escap'd the Christmas skillet,
Whose vigour brav'd the Shrovetide billet,
Had just return'd in wounds and pain,
Triumphant from the barbarous train.—
By riv'let's brink, with trees o'ergrown,
He heard his fellow sufferer's moan;
And greatly scorning wounds and smart,
Gave him three cheers with all his heart.
"Rise, neighbour, from that pensive attitude,
Brave witness of vile man's ingratitude;
And let us both with spur and horn,
The cruel reasoning monster scorn.—
Methinks at every dawn of day,
When first I chant my blithsome lay,
Methinks I hear from out the sky,
All will be better by and by;
When bloody, base, degenerate man,
Who deviates from his Maker's plan;
Who Nature and her works abuses,
And thus his fellow servants uses,
Shall greatly, and yet justly want,
The mercy he refus'd to grant;
And (while his heart his conscience purges)
Shall wish to be the brute he scourges."

THE SNAKE, THE GOOSE, AND NIGHTINGALE.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE HISSERS AND CAT-CALLERS ATTENDING BOTH HOUSES.

FABLE XIV.

When rul'd by truth and nature's ways,
When just to blame, yet fix'd to praise,
As votary of the Delphic god,
I reverence the critic's rod;
But when inflam'd with spite alone,
I hold all critics but as one;
For though they class themselves with art,
And each man takes a different part;
Yet whatsoe'er they praise and blame;
They in their motives are the same,
Forth as she waddled in the brake,
A grey goose stumbled on a snake,
And took th' occasion to abuse her,
And of rank plagiarism accuse her.
"'Twas I," quoth she, "in every vale,
First hiss'd the noisy nightingale;
And boldly cavill'd at each note,
That twitter'd in the woodlark's throat:
I, who sublime and more than mortal,
Must stoop to enter at the portal,
Have ever been the first to show
My hate to every thing that's low;
While thou, mean mimic of my manner,
(Without inlisting to my banner)

Dar'st in thy grov'ling situation,
To counterfeit my sibilation."
The snake enrag'd, reply'd, "Know, madam,
I date my charter down from Adam;
Nor can I, since I bear the bell,
E'er imitate where I excell.
Had any other creature dar'd
Once to aver, what you've averr'd,
I might have been more fierce and fervent;
But you're a goose,—and so your servant."
"Truce with your folly and your pride,"
The warbling Philomela cry'd;
"Since no more animals we find
In nature of the hissing kind,
You should be friends with one another;
Nay, kind as brother is to brother.
For know, thou pattern of abuse,
Thou snake art but a crawling goose;
And thou dull dabbler in each lake,
Art nothing but a feather'd snake."

MRS. ABIGAIL AND THE DUMB WAITER.

FABLE XV.

With frowning brow, and aspect low'ring,
As Abigail one day was scow'ring,
From chair to chair she past along,
Without soliloquy or song;
Content, in humdrum mood, t'adjust
Her matters to disperse the dust.—
Thus plodded on the sullen fair,
'Till a dumb-waiter claim'd her care;
She then in rage, with shrill salute,
Bespoke the inoffensive mute:—
"Thou stupid tool of vapourish asses,
With thy brown shelves for pots and glasses;
Thou foreign whirligig, for whom
Us honest folks must quit the room;
And, like young misses at a christ'ning,
Are forc'd to be content with list'ning;
Though thou'rt a fav'rite of my master's,
'Il set thee gadding on thy castors."
This said—with many a rough attack,
She scrubb'd him 'till she made him crack;
Insulted stronger still and stronger,
The poor dumb thing could hold no longer—
"Thou drab, born mops and brooms to dandle,
Thou haberdasher of small scandal,
Factor of family abuse,
Retailer of domestic news;
My lord, as soon as I appear,
Confines thee in thy proper sphere;
Or else, at ev'ry place of call,
The chandler's shop, or cobler's stall,
Or ale-house, where (for petty tales,
Gin, beer, and ale are constant vails)
Each word at table that was spoke,
Wou'd soon become the public joke,
And cheerful innocent converse,
To scandal warp'd—or something worse.—
Whene'er my master I attend,
Freely his mind he can unbend;—
But when such praters fill my place,
Then nothing should be said—but grace."

THE BAG-WIG AND THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

FABLE XVI.

A bag-wig of a jauntee air.
Trick'd up with all a barber's care,
Loaded with powder and perfume,
Hung in a spendthrift's dressing-room:
Close by its side, by chance convey'd,
A black tobacco-pipe was laid;
And with its vapours far and near,
Outstunk the essence of Monsieur;
At which its rage, the thing of hair,
Thus, bristling up, began declare.
"Bak'd dirt! that with intrusion rude
Break'st in upon my solitude,
And whose offensive breath defiles
The air for forty thousand miles—
Avaunt—pollution's in thy touch—
O barb'rous Englishman! horrid Dutch!
I cannot bear it—Here, Sue, Nan,
Go call the maid to call the man,
And bid him come without delay,
To take this odious pipe away.
Hideous! sure some one smok'd thee, friend,
Reversely, at his t'other end.
Oh! what mix'd odours! what a throng
Of salt and sour, of stale and strong!
A most unnatural combination,
Enough to mar all perspiration—
Monstrous! again—'twou'd vex a saint!
Susan, the drops—or else I faint!"
The pipe (for 'twas a pipe of soul)
Raising himself upon his bole,
In smoke, like oracle of old,
Did thus his sentiments unfold.
"Why, what's the matter, Goodman Swagger,
Thou flaunting French, fantastic bragger?
Whose whole fine speech is (with a pox)
Ridiculous and heterodox.
'Twas better for the English nation
Before such scoundrels came in fashion,
When none sought hair in realms unknown,
But every blockhead bore his own.
Know, puppy, I'm an English pipe,
Deem'd worthy of each Briton's gripe,
Who, with my cloud-compelling aid,
Help our plantations and our trade,
And am, when sober and when mellow,
An upright, downright, honest fellow.
Though fools, like you, may think me rough,
And scorn me, 'cause I am in buff,
Yet your contempt I glad receive,
'Tis all the fame that you can give:
None finery or fopp'ry prize,
But they who've something to disguise;
For simple nature hates abuse,
And plainness is the dress of Use."

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

FABLE XVII.

Old Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part;
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That av'rice could not sigh for more:

Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own.
With corn his crowded granaries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere and free,
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas hers the largess to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she brew;
There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress cou'd find a bed.—
Each hour with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd she blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was th' accepting throng.
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came,
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.—
All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before;
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When lo! to comfort her came Care.—
And cry'd, "My dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine;
All will be well—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.
Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part."—
The bridal came—great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest;
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee,
They christen'd her Economy;
And styled her fair Discretion's queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Perfectly easy in her mind;
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

THE PIG.

FABLE XVIII.

In every age, and each profession,
Men err the most by prepossession,
But when the thing is clearly shown,
And fairly stated, fully known,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And penitence succeeds to pride.—
A certain baron on a day,
Having a mind to show away,
Invited all the wits and wags,
Foot, Massey, Shutter, Yates and Skeggs,
And built a large commodious stage,
For the choice spirits of the age;
But above all, among the rest,
There came a genius who profess'd
To have a curious trick in store,
Which never was perform'd before.
Thro' all the town this soon got air,
And the whole house was like a fair;
But soon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter, or parade,
'Twas all expectance, all suspense,
And silence gagg'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And with such truth took off a pig,
All swore 'twas serious, and no joke,
For doubtless underneath his cloak,
He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or, was a real hog himself.
A search was made, no pig was found—
With thund'ring claps the seats resound,
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,
With—O rare! bravo! and encore.
Old Roger Grouse, a country clown,
Who yet knew something of the town,
Beheld the mimic and his whim,
And on the morrow challeng'd *him*,
Declaring to each beau and *bunter*,
That he'd out-grunt *th' egregious grunter.*
The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiss, and break the benches.
The mimic took his usual station,
And squeak'd with general approbation.
"Again, encore! encore!" they cry—
'Twas quite the thing—'twas very high:
Old Grouse conceal'd, amidst the racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket—
Then forth he came—and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.
The tortur'd pig from out his throat,
Produc'd the genuine nat'ral note.
All bellow'd out—'twas very sad!
Sure never stuff was half so bad!
"That like a pig!"—each cry'd in scoff,
"Pshaw! Nonsense! blockhead! Off! Off! Off!"
The mimic was extoll'd; and Grouse
Was hiss'd, and catcall'd from the house.—
"Soft ye, a word before I go,"
Quoth honest Hodge—and stooping low
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud
Bespoke the stupid partial croud:
"Behold, and learn from this poor creature,
How much you critics know of Nature."

BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM.

BALLAD I.

By a prattling stream, on a Midsummer's eve,
Where the woodbine and jess'mine their boughs interweave,
"Fair Flora," I cry'd, "to my harbour repair;
For I must have a chaplet for sweet William's hair."

She brought me the vi'let that gro's on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lily, and gilded jonquil:
But such languid odours how cou'd I approve,
Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love.

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,
The undying myrtle, and ever-green bay: [play,

But why these to me, who've his constancy known?
And Billy has laurels enough of his own.

The next was the gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two roses that grew on a stem:
Of the dear nuptial tie they stood emblems confest,
So I kiss'd 'em, and press'd 'em quite close to my breast.

She brought me a sun-flow'r—"This, fair one's your due;
For it once was a maiden, and love-sick like you:"
Oh! give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,
As true to his flame, as this flow'r to the Sun.

THE LASS WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

BALLAD II.

No more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,
Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before;
My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
And will sing to my lass with the golden locks.

Though o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
Like the rays of the Sun on a hillock of snow;
Such painters of old drew the queen of the fair,
'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical hair:
And though witlings may scoff, and though raillery mocks,
Yet I'll sing to my lass with the golden locks.

To live and to love, to converse and be free,
Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee:
Away go the hours in kisses and rhyme,
Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time;
A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks,
He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my sight,
Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white,
Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,
They are fit for the language or labour of love;
At the Park in the Mall, at the play in the box,
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe; [soft pain;
She shall raise my fond heart, and shall sooth my
While thousands of rivals are sighing in vain;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,
While I have the lass with the golden locks.

ON MY WIFE'S BIRTH-DAY.

BALLAD III.

'Tis Nancy's birth-day—raise your strains,
Ye nymphs of the Parnassian plains,
And sing with more than usual glee
To Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell the blithe Graces as they bound
Luxuriant in the buxom round;
They're not more elegantly free,
Than Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell royal Venus, though she rove,
The queen of the immortal grove;
That she must share her golden fee
With Nancy, who was born for me.

Tell Pallas, though th' Athenian school,
And ev'ry trite pedantic fool,
On her to place the palm agree,
'Tis Nancy's, who was born for me.

Tell spotless Dian, though she range,
The regent of the up-land grange,
In chastity she yields to thee,
O, Nancy, who wast born for me.

Tell Cupid, Hymen, and tell Jove,
With all the pow'rs of life and love,
That I'd disdain to breathe or be,
If Nancy was not born for me.

THE DECISION.

BALLAD IV.

My Florio, wildest of his sex,
(Who sure the veriest saint would vex)
From beauty roves to beauty;
Yet, though abroad the wanton roam,
Whene'er he deigns to stay at home,
He always minds his duty.

Something to every charming she,
In thoughtless prodigality,
He's granting still and granting;
To Phyllis that, to Cloe this,
And every madam, every miss;
Yet I find nothing wanting.

If haply I his will displease,
Tempestuous as th' autumnal seas
He foams and rages ever;
But when he ceases from his ire,
I cry, "Such spirit, and such fire,
Is surely wond'rous clever."

I ne'er want reason to complain;
But sweet is pleasure after pain,
And every joy grows greater.
Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
I should not like him half so well,
If I could make him better.

THE TALKATIVE FAIR.

BALLAD V.

From morn to night, from day to day
At all times and at every place,
You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
If your own health, or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze;
But if they listen they are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more praise,
Than all you say, or all I write;
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush—and be an angel quite.

THE SILENT FAIR.

BALLAD VI.

From all her fair loquacious kind,
So different is my Rosalind,
That not one accent can I gain
To crown my hopes, or sooth my pain.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
And are the interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks translate,
And in her gestures read my fate.

And if in them you chance to find
Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind,
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,
Which from dependence take their rise;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love's sweet agony, my joy.

THE FORCE OF INNOCENCE.

TO MISS C****

BALLAD VII.

The blooming damsel, whose defence
Is adamantine innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for Modesty's her friend:
Though her fair arms are weak to wield
The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield;
Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes,
Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux;
But e'en unhurt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fierce cockade,
Though all a syren as she talks,
And all a goddess as she walks,
Yet decency each action guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in Russia's showery plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns,
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, Ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dang'rous golden show'rs,
E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her, defenceless and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright lustre of her eye;
But Phœbus' self, with all his fire,
Cou'd ne'er one unchaste thought inspire;
But virtue's path she'd still pursue,
And still, my fair, wou'd copy you.

THE DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

BALLAD VIII.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
Was ever a damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years and yet still be a maid?

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, but unmindful of me;
You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,
Yet ye stand by like dastards, and see me a maid.

Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue,
Can do what you please, or with right, or with wrong,
Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save, or demolish, can cure, or can kill,
To a poor, forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.

Ye fops, I invoke, not to list to my song,
Who answer no end—and to no sex belong;
Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade—
For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

THE FAIR RECLUSE.

BALLAD IX.

Ye ancient patriarchs of the wood,
That veil around these awful glooms,
Who many a century have stood
In verdant age, that ever blooms.

Ye Gothic tow'rs by vapours dense,
Obscur'd into severer state,
In pastoral magnificence
At once so simple and so great.

Why all your jealous shades on me,
Ye hoary elders, do ye spread?
Fair innocence shou'd still be free,
Nought shou'd be chain'd, but what we dread.

Say, must these tears for ever flow?
Can I from patience learn content,
While solitude still nurses woe,
And leaves me leisure to lament.

My guardian see!—who wards off peace,
Whose cruelty is his employ,
Who bids the tongue of transport cease
And stops each avenue to joy.

Freedom of air alone is giv'n,
To aggravate, nor sooth my grief,
To view th' immensely-distant Heav'n,
My nearest prospect of relief.

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*TO MISS * * * **

ONE OF THE CHICHESTER GRACES.

Written in Goodwood Gardens, September, 1750.

BALLAD X.

"Ye HILLS that overlook the plains,
Where wealth and Gothic greatness reigns,
Where Nature's hand by Art is check'd,
And Taste herself is architect;
Ye fallows gray, ye forests brown,
And seas that the vast prospect crown,
Ye fright the soul with Fancy's store,
Nor can she one idea more!"

I said—when dearest of her kind
(Her form, the picture of her mind)
Chloris approach'd—The landscape flew!
All nature vanish'd from my view!
She seem'd all nature to comprize,
Her lips! her beauteous breasts! her eyes!
That rous'd, and yet abash'd desire,
With liquid, languid, living fire!

But then—her voice!—how fram'd t' endear!
The music of the gods to hear!
Wit that so pierc'd, without offence,
So brac'd by the strong nerves of sense!
Pallas with Venus play'd her part,
To rob me of an honest heart;
Prudence and passion jointly strove,
And reason was th' ally of love.

Ah me! thou sweet, delicious maid,
From whence shall I solicit aid?
Hope and despair alike destroy,
One kills with grief, and one with joy.
Celestial Chloris! Nymph divine!
To save me, the dear task be thine.
Though conquest be the woman's care,
The angel's glory is to spare.

LOVELY HARRIOT.

A CRAMBO BALLAD.

BALLAD XI.

Great Phœbus in his vast career,
Who forms the self succeeding year,
Thron'd in his amber chariot;
Sees not an object half so bright,
Nor gives such joy, such life, such light,
As dear delicious Harriot.

Pedants of dull phlegmatic turns,
Whose pulse not beats, whose blood not burns,
Read Malebranche, Boyle and Marriot;
I scorn their philosophic strife,
And study nature from the life,
(Where most she shines) in Harriot.

When she admits another wooer,
I rave like Shakespeare's jealous Moor,
And am as raging Barry hot.
True, virtuous, lovely, was his dove,
But virtue, beauty, truth and love,
Are other names for Harriot.

Ye factious members who oppose,
And fire both houses with your prose,
Though never can you carry aught;
You might command the nation's sense,
And without bribery convince,
Had ye the voice of Harriot.

You of the music common weal,
Who borrow, beg, compose, or steal,
Cantata, air, or ariet;
You'd burn your cumb'rous works in score,
And sing, compose, and play no more,
If once you heard my Harriot.

Were there a wretch who dar'd essay,
Such wond'rous sweetness to betray,
I'd call him an Iscariot;
But her e'en satire can't annoy,
So strictly chaste, but kindly coy,
Is fair angelic Harriot.

While sultans, emperors, and kings,
(Mean appetite of earthly things)
In all the waste of war riot;
Love's softer duel be my aim,
Praise, honour, glory, conquest, fame,
Are center'd all in Harriot.

I swear by Hymen and the pow'rs
That haunt love's ever blushing bow'rs,
So sweet a nymph to marry ought;
Then may I hug her silken yoke,
And give the last, the final stroke,
T' accomplish lovely Harriot.

TO JENNY GRAY.

BALLAD XII.

Bring, Phœbus, from Parnassian bow'rs,
A chaplet of poetic flowers,
That far outbloom the May;
Bring verse so smooth, and thoughts so free,
And all the Muses heraldry,
To blazon Jenny Gray.

Observe yon almond's rich perfume,
Presenting Spring with early bloom,
In ruddy tints how gay!
Thus, foremost of the blushing fair,
With such a blithsome, buxom air,
Blooms lovely Jenny Gray.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
The bushes and the twigs among
That pipe the sylvan lay,
All hush'd at her delightful voice
In silent ecstacy rejoice,
And study Jenny Gray.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,
That lightly sweep the green rob'd vales,
And in each rose-bush play;
I know you all, you're arrant cheats,
And steal your more than natural sweets,
From lovely Jenny Gray.

Pomona and that goddess bright,
The florist's and the maids delight,

In vain their charms display;
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,
In richness, nor in sweetness reach
The lips of Jenny Gray.

To the sweet knot of Graces three,
Th' immortal band of bards agree,
A tuneful tax to pay;
There yet remains a matchless worth,
There yet remains a lovelier fourth,
And she 's Jenny Gray.

TO MISS KITTY BENNET,

AND

HER CAT CROP.

BALLAD XIII.

Full many a heart, that now is free,
May shortly, fair one, beat for thee,
And court thy pleasing chain;
Then prudent hear a friend's advice,
And learn to guard, by conduct nice,
The conquests you shall gain.

When Tabby Tom your Crop pursues,
How many a bite, and many a bruise
The amorous swain endures?
E'er yet one favouring glance he catch,
What frequent squalls, how many a scratch
His tenderness procures?

Tho' this, 'tis own'd, be somewhat rude,
And Puss by nature be a prude,
Yet hence you may improve,
By decent pride, and dint of sceff,
Keep caterwauling coxcombs off,
And ward th' attacks of love.

Your Crop a mousing when you see,
She teaches you economy,
Which makes the pot to boil:
And when she plays with what she gains,
She shows you pleasure springs from pains,
And mirth's the fruit of toil.

THE PRETTY BAR-KEEPER OF THE MITRE.

BALLAD XIV.

Written at College, 1741,

"Relax, sweet girl, your wearied mind,
And to hear the poet talk,
Gentlest creature of your kind,
Lay aside your sponge and chalk;
Cease, cease the bar-bell, nor refuse
To hear the jingle of the Muse.

"Hear your numerous vot'ries prayers,
Come, O come, and bring with thee
Giddy whimsies, wanton airs,
And all love's soft artillery;
Smiles and throbs, and frowns, and tears,
With all the little hopes and fears."

She heard—she came—and e'er she spoke,
Not unravish'd you might see
Her wanton eyes that wink'd the joke,
E'er her tongue could set it free.

While a forc'd blush her cheeks inflam'd,
And seem'd to say she was ashamed.

No handkerchief her bosom hid,
No tippet from our sight debars
Her heaving breasts with moles o'erspread,
Mark'd, little hemispheres, with stars;
While on them all our eyes we move,
Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

In every gesture, every air,
Th' imperfect lisp, the languid eye,
In every motion of the fair
We awkward imitators vie,
And, forming our own from her face,
Strive to look pretty as we gaze.

If e'er she sneer'd, the mimic crowd
Sneer'd too, and all their pipes laid down;
If she but stoop'd, we lowly bow'd,
And sullen if she 'gan to frown
In solemn silence sat profound—
But did she laugh!—the laugh went round.

Her snuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,
Each Johnian in responsive airs
Fed with the tickling dust his snout,
With all the politesse of bears.
Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop,
Ev'n stake-stuck Clarians strove to stoop.

The sons of culinary Kays
Smoking from the eternal treat,
Lost in ecstatic transport gaze.
As though the fair was good to eat;
Ev'n gloomiest king's men, pleas'd awhile,
"Grin horribly a ghastly smile."

But hark, she cries, "My mamma calls,"
And straight she's vanish'd from our sight;
'Twas then we saw the empty bowls,
'Twas then we first perceiv'd it night;
While all, sad synod, silent moan,
Both that she went—and went alone.

THE WIDOW'S RESOLUTION.

A CANTATA.

BALLAD XV.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, the most contented of her kind,
Remain'd in joyless widowhood resign'd:
In vain to gain her every shepherd strove.
Each passion ebb'd, but grief, which drowned love.

AIR.

"Away," she cry'd, "ye swains, be mute,
Nor with your odious fruitless suit
My loyal thoughts controul;
My grief on resolution's rock
Is built, nor can temptation shock
The purpose of my soul.

"Though blithe content with jocund air,
May balance comfort against care,
And make me life sustain;
Yet ev'ry joy has wing'd its flight,
Except that pensive dear delight
That takes it's rise from pain."

EPIGRAMS.

RECITATIVE.

She said:—A youth approach'd of manly grace,
A son of Mars, and of th' Hibernian race:—
In flow'ry rhetoric he no time employ'd,
He came—he woo'd—he wedded and enjoy'd.

AIR.

Dido thus of old protested,
Ne'er to know a second flame,
But alas! she found she jested,
When the stately Trojan came.

Nature a disguise may borrow,
Yet this maxim true will prove,
Spite of pride, and spite of sorrow,
She that has an heart must love.

What on Earth is so enchanting
As beauty weeping on her weeds!
Through flowing eyes, on bosom panting
What a rapturous ray proceeds?

Since from death there's no returning,
When th' old lover bids adieu,
All the pomp and farce of mourning
Are but signals for a new.

EPISTLE TO MRS. TYLER.

It ever was allow'd, dear madam,
Ev'n from the days of father Adam,
Of all perfection flesh is heir to,
Fair patience is the gentlest virtue;
This is a truth our grandames teach,
Our poets sing, and parsons preach;
Yet after all, dear Moll, the fact is
We seldom put it into practice;
I'll warrant (if one knew the truth)
You've call'd me many an idle youth,
And styled me rude ungrateful bear,
Enough to make a parson swear.

I shall not make a long oration
In order for my vindication,
For what the plague can I say more
Than lazy dogs have done before;
Such stuff is nought but mere tautology,
And so take that for my apology.

First then for custards, my dear Mary,
The produce of your dainty dairy,
For stew'd, for bak'd, for boil'd, for roast,
And all the teas and all the toast;
With thankful tongue and bowing attitude,
I here present you with my gratitude:
Next for your apples, pears and plumbs
Acknowledgment in order comes;
For wine, for ale, for fowl, for fish—for
Ev'n all one's appetite can wish for:
But O ye pens, and O ye pencils,
And all ye scribbling utensils,
Say in what words and in what metre,
Shall unfeign'd admiration greet her,
For that rich banquet so refin'd
Her conversation gave the mind;
The solid meal of sense and worth,
Set off by the desert of mirth;
Wit's fruit and pleasure's genial bowl,
And all the joyous flow of soul;
For these, and every kind ingredient
That form'd your love—your most obedient.

TO THE REV. MR. POWELL,

ON THE NON-PERFORMANCE OF A PROMISE HE MADE THE AUTHOR OF A HARE.

Friend, with regard to this same hare,
Am I to hope, or to despair?
By punctual post the letter came,
With P***ll's hand, and P***ll's name:
Yet there appear'd, for love or money,
Nor hare, nor leveret, nor coney.
Say, my dear Morgan, has my lord,
Like other great ones kept his word?
Or have you been deceiv'd by 'squire?
Or has your poacher lost his wire?
Or in some unpropitious hole,
Instead of puss, trepann'd a mole?
Thou valiant son of great Cadwallader,
Hast thou a hare, or hast thou swallow'd her?
But, now, methinks, I hear you say,
(And shake your head) "Ah, well-a-day!
Painful pre-em'nence to be wise,
We wits have such short memories.
Oh, that the act was not in force!
A horse!—my kingdom for a horse!
To love—yet be deny'd the sport!
Oh! for a friend or two at court!
God knows, there's scarce a man of quality
In all our peerless principality—"
But hold—for on his country joking,
To a warm Welchman's most provoking.
As for poor puss, upon my honour,
I never set my heart upon her.
But any gift from friend to friend,
Is pleasing in it's aim and end.
I, like the cock, wou'd spurn a jewel,
Sent by th' unkind, th' unjust, and cruel.
But honest P***ll!—Sure from him
A barley-corn wou'd be a gem.
Pleas'd therefore had I been, and proud,
And prais'd thy generous heart aloud;
If 'stead of hare (but do not blab it)
You'd send me only a *Welch-rabbit.*

THE SICK MONKEY.

EPIGRAM I.

A lady sent lately for one doctor Drug,
To come in an instant, and clyster poor Pug—
As the fair one commanded he came at the word,
And did the grand office in tie-wig and sword.
The affair being ended, so sweet and so nice!
He held out his hand with "You—know, ma'am, [your brother,
my price." [the lady—"Why, Sir, he's
"Your price," says
And doctors must never take fees of each other."

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

EPIGRAM II.

When Phœbus was am'rous, and long'd to be rude, [wood,
Miss Daphne cry'd pish! and ran swift to the
And rather than do such a naughty affair,
She became a fine laurel to deck the god's hair.

The nymph was be sure of a cold constitution,
To be turn'd to a tree was a strange resolution;
But in this she resembled a true modern spouse,
For she fled from his arms to distinguish his brows.

THE MISER AND THE MOUSE.

EPIGRAM III.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

To a Mouse says a Miser, "My dear Mr. Mouse, [house?"
Pray what may you please for to want in my
Says the Mouse, "Mr. Miser, pray keep yourself quiet, [diet:
You are safe in your person, your purse, and your
A lodging I want, which ev'n you may afford,
But none wou'd come here to beg, borrow, or board."

EPIGRAM IV.

ON A WOMAN WHO WAS SINGING BALLADS FOR MONEY TO BURY HER HUSBAND.

For her husband deceas'd, Sally chants the sweet lay,
Why, faith, this is singular sorrow; [day,
But (I doubt) since she sings for a dead man to
She'll cry for a live one to morrow.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL OF DARLINGTON,

ON HIS BEING APPOINTED PAYMASTER OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

The royal hand, my lord, shall raise
To nobler heights thy name;
Who praises thee shall meet with praise,
Ennobled in thy fame.

SMART'S ODE.

What the prophetic Muse foretold is true.
And royal justice gives to worth it's due;
The Roman spirit now breathes forth again,
And Virtue's temple leads to Honour's fane;
But not alone to thee this grant extends,
Nor in thy rise great Brunswick's goodness ends:
Whoe'er has known thy hospitable dome,
Where each glad guest still finds himself at home;
Whoe'er has seen the numerous poor that wait
To bless thy bounty at the expanded gate;
Whoe'er has seen thee general joy impart,
And smile away chagrin from every heart,
All these are happy—pleasure reigns confest,
And thy prosperity makes thousands blest.

ON THE DEATH OF

MASTER NEWBERY.

AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS.

Henceforth be every tender tear suppress,
Or let us weep for joy, that he is blest;
From grief to bliss, from Earth to Heav'n remov'd,
His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd:
That heart o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r;
That disposition sickness could not sour;
That sense so oft to riper years denied,
That patience heroes might have own'd with pride.
His painful race undauntedly he ran,
And in the eleventh winter died a man.

EPITAPH ON THE

REV. MR. REYNOLDS.

AT ST. PETER'S IN THE ISLE OF THANET.

Was rhetoric on the lips of sorrow hung,
Or cou'd affliction lend the heart a tongue,
Then should my soul, in noble anguish free,
Do glorious justice to herself and thee.
But ah! when loaded with a weight of woe,
Ev'n nature, blessed nature is our foe.
When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,
For sad mortality is all our own.
Yet but a word: as lowly as he lies,
He spurns all empires and asserts the skies.
Blush, power! he had no interest here below;
Blush, malice! that he dy'd without a foe;
The universal friend, so form'd to engage,
Was far too precious for this world and age.
Years were deny'd, for (such his worth and truth)
Kind Heaven has call'd him to eternal youth.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. T. B.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

Written in his Garden, July, 1752.

Free from the proud, the pompous, and the vain,
How simply neat, and elegantly plain
Thy rural villa lifts its modest head,
Where fair convenience reigns in fashion's stead;
Where sober plenty does its bliss impart,
And glads thine hospitable, honest heart.
Mirth without vice, and rapture without noise,
And all the decent, all the manly joys!
Beneath a shadowy bow'r, the summer's pride,
Thy darling Tullia[1] sitting by thy side;
Where light and shade in varied scenes display
A contrast sweet, like friendly yea and nay.
My hand, the secretary of my mind,
Leaves thee these lines upon the poplar's rind.

ON SEEING THE PICTURE OF

MISS R——G——N.

DRAWN BY MR. VARELST, OF THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

Shall candid Prior[2], in immortal lays,
Thy ancestor with generous ardour praise;
Who, with his pencil's animating pow'r,
In liveliest dies immortalized a flow'r,

[1] His daughter.
[2] See Verses on a Flower painted by Varelst.

And shall no just, impartial bard be found,
Thy more exalted merits to resound?
Who giv'st to beauty a perpetual bloom,
And lively grace, which age shall not consume;
Who mak'st the speaking eyes with meaning roll,
And paint'st at once the body and the soul.

AN INVITATION TO MRS. TYLER,

A CLERGYMAN'S LADY, TO DINE UPON A COUPLE OF DUCKS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE AUTHOR'S WEDDING-DAY.

Had I the pen of sir John Suckling,
And could find out a rhyme for duckling,
Why, dearest madam, in that case,
I would invite you to a brace.
Haste, gentle shepherdess[1], away,
To morrow is the gaudy day,
That day, when to my longing arms,
Nancy resign'd her golden charms,
And set my am'rous inclination
Upon the bus'ness of the nation.
Industrious Moll[2], with many a pluck,
Unwings the plumage of each duck;
And as she sits a brooding o'er,
You'd think she'd hatch a couple more.
Come, all ye Muses, come and sing,—
Shall we then roast them on a string?
Or shall we make our dirty jilt run,
To beg a roast of Mrs. Bilton[3]?
But to delight you more with these,
We shall provide a dish of pease:
On ducks alone we'll not regale you,
We'll wine, we'll punch you, and we'll ale you.
To morrow is the gaudy day,
Haste, gentle shepherdess, away.

TO MISS S—— P——E.

Fair partner of my Nancy's heart,
Who feel'st, like me, love's poignant dart;
Who at a frown can'st pant for pain,
And at a smile revive again;
Who doat'st to that severe degree,
You're jealous, e'en of constancy;
Born hopes and fears and doubts to prove,
And each vicissitude of love!
To this my humble suit attend,
And be my advocate and friend,
So may just Heav'n your goodness bless;
Successful ev'n in my success!
Oft at the silent hour of night,
When bold intrusion wings her flight,
My fair, from care and bus'ness free,
Unbosoms all her soul to thee,
Each hope with which her bosom heaves,
Each tender wish her heart receives
To thee are intimately known,
And all her thoughts become thy own:
Then take the blessed blissful hour,
To try love's sweet infectious pow'r;
And let your sister souls conspire
In love's, as friendship's calmer fire.
So may thy transport equal mine,
Nay—every joy be doubly thine!
So may the youth, whom you prefer,
Be all I wish to be to her.

[1] As every good parson is the shepherd of his flock, his wife is a shepherdess of course.
[2] The maid.
[3] The landlady of the public house.

Disertissime Romuli Nepotum,
Quot sunt, quotque fuêre, Marce Tulli,
Et quot pòst aliis erunt in annis,
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus,
Agit pessimus omnium Poeta;—
Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

IMITATED

AFTER DINING WITH MR. MURRAY.

O thou, of British orators the chief
That were, or are in being, or belief;
All eminence and goodness as thou art,
Accept the gratitude of Poet *Smart*,—
The meanest of the tuneful train as far,
As thou transcend'st the brightest at the bar.

INSCRIPTIONS ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

On one End.

Partem aliquam, O venti, divûm referatis ad aures.

On one Side.

Salve, quæ fingis proprio modulamine carmen,
Salve, Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!
Dulcè O divinùmque sonas sine pollicis ictu,
Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops!
Talia, quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,
Talia sunt faciles quæ modulantur aves.

On the other Side.

Hail, heav'nly harp, where Memnon's skill is shown,
That charm'st the ear with music all thine own!
Which, though untouch'd, can'st rapt'rous strains impart.
O rich of genuine nature, free from art!
Such the wild warblings of the sylvan throng,
So simply sweet the untaught virgin's song,

On the other End.

Christophorus Smart Henrico Bell Armigero.

AN EPIGRAM BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

De Tyndaro.

Non minimo insignem naso dum forte puellam
Basiat, en! voluit Tyndarus esse dicax.

Frustra, ait, ergo tuis mea profero labra labellis,
Nostra procul nasus destinet ora tuus.
Protinus erubuit, tacitaque excanduit irâ,
Nempe parum salso tacta puella sale.
Nasus ab ore meus tua si tenet oscula, dixit,
Quà nasus non est, hâc dare parte potes.

THE LONG NOSED FAIR.

Once on a time I fair Dorinda kiss'd,
Whose nose was too distinguish'd to be miss'd;
"My dear," says I, "I fain would kiss you closer,
But tho' your lips say aye—your nose says, no, sir."—
The maid was equally to fun inclin'd,
And plac'd her lovely lily-hand behind; [kiss,
"Here, swain," she cry'd, "may'st thou securely
Where there's no nose to interrupt thy bliss.

FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

TRANSLATED INTO LATIN, IN THE MANNER OF MR. BOURNE.

Cum primùm ante oculos, viridi lasciva juventâ,
Non temere attonitos Fannia pulchra stetit,
Ut mihi se gratus calor insinuavit in ossa
Miranti speciem, virgineumque decus! [non?
Dum partes meditor varias, & amabile—quid
Instrandique acies magna libido capit;
Prodigus & laudum dum formam ad sidera tollo,
Subdolus en! furtim labitur intus amor.

Idalii pueri, Venerisque exercitus omnis
Exornat multo lumina fœta dolo;
Hic currus, hic tela jacent, hic arcus Amoris,
Cypri posthabitis hic manet ipse jugis.
Nativis gena pulchra rosis vestita superbit,
Invalidam artificis spernere nata manum;
Non tantas jactat veneres suavissimus horti
Incola, quando novis spirat amoma comis.

Concinnis membris patet immortalis origo,
Illa Jovis monstrant quid potuêre manus;
Reginamque Cnidi, formosam Cyprida, reddit,
Quicunque egregio ludit in ore decor!
Quanta mihi nervos, heu, quanta est flamma me-
Pectoris ut rideo luxuriantis ebur— [dullas,
Pectoris eximiæ nymphæ—jam duleè tumentis
Jam subsidentis—sed cupit ante premi.

Circumdat mediam cestus (mihi credite) nymp-
Insignis cestus, quem dedit ipsa Venus: [ham
Dulce satellitium circa illam ludit amorum,
Atque hilares ducit turba jocosa choros.
Felix ante homines istius cingula zonæ
Qui sphas, felix, quisquis es, ante Deos!
Cunctes, tanta omnes, nisi me, contingere posse
Gaudia, vosque Dii, tuque puella neges.

When Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Pleas'd with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming checks are dy'd
With colour all her own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love.
What flames my nerves invade
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise suing to be prest!

Venus round Fanny's waist
Has her own cestus bound,
There guardian Cupids grace,
And dance the circle round.
How happy may he be,
Who shall her zone unloose!
That bliss to all but me,
May Heav'n and she refuse.

HORACE. ODE IV.

Ad Xanthiam Phoceum.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu; prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movet Achillem:

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ:
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine rapta:

Barbaræ postquam cecidêre turmæ
Thessalo victore, & ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes.
Regium certè genus & penates
Mœret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe dilectam; neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

Brachia, & vultum, teretesque suras
Integer laudo. Fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.

THE PRETTY CHAMBERMAID.

In Imitation of the above ode of Horace.

Collin, oh! cease thy friend to blame,
Who entertains a servile flame.
Chide not: bel eve me, 'tis no more
Than great Achilles did before,

Who nobler, prouder far than he is,
Ador'd his chambermaid Briseis.

The thund'ring Ajax Venus lays
In love's inextricable maze.
His slave Tecmessa makes him yield,
Now mistress of the sevenfold shield.
Atrides with his captive play'd,
Who always shar'd the bed she made.

'Twas at the ten years siege, when all
The Trojans fell in Hector's fall,
When Helen rul'd the day and night,
And made them love and made them fight;
Each hero kiss'd his maid, and why,
Though I'm no hero, may not I?

Who knows? Polly perhaps may be
A piece of ruin'd royalty.
She has (I cannot doubt it) been
The daughter of some mighty queen;
But fate's irremeable doom
Has chang'd her sceptre for a broom.

Ah! cease to think it—how can she,
So generous, charming, fond, and free,
So lib'ral of her little store,
So heedless of amassing more,
Have one drop of plebeian blood
In all the circulating flood?

But you, by carping at my fire,
Do but betray your own desire—
Howe'er proceed—made tame by years,
You'll raise in me no jealous fears.
You've not one spark of love alive,
For, thanks to Heav'n, you're forty-five.

CHRISTOPHORUS SMART

SAMUELI SAUNDERS, Col. Regal. S. P. D.

Phœbus & Liber, charitesque mecum
Nocte cœnabunt (ita spondet Hermes)
Nostra sed prorsus, nisi te magistro,
Poc'la recusant.

Attici dives venias leporis,
Non sine assueto venias cachinno, et
Blanda pinguedo explicitâ renidens
Fronte jocetur.

Georgium expecto, Salis architectum,
Duplicis vafrum satis, æmulosque
Spero vos inter fore nunc, ut olim,
Nobile bellum.

Dumque lucubrata per omne longi
Frigoris sæclum pueros tenellos
Alma nox pictas videt otiosos
Volvere chartas.

Proh pudor! devota lucro juventus
(Ut puellarum numerus senumque)
Pallet insomnis repetita duri
Jurgia ludi.

Sperne (nam multæ cerebrum Minervæ
Est tibi) nugas age quæstuosas,
Arduas, vanas, & amara curæ
Elue mecum.

Jam riget tellus hyemantque menses,
Vestra sed laurus vireat, tuisque
In genis dulcis rosa sanitatis
Sera moretur.

Aul. Pemb. Cantab, Cal. Jan.

THE FAMOUS GENERAL EPITAPH

FROM DEMOSTHENES.

These for their country's cause were sheath'd in arms
And all base imputations dare despise;
And nobly struck with glory's dreadful charms
Made death their aim, eternity their prize.
For never could their mighty spirits yield,
To see themselves and country-men in chains;
And Earth's kind bosom hides them in the field
Of battle, so the Will Supreme ordains;
To conquer chance and errour's not reveal'd,
For mortals sure mortality remains.

Οἵδε πάτρας ἕνεκα σφετέρας εἰς δῆρίν ἔθεντο
Οπλα καὶ ἀντιπάλων ὕβριν απεσκέδασαν;
Μαρνάμενος δ' ἀρετῆς καὶ δείματος, ουκ ἐσάωσαν
Ψυκὰς ἀλλ' ἀΐδην κοινον ἔθεντο βράβην
Δουλοσύνης στυγεράν ἀμφὶς ἔχωσιν ὕβριν
Οὕνεκεν Ελλήνων ως μὴ ζυλὸν αυχένι Θεντες,
Γαῖα δὲ πατρὶς ἔχει κόλποις σῶν πλεῖστα καμόντων
Σώματ' ἐπεὶ Θνητοῖς εκ Διὸς ἠδε κρίσις
Μηδὲν αμαρτεῖν ἐστι Θεων και πάντα κατορθοῦν;
Ε'ν βιοτῇ μοῖραν δ' ὄυτι φυγεῖν επορεν.

CARMEN IN S. CÆCILIAM.

Descende cœlo, spiritu quæ melleo
Imples, Camœna, tibias;
Descende, pulsas quæ lyram volucri manu,
Nervumque sopitum excita:
Discat fundere suaviter severas
Testudo numerosa cantilenas:
Cava classica clangoribus auras
Repleant, resonent tremebundarum
Laquearia convulsa domorum:
Inque vicem lentâ gravia organa majestate
Spirent, augusteque sonore inflata tumescant.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain,
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Ut clarè, ut placidi molliter auribus
Se furtim bibulis insinuant modi!
Mox tollunt violentum altiùs altiùs
Auditum Superis sonum!
Jamque exultantes numeri atque audacia turgent
Carmina, jam tremulus fractis fluitat furor auris;
Donec minutatim remota,
Jam liquefacta,
Jam moritura,
Murmura languent,
Murmura dulci
Leniter attenuata casu.

Æquas ut servat moderatrix Musica mentes!
Ut premit, aut laxat mollibus imperiis!
Seu gaudiorum turbida pectora
Tumultuosis fluctibus æstuant,
Tranquillat; urget seu malòrum
Pondus, humo levat Illa voce.
Gestit bellantes animoso accendere cantu;
Blandaque amatori medicamina sufficit ægro:
Languens ecce! caput Mœstitia erigit,
Morpheus molliculis prosilit e toris,
Ulnas implicitas pandit Inertia,
Audit deciduis Invidia anguibus:
Intestina animi cessant bella; applicat aures
Seditio, nec præcipites reminiscitur iras.

Ast ubi dulcis amor patriæ pia mittit in arma,
O! quanto accendunt mavortia tympana pulsu!
Sic, cum prima viam navis tentaret inausam,
Thrax cecinit, puppique lyram tractavit in altâ,
Dum vidit Argo Pelion arduum
Pinus sorores deserere impigras,
Et turba circumfusa muto
Semideûm stupuere plausu:
Incedit heros; quisquis audiit sonum,
Amore flagrans gloriæ;
Dum seminudum quisque rapit manu
Ensem, et coruscat multiplicem ægida:
Ad arma sylvæ, ad arma montes,
Terra, mare, astra sonant ad arma!

Sed, cum per orci limites cavernosi,
Amplexibus quos igneis obit fumans
Phlegethon, poetam, Morte non minus pollens,
Adire jussit pallidos Amor manes
Quæ miracl'a sonorum!
Quæ feralia monstra videri,
Diras per oras dissita!
Horrida fulgura,
Vox penetrabilis
Sæva querentium,
Et picei ignis
Triste crepusculum,
Dici ululatus,
Et gemitûs gravis
Mœsta profunditas, [tus.
Dumque luunt pœnas animæ, tremuli singul-
Sed audin'! audin'! auream ferit chelyn,
Miserisque fecit otium:
En! tenue ut patulis auribus agmen adest!
Quiescit ingens Sisyphi saxum, et suæ
Acclinis Ixion rotæ,
Atque leves meunt pallida spectra choros!
Ferratis sua membra toris collapsa reclinant
Oblitæ irarum Eumenides, et lurica circum
Colla auscultantes sese expliciuere colubri!

Per fluentorum vada, quæ perenni
Rore delibant sinuosa ripas;

Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a *dying, dying fall.*

By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes:
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on his stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with lory's charms;
Each chief his sev'n-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade,
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all the infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow

Per levem, siqua Elysii vireta
Ventilat aura;
Per beatorum genios colentes
Arva quà passim asphodelis renidet,
Gramen auratis, amaranthinæve umbracula frondis;
Per duces, si quis dubiam per umbram
Splendidis latè loca lustrat armis;
Myrteæ et quisquis querulus vagatur
Incola sylvæ; [sam,
Reddite (vos rapuistis enim) mihi reddite spon-
Obtestor, parilive adjungite me quoque fato!
Canit, canenti Dis ferus annuit,
Ceditque blandarum harmoniæ precum,
Et victa mansuescunt severæ
Persephones sine more corda.
Io Triumphe! Mors et Orcus Orpheo
Lætantur domitore domari,
Vatemque mirâ insigniunt victoriâ!
Fata obstant—novies Styx circumfusa coercet—
Nequicquam—vincit Musica, vincit Amor.

Sed nimiùm, heu! nimiùm impatiens respexit amator:
Ah! cecidit, cecidit, subitoque elapsa refugit!
Quâ prece jam surdas flectes, temerarie, Parcas?
At tu, si crimen, crimen amantis habes.
Nunc pendulis sub antris,
Jugesve propter undas,
Ubi callibus reductis
Temerè vagatur Hebrus,
Heu! solus, neque
Auditus, neque
Cognitus ulli,
Fletus integrat,
Teque gemens vocat, Eurydice,
Perdita, perdita,
Heu! omne in ævum perdita!
Nunc totum Eumenides exagitant, jugis
En! canæ Rhodopes in gelidis tremit, [omnem.
Ardescens tremit, insanit, spemque abjicit
Ecce! per avia lustra furens fugit ocyor Eure;
Evœ! perstrepit, audin', ut Hæmus, et ingemit
— Ah! perit!— [evœ!—
Eurydicen tamen extremâ cum voce profundit,
Eurydicen tremulo murmure lingua canit,
Eurydicen nemus,
Eurydicen aquæ,
Eurydicen montes, gemebundaque saxa retorquent.

Luctus Musica temperat feroces,
Et fati levat ingruentis ictus:
Dulcis musica mollitèr dolorem
Mutat lætitia; sonante plectro
Spes aversa redit, Furor recumbit:
Nobis illa eadem breves adauget
Terra deficias, opesque cœli
Præsentire docet remotiores.
Hinc solum cecinit Numen, memor, unde beatam
Ceperat harmoniam et modulamina, non sua, Vir-
Organa plena choris ubi magnifico concentu [gò.
Miscentur, aurem ætherei inclinant incolæ;
Terréstres animæ tolluntur in astra tumenti
Carmine, divinoque alitur sacra flamma furore;
Dum prona Cœlo pendet angelûm cohors.
Orpheûm jam taceant Pierides suum,
Major Cæciliæ vis datur inclytæ.
Ille vix umbram revocavit Orco;
Illa sublatas super astra mentes
Inserit Cœlo, superisque miscet
Carmine Divis.

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs,
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs,
By the heroes armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented
And gave him back the fair.
Thus Song cou'd prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows
Amidst Rhodope's snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—
— Ah! see he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from Heav'n to hear,
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heav'n.

A LATIN VERSION

OF

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.

Χρυσεα χαλκειων, ἑκατόμβοι ἐννεαβοιων. HOM.

PROCUL hinc, O procul esto informis Ægrimonia,
Quam janitori Obscuritas nigerrima
Suscepit olim Cerbero,
Desertam in cavêâ Stygis profundâ,
Horribiles inter formas, visusque profanos,
Obscœnosque ululatus,
Incultam licet invenire sedem,
Nox ubi parturiens
Zelotypis furtim nidò superincubat alis
Queriturque tristis noctua,
Sub densis illic ebenis scopulisque cavatis,
Vestri rugosis more supercilii,
Æternùm maneas Cimmeriâ in domo.

Sed huc propinquet comis et pulcherrima,
Quæ nympha divis audit Euphrosyne choris,
Patiens tamen vocatur à mortalibus
Medicina cordis hilaritas, quam candida
Venus duabus insuper cum Gratiis
Dias Lyæo patri in auras edidit:
Sive ille ventus (cæteri ut Mystæ canunt)
Jocundus aurâ qui ver implet melleâ.
Zephyrus puellam amplexus est Tithoniam
Quondam calendis feriatam Maiis,
Tunc pallidis genuit super violariis,
Super et rosarum roscidâ lanugine,
Alacrem, beatam, vividamque filiam.
Agedum puella, quin pari vadant gradu
Jocus et Juventas, Scommata et Protervitas,
Dolusque duplex, nutus et nictatio,
Tenuisque risus huc et huc contortilis;
Qualis venust pendent Hebes in genâ,
Amatque jungi lævibus gelasinis;
Curæ sequatur Ludus infestus nigræ, et
Laterum Cachinnus pinguium frustra tenax.
Agite caterva ludat exultim levis,
Pedesque dulcis sublevet lascivia;
Dextrumque claudit alma Libertas latus,
Oreadum palantium suavissima;
Et, si tuis honoribus non defui,
Me scribe vestræ, læta Virgo, familiæ,
Ut illius simul et tui consortio
Liberrimâ juvenemur innocentiâ;
Ut cum volatus auspicatur concitos;
Stupidamque alauda voce noctem territat;
Levata cœlestem in phaton diluculò,
Priùsque gilvum quam rubet crepusculum.
Tunc ad fenestras (anxii nolint, velint)
Diem precemur prosperam vicinæ,
Caput exerentes e rosis sylvestribus,
Seu vite, sive flexili cynosbato.
Dum Martius clamore Gallus vivido
Tenuem lacessit in fugâ caliginem,
Graditurve farris ad struem, vel horreum,
Dominæ præeuns, graduque grandi glorians.
Sæpe audiamus ut canes et cornua
Sonore læto mane sopitum cient,
Dum quâ præciti clivus albescit jugi,
Docilis canora reddit Echo murmura.
Mox, teste multo, quâ virent colles, vager,
Ulmosque sepes ordinatas implicat,
Eoa stans apricus ante limina,
Ubi sol coruscum magnus instaurat diem

HENCE, loathed Melancho'ly,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blith, and debonaire;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides;
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid goodmorrow,
Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin;
And to the stack or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometimes walking not unseen
By edge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,

Vestitus igni, lucidoque succino,
Inter micantûm mille formas nubium.
Vicinus agrum dum colonus transmeat,
Atque æmulatur ore fistulam rudi,
Muktramque portat cantitans puellula,
Falcique cotem messor aptat stridulæ,
Suamque pastor quisque garrit fabulam,
Reclinis in convallè, subter arbuto.
Mox illecebras oculus arripuit novas,
Dum longus undiquaque prospectus patet,
Canum novale, et fusca saltûs æquora,
Quà pecora gramen demetunt vagantia;
Sublimium sterilia terga montium,
Qui ponderosa sæpe torquent nubila,
Maculosa vernis prata passim bellibus,
Amnes vadosi, et latiora flumina. [est
Pinnasque murorum, atque turres cernere
Cristata circùm quas coronant robora,
Ubi forte quædam nympha fallit, cui decor
Viciniam (cynosura tanquam) illuminat.
Juxta duarum subter umbrâ quercuum,
Culmis opertâ fumus emicat casa,
Quà jam vocati Thyrsis et Corydon sedent,
Famemque odoro compriment convivio,
Herbis, cibisque rusticis, nitidissimâ
Quæ sufficit succincta Phillis dexterâ:
Mox Thestyli morem gerens jacentia
Aurcis catenis cogit in sasces sata:
Vernisve in floris, sole testum virgines
Fænum recenti pellicit fragrantiâ;
Est et serenis quando fœta gaudiis
Excelsiora perplacent magalia;
Utcunque juxta flumen in numerum sonant
Campanæ, et icta dulcè barbitos strepit,
Dum multa nympha, multa pubes duritèr
Pellunt tremontes ad canorem cespites
Dubias per umbras: qua labore liberi
Juvenesque ludunt, et senes promiscui,
Melius nitente sole propter ferias:
Jam quando vesperascit, omnes allicit
Auro liquenti Bacchus hordiaceus,
Phyllisque narrat fabulosa facinora,
Lamia ut paratas Mabba consumpsit dapes,
Se vapulasse, et essa pressam ab Incubo,
Fatoeque tritâ ab igne seductam viâ;
Ut et laborem subiit Idolon gravem,
Floremque lactis meritus est stipendium;
Unius (inquit) ante noctis exitum
Tot grana frugis fuste trivit veneficus,
Quot expedire rustici nequeunt decem,
Quo jam peracto plumbeum monstrum cu-
Focumque totum latere longo metiens [bat,
Crinita membra fessus igne recreat;
Dein, priusquam gallus, evocat diem,
Tandem satur phantasma sese proripit.
Sic absolutis fabulis ineunt toros,
Atque ad susurros dormiunt favonii.
Turrita deinde perplacebunt oppida,
Et gentis occupatæ mixta murmura,
Equitumque turba, nobilesque spendidi,
Qui pacis ipsâ vel triumphant in togâ,
Nurusque, quarum lumen impetus viris
Jaculatur acres, præmiumque destinat
Marti aut Minervæ, quorum uterque nititur
Nymphæ probari, quæ probatur omnibus:
Hymenæus illic sæpe prætendat facem
Clarissimam, croceumque velamen trahat,
Spectac'la, mimi, pompa, commissatio,
Veterumque ritu nocte sint convivia,

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Tow'rs and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'rs she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead;
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid;
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she sed,
And by the friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the c rn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumph hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;

Talesque visus, quos vident in somniis
Juvenes poetæ, dum celebris rivuli
Securi ad oram vespere æstivo jacent.
Tunc ad theatra demigrem frequentia
Jonsone, si tu, docte soccum proferas;
Sive Ille [1] musæ filius fundat sonos,
Quam dulcè, quam felicitèr, temerarios!
Curæque carmen semper antidotos modis
Mentem relaxet involutam Lydiis;
Oh! sim perenni emancipatus carmini,
Quod tentet usque ad intimum cor emicans,
Auresque gratis detinens ambagibus
Pedibus legatis suaviter nectat moras,
Dum liquida vox, labyrinthus ut, deflectitur
Dolo perita et negligenti industriâ,
Variàque cæcos arte nodos explicat,
Animam latentem qui coercent musices;
Adeo ut quiete expergefactus aureâ
Toros relinquat ipse Thrax amaranthinos,
Medioque tales captet Elysio sonos,
Quales avaram suadeant Proserpinam
Nullâ obligatam lege sponsam reddere.
His si redundes gaudiis, prudentis est,
Lætitia, tecum velle vitam degere.

[1] Shakespeare.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tye
The hidden soul of harmony:
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

Unde labor novus hic menti? Quæ cura quietam
Sollicitat, rapiensque extra confinia terræ,
Cœlestes sine more jubet volitare per ignes?
Scilicet impatiens angusto hoc orbe teneri,
Fontinelle, tuos audax imitarier ausus
Gestio, & insolitas spirant præcordia flammas.

Fallor, an ipse venit! Delapsus ab æthere summo
Pegason urget eques, laterique flagellifer instat:
Me vocat; & duris desiste laboribus, inquit,
"Me duce, carpe viam facilem, tibi singula clarè
Expediam, tibi cernere erit, quos sidera nôrunt,
Indigenas cultusque virûm, moresque docebo."
Nec mora, pennipedem conscendo jussus, ovansque
(Quanquam animus secum volvens exempla prio-
Bellerophonteæ pallet dispendia famæ) [rum
Post equitem sedeo, liquidumque per aëra labor.
—Mercurium petimus primum: dux talibus insit;
"Aspicias vanæ malesana negotia gentis,
Quam mens destituit Titane exust propinquo.
Stramineis viden'? Hic velatus tempora sertis
Emicat, & solos reges crepat atque tetrarchas.
Ille suam carbone Chloen depingit amator
Infelix, ægram rudia indigestaque mentem
Carmina demulcent, indoctaque tibia musas.
En! sedet incomptus crines barbataque menta

A VOYAGE TO THE PLANETS.

Translated by the Rev. Mr. Fawkes, A. M.

Say, what uncommon cares disturb my rest,
And kindle raptures foreign to my breast?
From Earth's low confines lift my mind on high,
To trace new worlds revolving in the sky?
Yes—I'm impatient of this orb of clay;
And boldly dare to meditate my way,
Where Fontinelle first saw the planets roll,
And all the God tumultuous shakes my soul.
'Tis he! He comes! and thro' the sun-bright skies
Drives foaming Pegasus, and thus he cries:
"Cease, cease, dear youth, too studiously em-
And wing with me the unresisting void; [ploy'd,
'Tis thine with me round other worlds to soar,
And visit kingdoms never known before:
While I succinctly show each various race,
The manners and the genius of the place."
I (tho' my mind with lively horrour fraught,
Thinks on Bellerophon, and shudders at the thought)
Mount quick the winged steed: he springs, he flies,
Shoots thro' the yielding air, and cleaves the li-quid skies!
—First, swift Cyllenius, circling round the Sun,
We reach, when thus my friendly guide begun:
"Mark well the genius of this fiery place,
The wild amusements of the brain-sick race,
Whose minds the beams of Titan, too intense,
Affect with frenzy, and distract the sense.
A monarch here gives subject princes law,
A mighty monarch, with a crown of straw.
There sits a lover, sad in pensive air,
And like the dismal image of despair,
With charcoal paints his Chloe heav'nly fair.
In sadly-soothing strain rude notes he sings,
And strikes harsh numbers from the jarring strings.

Astrologus, nova qui venatur sidera, solus
Semper in obscuro penetrali; multaque muros
Linea nigrantes, & multa triangula pingunt.
Ecce! sed interea curru flamante propinquat
Titan—Clamo, O me! gelidâ sub rupe, sub umbrâ
Siste precor: tantos nequeo perferre calores."

Pegason inde tuo genius felicior astro
Appulit, alma Venus. Spirant quam molliter auræ!
Ridet ager, frugum facilis, lascivaque florum
Nutrix; non Euri ruit hic per dulcia Tempe
Vis fera, non Boreæ; sed blandior aura Favoni,
Lenis agens tremulo nutantes vertice sylvas,
Usque fovet teneros, quos usque rescuscitat, ignes.
Hic lætis animata sonis Saltatio vivit:
Hic jam voce ciet, cantum, jam pectine, dulces
Musica docta modos: pulchræ longo ordine nymphæ
Festivas ducunt choreas, dilecta juventus
Certatim stipant comites: latè halat amomo
Omne nemus, varioque æterni veris odore:
Cura procul: circumvolitant risusque jocique:
Atque amor est, quodcunque vides. Venus ipsa volentes
Imperio regit indigenas, hic innuba Phœbe,
Innuba Pallas amet, cupiant servire Catones.

Jamque datum molimur iter, sedesque beatas
Multa gemens linquo; & lugubre rubentia Martis
Arva, ubi sanguineæ dominantur in omnia rixæ,
Advehimur, ferro riget horrida turba, geritque
Spiculaque, gladiosque, ferosque in bella dolones.
Pro choreâ, and dulci modulamine, Pyrrhicus illis
Saltus, & horribiles placet ære ciere sonores.
Hic conjux viduata viro longo effera luctu
Flet noctem, solumque torum sterilesque Hymenæos
Deplorans, lacerat crines, & pectora plangit:
Nequiquam—sponsus ni fortè appareat, hospes
Heu! brevis, in somnis, & ludicra fallat imago.
Immemor ille tori interea ruit acer in hostem:
Horrendum strepit armorum fragor undique campis;
Atque immortales durant in sæcula pugnæ.

Hinc Jovis immensum delati accedimus orbem.
Illic mille locis exercet sæva tyrannus
Imperia in totidem servos, totidemque rebelles:
Sed brevis exercet: parat illi fata veneno
Perjurus, populosque premit novus ipse tyrannus.
Hi decies pacem figunt pretio atque refigunt:
Tum demum arma parant; longe lateque cohortes
Extenduntur agris; simul æquora tota teguntur
Classibus, & ficti celebrantur utrinque triumphi.
Fœdera mox incunt nunquam violanda; brevique
Belli iterum simulachra cient; referuntur in altum
Classes, pacificoque replentur milite campi.

Lo! an astrologer, with filth besmear'd,
Rough and neglected, with a length of beard,
Pores round his cell for undiscover'd stars,
And decks the walls with triangles and squares.
Lo!—But the radiant car of Phœbus nigh
Glows with red ardour, and inflames the sky—
Oh! waft me, hide me in some cool retreat;
I faint, I sicken with the fervent heat."
Thence to that milder orb we wing our way,
Where Venus governs with an easy sway.
Soft breaths the air; fair Flora paints the ground,
And laughing Ceres deals her gifts around.
This blissful Tempe no rough blasts molest,
Of blust'ring Boreas, or the baleful East;
But gentle Zephyrs o'er the woodlands stray,
Court the tall trees, and round the branches play,
Etherial gales dispensing as they flow,
To fan those passions which they teach to glow.
Here the gay youth in measur'd steps advance,
While sprightly music animates the dance;
There the sweet melody of sounds admire,
Sigh with the song, or languish to the lyre:
Fair nymphs and amorous youths, a lovely band,
Blend in the dance, light-bounding hand in hand.
From ev'ry grove the buxom Zephyrs bring
The rich ambrosia of eternal spring.
Care dwells not here, their pleasures to destroy,
But laughter, jest, and universal joy:
All, all is love; for Venus reigns confest
The sole sultana of each captive breast:
Cold Cynthia here wou'd Cupid's victim prove,
Or the chaste daughter of imperial Jove,
And Cato's virtue be the slave of love.
But now through destin'd fields of air we fly,
And leave those mansions not without a sigh:
Thence the dire coast we reach, the dreary plains,
Where Mars, grim god, and bloody discord reigns.
The host in arms embattled sternly stands,
The sword, the dart, the dagger, in their hands.
Here no fair nymphs to silver sounds advance,
But buskin'd heroes form the Pyrrhic dance;
And brazen trumpets, terrible from far,
With martial music fire the soul to war;
Here the lone bride bewails her absent lord,
The sterile nuptials, the deserted board,
Sighs the long nights, and frantic with despair,
Beats her bare breast, and rends her flowing hair;
In vain she sighs, in vain dissolves in tears—
In sleep, perhaps, the warrior lord appears,
A fleeting form that glides before her sight,
A momentary vision of the night.
Meanwhile, regardless of her anxious pray'r,
The hardy husband sternly stalks to war;
Our ears the clang of ringing armour rends,
And the immortal battle never ends.
Hence through the boundless void we nimbly move,
And reach the wide-extended plains of Jove.
Here the stern tyrant sways an iron rod;
A thousand vassals tremble at his nod.
How short the period of a tyrant's date!
The pois'nous phial speeds the work of fate:
Scarce is the proud imperious tyrant dead,
But, lo! a second lords it in his stead.
Here peace, as common merchandize, is sold,
Heav'n's first best blessing for pernicious gold:
War soon succeeds, the sturdy squadrons stand
Wide o'er the fields a formidable band:

Filius hic patri meditatur, sponsa marito,
Servus hero insidias. Has leges scilicet illis
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore patrem
Jupiter ipse suum solio detrusit avito.
Inde venena viris, perjuria, munera, fraudes
Suadet opum sitis, & regnandi dira cupido.

Saturni tandem pos illætabilis ora
Accipit: ignavum pecus hic per opaca locorum
Pinguescunt de more, gravi torpentque veterno.
Vivitur in specubus: quis enimtam sedulus, arces
Qui struat ingentes, operosaque mœnia condat?
Idem omnes stupor altus habet, sub pectore lexus.
Non studia ambitiosa Jovis, variosque labores
Mercurii, non Martis opus, non Cyprida nôrunt.
Post obitum, ut perhibent, sedes glomerantur in istas.
Qui longam nullas vitam excoluêre per artes;
Sed Cerere & Baccho pleni, somnoque sepulti
Cunctarum duxêre æterna oblivia rerum.
Non avium auditur cantus, non murmur aquarum,
Mugitusve boum, aut pecorum balatus in agris:
Nudos non decorant segetes, non gramina campos,
Sylva, usquam si sylva, latet sub monte nivali,
Et canet viduata comis: hic noctua tantùm
Glisque habitat, bufoque & cum testudine, talpa.
Flumina dum tardè subterlabentia terras
Pigram undam volvunt, & sola papaveræ pascunt:
Quorum lentus odor, lethæaque pocula somnos
Suadent perpetuos, circumfusæque tenebræ.

Horrendo visu obstupui: quin Pegason ipsum
Defecêre animi: sensit dux, terque flagello
Insonuit clarùm, terque altâ voce morantem
Increpuit: secat ille cito pede lævia campi
Ætherei, Terræque secundâ allabitur aurâ.

Cantabr, in Comitiis prioribus, 1740-1.

With num'rous fleets they croud the groaning main,
And triumph for the victories they feign:
Again in strict alliances unite,
Till discord raise again the phantom of a fight;
Again they sail; again the troops prepare
Their falchions for the mockery of war.
The son inhuman seeks his father's life,
The slave his master's, and her lord's the wife.
With vengeance thus their kindling bosoms fire,
Since Jove usurp'd the sceptre of his sire
Thence poisons, perjuries, and bribes betray;
Nor other passions do their souls obey
Than thirst of gold, and avarice of sway.
At length we land, vast fields of ether crost,
On Saturn's cold uncomfortable coast;
Here in the gloom the pamper'd sluggards lull
The lazy hours, lethargically dull.
In caves they live; for who was ever known
So wise, so sedulous to build a town;
The same stupidity infects the whole,
Fix'd in the breast, and center'd in the soul,
These never feel th' ambitious fires of Jove,
To industry not Mercury can move,
Mars cannot spur to war, nor Venus woo to love.
Here rove those souls, 'tis said, when life departs,
Who never cultivated useful arts;
But stupify'd with plenty and repose,
Dreamt out long life in one continual dose!
No feather'd songsters, with sweet-warbled strains
Attune to melting melody the plains,
No flocks wide past'ring bleat, nor oxen low;
No fountains musically murm'ring flow;
Th' ungenial waste no tender herbage yields,
No harvests wave luxuriant in the fields.
Low lie the groves, if groves this land can boast,
Chain'd in the fetters of eternal frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Dull animals inhabit this abode,
The owl, mole, dormouse, tortoise, and the toad,
Dull rivers deep within their channels glide,
And slow roll on their tributary tide:
Nor ought th' unvegetative waters feed,
But sleepy poppy and the slimy reed;
Whose lazy fogs, like Lethe's cups, dispense
Eternal slumbers of dull indolence.
Aghast I stood, the drowsy vapours lull
My soul in gloom, ev'n Pegasus grew dull.
My guide observ'd, and thrice he urg'd his speed,
Thrice the loud lash resounded from the steed;
Fir'd at the stroke, he flies with slacken'd rein
Swift o'er the level of the liquid plain,
Guides me with gentle gale, and lights on Earth again.

MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ.

Vervecum in patria, quà latè Hibernica squalent
Arva inarata, palus horrenda voragine crebrâ
Ante oculos jacet; haud illic impune viator
Per tenebras iter instituat; tremit undique tellus
Sub pedibus malefida, vapores undique densos
Sudat humus, nebulisque amicitur tristibus herba.

THE TEMPLE OF DULLNESS.

Translated by the same Hand.

In Ireland's wild, uncultivated plains,
Where torpid sloth, and foggy dulness reigns,
Full many a fen infests the putrid shore,
And many a gulph the melancholy moor.
Let not the stranger in these regions stray,
Dark is the sky and perilous the way; [ground,
Beneath his foot-steps shakes the trembling
Dense fogs and exhalations hover round,
And with black clouds the tender turf is crown'd.

Huc fato infelix si quando agiteris iniquo,
Et tutò in medium liceat penetrare, videbis
Attonitus, nigrâ de nube emergere templum,
Templum ingens, immane, altum penetrale Stuporis.
Plumbea stat turris, plumbum sinuatur in arcus,
Et solido limosa tument fundamina plumbo.
Hanc, pia Materies, divo ædem extruxit inerti,
Stultitiæ impulsu—quid enim? Lethargica semper
Sponte suâ nihil aggreditur, dormitat in horas,
Et sine vi, nullo gaudet dea languida motu.

Hic ea monstra habitant, quæ olim sub luminis auras
Materies peperit somno patre, lavidus iste
Zoilus, & Bavio non impar Mævius; audax
Spinoza, & Pyrrho, cumque Hobbesio Epicurus.
Ast omnes valeat quæ Musa referre? frequentes
Usque adeo videas hebetes properare?—nec ædfert
Quidquam opis Anglorum doctæ vicinia gentis.
Sic quondam, ut perhibent, stupuit Bœotica tellus
Vicinâ licet Antycirâ, nihil inde salutis, [æquor
Nil tulit hellebori Zephyrus, cum sæpe per
Felicem ad Lesbon levibus volitaverit alis,
Indigenæ mellita ferens suspiria Floræ.

Porticus illa vides? Gothicis suffulta columnis,
Templi aditus, quàm laxa patet! custodia qualis.
Ante fores! quatuor formæ sua tollere miris
Ora modis! en! torva tuens stat limine in ipso
Personam Logices induta Sophistica, denis
Cincta categoriis, matrem quæ maxima natu
Filia Materiem ägnoscit—quantum instar in ipsâ est!
Grande caput, tenues oculi, cutis arida produnt
Fallacem: rete una manus tenet, altera fustem.
Vestis arachneis sordit circumdata telis,
Queis gaudet labyrinthæos dea callida nodos.
Aspicias jam funereo gradientem incessu—
Quàm lentè cælo Saturni volvitur astrum,
Quàm lentè saltaverunt post Orphea montes,
Quàm lentè, Oxonii, solemnis ; ondera cænæ
Gestant tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

Proxima deindè tenet loca sorte insana Mathesis, [pillos,
Nuda pedes, chlamydem discincta, incompta capillos,
Immemor externi, punctoque innixa reclinat.
Ante pedes vario inscriptam diagrammate arenam
Cernas, rectis curva, atque intertexta rotunda
Schemata quadratis—queis scilicet abdita rerum
Pandere se jactat solam, doctasque sorores
Fastidit, propriæque nihil non arrogat arti.
Illàm olim, duce Neuntono, tum tendit ad astra,
Ætheriasque domos superûm, indignata volantem

Here shou'dst thou rove, by fate's severe command,
And safely reach the centre of the land;
Thine eyes shall view, with horror and surprize,
The fane of Dulness, of enormous size,
Emerging from the sable cloud arise.
A leaden tow'r upheaves its heavy head,
Vast leaden arches press the slimy bed,
The soft soil swells beneath the load of lead.
Old Matter here erected his abode,
At Folly's impulse, to the slothful god.
And here the drone lethargic loves to stray,
Slumb'ring the dull, inactive hours away;
For still, unless by foreign force imprest,
The languid goddess holds her state of rest.
Their habitation here those monsters keep,
Whom Matter father'd on the god of sleep:
Here Zoilus, with cank'ring envy pale,
Here Mævius bids his brother Bavius, hail:
Spinoza, Epicure, and all those mobs
Of wicked wits, from Pyrrho down to Hobbes.
How can the Muse recount the numerous crew
Of frequent fools that crowd upon the view?
Nor can learn'd Albion's sun that burns so clear,
Disperse the dulness that involves them here.
Bœotia thus remain'd, in days of yore,
Senseless and stupid, though the neighb'ring shore
Afforded salutary hellebore.
No cure exhal'd from Zephyr's buxom breeze,
That gently brush'd the bosom of the seas,
As oft to Lesbian fields he wing'd his way,
Fanning fair Flora, and in airy play
Breath'd balmy sighs that melt the soul away.
Behold that portico! how vast, how wide!
The pillars Gothic, wrought with barb'rous pride:
Four monstrous shapes before the portal wait,
Of horrid aspect, centry to the gate;
Lo! in the entrance, with disdainful eye,
In Logic's dark disguise, stands Sophistry:
Her very front would common sense confound,
Encompass'd with ten categories round:
She from old Matter, the great mother, came,
By birth the eldest—and how like the dame!
Her shrivel'd skin, small eyes, prodigious pate,
Denote her shrewd and subtle in debate:
This hand a net, and that sustains a club,
T' entangle her antagonist, or drub.
The spider's toils, all o'er her garment spread,
Imply the mazy errours of her head.
Behold her marching with funereal pace,
Slow as old Saturn rolls thro' boundless space,
Slow as the mighty mountains mov'd along,
When Orpheus mis'd the lyre-attending song:
Or, as at Oxford, on some gaudy day,
Fat beadles, in magnificent array,
With big round bellies bear the pond'rous treat,
And heavily lag on, with the vast load of meat.
The next, mad Mathesis; her feet all bare,
Ungirt, untrimm'd, with dissoluted hair:
No foreign object can her thoughts disjoint;
Reclin'd she sits, and ponders o'er a point.
Before her, lo! inscrib'd upon the ground,
Strange diagrams th' astonish'd sight confound,
Right lines and curves, with figures square and round.
With these the monster, arrogant and vain,
Boasts that she can all mysteries explain,
And treats the sacred sisters with disdain.
She, when great Newton sought his kindred skies,
Sprung high in air, and strove with him to rise

Turba mathematicûm retrahit, pœnasque reposcens
Detinet in terris, nugisque exercet ineptis.

Tertia Microphile, proles furtiva parentis
Divinæ; produxit enim commixta furenti
Diva viro Physice—muscas & papiliones
Lustrat inexpletum, collumque & tempora rident
Floribus, & fungis, totâque propagine veris.
Rara oculis nugarum avidis animalia quærit
Omne genus, seu serpit humi, seluindit in undis,
Seu volitans tremulis liquidum secat aëra pennis.
O! ubi littoribus nostris felicior aura
Polypon appulerit, quanto cava templa Stuporis
Mugitu concussa trement, reboabit & ingens
Pulsa palus! Plausu excipiet dea blanda secundo
Microphile ante omnes; jamnon crocodilon adorat;
Non bombyx, conchæve juvant: sed polypon ardet,
Solum polypon ardet,—& ecce! faceta feraci
Falce novos creat assidue, pascitque creatos,
Ah! modo dilectis pascit nova gaudia muscis.

Quartam Materies peperit conjuncta Stupori,
Nomen Atheia illi, monstrum cui lumen ademptum,
Atque aures; cui sensus abest; sed mille trisulcæ
Ore micant linguæ, refugas quibus inficit auras.
Hanc Stupor ipse parens odit, vicina nefandos
Horret sylva sonos, neque surda repercutit Echo.
Mendacem natura redarguit ipsa, Deumque
Et cœlum, & terræ, veraciaque astra fatentur.
Se simul agglomerans surgit chorus omnis aquarum,
Et puro sublimè sonat grave fulmen Olympo.

Fonte ortus Lethæro, ipsius ad ostia templi,
Ire soporifero tendit cum murmure rivus,
Huc potum Stolidos Deus evocat agmine magno:
Crebri adsunt, largisque sitim restinguere gaudent
Haustibus, atque iterant calices, certantque stupendo. [aurem
Me, me etiam, clamo, occurrens;—sed vellicat
Calliope, nocuasque vetat contingere lymphas.

In vain—the mathematic mob restrains
Her flight, indignant, and on Earth detains;
E'er since the captive wretch her brains employs
On trifling trinkets, and on gewgaw toys.
Microphile is station'd next in place,
The spurious issue of celestial race;
From heav'nly Physice she took her birth,
Her sire a madman of the sons of Earth;
On flies she pores with keen unvaried sight,
And moths and butterflies, her dear delight:
Mushrooms and flow'rs, collected on a string,
Around her neck, around her temples cling,
With all the strange production of the spring.
With greedy eyes she'll search the world to find
Rare uncouth animals of every kind;
Whether along the humble ground they stray,
Or nimbly sportive in the waters play,
Or through the light expanse of ether fly,
And with fleet pinions cleave the liquid sky.
Ye gales, that gently breathe upon our shore,
O! let the polypus be wafted o'er;
How will the hollow dome of dulness ring,
With what loud joy receive the wond'rous thing!
Applause will rend the skies, and all around
The quivering quagmires bellow back the sound;
How will Microphile her joy attest,
And glow with warmer raptures than the rest?
This will the curious crocodile excel,
The weaving worm, and silver-shining shell,
No object e'er will wake her wonder thus
As polypus, her darling polypus:
Lo! by the wounds of her creating knife
New polypusses wriggle into life,
Fast as they rise, she feeds with ample store
Of once rare flies, but now esteem'd no more.
The fourth dire shape from mother Matter came,
Dulness her sire, and Atheism her name,
In her no glimpse of sacred sense appears,
Depriv'd of eyes, and destitute of ears;
And yet she brandishes a thousand tongues,
And blasts the world with air-infecting lungs.
Curs'd by her sire, her very words are wounds,
No grove re-echoes the detested sounds.
Whate'er she speaks all nature proves a lye,
The Earth, the Heav'ns, the starry spangled sky,
Proclaim the wise, eternal Deity:
The congregated waves in mountains driven
Roar in grand chorus to the Lord of Heaven;
Thro' skies serene the glorious thunders roll,
Loudly pronounce the God, and shake the sounding pole.
A river, murmuring from Lethæan source,
Full to the fane directs its sleepy course;
The pow'r of Dulness, leaning on the brink,
Here calls the multitude of fools to drink,
Swarming they crowd to stupify the skull,
With frequent cups contending to be dull.
Me, let me taste the sacred stream, I cry'd,
With out-stretch'd arm—the Muse my boon denyd,
And sav'd me from the sense-intoxicating tide.

MUTUA OSCITATIONUM PROPAGATIO SOLVI POTEST MECHANICE.

Momus, scurra, procax superùm, quo tempore Pallas
Exiluit cerebro Jovis, est pro more jocatus
Nescio quid stultum de partu: excanduit irâ
Jupiter, asper, acerba tuens; "et tu quoque, dixit,
Garrule, concipies, fætumque ex ore profundes:"
Haud mora, jamque supinus in aulâ extenditur
Derisor; dubiâ velantur lumina nocte; [ingens
Stertit hians immane;—e naso Gallica clangunt
Classica, Germanique simul sermonis amaror:

Edita vix tandem est monstrum Polychasmia proles
Tanto digna parente, aviæque simillima Nocti.
Illa oculos tentat nequiequam aperire, veterno
Torpida, & horrendo vultum distorta cachinno.
Æmulus hanc Jovis aspiciens, qui fictile vulgus
Fecerat infelix, imitârier arte Prometheus
Audet—nec flammis opus est cœlestibus: auræ
Tres Stygiæ flatus, nigræ tria pocula Lethes
Miscet, & innuptæ suspiria longa puellæ;
His adipem suis & guttur conjungit aselli,
Tensaque cum gemitu somnisque sequacibus ora.
Sic etiam in terris Dea, quæ mortalibus ægris
Ferret opem, inque hebetes dominarier apta, creata est.
Nonne vides, ut præcipiti petit oppida cursu
Rustica plebs, stipatque forum? sublime tribunal
Armigerique equitesque premunt, de more parati
Justitiæ lances proferre fideliter æquas,
Grande capillitium induti, frontemque minacem.
Non temerè attoniti caupones, turbaque furum
Aufugiunt, gravidæque timent trucia ora puellæ.
At mox fida comes Polychasmia, matutinis
Quæ se miscuerat poc'lis Cerealibus, ipsum
Judicis in cerebrum scandit—jamque unus & alter
Cæperunt longas in hiatum ducere voces:
Donec per cunctos dea jam solenne, profundum
Sparserit hum—nutat taciti, tum brachia magno
Extendunt nisu, patulis & faucibus hiscunt.
Interea legum caupones jurgia miscent,
Queis nil rhetorice est, nisi copia major hiandi:
Vocibus ambiguis certant, nugasque strophasque
Alternis jaculantur, & irascuntur amicè,
Donantque accipiuntque stuporis missile plumbum.
Vox, fanatica turba, nequit pia Musa tacere.
Majoremne aliunde potest diducere rictum?
Ascendit gravis orator, miserâque loquelâ
Expromit thesin; in partes quam deinde minutas
Distrahit, ut connectat, & explicat obscurando:
Spargitur heu! pigris verborum somnus ab alis,
Grex circùm gemit, & plausum declarat hiando.

Nec vos, qui falsò matrem jactatis Hygeian
Patremque Hippocratem, taceam—Polychasmia, vestros

A MECHANICAL SOLUTION

OF THE

PROPAGATION OF YAWNING.

Translated by the same hand.

When Pallas issued from the brain of Jove,
Momus, the mimic of the gods above,
In his mock mood impertinently spoke
About the birth, some low, ridic'lous joke:
Jove, sternly frowning, glow'd with vengeful ire,
And thus indignant said th' almighty sire;
"Loquacious slave, that laugh'st without a cause,
Thou shalt conceive, and bring forth at thy jaws."
He spoke—stretch'd in the hall the mimic lies,
Supinely dull, thick vapours dim his eyes:
And as his jaws a horrid chasm disclose,
It seem'd he made a trumpet of his nose;
Tho' harsh the strain, and horrible to hear,
Like German jargon grating on the ear.
At length was Polychasmia brought to light,
Worthy her sire, a monster of a sight,
Resembling her great grandmother, Old Night.
Her eyes to open oft in vain she try'd,
Lock'd were the lids, her mouth distended wide.
Her when Prometheus happen'd to survey
(Rival of Jove, that made mankind of clay)
He form'd without the aid of heav'nly ray.
To three Lethæan cups he learnt to mix
Deep sighs of virgins, with three blasts from Styx,
The bray of asses, with the fat of brawn,
The sleep-preceding groan, and hideous yawn.
Thus Polychasmia took her wond'rous birth,
A goddess helpful to the sons of Earth.
Lo! how the rustic multitude from far
Haste to the town, and crowd the clam'rous bar.
The prest bench groans with many a squire and knight,
Who weigh out justice, and distribute right:
Severe they seem, and formidably big,
With front important and huge periwig.
The little villains skulk aloof dismay'd,
And panic terrours seize the pregnant maid.
But soon friend Polychasm', who always near,
Herself had mingled with their morning beer,
Steals to the judges brain, and centers there;
Then in the court the horrid yawn began, [man:
And hum profound and solemn went from man to
Silent they nod, and with prodigious strain
Stretch out their arms, then listless yawn again:
For all the flow'rs of rhetoric they can boast
Amidst their wranglings is to gape the most:
Ambiguous quirks, and friendly wrath they vent,
And give and take the leaden argument.
Ye too, fanatics, never shall escape
The faithful Muse; for who so greatly gape?
Mounted on high, with serious care perplext,
The miserable preacher takes his text;
Then into parts minute, with wond'rous pain,
Divides, connects, and then divides again,
And does with grave obscurity explain:
While from his lips lean periods ling'ring creep,
And not one meaning interrupts their sleep.
The drowsy hearers stretch their weary jaws
With lamentable groan, and yawning gape applause.
The quacks of physic next provoke my ire,
Who falsely boast Hippocrates their sire:

Agnosco natos: tumidas sine pondere voces
In vulgum eructant; emuncto quisque bacillum
Applicat auratum naso, graviterque facetus
Totum se in vultum cogit medicamina pandens—
Rusticus haurit amara, atque insanabile dormit;
Nec sensus revocare queant fomenta, nec herbæ,
Non ars, non miræ magicus sonus Abracadabræ.

Ante alios summa es, Polychasmia, cura Sophistæ:
Ille tui cæcas vires, causamque latentem
Sedulus exquirit—quo scilicet impete fauces
Invitæ disjungantur; quo vortice aquosæ
Particulæ fluitent, comitesque, ut fulminis imbres,
Cum strepitu erumpant; ut deinde vaporet
Materies subtilis; ut in cusin ininuet se [opellos.
Retia; tum, si forte datur contingere nervos
Concordes, cunctorum ora expanduntur hiulca.
Sic ubi, Phœbe pater, sumis chelyn, harmoniamque
Abstrusam in chordis simul elicis, altera, siquam
Æqualis tenor aptavit, tremit æmula cantûs,
Memnoniamque imitata lyram sine pollicis ictu
Divinum resonat proprio modulamine carmen.
Me quoque, mene tuum tetigisti, ingrata, Poetam?
Hei mihi! totus hio tibi jam stupefactus; in ipso
Parnasso captus longè longèque remotas
Prospecto Musas, sitioque, ut Tantalus alter,
Castalias situs inter aquas, inhiantis ab ore
Nectarei fugiunt latices—hos Popius urnâ
Excipit undanti, & fontem sibi vendicat omnem.

Hand aliter socium esuriens Sizator edacem
Dum videt, appositusque cibus frustratur hiantem,
Dentibus infrendens nequicquam lumine torvo
Sæpius exprobrat; nequicquam brachia tendit
Sedulus officiosa, dapes removere paratus. [ma
Olli nunquam exempta fames, quin frusta supre-
Devoret, & peritura immani ingurgitet ore:
Tum demum jubet auferri; nudata capaci
Ossa sonant, lugubre sonant, allisa catino.

Goddess! thy sons I ken—how close and loud,
They puff their windy bubble on the crowd;
With look important, critical, and vain,
Each to his nose applies the gilded cane;
And as he nods and ponders o'er the case,
Gravely collects himself into his face,
Explain his med'cines—which the rustic buys,
Drinks the dire draught, and of the doctor dies;
No pills, no potions can to life restore;
Abracadabra, necromantic pow'r,
Can charm and conjure up from death no more.
But more than aught that's marvellous and rare,
The studious Soph makes Polychasm' his care;
Explores what secret spring, what hidden cause
Distends with hideous chasm' the unwilling jaws,
What latent ducts the dewy moisture pour
With sound tremendous, like a thunder-show'r:
How subtle matter, exquisitely thin,
Pervades the curious net-work of the skin,
Affects th' accordant nerve—all eyes are drown'd
In drowsy vapours, and the yawn goes rouud.
When Phœbus thus his flying fingers flings
Across the chords, and sweeps the trembling strings;
If e'er a lyre at unison there be,
It swells with emulating harmony,
Like Memnon's harp, in ancient times renown'd,
Breathing, untouch'd, sweet modulated sound.
But oh! ungrateful to thy own true bard,
Oh! Polychasm', is this my just reward!
Thy drowsy dews upon my head distill,
Just at the entrance of th' Aonian hill;
Listless I gape, unactive, and supine,
And at vast distance view the sacred Nine:
Wistful I view—the streams increase my thirst,
In vain—like Tantalus, with plenty curst;
No draughts nectareous to my portion fall,
These godlike Pope exhausts, and greatly claims them all.
Thus the lean Sizar views, with gaze agast,
The hungry tutor at his noon's repast;
In vain he grinds his teeth—his grudging eye
And visage sharp, keen appetite imply;
Oft he attempts, officious, to convey
The lessening relics of the meal away—
In vain—no morsel 'scapes the greedy jaw,
All, all is gorg'd in magisterial maw;
Till at the last, observant of his word,
The lamentable waiter clears the board,
And inly-murmuring miserably groans,
To see the empty dish, and hear the sounding bones.

THE HORATIAN CANONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

NAY! 'tis the same with all th' affected crew
Of singing men and singing women too:
Do they not set their catcalls up of course?
The king himself may ask them till he's hoarse;

[1] Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati:
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: si collibuisset, ab ovo
Usque ad mala iteraret, Io Bacche! modo summa
Voce, modo hac resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.

But wou'd you crack their windpipes and their lungs,
The certain way's to bid them hold their tongues.
Twas thus with Minum—Minum one wou'd think,
My lord mayor might have govern'd with a wink.
Yet did the magistrate e'er condescend
To ask a song, as kinsman or as friend,
The urchin coin'd excuses to get off,
'Twas—hem—the devil take this whoreson cough.
But wait awhile, and catch him in the glee,
He'd roar the Lion* in the lowest key,
Or strain the Morning Lark † quite up to G.

* The Lion's song, in Pyramus and Thisbe.
† A song in one of Mr. Handel's Oratorios.

Act Beard, or Lowe, and show his tuneful art
From the plumb-pudding down to the desert.
[2] Never on Earth was such a various elf,
He every day possess'd a different self;
Sometimes he'd scow'r along the streets like wind,
As if some fifty bailiffs were behind:
At other times he'd sadly saunt'ring crawl,
As tho' he led the hearse, or held the sable pall.
[3] Now for promotion he was all on flame,
And ev'ry sentence from St. James's came.
He'd brag how Sir John* * * * met him in the Strand,
And how his Grace of* * * * * took him by the hand;
How the prince saw him at the last review,
And ask'd who was that pretty youth in blue?
Now wou'd he praise the peaceful sylvan scene,
The healthful cottage, and the golden mean,
Now wou'd he cry, "contented let me dwell
Safe in the harbour of my college cell;
No foreign cooks, nor livery'd servants nigh,
Let me with comfort eat my mutton pye;
While my pint-bottle, op'd by help of fork,
With wine enough to navigate a cork,
My sober solitary meal shall crown, [down."
To study edge the mind, and drive the vapours
Yet, strange to tell! this wond'rous student lay
Snoring in bed for all the livelong day;
Night was his time for labour—in a word,
Never was man so cleverly absurd.
[4] But here a friend of mine turns up his nose,
"And you" (he cries) "are perfect, I suppose:"
"Perfect! not I (pray, gentle sir, forbear)
In this good age, when vices are so rare,
I plead humanity, and claim my share.
Who has not faults? great Marlborough had one,
Nor Chesterfield is spotless, nor the Sun."
Grubworm was railing at his friend Tom Queer,
When Witwoud thus reproach'd him with a sneer,
"Have you no flaws, who are so prone to snub?",
"I have—but I forgive myself," quoth Grub.

[2] Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos: modo reges, atque tetrarchas.
[3] Omnia magna loquens. Modo, Sit mihi mensa tripes, &
Concha salis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat, decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento: quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Mane: diem totum stertebat: nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi: Quid tu?
[4] Nullane habes vitia? immo alia, & fortasse minora.
Mænius absentem Novium cum carperet: heus tu,
Quidam ait, ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas? egomet mi ignosco, Mænius inquit.
Stultus, & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.
Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum.
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus & illi.

This is a servile selfishness, a fault
Which Justice scarce can punish as she ought.
Blind as a poking, dirt-compelling mole,
To all that stains thy own polluted soul,
Yet each small failing spy'st in other men,
Spy'st with the quickness of an eagle's ken.
Tho' strong resentment rarely lag behind,
And all thy virulence be paid in kind.
[5] Philander's temper's violent, nor fits
The wond'rous waggishness of modern wits;
His cap's awry, all ragged is his gown,
And (wicked rogue!) he wears his stockings down;
But h'as a soul ingenuous as his face,
To you a friend, and all the human race;
Genius, that all the depths of learning sounds,
And generosity, that knows no bounds.
In fruits like these if the good youth excel,
Let them compensate for the awkward shell.
Sift then yourself, I say, and sift again,
Glean the pernicious tares from out the grain;
And ask thy heart, if custom, Nature's heir,
Hath sown no undiscover'd fern-seed there;
This be our standard then, on this we rest,
Nor search the casuists for another test.
[6] Let's be like lovers gloriously deceiv'd,
And each good man a better still believ'd;
E'en Celia's wart Strephon will not neglect,
But praises, kisses, loves the dear defect.
Oh! that in friendship we were thus to blame,
And ermin'd candour, tender of our fame,
Wou'd clothe the honest errour with an honest name!
Be we then still to those we hold most dear,
Fatherly fond, and tenderly severe.
The sire, whose son squints forty thousand ways,
Finds in his features mighty room for praise:
"Ah! born" (he cries) "to make the ladies sigh,
Jacky, thou hast an amorous cast o' th' eye."

[5] Iracundior est paullo? minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum? rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, and male laxus
In pedo calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir [ingens
Non alius quisquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. Denique teipsum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim
Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala. Namque
Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.
[6] Illuc prævertamur: amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc
Delectant: veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ:
Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; & isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.
At, pater ut nati, sic nos debemus amici,
Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire. Strabonem
Appellat pætum pater: & pullum, male parvus
Si cui filius est: ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus, hunc varum, distortis cruribus, illum
Balbutit scaurum, pravis fultum male talis.
Parcius hic vivit? frugi dicatur. Ineptus,
Et jactantior hic paullo est? concinnus amicis
Postulat ut videatur. At est turculentior, atque
Plus æquo liber? simplex, fortisque habratur.
Caldior est? acres inter numeretur. Opinor,
Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.

Another child's abortive—he believes
Nature most perfect in diminutives;
And men of ev'ry rank with one accord
Salute each crooked rascal with my lord.
(For bandy legs, hump-back, and knocking knee,
Are all excessive signs of q——ty.)
Thus let us judge our friends—if Scrub subsist
Too meanly, Scrub is an economist;
And if Tom Tinkle is full loud and pert,
He aims at wit, and does it to divert.
Largus is apt to bluster, but you'll find
'Tis owing to his magnitude of mind:
Lollius is passionate, and loves a whore,
Spirit and constitution!—nothing more.
Ned to a bullying peer is ty'd for life,
And in commendam holds a scolding wife;
Slave to a fool's caprice, and woman's will;
But patience, patience, is a virtue still!
Ask of Chatnont a kingdom for a fish, c
He'll give you three rather than spoil a dish;
Nor pride, nor luxury is in the case,
But hospitality—an't please your grace.
Should a great gen'ral give a drab a pension—
Meanness!—the devil—'tis perfect condescension.
Such ways make many friends, and make friends long,
Or else my good friend Horace reasons wrong.
[7] But we alas! e'en virtuous deeds invert,
And into vice misconstrue all desert.
See we a man of modesty and merit,
Sober and meek—we swear he has no spirit;
We call him stupid, who with caution breaks
His silence, and will think before he speaks.
Fidelio treads the path of life with care,
And eyes his footsteps; for he fears a snare.
His wary way still scandal misapplies,
And calls him subtle, who's no more than wise.
If any man is unconstrain'd and free,
As oft, my Lælius, I have been to thee,
When rudely to thy room I chance to scour,
And interrupt thee in the studious hour,
From Coke and Lyttleton thy mind unbend,
With more familiar nonsense of a friend;
Talk of my friendship, and of thy desert,
Show thee my works, and candidly impart
At once the product of my head and heart,
Nasutus calls me fool, and clownish bear,
Nor (but for perfect candour) stops he there.
[8] Ah! what unthinking, heedless things are men,

T' enact such laws as must themselves condemn.
In every human soul some vices spring
(For fair perfection is no mortal thing)
Whoe'er is with the fewest faults endu'd,
Is but the best of what cannot be good.
Then view me, friend, in an impartial light,
Survey the good and bad, the black and white;
And if you find me, sir, upon the whole,
To be an honest and ingenuous soul,
By the same rule I'll measure you again,
And give you your allowance to a grain.
'Tis friendly and 'tis fair, on either hand,
To grant th' indulgence we ourselves demand.
If on your hump we cast a fav'ring eye,
You must excuse all those who are awry.
In short, since vice or folly, great or small,
Is more or less inherent in us all,
Whoe'er offends, our censure let us guide,
With a strong bias to the candid side;
Nor (as the stoics did in ancient times)
Rank little foibles with enormous crimes.
[9] If, when your butler, e'er he brings a dish,
Shou'd lick his fingers, or shou'd drop a fish,
Or from the side-board filch a cup of ale,
Enrag'd you send the puny thief to gaol;
You'd be (methink) as infamous an oaf,
As that immense portentous scoundrel——*.
Yet worse by far (if worse at all can be)
In folly and iniquity is he,
Who, for some trivial, social, well-meant joke,
Which candour shou'd forget as soon as spoke,
Wou'd shun his friend, neglectful and unkind,
As if old parson Packthread was behind,
Who drags up all his visitors by force,
And without mercy reads them his discourse.
[10] If sick at heart, and heavy at the head,
My drunken friend should reel betimes to bed,
And in the morn, with affluent discharge,
Should sign and seal his residence at large;

[7] At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
Nobiscum vivit? multum est demissus homo
ille.
Tardo, cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes
Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum?
(Cum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina) pro bene sano,
Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
Simplicior, quis, qualem me sæpe libenter
Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas, ut forte legentem
Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone? molestus!
Communi sensu plane caret, inquimus. [8] Eheu!
Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam?
Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur. Amicus dulcis, ut æquum
est,
Cum mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce,

Si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinet; amari
Si volet hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem. [9]
Qui ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Postulat; ignoscat verrucis illius. Æquum est,
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.
Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia; cur non
Ponderibus, modulisque suis ratio utitur? ac res
Ut quæque est, ita suppliciis delicta coercet?
[9] Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere
jussus,
Semesos pisces, tepidumque liguriet jus,
In cruce suffigat; Labeone insanior inter
Sanos dicatur. Quanto hoc furiosius atque
Majus peccatum est? paullum deliquit amicus,
(Quod nisi concedas, habeare insuavis, acerbus;)
Odisti, & fugis, ut Drusonem debitor æris?
Qui nisi cum tristes misero venere Calenæ,
Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat,
amaras
Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.
[10] Comminxit lectum potus, mensave catillum
Evandri manibus tritum dejecit: ob hanc rem,
Aut positum ante mea quia pullum in parte
catini
Sustulit esuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus
Sit mihi? quid faciam, si furtum fecerit? aut si

* An infamous attorney.

Or should he in some passionate debate,
By way of instance, break an earthen plate;
Wou'd I forsake him for a piece of delph?
No—not for China's wide-domain itself.
If toys like these were cause of real grief,
What shou'd I do, or whither seek relief,
"Suppose him perjur'd faithless, pimp, or thief?"
Away—a foolish knavish tribe you are,
Who falsely put all vices on a par.
From this fair reason her assent withdraws,
E'en sordid interest gives up the cause,
That mother of our customs and our laws.
When first yon golden Sun array'd the east,
Small was the difference 'twixt man and beast;
With hands, with nails, with teeth, with clubs they fought, [wrought
'Till malice was improv'd, and deadlier weapons
Language at length, and words experience found,
And sense obtain'd a vehicle in sound. [built,
Then wholesome laws were fram'd, and towns were
And justice seiz'd the lawless vagrant's guilt;
And theft, adultery, and fornication, [fashion:
Were punish'd much, forsooth, tho' much in
[11] For long before fair Helen's fatal charms
Had many a - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- -
- - - - - - - Hiatus magnus lacrymabilis
- -
set the world in arms.
But kindly kept by no historian's care,
They all, goodlack, have perish'd to an hair.
But be that as it may, yet in all climes,
There's diff'rent punishment for diff'rent crimes.
"Hold, blockhead, hold—this sure is not the way,
For all alike I'd lash, and all I'd slay,"
Cries W******N, "if I'd sovereign sway."
Have sovereign sway, and an imperial robe,
With fury sultanate* o'er half the globe.
Meanwhile, if I from each indulgent friend,
Obtain remission, when I chance t' offend,
Why, in return, I'll make the balance even,
And, for forgiving, they shall be forgiven.

Prodiderit commissa fide? sponsumve negarit?
Queis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant,
Cum ventum ad verum est; sensus, moresque repugnant
Atque ipsa utilitas, justi prope mater, & æqui.
Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus, & pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus:
Donec verba, quibus voces, sensusque notarent,
Nominaquè invenere; dehinc absistere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges;
Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.
[11] Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli
Causa: sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
Quos Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
- -
- - - - - dum? tu quadrante lavatum
Rex ibis, neque te quisquam stipator, ineptum
Præter Crispinum, sectabitur: & mihi dulces
Ignoscent, si quid peccavero stultus, amici:

* A word coined in the manner of Mr. Warburton.

[12] With zeal I'll love, be courteous e'en to strife,
More blest than emperors in private life.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO OTHELLO, AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, ON THURSDAY THE 7TH OF MARCH, 1751, BY PERSONS OF DISTINCTION, FOR THEIR DIVERSION.

WHILE mercenary actors tread the stage,
And hireling scribblers lash or lull the age,
Our's be the task t' instruct, and entertain,
Without one thought of glory or of gain.
Virtue's her own—from no external cause—
She gives, and she demands the self-applause:
Home to her breast she brings the heart-felt bays,
Heedless alike of profit, and of praise.
This now perhaps is wrong—yet this we know,
'Twas sense and truth a century ago:
When Britain, with transcendant glory crown'd,
For high achievements, as for wit renown'd,
Cull'd from each growing grace the purest part,
And cropt the flowers from every blooming art,
Our noblest youths would then embrace the task
Of comic humour, or the mystic masque.
'Twas theirs t' encourage worth, and give to bards
What now is spent in boxing and in cards:
Good sense their pleasure—virtue still their guide,
And English magnanimity—their pride.
Methinks I see with Fancy's magic eye,
The shade of Shakespeare, in yon azure sky.
On yon high cloud behold the bard advance,
Piercing all Nature with a single glance:
In various attitudes around him stand
The Passions, waiting for his dread command.
First kneeling Love before his feet appears,
And musically sighing melts in tears.
Near him fell Jealousy with fury burns,
And into storms the amorous breathings turns;
Then Hope with heavenward look, and Joy draws near,
While palsied Terrour trembles in the rear.
Such Shakespeare's train of horrour and de-
And such we hope to introduce to-night. [light,
But if, though just in thought, we fail in fact,
And good intention ripens not to act,
Weigh our design, your censure still defer,
When truth's in view 'tis glorious e'en to err.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY DESDEMONA.

TRUE woman to the last—my peroration
I come to speak in spite of suffocation;
To show the present and the age to come,
We may be chok'd, but never can be dumb.
Well now methinks, I see you all run out,
And haste away to lady Bragwell's rout;
Each modish sentiment to hear and weigh,
Of those who nothing think, and all things say.

[12] Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.

Prudella first in parody begins,
(For nonsense and buffoonery are twins)
" Can beaux the court for theatres exchange?
I swear by Heaven 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange;
And very whimsical, and mighty dull,
And pitiful, and wond'rous pitiful:
I wish I had not heard it"—blessed dame!
Whene'er she speaks her audience wish the same.
Next Neddy Nicely—" Fye, O fye, good lack,
A nasty man to make his face all black."
Then lady Stiffneck shows her pious rage,
And wonders we shou'd act—upon a stage.
" Why, ma'am," says Coquetilla, " a disgrace?
Merit in any form may show her face:
In this dull age the male things ought to play,
To teach them what to do, and what to say."
In short, they all with diff'rent cavils cram us,
And only are unanimous to damn us:
But still there are a fair judicious few,
Who judge unbiass'd, and with candour view;
Who value honesty, though clad in buff,
And wit, though dress'd in an old English ruff.
Behold them here—I beaming sense descry,
Shot from the living lustre of each eye.
Such meaning smiles each blooming face adorn,
As deck the pleasure-painted brow of morn;
And show the person of each matchless fair,
Though rich to rapture, and above compare,
Is, ev'n with all the skill of Heav'n design'd,
But an imperfect image of their mind;
While chastity unblemish'd and unbrib'd
Adds a majestic mien that scorns to be describ'd:
Such we will vaunt, and only such as these,
'Tis our ambition, and our fame to please.

EPILOGUE TO THE APPRENTICE.

(Enters reading a Play Bill.)

A very pretty bill—as I'm alive!
The part of—nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry scribbling fool—to leave me out—
He'll say, perhaps—he thought I cou'd not spout.
Malice and envy to the last degree!
And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,
And fairly ventur'd it—without the aid
Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade;
Oh! Pit—have pity—see how I'm dismay'd!
Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do.
Unless like Bayes he bring his hangman too.
But granting that from these same obsequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feast—Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better scheme by half
T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with me to laugh.
I cou'd have shown him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
Well dress'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for show,
Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd dissembler!—thinks she's more than Zara.
She has a daughter too that deals in lace,
And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy Chase,
And fain wou'd fill the fair Ophelia's place.
And in her cock'd up hat, and gown of cambiet,
Presumes on something—touching the lord Hamlet.
A cousin too she has with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London Cries;
Who for the stage too short by half a story,
Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory.
And while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries—" Lord! my lord, what can I do at home!"
In short, we've girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous,
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh! little do these silly people know,
What dreadful trials—actors undergo.
Myself—who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;
Young men beware, and shun our slippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and shun our plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
Be timely wise, for oh! be sure of this;
A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. SHUTER, AT COVENT-GARDEN, AFTER THE PLAY OF THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS, ACTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL FOR LYING-IN WOMEN, 1795, IN THE CHARACTER OF A MAN-MIDWIFE.

(Enters with a child.)

Whoe'er begot thee, has no cause to blush:
Thou'rt a brave chopping boy, *(child cries)* nay, hush! hush! hush!
A workman, faith! a man of rare discretion,
A friend to Britain, and to our profession:
With face so chubby, and with looks so glad,
O rare roast beef of England—here's a lad!
(Shows him to the Company.)
(Child makes a noise again.)
Nay if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurse. Within!—here take him off.
Well, Heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
Thanks to the bar, the pulpit, and the stage;
But not to th' army—that's not worth a farthing,
The captains go too much to Covent Garden,
Spoil many a girl,—but seldom make a mother,
They foil us one way—but we have them t'other.
(Shakes a box of pills.)
The nation prospers by such joyous souls,
Hence smokes my table, hence my chariot rolls.
Tho' some snug jobs, from surgery may spring,
Man-midwifry, man-midwifry's the thing!
Lean shou'd I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
By mere cathartics and by plain phlebotomy.
Well, besides gain, besides the pow'r to please,
Besides the music of such birds as these,
(Shakes a purse.)
It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd and pure,
To hear the praises of the grateful poor.

This day comes honest Taffy to my house,
" Cot pless her, her has sav'd her poy and spouse;
Her sav'd her Gwinnifrid, or death had swallow'd her,
Tho' creat crand creat crand crand child of [Cadwallader."
Cries Patrick Touzl'em, " I am bound to pray,
You've sav'd my Sue in your same physic way,
And further shall I thank you yesterday."
Then Sawney came and thank'd me for my love,
(I very readily excus'd his glove)
He bless'd the mon, e'en by St. Andrew's cross,
"Who cur'd his bonny bearn and blithsome lass,"
But merriment and mimicry apart,
Thanks to each bounteous hand and gen'rous heart
Of those, who tenderly take pity's part;
Who in good-natur'd acts can sweetly grieve,
Swift to lament, but swifter to relieve.
Thanks to the lovely fair ones, types of Heaven,
Who raise and beautify the bounty given;
But chief to [1] him in whom distress confides,
Who o'er this noble plan so gloriously presides.

[1] The earl, afterwards duke, of Northumberland.

DE ARTE CRÎTICA.

A LATIN VERSION OF

MR. POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Nec me animi fallit— —
Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse
(Multa novis verbis præsertim cum sit agendum)
Propter egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem.
LUCRET.

DE ARTE CRITICA.

Dictu difficile est, an sit dementia major
Egisse invitâ vatem criticumne Minervâ;
Ille tamen certe venia tibi dignior errat
Qui lassat, quam qui seducit in avia, sensus.
Sunt, qui absurda canunt; sed enim stultissima stultos
Quam longe exuperat criticorum natio vates;
Se solum exhibuit quondam, melioribus annis
Natus hebes, ridendum; at nunc musa improba prolem
Innumeram gignit, quæ mox sermone soluto
Æquiparet stolidos versus, certetque stupendo.
Nobis judicium, veluti quæ dividit horas
Machina, construitur, motus non omnibus idem,
Non pretium, regit usque tamen sua quemque. Poetas
Divite perpaucos venâ donavit Apollo,
Et criticis recte sapere est rarissima virtus;
Arte in utraque nitent felices indole soli,
Musaque quos placido nascentes lumine vidit.
Ille alios melius, qui inclaruit ipse, docebit,
Jureque quam meruit, poterit tribuisse coronam.
Scriptores (fateor) fidunt propriæ nimis orti,
Nonne autem criticos pravus favor urget ibidem?
At vero propius si stemus, cuique fatendum est,
Judicium quoddam Natura inseverit olim:
Illa diem certe dubiam diffundere callet
Et, strictim descripta licet, sibi linea constat.
Sed minimum ut specimen, quod pictor doctus adumbrat,
Deterjus tibi fiat eo mage, quo mage vilem
Inducas isti fucum, sic mentis honestæ
Doctrina effigiem maculabit prava decoram.
His inter cæcas mens illaqueata scholarum

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
[1] Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find,
[2] Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.

[1] Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit.
CIC. ad Herenn. b. 4.

[2] Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ullâ arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant.
CIC. de Orat. lib. 3.

Ambages errat, stolidisque supervenit illis
(Diis aliter visum est) petulantia. Perdere sensum [Pindum
Communem hi sudant, dum frustra ascendere
Conantur, mox, ut se defensoribus ipsis
Utantur, critici quoque fiunt: omnibus idem
Ardor scribendi, studio hi rivalis aguntur,
Illis invalida eunuchi violentia gliscit.
Ridendi proprium est fatuis cacoethes, amantque
Turbæ perpetuo sese immiscere jocosæ.
Mævius invito dum sudat Apolline, multi
Pingue opus exuperant (si diis placet) emendando.

Sunt qui belli homines primo, tum deinde poetæ,
Mox critici evasêre, meri tum denique stulti.
Est, qui nec criticum nec vatem reddit, ingrsque
Ut mulus medium quoddam est asinum inter equumque. {entum
Bellula semi-hominum vix pœne elementa sci-
Primula gens horum est, premitur quibus Anglia, quantum
Imperfecta scatent ripis animalcula Nili,
Futile, abortivum genus, & prope nominis expers,
Usque adeo æquivoca est, e quâ generantur, origo.
Hos centum nequeunt linguæ numerare, nec una
Unias ex ipsis, quæ centum sola fatiget.
At tu qui famam simul exigis atque redonas
Pro meritis, criticique affectas nobile nomen.
Metitor te ipsum, prudensque expendito quæ sit
Judicii, ingenii tibi, doctrinæque facultas;
Si qua profunda nimis, cauto vitentor, & ista
Linea, quâ coeunt stupor ingeniumque, notator.
Qui finem imposuit rebus Deus omnibus aptum,
Humani vanum ingenii restrinxit acumen.
Qualis ubi oceani vis nostra irrumpit in arva,
Tunc desolatas alibi denudat arenas;
Sic animæ reminiscendi dum copia restat,
Consilii gravioris abest plerumque potestas;
Ast ubi Phantasiæ fulgent radiantia tela,
Mnemosyne teneris cum formis victa liquescit.
Ingenio tantum Musa uni sufficit una,
Tanta ars est, tantilla scientia nostra videtur:
Non solum ad certas artes astricta sequendas,
Sæpe has non nisi quâdam in simplice parte sequatur.
Deperdas partos utcunque labore triumphos,
Dum plures, regum instar, aves acquirere lauros;
Sed sua tractatu facilis provincia cuique est,
Si non, quæ pulchre sciat, ut vulgaria, temnat.
Naturam sequere imprimis, atque illius æquâ
Judicium ex normâ fingas, quæ nescia flecti:
Illa etenim, sine labe micans, ab origine divâ,
Clarâ, constanti, lustrantique omnia luce,
Vitamque, speciemque, & vires omnibus addat,
Et fons, & finis simul, atque criterion artis.
Quærit opes ex hoc thesauro ars, & sine pompâ
Præsidet, & nullas turbas facit inter agendum.
Talis vivida vis formoso in corpore mentis,
Lætitiam toti inspirans & robora massæ,
Ordinat & motus, & nerves sustinet omnes,
Inter opus varium tamen ipsa abscondita fallit.
Sæpe is, cui magnum ingenium Deus addidit, idem
Indigus est majoris, ut hoc benè calleat uti;
Ingenium nam judicio velut uxor habendum est

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs, Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit, those lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence.
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turn'd critics next: and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits or critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse, nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile,
Unfinish'd things one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal;
To tell 'em, wou'd a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go.
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains.
Thus in the soul, while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit:
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more.
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same.
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effect, remains.
There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it; [wife.
For wit and judgment ever are at strife, [and
Though meant each other's aid, like man

Atque viro, cui fas ut pareat, usque repugnat.
Musæ quadrupedem labor est inhibere capistro,
Præcipites regere, at non irritare volatus.
Pegasus, instar equi generosi, grandiorardet
Cum sentit retinacula, nobiliorque tuetur.
Regula quæque vetus tantum observata peritis
Non inventa fuit criticis, debetque profectò
Naturæ ascribi, sed enim quam lima polivit;
Nullas naturæ divina monarchia leges,
Exceptis solum quas sanxerit ipsa, veretur.
Qualibus, audistin' resonat celeberrima normis
Græcia, seu doctum premit, indulgetve furorem?
Illa suos sistit Parnassi in vertice natos,
Et, quibus ascendêre docet, salebrosa viarum,
Sublimique manu dona immortalia monstrat,
Atque æquis reliquos procedere passibus urget.
Sic magnis doctrinâ ex exemplaribus haustâ,
Sumit ab hisce, quod hæc duxerunt ab Jove summo.
Ingenuus judex musarum ventilat ignes,
Et fretus ratione docet præcepta placendi.
Ars critica officiosa Camœnæ servit, & ornat
Egregias veneres, pluresque irretit amantes.
Nunc vero docti longè diversa sequentes,
Contempti dominæ, vilem petierê ministram;
Propriaque in miseros verterunt tela poetas,
Discipulique suos pro more odêre magistros.
Haud aliter sanè nostrates pharmacopolæ
Ex medicûm crevit quibus ars plagiaria chartis,
Audaces errorum adhibent sine mente medelas,
Et veræ Hippocratis jactant convicia proli.
Hi veterum authorum scriptis vescuntur, & ipsos
Vermiculos, & tempus edax vicêre vorando.
Stultitiâ *simplex* ille, & sine divite venâ,
Carmina quo fiant pacto miserabile narrat.
Doctrinam ostentans, mentem alter perdidit omnem,
Atque alter nodis vafer implicat enodando.
Tu quicunque cupis judex procedere rectè,
Fac veteris cujusque stylus discatur ad unguem;
Fabula, materies, quo tendat pagina quævis;
Patria, religio quæ sint, queis moribus ævum:
Si non intuitu cuncta hæc complecteris uno,
Scurra, cavilator—criticus mihi non eris unquam.
Ilias esto tibi studium, tibi sola voluptas,
Perque diem lege, per noctes meditare serenas;
Hinc tibi *judicium*, hinc ortum sententia ducat,
Musarumque undas fontem bibe lætus ad ipsum.
Ipse suorum operum sit commentator, & author,
Mæonidisve legas interprete scripta Marone.
Cum caneret primum parvus Maro bella virosque,
Nec *monitor* Phœbus tremulas jam velleret aures,
Legibus immunem criticis se fortè putabat,
Nil nisi naturam archetypam dignatus adire:
Sed simul ac cautè mentem per singula volvit,
Naturam invenit, quacunque invenit Homerum.
Victus, & attonitus, malesani desinit ausis,
Jamque laboratum innumerum vigil omnia cogit,
Cultaque Aristotelis metitur carmina normâ.
Hinc veterum discas præcepta vererier, illos
Sectator, sic Naturam sectaberis ipsam.

'Tis more to guide, than spur, the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same laws, which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to suppress, and when indulge our flights!
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod,
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just[3] precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd:
Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid:
Against the poets their own charms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries taught the art,
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time, nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.
Some dryly plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems should be made;
These lose the sense their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character,
His fable, subject, scope of ev'ry page,
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day and meditate by night.
Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
Or let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

[4] When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same;
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy Nature, is to copy them.

[3] Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur, mox ea scriptores observata & collecta ediderunt.

QUINTIL.

[4] Cum canerem reges & prælia, Cynthius aurem—Vellit.

VIRG. ECL. 6.

At vero virtus restat jam plurima, nullo
Describenda modo, nullâque parabilis arte,
Nam felix tam fortuna est, quam cura canendi.
Musicam in hoc reddit divina poesis, utramque
Multæ ornant veneres, quas verbis pingere non est,
Quasque attingere nil nisi summa peritia possit.
Regula quandocunque minus diffusa videtur,
(Quum tantum ad propriam collinet singula me-
Si modo consiliis inserviat ulla juvandis [tam)
Apta licentia, lex enim ista licentia fiat.
Atque ita quo citius procedat, calle relicto
Communi musæ sonipes benè devius erret.
Accidit interdum, ut scriptores ingenium ingens
Evehat ad culpam egregiam; maculasque micantes
Quas nemo criticorum audet detergere figat;
Accidit ut linquat, vulgaria claustra furore
Magnanimo, rapiatque solutum lege decorem,
Qui, quum judicium non intercedat, ad ipsum
Cor properat, finesque illic simul obtinet omnes.
Haud aliter si forte jugo speculamur aprico,
Luminibus res arrident, quas Dædala tellus
Parcior ostentare solet, velut, ardua montis
Asperitas, scopulive exesi pendulus horror.
Cura tamen semper magna est adhibenda poesi,
Atque hic cum ratione insaniat author, oportet;
Et, quamvis veteres pro tempore jura refigunt,
Et leges violare suas regalitèr audent,
Tu caveas, moneo, quisquis nunc scribis, & ipsam
Si legem frangas, memor ejus respice finem.
Hoc semper tamen evites, nisi te gravis urget
Nodus, præmonstrantque authorum exempla pri-
Ni facias, criticus totam implacabilis iram[orum.
Exercet, turpique notâ tibi nomen inurit.
Sed non me latuêre, quibus sua liberiores
Has veterum veneres vitio dementia vertit.
Et quædam tibi signa quidem monstrosa videntur,
Si per se vel perpendas, propriorave lustres,
Quæ rectâ cum constituas in luce locoque,
Formam conciliat distantia justa venustam.
Non aciem semper belli dux callidus artis
Instruit æquali sèrie ordinibusque decoris,
Sed se temporibusque locoque accomodat, agmen
Celando jam, jamque fugæ simulachra ciendo.
Mentitur speciem erroris sæpe astus, & ipse
Somniat emunctus judex, non dormit Homerus.
Aspice, laurus adhuc antiquis vernat in aris,
Quas rabidæ violare manus non amplius audent;
Flammarum a rabie tutas, Stygiæque veneno
Invidiæ, Martisque minis & morsibus ævi.
Docta caterva, viden! fert ut fragrantia thura;
Audin omnigenis resonant præconia linguis!
Laudes usque adeo meritas vox quæque rependat
Humanique simul generis chorus omnis adesto,
Salvete, O vates! nati melioribus annis,
Munus & immortale æternæ laudis adepti!
Queis juvenescit honos longo maturior ævo,
Ditior ut diffundit aquas, dum defluit amnis!
Vos populi mundique canent, sacra nomina, quos jam
Inventrix (sic diis visum est) non contigit ætas!
Pars aliqua, o utinam! sacro scintillet ab igne
Illi; qui vestra, est extrema & humillima proles!
(Qui longe sequiter vos debilioribus alis
Lector magnanimus, sed enim, sed scriptor inau-
Sic critici vani, me præcipiente, priores [dax)
Mirari, arbitrioque suo diffidere discant.

Some beauties yet, no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
[5] If where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answers to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment,
The heart, and all its end at once attains. [gains
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But care and poetry must still be had,
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad.
And though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have
Moderns beware! or if you must offend [made)
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end.
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need,
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous, and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display,
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;
But with th' occasion, and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, sometimes seem to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errours seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-devouring age. [bring
See, from each clime the learn'd their incense
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd;
And fill the general chorus of mankind!
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow!
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh! may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings from far pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

[5] Neque tam sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est, utilitas excogitavit; non negabo autem, sic utile est plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum auctoritatibus, sequemur.
QUINT. lib. 2, cap. 13.

Omnibus ex causis, quæ animum corrumpere junctis
Viribus, humanumque solent obtundere acumen,
Pingue caput solita est momento impellere summo
Stultitiæ semper cognata superbia; quantum
Mentis nascenti fata invidere, profuso
Tantum subsidio fastûs superaddere gaudent;
Nam veluti in membris, sic sæpe animabus, inanes
Exundant vice[1] spirituum, vice sanguinis auræ
Suppetias inopi venit alma superbia menti,
Atque per immensum capitis se extendit inane!
Quod si recta valet ratio hanc dispergere nubem
Naturæ verique dies sincera refulget.
Cuicunque est animus penitus cognoscere culpas,
Nec sibi, nec sociis credat, verum omnibus aurem
Commodet, apponatque inimica opprobria lucro.
Ne musæ invigiles mediocritèr, aut fuge fontem
Castalium omnino, aut haustu te prolue pleno:
Istius laticis *tibi mens* abstemia torpet
Ebria, sobrietasque redit revocata bibendo.
Intuitu musæ primo, novitateque capta
Aspirat doctrinæ ad culmina summa juventus
Intrepida, & quoniam tunc mens est arcta, suo-
Omnia metitur modulo, malè lippa labores [que
Posse secuturos oculis non aspicit æquis:
Mox autem attonitæ jam jamque scientia menti
Crebreseit variata modis sine limite miris!
Sic ubi desertis conscendere vallibus Alpes
Aggredimur, nubesque humiles calcare videmur,
Protinus æternas superâsse nives, & in ipso
Invenisse viæ lætamur limine finem:
His vero exactis tacito terrore stupemus
Durum crescentem magis & magis usque laborem,
Jam longus tandem prospectus læsa fatigat
Lumina, dum colles assurgunt undique fæti
Collibus, impositæque emergunt Alpibus Alpes.
Ingeniosa leget judex perfectus eâdem
Quâ vates scripsit studiosus opuscula curâ,
Totum perpendet, censorque est parcus, ubi ardor
Exagitat naturæ animos & concitat œstrum;
Nec tam servili generosa libidine mutet
Gaudia, quæ bibulæ menti catus ingerit author.
Verum stagnantis mediocria carmina musæ,
Quæ reptant sub limâ & certâ lege stupescunt,
Quæ torpent uno erroris secura tenore,
Hæc equidem nequeo culpare—& dormio tantum.
Ingenii, veluti naturæ, non tibi constant
Illecebræ formâ, quæ certis partibus insit;
Nam te non reddit labiumve oculusve venustum,
Sed charitum cumulus, collectaque tela decoris.
Sic ubi lustramus perfectam insignitèr ædem,
(Quæ Romam splendore, ipsumque ita perculit orbem)
Læta diu non ullâ in simplice parte morantur
Lumina, sed sese per totum errantia pascunt;
Nil longum latumve nimis, nil altius æquo
Cernitur, illustris nitor omnibus, omnibus ordo.
Quod consummatum est opus omni ex parte, nec usquam
Nunc exstat, nec erat, nec erit labentibus annis.
Quas sibi proponat metas adverte, poeta [est;
Ultra aliquid sperare, illas si absolvat, iniquum

[1] Animalium scilicet.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives, in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find, [wind:
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense!
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;
Trust not yourself by your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labour of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wond'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

[6] A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ,
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant, dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit:
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet temper keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts:
'Tis not a lip, nor eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force, and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes; [pear;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, ap-
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;

[6] Diligenter legendum est, ac pene ad scribendi sollicitudinem; nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia; sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.

QUINTIL.

Si recta ratione utatur, consilioque
Perfecto, missis maculis, vos plaudite clamo.
Accidit, ut vates, veluti vafer Aulicus, erret
Sœpius errorem, ut vitet graviora, minorem.
Neglige, quas criticus, verborum futilis auceps,
Leges edicit: nugas nescire decorum est.
Artis cujusdam tantum auxiliaris amantes
Partem aliquam plerique colunt vice totius; illi
Multa crepant de judicio, nihilominus istam
Stultitiam, sua quam sententia laudat, adorant.
Quixotus quondam, si vera est fabula, cuidam
Occurrens vati, criticum certamen inivit
Docta citans, graviterque tuens, tanquam arbiter alter
Dennisius, Graii moderatus fræna theatri;
Acriter id dein asseruit, stultum esse hebetemque,
Quisquis Aristotelis posset contemnere leges.
Quid?—talem comitem nactus felicitèr author,
Mox tragicum, quod composuit, proferre poema
Incipit, et critici scitari oracula tanti.
Jam μυθον τὰ παθὴ, τ'ηθη προβλημα, λυσινque &
Cætera de genere hoc equiti describat hianti,
Quæ cuncta ad norman quadrarent, inter agendum
Si tantum prudens certamen omitteret author.
"Quid vero certamen omittes?" excipit heros;
Sic veneranda Sophi suadent documenta. "Quid ergo, [oportet,"
Armigerumque, equitumque, cohors scenam intret,
Forsan, at ipsa capax non tantæ scena catervæ est:
"Œdificave aliam—vel apertis utere campis."
Sic ubi supposito morosa superbia regnat
Judicio, criticæque tenent fastidia curæ
Vana locum, curto modulo æstimat omnia censor,
Atque modo perversus in artibus errat eodem,
Moribus ac multi, dum parte laborat in unâ.
Sunt, qui nil sapiant, salibus nisi quæque redundet
Pagina, perpetuoque nitet distincta lepore,
Nil aptum soliti justumve requirere, latè
Si micet ingenii chaos, indiscretaque moles.
Nudas naturæ veneres, vivumque decorem
Fingere, qui nequeunt, quorundam exempla secuti [auri,
Pictorum, haud gemmis parcunt, haud sumptibus
Ut sese abscondat rutilis inscitia velis.
Vis veri ingenii, natura est cultior, id quod
Senserunt multi, sed jam scitè exprimit unus,
Quod primo pulchrum intuitu, rectumque videtur
Et mentis menti simulachra repercutit ipsi.
Haud secus ac lucem commendant suaviter umbræ,
Ingenio sic simplicitas superaddit honorem:
Nam fieri possit musa ingeniosior æquo,
Et pereant tumidæ nimio tibi sanguine venæ.
Nonnulli vero verborum in cortice ludunt,
Ornatusque libri solos muliebriter ardent.
Ægregium ecce! stylum clamant! sed semper ocellis
Prætereunt malè, si quid inest rationis, inunctis.
Verba, velut frondes, nimio cum tegmine opacant
Ramos, torpescunt mentis sine germine. Prava
Rhetorice, vitri latè radiantis ad instar
Prismatici, rutilos diffudit ubique colores;

And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T'avoid great errours, must the less commit.
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part,
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Once, on a time, la Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, in looks as sage,
As e'er cou'd Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
That durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out. [knight!
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.
"Not so, by heav'n!" (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain,
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work, where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature, and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True [7] wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others, for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;

[7] Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur; id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.
QUINTIL. lib. 8. cap. 3.

Non tibi naturæ licet amplius ora tueri,
At malè discretis scintillant omnia flammis:
Sed contra veluti jubar immutabile solis,
Quicquid contrectat facundia, lustrat et auget,
Nil variat, sed cuncta oculo splendoris inaurat.
Eloquium mentis nostræ quasi vestis habenda est,
Quæ si sit satis apta, decentior inde videtur;
Scommata magnificis ornata procacia verbis
Indutos referunt regalia syrmata faunos;
Diversis etenim diversa vocabula rebus
Appingi fas est, aulæ velut aulica vestis,
Alteraque agricolis, atque aitera congruit urbi.
Quidam scriptores, antiquis vocibus usi,
Gloriolam affectant, veterum æmula turba sonorum,
Si mentem spectes juvenentur more recentûm.
Tantula nugamenta styloque operosa vetusto,
Docti deridentsoli placitura popello.
Hi nihilo magè felices quam comicus iste
Fungoso, ostentat absurdo pepla tumore,
Qualia nescio quis gestavit nobilis olim;
Atque modo veteres doctos imitantur eodem,
Ac hominem veteri in tunicâ dum simia ludit.
Verba, velut mores, a justis legibus errant,
Si nimium antiquæ fuerint, nimiumve novatæ;
Tu cave ne tentes insueta vocabula primus,
Nec vetera abjicias[8] postremus nomina rerum.
Lævis an asper eat versus plerique requirunt
Censores, solosque sonos damnantve probantve;
Mille licet veneres formosam Pierin ornent,
Stultitiâ vox argutâ celebrabitur una:
Qui juga Parnassi non ut mala corda repurgent,
Auribus ut placeant, visunt: sic sæpe profanos
Impulit ad resonum pietas aurita sacellum.
His solum criticis semper par syllabi cordi est,
Vasto etsi usque omnis pateat vocalis hiatu;
Expletivaque sæpe suas quoque suppetias dent,
Ac versum unum oneret levium heu! decas en!
pigra vocum;
Dum non mutato resonant malè cymbala planctu,
Atque augur miser usque scio, quid deinde sequatur.
Quacunque aspirat clementior aura Favoni,
Mox (nullus dubito) graciles vibrantur aristæ,
Rivulus ut molli serpet per lævia lapsu,
Lector, *non* temerè expectes, post murmura, [ipsa
somnos.
Tum demum qua latè extremum ad distichon
Magnificum sine mente nihil, sententia splendet,

The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some[8] by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play[9];
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song[10],
And smooth, or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire[11];
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line!
While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes.
Where'er you find the cooling western breeze,
In the next line it whispers through the trees,
If crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,
The reader's threat'ned, not in vain, with sleep:
Then at the last, and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,

[8] Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ.
QUINTIL. lib. 1. cap. 6.
Opus est ut verba a vetustate repotita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta; quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas; quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Ibid.

[9] Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

[10] Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli
Nunc demum numero fluere ut per læve severos
Effugit junctura ungues; scit tendere versum,
Nec secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.
PERSIUS, Sat. 1.

[11] Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt.
Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4.

Segnis Hypermeter, audin? adest, et claudicat, instar
Anguis saucia tergatrahentis, prorepentisque.
Hi proprias stupeant nugas, tu discere tentes,
Quæ tereti properant venâ, vel amabilè languent.
Istaque fac laudes, ubi vivida Denhamii vis
Walleriæ condita fluit dulcedine musæ.
Scribendi numerosa facultas provenit arte,
Ut soli incessu faciles fluitare videntur,
Plectro morigeros qui callent singere gressus.
Non solum asperitas teneras cave verberet aures,
Sed vox quæque expressa tuæ sit mentis imago.
Lenè edat Zephyrus suspiria blanda, politis
Lævius in numeris labatur læve fluentum;
At reboat, furit, æstuat æmula musa, sonoris
Litteribus cum rauca horrendum impingitur unda.
Quando est saxum Ajax vastâ vi volvere adortus,
Tardè incedat versus, multum perque laborem.
Non ita sive Camilla cito salis æquora rasit,
Sive levis levitèrque terit, neque flectit aristas.
Audin! Timothei cœlestia carmina, menti
Dulcibus alloquiis varios suadentia motus!
Audin! ut alternis Lybici Jovis inclyta proles
Nunc ardet famam, solos nunc spirat amores
Lumina nunc vivis radiantia volvere flammis,
Mox furtim suspiria, mox effundere fletum!
Dum Persæ, Græcique pares sentire tumultus
Discunt, victricemque lyram rex orbis adorat.
Musica quid poterit corda ipsa fatentur, et audit
Timotheus nostras merita cum laude Drydenus.

Tu servare modum studeas benè cautus, et istos
Queis aut nil placuisse potest, aut omnia, vites
Exiguas naso maculas suspendere noli,
Namque patent nullo stupor atque superbia mentis
Clariùs indicio; neque mens est optima certè,
Non secus ac stomachus, quæcunque recusat et odit
Omnia, difficilisque nihil tibi concoquit unquam.
Non tamen idcirco vegeti vis ulla leporis
Te tibi surripiat; mirari mentis ineptæ est,
Prudentis vero tantum optima quæque probare.
Majores res apparent per nubila visæ,
Atque ita luminibus stupor ampliat omnia densis.
His Galli minus arrident, illisque poetæ
Nostrates, hodierni aliis, aliisque vetusti.
Sic [2] fidei simile, ingenium sectæ arrogat uni
Quisque suæ; solis patet illis janua cœli
Scilicet, inque malam rem cætera turba jubentur.
Frustra autem immensis cupiunt imponere metam
Muneribus Divûm, atque illius tela coarctant
Solis, hyberboreas etiam qui temperat auras,
Non solum australes genios fœcundat et auget.
Qui primis latè sua lumina sparsit ab annis,
Illustrat præsens, summumque accenderit ævum.
(Cuique vices variæ tamen; et jam sæcula sæculis
Succedunt pejora, et jam meliora peractis)
Pro meritis musam laudare memento, nec unquam
Neglige quod novitas distinguit, quodve vetustas.
Sunt qui nil proprium in medium proferre suërunt,
Judiciumque suum credunt popularibus auris;
Tum vulgi quò exempla trahunt retrahuntque sequuntur,

[2] Christianæ scilicet.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song, [alone.
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes; and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,
And praise the easy vigour of of a line
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows,
But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar. [throw,
When Ajax strives, some rock's vast weight to
The line too labours, and the words move slow,
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, [main.
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
Hear how Timotheus'[12] various lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise;
While at each change the son of Lybian Jove,
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love.
Now fierce his eyes with sparkling fury glow!
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow;
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
As things seem large which we through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some the French writers, some our own despise,
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside;)
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last.
(Though each may feel increases and decays
And see now clearer and now darker days.)
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.

[12] Alexander's feast, or the power of music; an ode by Mr. Dryden.

Tolluntque expositas latè per compita nugas.
Turba alia authorum titulos et nomina discit
Scriptor que ipsos, non scripta examinat. Horum
Pessimus iste cluet, si quem servilitèr ipsos
Visere magnates stupor ambitiosus adegit.
Qui critice ad mensam domino ancillatur inepto,
Futilis ardelio, semper referensque ferensque
Nuntia nugarum. Quam pinguia, quam male nata [ullus
Carmina censentur, quæcunque ego fortè vel
Pangere Apollineæ tentat faber improbus artis!
At siquis vero, siquis vir magnus adoptet
Felicem musam, quantus nitor ecce! venusque
Ingenio accedunt! quam prodigialitèr acer
Fit stubito stylus! omnig enam venerabile nomen
Prætexit sacris culpam radiis, & ubique
Carmina culta nitent, & pagina parturit omnis.
Stultula plebs doctos studiosa imitarier errat,
Ut docti nullos imitando sæpius ipsi;
Qui, si forte unquam plebs rectum viderit, (illis
Tanto turba odio est) consultò lumina claudunt.
Talis schismaticus Christi, grege sæpe relicto,
Cœlos ingenii pro laude paciscitur ipsos.
Non desunt quibus incertum mutatur in horas
Judicium, sed semper eos sententia ducit
Ultima palantes. Illis miseranda camæna
More meretricis tractatur, nunc Dea certè,
Nunc audit vilis lupa: dum præpingue cerebrum,
Debilis & male munitæ stationis ad instar,
Jam recti, jam stultitiæ pro partibus astat.
Si causam rogites, aliquis tibi dicat eundo
Quisque dies teneræ præbet nova pabula menti,
Et sapimus magis atque magis. Nos docta propago
Scilicet et sapiens proavos contemnimus omnes,
Heu! pariter nostris temnenda nepotibus olim.
Quondam per nostros dum turba scholastica fines
Regnavit, si cui quam plurima clausula semper
In promptu, ille inter doctissimus audiit omnes;
Religiosa fides simul ac sacra omnia nasci
Sunt visa in litem: sapuit sat nemo refelli
Ut se sit passus. Jam gens insulsa Scotistæ,
Intactique abaci Thomistæ pace fruentes
Inter araneolos pandunt sua retira fratres.
Ipsa fides igitur cum sit variata, quid ergo,
Quid mirum ingenium quoque si varia induat ora?
Naturæ verique relictis finibus amens
Sæpius insanire parat popularitèr author,
Expectatque sibi vitalem hoc nomine famam,
Suppetit usque suus plebi quia risus ineptæ.
Hic solitus propriâ metirier omnia normâ,
Solos, qui secum sunt mente et partibus iisdem
Approbat, ac vanos virtuti reddit honores,
Cui tantum sibi sic larvata superbia plaudit.
Partium in ingenio studium quoque regnat ut
Seditioque auget privatas publica rixas. [aulâ,
Drydeno obstabant odium atque superbia nuper
Et stupor omnigenæ latitans sub imagine formæ,
Nunc criticus, nunc bellus homo, nox deinde sacerdos;
Attamen ingenium, joca cum siluêre, superstes
Vivit adhuc, namque olim utcunque sepulta profundis
Pulchrior emerget tenebris tamen inclyta virtus.
Milbourni, rursus si fas foret ora tueri, [merus
Blackmorique novi reducem insequerentur; Ho-

Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
Who in proud dulness joins with quality,
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal wou'd be,
In some starv'd hackney sometecer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some blame at morning what they praise at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause, they're wiser still they say;
And still to morrow's wiser than to day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences, were deepest read;
Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind;
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise;
Nay, shou'd great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again wou'd start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue,
But like the shadow proves the substance true;

Ipse etiam erigeret vultus si forte verendos
Zoilus ex orco gressus revocaret. Ubique
Virtuti malus, umbra velut nigra, livor adhæret,
Sed verum ex vanâ corpus cognoscitur umbrâ.
Ingenium, solis jam deficientis ad instar
Invisum, oppositi tenebras tantum arguit orbis,
Dum claro intemerata manent sua lumina divo.
Sol prodit cum primum, atque intolerabile fulget
Attrahit obscuros flammâ magnete vapores;
Mox vero pingunt etiam invida nubila callem
Multa caloratum, & crescentia nubila spargunt
Uberiùs, geminoque die viridaria donant.
Tu primus meritis plaudas nihil ipse meretur
Qui serus laudator adest. Brevis, heu! brevis ævi
Participes nostri vates celebrantur, et æquum est
Angustumquam primum assuescant degere vitam.
Aurea nimirum jamjudum evanuit ætas,
Cum vates patriarchæ extabant mille per annos:
Jam spes deperiit, nobis vita altera, famæ,
Nostraque marcescit sexagenaria laurus!
Aspicimus nati patriæ dispendia linguæ,
Et vestris Chauceri olim gestanda Drydeno est.
Sic ubi parturuit mens dives imagine multâ
Pictori, calamoque interprete cœpit acuti
Concilium cerebri narrare coloribus aptis,
Protinus ad nutum novus emicat orbis, et ipsa
Evolvit manui sese natura disertæ;
Dulcia cum molles coeunt in fœdera fuci
Tandem maturi, liquidamque decentèr obumbrant
Admistis lucem tenebris, et euntibus annis
Quando opus ad summum perductum est culmen, & audent
E vivâ formæ extantes spirare tabellâ:
Perfidus heu! pulchram color ævo prodidit artem,
Egregiusque decor jam nunc fruit omnis, et urbes,
Et fluvii, pictique homines, terræque fuerunt;
Heu! dos ingenii, veluti quodcunque furore
Cæco prosequimur, nihil unquam muneris adfert,
Quod redimat comitem invidiam! juvenilibus annis
Nil nisi inane sophos jactamus, et ista voluptas
Vana, brevis, momento evanuit altis horæ!
Flos veluti veris peperit quem prima juventus,
Ille viret, periitque virens sine falce caducus.
Quid verò ingenium est. quæso? Quid ut illius ergo
Tantum insudemus? nonne est tibi perfida conjux
Quam dominus vestis, vicinia tota potita est;
Quo placuisse magis nobis fors obtigit, inde
Nata magis cura est. Quid enim? crescentibus
Musæ muneribus populi spes crescit avari. [almæ
Laus ipsa acquiri est operosa, et lubrica labi;
Quin quosdam irritare necesse est; omnibus autem
Nequaquam fecisse satis datur; ingeniumque
Expaliet vitium, devitat conscia virtus,
Stulti omnes oderê, scelesti perdere gaudent.
Quando adeo infestam sese ignorantia præstet,
Absit, ut ingenium bello doctrina lacessat!
Præmia proposuit meritis olim æqua vetustas,
Et sua laus etiam conatos magna secuta est;
Quanquam etenim fortis dux solus ovabat, at
Militibus crines pulchræ impediere corollæ. [ipsis
At tunc qui bifidi superarunt improba montis
Culmina, certatim socios detrudere tentant;
Scriptorem, quid enim! dum quemque philautia ducit,

For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first the Sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure the rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years;
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light,
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away.

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for the envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost!
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit which most our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Still most our trouble, when the most admir'd;
The more we give, the more is still requir'd:
The fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who cou'd excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldier too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some other down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools.

Zelotypum, instaurant certamina mutua vates,
Et sese alterni stultis ludibria præbent.
Fert ægrè alterius, qui pessimus audit honores,
Improbus improbuli vice fungitur author amici;
En fœdis quam fœda viis mortalia corda
Cogit persequier famæ malesuada libido!
Ah! ne gloriolæ usque adeo sitis impia regnet,
Nec critica affectans, hominis simul exue nomen:
Sed candor cum judicio conjuret amicè,
Peccare est hominum, peccanti ignoscere, divûm.
At vero si cui ingenuo præcordia bilis
Non despumatæ satis acri fœce laborant,
In scelera accensas pejora exerceat iras,
Nil dubitet, segetem præbent hæc tempora lar-
Obscœno detur nulla indulgentia vati, [gam.
Ars licet ingenio supeaddita cerea flecti
Pectora pelliciat. Verum, hercule, juncta stupori
Scripta impura pari vano molimine prorsus
Invalidam æquiparant eunuchi turpis amorem.
Tunc ubi regnavit dives cum pace voluptas
In nostris flos iste malus caput extulit oris.
Tunc ubi rex facilis viguit, qui semper amore,
Consiliis rarò, nunquam se exercuit armis:
Scripserunt mimos proceres, meretrícibus aulæ
Successit regimen; nec non magnatibus ipsis
Affuit ingenium, stipendiaque ingeniosis.
Patriciæ in scenis spectavit opuscula musæ
Multa nurus, lasciva tuens, atque auribus hausit
Omnia larvato secura modestia vultu.
Machina, virginibus quæ ventilat ora, pudicum
Dedidicit clausa officium, ad ludicra cachinnus
Increpuit, rubor ingenuus nihil amplius arsit.
Deinde ex externo traducta licentia regno
Audacis fœces Socini absorbuit imas,
Sacrilegique sacerdotes tum quemque docebant
Conati efficere, ut gratis paradiso adiret;
Ut populus patriâ cum libertate sacratis
Assererent sua jura locis, ne scilicet unquam
(Crediderim) Omnipotens foret ipse potentior æquo.
Templa sacram satiram jam tum violata silebant:
Et laudes vitii, vitio mirante, sonabant!
Accensi hinc musæ Titanes ad astra ruerunt,
Legeque sancitum quassit blasphemia prælum.—
Hæc monstra, O critici, contra hæc convertite te-
Hùc fulmen, tonitruque styli torquete severi, [lum,
Et penitus totum obnixi exonerate furorem!
At tales fugias, qui, non sine fraude severi,
Scripta malam in partem, livore interprete, ver-
tunt;
Pravis omnia prava videntur, ut omnia passim
Ictericus propriâ ferrugine tingit ocellus.
Jam mores critici proprios, adverte, docebo;
Dimidiata etenim est tibi sola scientia virtus.
Non satis est ars, ingenium, doctrinaque vires
Quæque suas jungant, si non quoque candor ho-
nestis,
Et veri sincerus amor sermonibus insint.
Sic tibi non solum quisque amplos solvet honores,
Sed te, qui criticum probat exoptabit amicum,
Mutus, quando animus dubius tibi fluctuat,
Sin tibi confidis, dictis confide prudenter- [esto;
Quidam hebetes semper perstant erroribus; at tu
Præteritas lætus culpas fateare, dies-que
Quisque dies redimat, criticoque examine tentet.

Hoc tibi non satis est, verum, quod præcipis,
esse,
Veridici mala rusticitas magè sæpe molesta est

But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base end, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost:
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity shou'd find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove,
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-
crease;
When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sate panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before—
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights
dispute
Lest God himself should seem too absolute.
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies—
These monsters, critics, with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know:
'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join,
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your judgment's due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure with seeming diffidence;
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
That if once wrong will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errours past,
And make each day a critic on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods
do;

Auribus, ingenuam quam verba ferentia fraudem;
Non ut præceptor, cave des præcepta, reique
Ignaros, tanquam immemores, catus instrue: verax
Ipse placet, si non careat candore, nec ullos
Judicium, urbanis quod fulget moribus, urit.
Tu nulli invideas monitus, rationis avarus
Si sis, præ reliquis sordes miserandus avaris.
Ne vili obsequio criticorum jura refigas,
Nec fer judicium nimis officiosus iniquum;
Prudentem haud irritabis (ne finge) monendo,
Qui laude est dignus patiens culpabitur idem.
Consultum meliùs criticis foret, illa maneret
Si nunc culpandi libertas. Appius autem,
Ecce! rubet, quoties loqueris, torvoque tremendus
Intuitu, reddit sævi trucia ora gigantis
Jam picta in veteri magè formidanda tapete.
Fac mittas tumidum tituloque et stemmate stultum,
Cui quædam est data jure licentia sæpe stupendi;
Tales et libitum vates absque indole, eâdem,
Quâ sine doctrinâ doctores lege creantur.
Contemptis prudens satiris res linque tacendas,
Assentatorumque infamem exercat artem,
Nominibus libros magnis gensignara dicandi;
Quæ cum mendaci laudes effutiat ore,
Non magnè credenda est, quam quando pejerat olim
Non iterum pingues unquam conscribere versus.
Non raro est satius bilem cohibere suescas,
Humanusque sinas hebetem sibi plaudere: prudens
Hic taceas moneo, nihil indignatio prodest,
Fessus eris culpando, ea gens haud fessa eanendo:
Nam temnens stimulos, tardum cum murmure cursum
Continuat, donec jam tandem, turbinis instar
Vapulet in torporem, & semper eundo quiescat.
Talibus ex lapsu vis est reparata frequenti,
Ut tardi titubata urgent vestigia manni.
Horum pleraque pars, cui nulla amentia defit,
Tinnitu numerorum et amore senescit inani,
Perstat difficili carmen deducere venâ,
Donec inexhausto restat fæx ulla cerebro,
Relliquias stillat vix expressæ malè mentis,
Et miseram invalidâ exercet prurigine musam.
Sunt nobis vates hoc de grege, sed tamen idem
Affirmo, criticorum ejusdem sortis abunde est.
Helluo librorum, qui sudat, hebetque legendo,
Cui mens nugarum doctâ farragine turget
Attentas propriæ voci malè recreat aures;
Auditorque sibi solus miser ipse videtur.
Ille omnes legit authores, omnesque lacessit
Durfeio infestus pariter magnoque Drydeno.
Judice sub tali semper furatur, emitve illi
Quisque suum bonus author opus: non Garthius
Si credas) proprium contexuit ipse poema.
In scenis nova si comœdia agatur, "amicus
Hujus scriptor (ait) meus est, cui non ego paucas
Ostendi maculas; sed mens est nulla poetis."
Non locus est tam sanctus, ut hunc expellere possit,
Nec templum in tuto est, plusquam via; quin pete sacras
Aufugiens aras, & ad aras iste sequetur
Occidetque loquendo; etenim stultus ruet ultro
Nil metuens, ubi ferre pedem vex angelus audet.
Diffidit sibimet sapientia cauta, brevesque
Excursus tentas in se sua lumina vertint;
Stultitia at præceps violento vortice currit
Non unquam tremefacta, nec unquam è tramite cedens,
Fulmine fulmineo se totam invicta profundit.

Men must be taught, as if you taught 'em not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust;
Fear most the anger of the wise to raise,
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
'Twere well, might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry!
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is uncensur'd to be dull;
Such without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain
And charitably let the dull be vain.
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As after stumbling, jades will mend their pace:
What crowds of these, impertinently bold,
In sounds, and jing'ling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have, and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The book-full blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears—
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables, down to Durfy's tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's-church more safe than Paul's Church-yard;
Nay fly to altars; there he'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes,
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide!

Ta vero quisnam est monita instillare peritus,
Qui, quod scis, lætus monstras, neque scire super-
Non odio doctus pravove favore, nec ulli [bis;
Addictus sectæ, ut pecces, neque cæcus, ut erres;
Doctus, at urbanus, sincerus, at aulicus idem;
Audatèrque pudens mediâque humanus in irâ.
Qui nunquam dubites vel amico ostendere culpas,
Et celebres inimicum haud parca laude meren-
Purgato ingenio felix, sed & infinito. [tem.
Et quod librorumque hominumque scientia ditat;
Colloquium cui come, animus summissus & in-
gens,
Laudandique omnes, ratio cum præcipit, ardor!
Tales extiterunt critici, quos Græcia quondam
Romaque mirata est natos melioribus annis.
Primus Aristoteles est ausus solvere navem,
Atque datis velis vastum explorare profundum.
Tutus iit, longèque ignotas attigit oras
Lumina Mæoniæ observans radiantia stellæ.
Jam vates, gens illa, diu quæ lege soluta est,
Et sævæ capta est malè libertatis amore,
Lætantes dominum accipiunt, atque omnis eodem
Qui domuit naturam, exultat præside musa.
Nasquam non grata est incuria comis Horati,
Qui nec opinantes nos erudit absque magistro.
Ille suas leges, affabilis instar amici
Quam veras simul & quam claro more profundit!
Ille licet tam judicio quam divite venâ [audax
Maximus, audacem criticum, non scriptor in-
Præstaret se jure, tamen sedatus ibidem
Censor, ubi cecinit divino concitus æstro,
Carminibusque eadem inspirat, quæ tradidit
Arte.
Nostrates homines planè in contraria currunt,
Turba, stylo vehemens critico, sed frigida Phœbo:
Nec malè vertendo Flaccum torsere poetæ
Absurdi, magè quam critici sine mente citando.
Aspice, ut expoliat numeros Dionysius ipsi
Mæonidæ, veneresque accersat ubique recentes!
Conditam ingenio jactat Petronius artem,
Cui doctrina scholas redolet simul & sapit aulam.
Cum docti Fabii cumulata volumina versas,
Optima perspicuâ in serie documenta videre est,
Haud secus utilia ac apothecis condimus arma,
Ordine perpetuo sita juncturâque decorâ,
Non modo ut obtineat quo sese oblectet ocellus,
Verum etiam in promptu, quando venit usus,
habenda.
Te solum omnigenæ inspirant, Longine, Ca-
mænæ, [dederunt;
Et propriam penitus tibi mentem animumque
En! tibi propositi criticum fideique tenacem,
Qui vehemens sua jura, sed omnibus æqua mi-
nistrat;
Quæ probat exemplo, quas tradit acumine leges,
Semper sublimi sublimior argumento!
Successere diù sibi tales, pulsaque fugit
Barbara præscriptas exosa licentia leges.
Româ perpetuo crescente scientia crevit,
Atque artes aquilarum equitâre audacibus alis;
Sed tandem superata iisdem victoribus uno
Roma triumphata est musis comitantibus ævo.
Dira superstitio & comes est bacchata tyrannis,
Et simul illa animos, hæc corpora sub juga misit,
Credita ab omnibus omnia sunt, sed cognita nullis,
Et stupor est ausus titulo pietatis abuti!
Obruta diluvio sic est doctrina secundo,
Et Monachis finita Gothorum exorsa fuerunt.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, or blindly right,
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred,
sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanely severe?
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact and unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride,
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deep explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way;
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with
fire,
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius [13] Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line.
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules, and clearest meth'd join'd;
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace.
Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire;
An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence supress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good;
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

[13] Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

At vero tandem memorabile nomen Erasmus,
(Cuique sacerdoti jactandus, cuique pudendus)
Barbariæ obnixus torrentia tempora vincit,
Atque Gothos propriis sacros de finibus arcet.
At Leo jam rursus viden' aurea secula condit,
Sertaque neglectis revirescunt laurea musis!
Antiquus Romæ Genius de pulvere sacro
Attollit sublime caput. Tunc cœpit amari
Sculptura atque artes sociæ, cælataque rupes
Vivere, et in pulchras lapides mollescere formas;
Divinam harmoniam surgentia templa sonabant,
Atque stylo & calamo Raphael & Vida vigebant;
Illustris vates! cui laurea serta poetæ
Intertexta hederis critici geminata refulgent:
Jamque æquat claram tibi, Mantua, Vida Cremonam,
Utque loci, sic semper erit vicinia famæ.
Mox autem profugæ metuentes improba musæ
Arma, Italos fines linquunt, inque Arctica migrant
Littora; sed criticam sibi Gallia vendicat artem.
Gens ullas leges, docilis servire, capessit,
Boileviusque vices domini gerit acer Horatî.
At fortes spernunt præcepta externa Britanni,
Moribus indomiti quoque; nam pro jure furendi
Angliacus pugnat genius, Romamque magistram,
Romanumque jugum semper contemnere pergit.
At vero jam tum non defuit unus & alter
Corda, licet tumefacta minûs, magis alta gerentes,
Ingenii partes veri studiosa fovendi
Inque basi antiquâ leges & jura locandi.
Talis, qui cecinit doctrinæ exemplar & author,
"Ars bene scribendi naturæ est summa potestas."
Talis Roscommon—bonus & doctissimus idem,
Nobilis ingenio magè nobilitatus honesto;
Qui Graios Latiosque authores novit ad unguem,
Dum veneres texit pudibunda industria privas.
Talis Walshius ille fuit—judex & amicus
Musarum, censuræ æquus laudisque minister,
Mitis precantûm censor, vehemensque merentûm
Laudator, cerebrum sine mendo, & cor sine fuco!
Hæc saltem accipias, lacrymabilis umbra, licebit,
Hæc debet mea musa tuæ munuscula famæ.
Illa eadem, infantem cujus tu fingere vocem,
Tu monstrare viam; horridulas componere plumas
Tu sæpe es solitus—duce jam miseranda remoto
Illa breves humili excursus molimine tentat,
Nec jam quid sublime, quid ingens amplius audet.
Illic hoc jam satis est—si hinc turba indocta docetur,
Docta recognoscit studii vestigia prisci:
Censuram haud curat, famam mediocritèr ardet,
Culpare intrepida, at laudis tamen æqua ministra;
Haud ulli prudens assentaturve notetve;
Se demum mendis haud immunem esse fatetur,
At neque fastidit limâ, quando indiget, uti.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priest-hood, and the shame)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see each muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruin spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!
Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive,
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida [14] sung!
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses past;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
But critic learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation born to serve obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways;
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd,
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were among the sounder few,
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
Nature's [15] chief master-piece is writing well.
Such was Roscommon—not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend;
Who justly know to blame, or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give!
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing;
(Her guide now lost) no more pretends to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view;
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, not too fond of fame,
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter or offend,
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

[14] Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin poet, who writ an art of poetry in verse. He flourished in the time of Leo the tenth.

[15] Essay on Poetry, by the duke of Buckingham.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WILKIE, D. D.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM WILKIE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

WILLIAM WILKIE was born in the parish of Dalmeny, in the county of West Lothian, on the 5th of October, 1721. His father, although a small farmer, and poor and unfortunate, endeavoured to give him a liberal education, which he appears to have improved by diligence. In the ninth volume of Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, are some verses said to have been written by him in his tenth year. Dr. Gleig, who has inserted a very candid life of Wilkie in the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, doubts the probability of this report, as the verses contain more knowledge of electricity than had then been acquired either by boys or men. A very few of these verses will, however, convince the reader, that Wilkie is not to be ranked among *les enfans celebres*.

What penetrating mind can rightly form
A faint idea of a raging storm?
Who can express of elements the war,
And noisy thunder roaring from afar?
This subject is superior to my skill:
Yet I'll begin, to show I want not will, &c.

At the age of thirteen, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he was soon distinguished for originality of thought, and rapid progress in learning. Among his associates here, we have the names of Robertson, Home (the dramatic poet), Hume, Ferguson, and Adam Smith. With these he continued in habits of friendship and correspondence for many years; but I know not whether it will be accounted a proof of his judgment, that he considered Adam Smith as excelling Hume and Robertson in the powers of invention.

Before he completed his education, his father died, leaving him no other inheritance than his small farm, and the care of three sisters. Necessity thus turned his

attention to the study of agriculture, which he cultivated with so much success, although upon a confined scale, that he acquired a solid reputation as a practical farmer, and was enabled to provide for himself and his sisters. He still, however, prosecuted his studies, and at the accustomed period was admitted a preacher in the church of Scotland.

For some years this made no alteration in his mode of life. Being admitted a preacher not implying, as in England, the cure of souls, he had only to exercise his ministerial office occasionally for the clergymen in his neighbourhood, and could employ the principal part of his time on his farm and his studies. He appears to have been early ambitious of the character of a poet, and having read Homer, as Don Quixote read romances, he determined to sally forth as his rival, or continuator; and this enthusiasm produced the Epigoniad, published in 1753. On this poem he is said to have employed fourteen years, which ill agrees with what his biographers tell us of his propensity to poetry, and the original vigour of his mind, for it appeared with all the imperfections of a rough sketch. It is more probable that he wrote by snatches as he found time and inclination, and had perhaps long finished the work before he ventured to publish it. Its reception by the English public was not very flattering, but in his own country the Epigoniad succeeded so well, that a second edition was called for in 1759, to which he added a dream in the manner of Spenser.

A few years before this, he was ordained minister of Ratho, in consequence of a presentation from the late earl of Lauderdale, who knew his worth, and admired his genius. By an assiduous attention to the public and private duties of his sacred function, we are told, he became popular and useful. Yet it is difficult to conceive how a clergyman could preserve the reverence due to his character or office, "who generally preached with his hat on his head, and often forgot to pronounce the blessing after public service: and who has been seen to dispense the sacrament without consecrating the elements."[1] Such indecent negligence cannot surely be excused on the plea of absence of mind, allowable enough in the common intercourse of life, but which in the present case implies a careless abstraction of mind from that which ought to have occupied it entirely.

In 1759, he was chosen professor of natural philosophy in the university of St. Andrews, a proof that he had acquired a character for higher attainments than are discoverable in the Epigoniad. When he removed to St. Andrews, his whole fortune did not exceed two hundred pounds, with which he purchased a few acres of land in the neighbourhood of the city, and cultivated them with his usual judgment, still continuing to maintain his sisters, whom he brought from Ratho to reside with him. As a teacher, he is said to have displayed great knowledge of science, with an easy and familiar mode of demonstration which fixed the regard as well as the attention of his scholars[1]. In 1766, the university conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

In 1768, he published his Fables, which had less success than even his Epigoniad, although they are rather happy imitations of the manner of Gay, and the

[1] Travels in Scotland, by the Rev. James Hall, vol. i. p. 131, et seq.—C.

thoughts, if not always original, are yet sprightly and just. After a lingering illness, he died Oct. 10, 1772.

The character of Dr. Wilkie appears to have been distinguished for those singularities which are sometimes found in men of genius, either from early indulgence or affectation. His biographers have multiplied instances of his disgusting manners, which it would have been more prudent to bury in oblivion, as the reader of such tales is too apt to imagine that what was only occasional must have been uniform.

He is said to have died worth £3000, accumulated by penurious living; but those who knew him more intimately have vindicated his character in this respect. Much of his life was spent in poverty, and a strong sense of the value of independence induced him to become saving, as soon as he could spare any thing from his immediate wants and the necessity of his sisters, for whom he appears to have provided with all the affectionate concern of a parent. By avoiding the expenses of hospitality, in a hospitable country, he incurred the suspicion of avarice; but he was known to be liberal to the poor, and ought not to be blamed if he preferred the silent dictates of his heart to the ostentatious fashion of society.

His learning, according to every account, was extensive, and much of it acquired at a very early age. His conversation was enriched by original sentiments, delivered in a bold, and sometimes coarse manner: and there were few good judges who did not leave his company impressed with a high opinion of his talents. He must have been indeed an extraordinary man, who could preserve the respect of his contemporaries and of his scholars, notwithstanding such indelicate and disgusting habits, as we read of in the life of no other man. Some men have been slovenly from negligence, but Wilkie, where he had a choice, is said to have given a decided preference to what was dirty.

When the Epigoniad made its appearance, it was attacked by the Monthly and Critical Reviewers with apparent severity; but the extracts and specimens by which they confirmed their opinions, satisfied the public that they had examined the poem with impartiality, and decided with justice. It would, therefore, have probably sunk into oblivion, had not the sale in Scotland exhausted the first edition, and encouraged the author to publish a second, in which he made a few alterations, chiefly in the versification. Yet as the principal objections remained in full force, this would have contributed little to extend our author's fame; and the new edition was but slowly called for, when an extraordinary appeal from the general opinion was preferred by the celebrated Mr. Hume, who wrote a very long encomium on the Epigoniad, addressed to the editor of the Critical Review, and published in the seventh volume of that journal. As I have nothing to oppose to the neglect with which Wilkie's poems have been treated, I hope I shall be pardoned for inserting Mr. Hume's very elaborate criticism, whatever effect it may produce. The analysis he gives of the fable may at least assist the readers of the Epigoniad. As to the very high praise he bestows, those who knew Mr. Hume's taste, friendship, or sincerity, will be best enabled to determine whether he is serious.

"TO THE AUTHORS OF THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

"Gentlemen, "April, 1759.

"The great advantages which result from literary journals have recommended the use of them all over Europe; but as nothing is free from abuse, it must be confessed that some inconveniences have also attended these undertakings. The works of the learned multiply in such a surprising manner, that a journalist, in order to give an account to the public of all new performances, is obliged to peruse a small library every month, and as it is impossible for him to bestow equal attention on every piece which he criticises, he may readily be surprised into mistakes, and give to a book such a character as, on a more careful perusal, he would willingly retract. Even performances of the greatest merit are not secure against this injury; and, perhaps, are sometimes the most exposed to it. An author of genius scorns the vulgar arts of catching applause: he pays no court to the great: gives no adulation to those celebrated for learning: takes no care to provide himself of partisans, or *proneurs*, as the French call them: and by that means his work steals unobserved into the world: and it is some time before the public, and even men of penetration, are sensible of its merit. We take up the book with prepossession, peruse it carelessly, are feebly affected by its beauties, and lay it down with neglect, perhaps with disapprobation.

"The public has done so much justice to the gentlemen engaged in the Critical Review, as to acknowledge that no literary journal was ever carried on in this country with equal spirit and impartiality: yet, I must confess that an article published in your Review of 1757, gave me great surprise, and not a little uneasiness. It regarded a book called the Epigoniad, a poem of the epic kind, which was at that time published with great applause at Edinburgh, and of which a few copies had been sent up to London. The author of that article had surely been lying under strong prepossessions, when he spoke so negligently of a work which abounds in such sublime beauties, and could endeavour to discredit a poem, consisting of near six thousand lines, on account of a few mistakes in expression and prosody, proceeding entirely from the author's being a Scotchman, who had never been out of his own country. As there is a new edition published of this poem, wherein all or most of these trivial mistakes are corrected, I flatter myself that you will gladly lay hold of this opportunity of retracting your oversight, and doing justice to a performance, which may, perhaps, be regarded as one of the ornaments of our language. I appeal from your sentence, as an old woman did from a sentence pronounced by Philip of Macedon:—I appeal from Philip, ill-counselled and in a hurry, to Philip, well-advised, and judging with deliberation. The authority which you possess with the public makes your censure fall with weight: and I question not but you will be the more ready, on that account, to redress any injury into which either negligence, prejudice, or mistake, may have betrayed you. As I profess myself to be an admirer of this performance, it will afford me pleasure to give you a short analysis of it, and to collect a few specimens of these great beauties in which it abounds.

"The author, who appears throughout his whole work to be a great admirer and imitator of Homer, drew the subject of this poem from the fourth Iliad, where

Sthenelus gives Agamemnon a short account of the sacking of Thebes. After the fall of those heroes, celebrated by Statius, their sons, and among the rest Diomede, undertook the siege of that city, and were so fortunate as to succeed in their enterprize, and to revenge on the Thebans and the tyrant Creon the death of their fathers. These young heroes were known to the Greeks under the title of the Epigoni, or the descendants; and for this reason the author has given to his poem the title of Epigoniad, a name, it must be confessed somewhat unfortunately chosen, for as this particular was known only to a very few of the learned, the public were not able to conjecture what could be the subject of the poem, and were apt to neglect what it was impossible for them to understand.

"There remained a tradition among the Greeks, that Homer had taken the siege of Thebes for the subject of a poem, which is lost; and our author seems to have pleased himself with the thought of reviving the work, as well as of treading in the footsteps of his favourite author. The actors are mostly the same with those of the Iliad: Diomede is the hero: Ulysses, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Nestor, Idomeneus, Merion, even Thersites, all appear in different passages of the poem, and act parts suitable to the lively characters drawn of them by that great master. The whole turn of this new poem would almost lead us to imagine that the Scottish bard had found the lost manuscript of that father of poetry, and had made a faithful translation of it into English. Longinus imagines that the Odyssey was executed by Homer in his old age; we shall allow the Iliad to be the work of his middle age; and we shall suppose that the Epigoniad was the essay of his youth, where his noble and sublime genius breaks forth by frequent intervals, and gives strong symptoms of that constant flame which distinguished its meridian.

"The poem consists of nine books. We shall open the subject of it in the author's own words:

Ye pow'rs of song! with whose immortal fire
Your bard enraptur'd sung Pelides' ire,
To Greece so fatal, when in evil hour,
He brav'd in stern debate, the sov'reign pow'r,
By like example teach me now to show
From love, no less, what dire disasters flow.
For when the youth of Greece, by Theseus led,
Return'd to conquer where their fathers bled,
And punish guilty Thebes, by Heav'n ordain'd
For perfidy to fall, and oaths profan'd;
Venus, still partial to the Theban arms,
Tydeus' son seduc'd by female charms;
Who, from his plighted faith by passion sway'd,
The chiefs, the army, and himself betray'd.
This theme did once your fav'rite bard employ,
Whose verse immortaliz'd the fall of Troy:
But time's oblivious gulf, whose circle draws
All mortal things by fate's eternal laws,
In whose wide vortex worlds themselves are tost,
And rounding swift successively are lost,
His song hath snatch'd. I now resume the strain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,

By this attempt to merit equal praise
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
Sooner the weed, that with the Spring appears,
And in the Summer's heat its blossom bears,
But, shriv'ling at the touch of Winter hoar,
Sinks to its native earth, and is no more;
Might match the lofty oak, which long hath stood,
From age to age, the monarch of the wood.
But love excites me, and desire to trace
His glorious steps, tho' with unequal pace.
Before me still I see his awful shade,
With garlands crown'd of leaves which never fade;
He points the path to fame, and bids me scale
Parnassus' slipp'ry height, where thousands fail:
I follow trembling; for the cliffs are high,
And hov'ring round them watchful harpies fly,
To snatch the poet's wreath with envious claws,
And hiss contempt for merited applause.

"The poet supposes that Cassandra, the daughter of the king of Pelignium in Italy, was pursued by the love of Echetus, a barbarous tyrant in the neighbourhood; and as her father rejected his addresses, he drew on himself the resentment of the tyrant, who made war upon him, and forced him to retire into Etolia, where Diomede gave him protection. This hero falls himself in love with Cassandra, and is so fortunate as to make equal impression on her heart; but before the completion of his marriage, he is called to the siege of Thebes, and leaves, as he supposes, Cassandra in Etolia with her father. But Cassandra, anxious for her lover's safety, and unwilling to part from the object of her affections, had secretly put on a man's habit, had attended him in the camp, and had fought by his side in all his battles. Meanwhile the siege of Thebes is drawn out to some length, and Venus, who favours that city, in opposition to Juno and Pallas, who seek its destruction, deliberates concerning the proper method of raising the siege. The fittest expedient seems to be the exciting in Diomede a jealousy of Cassandra, and persuading him that her affections were secretly engaged to Echetus, and that the tyrant had invaded Etolia in pursuit of his mistress. For this purpose Venus sends down Jealousy, whom the author personifies under the name of Zelotype. Her person and flight are painted in the most splendid colours that poetry affords:

First to her feet the winged shoes she binds,
Which tread the air and mount the rapid winds:
Aloft they bear her thro' th' ethereal plain,
Above the solid Earth and liquid main:
Her arrows next she takes of pointed steel,
For sight too small, but terrible to feel:
Rous'd by their smart, the savage lion roars,
And mad to combat rush the tusky boars.
Of wounds secure; for where their venom lights,
What feels their power all other torment slights.
A figur'd zone, mysteriously design'd,
Around her waist her yellow robe confin'd:
There dark Suspicion lurk'd, of sable hue;
There hasty Rage his deadly dagger drew;

Pale Envy inly pin'd: and by her side
Stood Phrenzy, raging with his chains unty'd;
Affronted Pride with thirst of vengeance burn'd,
And Love's excess to deepest hatred turn'd.
All these the artist's curious hand express'd,
The work divine his matchless skill confess'd.
The virgin last, around her shoulders flung
The bow; and by her side the quiver hung;
Then, springing up, her airy course she bends,
For Thebes; and lightly o'er the tents descends.
The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found
In arms complete, reposing on the ground:
And, as he slept, the hero thus address'd,
Her form to fancy's waking eye express'd.

"Diomede, moved by the instigations of jealousy, and eager to defend his mistress and his country, calls an assembly of the princes, and proposes to raise the siege of Thebes, on account of the difficulty of the enterprize, and dangers which surround the army. Theseus, the general, breaks out into a passion at this proposal: but is pacified by Nestor. Idomeneus rises, and reproaches Diomede for his dishonourable counsel, and among other topics, upbraids him with his degeneracy from his father's bravery.

Should now, from hence arriv'd, some warrior's ghost
Greet valiant Tydeus on the Stygian coast,
And tell, when danger or distress is near,
That Diomede persuades the rest to fear:
He'd shun the synod of the mighty dead,
And hide his anguish in the deepest shade:
Nature in all an equal course maintains:
The lion's whelp succeeds to awe the plains:
Pards gender pards: from tigers tigers spring,
Nor doves are hatch'd beneath a vulture's wing:
Each parent's image in his offspring lives:
But nought of Tydeus in his son survives.

"The debate is closed by Ulysses, who informs the princes that the Thebans are preparing to march out in order to attack them; and that it is vain for them to deliberate any longer concerning the conclusion of the war.

"We have next a description of a battle between the Thebans, under Creon, and the confederate Greeks, under Theseus. The battle is full of the spirit of Homer. We shall not trouble our reader with particulars, which would appear insipid in prose especially if compared to the lively poetry of our author. We shall only transcribe one passage, as a specimen of his happy choice of circumstances:

Next Arcas, Cleon, valiant Chromius dy'd;
With Dares, to the Spartan chiefs ally'd.
And Phœmius, whom the gods in early youth
Had form'd for virtue and the love of truth;
His gen'rous soul to noble deeds they turn'd,
And love to mankind in his bosom burn'd:
Cold thro' his throat the hissing weapon glides,
And on his neck the waving locks divides.

His fate the Graces mourn'd. The gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
On high Olympus bending from the skies,
His fate beheld with sorrow-streaming eyes.
Pallas alone, unalter'd and serene,
With secret triumph saw the mournful scene:
Not hard of heart: for none of all the pow'rs,
In earth or ocean, or th' Olympian tow'rs,
Holds equal sympathy with human grief,
Or with a freer hand bestows relief:
But conscious that a mind by virtue steel'd
To no impression of distress will yield;
That still unconquer'd, in its awful hour
O'er death it triumphs with immortal pow'r.

"The battle ends with advantage to the confederate Greeks: but the approach of night prevents their total victory.

"Creon, king of Thebes, sends next an embassy to the confederate Greeks, desiring a truce of seven days, in order to bury the dead. Diomede, impatient to return home, and stimulated by jealousy, violently opposes this overture, but is over-ruled by the other princes, and the truce is concluded. The author, in imitation of Homer, and the other ancient poets, takes here an opportunity of describing games celebrated for honouring the dead. The games he has chosen are different from those which are to be found among the ancients, and the incidents are new and curious.

"Diomede took no share in these games: his impatient spirit could not brook the delay which arose from the truce: he pretends that he consented not to it, and is not included in it: he therefore proposes to his troops to attack the Thebans while they are employed in performing the funeral rites of the dead: but is opposed in this design by Deiphobus his tutor, who represents to him in the severest terms the rashness and iniquity of his proposal. After some altercation, Diomede, impatient of contradiction in his favourite object, and stung by the free reproaches of his tutor, breaks out into a violent passion, and throws his spear at Deiphobus, which pierced him to the heart.

"This incident, which is apt to surprize us, seems to have been copied by our author, from that circumstance in the life of Alexander, where this heroic conqueror, moved by a sudden passion, stabs Clytus his ancient friend, by whom his life had been formerly saved in battle. The repentance of Diomede is equal to that of Alexander. No sooner had he struck the fatal blow than his eyes are opened: he is sensible of his guilt and shame; he refuses all consolation; abstains even from food: and shuts himself up alone in his tent. His followers, amazed at the violence of his passion, keep at a distance from him: all but Cassandra, who enters his tent with a potion, which she had prepared for him. While she stands before him alone, her timidity and passion betray her sex; and Diomede immediately perceives her to be Cassandra, who had followed him to the camp, under a warlike disguise. As his repentance for the murder of Deiphobus was now the ruling passion in his breast, he is not moved by tenderness for Cassandra: on the contrary, he considers her as the cause, however innocent, of the murder of his friend, and of

his own guilt; and he treats her with such coldness that she retires in confusion. She even leaves the camp, and resolves to return to her father in Etolia; but is taken on the road by a party of Thebans, who carry her to Creon. That tyrant determines to make the most political use of this incident: he sends privately a message to Diomede, threatening to put Cassandra to death, if that hero would not agree to a separate truce with Thebes. This proposal is at first rejected by Diomede, who threatens immediate destruction to Creon and all his race. Nothing can be more artfully managed by the poet than this incident. We shall hear him in his own words:

Sternly the hero ended, and resign'd,
To fierce disorder, all his mighty mind,
Already in his thoughts, with vengeful hands,
He dealt destruction 'midst the Theban bands,
In fancy saw the tott'ring turrets fall,
And led his warriors o'er the level'd wall.
Rous'd with the thought, from his high seat he sprung;
And grasp'd the sword, which on a column hung;
The shining blade he balanc'd thrice in air;
His lances next he view'd, and armour fair.
When, hanging 'midst the costly panoply,
A scarf embroider'd met the hero's eye,
Which fair Cassandra's skilful hands had wrought,
A present for her lord, in secret brought
That day, when first he led his martial train
In arms, to combat on the Theban plain.
As some strong charm, which magic sounds compose,
Suspends a downward torrent as it flows;
Checks in the precipice its headlong course,
And calls it trembling upwards to its source:
Such seem'd the robe, which, to the hero's eyes,
Made the fair artist in her charms to rise.
His rage, suspended in its full career,
To love resigns to grief and tender fear.
Glad would he now his former words revoke,
And change the purpose which in wrath he spoke;
From hostile hands his captive fair to gain,
From fate to save her, or the servile chain:
But pride, and shame, the fond design supprest;
Silent he stood, and lock'd it in his breast.
Yet had the wary Theban well divin'd,
By symptoms sure, each motion of his mind:
With joy he saw the heat of rage suppress'd;
And thus again his artful words address'd.

"The truce is concluded for twenty days; but the perfidious Creon, hoping that Diomede would be overawed by the danger of his mistress, resolves to surprise the Greeks; and accordingly makes a sudden attack upon them, breaks into their camp, and carries every thing before him. Diomede at first stands neuter; but when Ulysses suggests to him, that after the defeat of the confederate Greeks, he has no security; and that so treacherous a prince as Creon will not spare, much less restore Cassandra, he takes to arms, assaults the Thebans, and obliges them to seek

shelter within their walls. Creon, in revenge, puts Cassandra to death, and shews her head over the walls. This sight so inflames Diomede, that he attacks Thebes with double fury, takes the town by scalade, and gratifies his vengeance by the death of Creon.

"This is a short abstract of the story on which this new poem is founded. The reader may perhaps conjecture (what I am not very anxious to conceal) that the execution of the Epigoniad is better than the design, the poetry superior to the fable, and the colouring of the particular parts more excellent than the general plan of the whole. Of all the great epic poems which have been the admiration of mankind, the Jerusalem of Tasso alone would make a tolerable novel, if reduced to prose, and related without that splendour of versification and imagery by which it is supported: yet in the opinion of many great judges, the Jerusalem is the least perfect of all these productions: chiefly, because it has least nature and simplicity in the sentiments, and is most liable to the objection of affectation and conceit. The story of a poem, whatever may be imagined, is the least essential part of it: the force of the versification, the vivacity of the images, the justness of the descriptions, the natural play of the passions, are the chief circumstances which distinguish the great poet from the prosaic novelist, and give him so high a rank among the heroes in literature; and I will venture to affirm, that all these advantages, especially the three former, are to be found in an eminent degree in the Epigoniad. The author, inspired with the true genius of Greece, and smit with the most profound veneration for Homer, disdains all frivolous ornaments; and relying entirely on his sublime imagination, and his nervous and harmonious expression, has ventured to present to his reader the naked beauties of nature, and challenges for his partizans all the admirers of genuine antiquity.

"There is one circumstance in which the poet has carried his boldness of copying antiquity beyond the practice of many, even judicious moderns. He has drawn his personages, not only with all the simplicity of the Grecian heroes, but also with some degree of their roughness, and even of their ferocity. This is a circumstance which a mere modern is apt to find fault with in Homer, and which perhaps he will not easily excuse in his imitator. It is certain, that the ideas of manners are so much changed since the age of Homer, that though the Iliad was always among the ancients conceived to be a panegyric on the Greeks, yet the reader is now almost always on the side of the Trojans, and is much more interested for the humane and soft manners of Priam, Hector, Andromache, Sarpedon, Æneas, Glaucus, nay, even of Paris and Helen, than for the severe and cruel bravery of Achilles, Agamemnon, and the other Grecian heroes. Sensible of this inconvenience, Fenelon, in his elegant romance, has softened extremely the harsh manners of the heroic ages, and has contented himself with retaining that amiable simplicity by which those ages were distinguished. If the reader be displeased, that the British poet has not followed the example of the French writer, he must, at least, allow that he has drawn a more exact and faithful copy of antiquity, and has made fewer sacrifices of truth to ornament.

"There is another circumstance of our author's choice which will be liable to dispute. It may be thought that by introducing the heroes of Homer, he has lost all

the charms of novelty, and leads us into fictions which are somewhat stale and thread-bare. Boileau, the greatest critic of the French nation, was of a very different opinion:

La fable offre a l'esprit mille agrémens divers
Là tous les noms heureux semblent nez pour les vers:
Ulysse, Agamemnon, Oreste, Idomenée,
Helene, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enee.

"It is certain that there is in that poetic ground a kind of enchantment which allures every person of a tender and lively imagination; nor is this impression diminished, but rather much increased, by our early introduction to the knowledge of it in our perusal of the Greek and Latin classics.

"The same great French critic makes the apology of our poet in his use of the ancient mythology:

Ainsi dans cet amas de nobles fictions,
Le poet s' egeye en mille inventions,
Orne, eleve, embellit, aggrandit toutes choses,
Et trouve sous sa main des fleurs toujours ecloses.

"It would seem, indeed, that if the machinery of the heathen gods be not admitted, epic poetry, at least all the marvellous part of it, must be entirely abandoned. The Christian religion, for many reasons, is unfit for the fabulous ornaments of poetry: the introduction of allegory, after the manner of Voltaire, is liable to many objections: and though a mere historical epic poem, like Leonidas, may have its beauties, it will always be inferior to the force and pathetic of tragedy, and must resign to that species of poetry the precedency which the former composition has always challenged among the productions of human genius. But with regard to these particulars, the author has himself made a sufficient apology in the judicious and spirited preface which accompanies his poem.

"But though our poet has in general followed so successfully the footsteps of Homer, he has, in particular passages, chosen other ancient poets for his model. His seventh book contains an episode, very artfully inserted, concerning the death of Hercules: where he has plainly had Sophocles in his view, and has ventured to engage in a rivalship with that great master of the tragic scene. If the sublimity of our poet's imagination, and the energy of his style, appear any where conspicuous, it is in this episode, which we shall not scruple to compare with any poetry in the English language. Nothing can be more pathetic than the complaint of Hercules, when the poison of the centaur's robe begins first to prey upon him:

Sov'reign of heav'n and earth! whose boundless sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey,
If e'er delighted from the courts above,
In human form you sought Alcmene's love;
If fame's unchanging voice to all the earth,
With truth, proclaims you author of my birth;
Whence, from a course of spotless glory run,
Successful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
Am I thus wretched? better that before
Some monster fierce had drank my streaming gore;

Or crush'd by Cacus, foe to gods and men,
My batter'd brains had strew'd his rocky den:
Than, from my glorious toils and triumphs past,
To fall subdu'd by female arts, at last.
O cool my boiling blood, ye winds, that blow
From mountains loaded with eternal snow,
And crack the icy cliffs: in vain! in vain!
Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their burning hands.
Now bending from the skies, O wife of Jove!
Enjoy the vengeance of thy injur'd love:
For fate, by me, the Thund'rer's guilt atones;
And, punish'd in her son, Alcmene groans:
The object of your hate shall soon expire;
Fix'd on my shoulders preys a net of fire;
Whom nor the toils nor dangers could subdue,
By false Eurystheus dictated from you;
Nor tyrants lawless, nor the monstrous brood
Which haunts the desert or infests the flood,
Nor Greece, nor all the barb'rous climes that lie
Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye,
A woman hath o'erthrown!—ye gods! I yield
To female arts, unconquer'd in the field.
My arms—alas! are these the same that bow'd
Anteus, and his giant force subdu'd?
That dragg'd Nemea's monster from his den?
And slew the dragon in his native fen?
Alas! alas! their mighty muscles fail,
While pains infernal ev'ry nerve assail:
Alas, alas! I feel in streams of woe
These eyes dissolve, before untaught to flow,
Awake my virtue, oft in dangers try'd,
Patient in toils, in deaths unterrify'd,
Rouse to my aid; nor let my labours past,
With fame atchiev'd, be blotted by the last:
Firm and unmov'd, the present shock endure;
Once triumph, and for ever rest secure.

"Our poet, though his genius be in many respects very original, has not disdained to imitate even modern poets. He has added to his heroic poem a dream, in the manner of Spenser, where the poet supposes himself to be introduced to Homer, who censures his poem in some particulars, and excuses it in others. This poem is indeed a species of apology for the Epigoniad, wrote in a very lively and elegant manner: it may be compared to a well-polished gem, of the purest water, and cut into the most beautiful form. Those who would judge of our author's talents for poetry, without perusing his larger work, may satisfy their curiosity, by running over this short poem. They will see the same force of imagination and harmony of numbers, which distinguish his longer performance: and may thence, with small application, receive a favourable impression of our author's genius.

"D. H."

That Wilkie may not be deprived of any favourable opinion, nor the admission of his works into this collection stand in need of any further apology, I shall subjoin the opinion of a very elegant and candid critic of the present day.—"The Epigoniad of Wilkie is the bold attempt of an energetic mind to try its powers in the most arduous path of poetry, the epic; without that correctness of judgment, and previous discipline in the practice of harmonious numbers, which can alone ensure success in an age of polish and refinement. It has accordingly been measured by that standard of criticism, which the most unqualified judges can easily apply,—a comparison with the most perfect productions of its kind: and its palpable defects have involved in an indiscriminate condemnation its less obvious, but real merits[z]."

[z] Lord Woodhouslee's Life of Lord Kaimes, vol. i. p. 178. 4to. 1807.—C.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS

EPIGONIAD.

As there is no class of writers more freely censured than poets, and that by judges of all sorts, competent and incompetent; I shall attempt to answer some objections that may be made to the following performance, by persons not sufficiently acquainted with epic poetry, and the rules upon which it ought to be formed.

The beauties of the piece, if it has any, shall be left to be discovered by the reader for himself. This is his undoubted privilege; and I have no intention to break in upon it: neither would it be of any advantage to do so; for poetical beauties, if they are real, will make themselves observed, and have their full effect without a comment.

Some will object to the choice of the subject, That it is taken from the history of an age and nation, the particular manners of which are not now well known, and therefore incapable of being justly represented by any modern author. This objection will appear to be of little consequence, when we consider that the fact upon which it proceeds is so far from being strictly true, that there are none who have any tolerable share of classical learning, that are not better acquainted with the manners and customs of the heroic ages, than with those of their own country, at the distance of a few centuries. Neither is this knowledge of ancient manners confined to the learned; the vulgar themselves, from the books of Moses, and other accounts of the first periods of the Jewish state, are sufficiently instructed in the customs of the earliest times, to be able to relish any work where these are justly represented. With what favour, for instance, has Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad been received by persons of all conditions? and how much is it commonly preferred to the Fairy Queen, a poem formed upon manners of a much more modern cast. But supposing the fact upon which the objection proceeds to be true, and that the customs and manners peculiar to the times from which the subject of the poem is taken are not now well understood, I do not apprehend that, even with this concession, the objection amounts to any thing considerable; for manners are to be distinguished into two kinds, universal and particular. Universal manners, are those which arise from the original frame and constitution of the human nature, and which consequently are the same in all nations and periods of the world. Particular manners, on the other hand, consist of such customs and modes of behaviour as proceed from the influence of partial causes, and that shift and vary as those causes do upon which they depend. To make myself understood by an example: it is agreeable to common or universal manners, to be angry and resent an injury; but particular manners, in ordinary cases, determine the methods of revenge. For great offences, an Italian poisons his enemy; a Spaniard stabs him over the shoulder; and a Frenchman seeks satisfaction in a duel. From this example, it will be easy to see that particular manners ought to appear but very little, either in epic poetry, tragedy, or any other of the higher kinds of poetical composition; for they are vulgar and depend upon custom: but great passions and high characters reject ordinary forms; and therefore must, upon every occasion, break through all the common modes both of speech and behaviour. Though ancient manners, therefore, were not so precisely known as they are, I should imagine, that a story taken from the accounts which we have of the heroic ages, might very well serve for the subject of an epic poem, and have all the advantages necessary in respect of that species of composition.

It may likewise be alleged, that I have done wrong in choosing for my subject a piece of history which has no connection with present affairs; and that, if I had done otherwise, my work would have been more interesting and useful.

This objection, seemingly a very material one, admits, notwithstanding, of an easy answer, viz. that subjects for epic poetry ought always to be taken from periods too early to fall within the reach of true history. And, if this rule is shown to be essential, which I shall attempt to do in what follows, it will be found to be impossible that any subject proper for that kind of writing should have a connection with present affairs. The proper business of epic poetry is to extend our ideas of human perfection, or, as the critics express it, to excite admiration. In order to do this in any tolerable degree, characters must be magnified, and accommodated rather to our notions of heroic greatness, than to the real state of human nature. There appears a certain littleness in all men, when truly known, which checks admiration, and confines it to very narrow limits; heroes, themselves, though possessed of the greatest qualities, are, in most circumstances of their condition, so much upon a level with the ordinary run of mankind, that such as have an opportunity of being intimately acquainted with them, do not admire them at the same rate that others do, who view them only at a distance. The common conditions of humanity lessen every man; and there are many little circumstances inseparably connected with our state of being, which we cannot easily reconcile with our idea of Epaminondas, Plato, Scipio, or Cæsar. From all this it plainly appears, that admiration claims for its object something superior to mere humanity; and therefore such poems as have it for their end to excite admiration, ought to celebrate those persons only that never have been treated of by regular historians. For history gives to all things their just and natural dimensions; and, if it should interfere with poetical fiction, would effectually confute those beautiful legends which are invented to raise our ideas of character and action, above the standard at which experience has fixed them.

Let it be observed, as a further confirmation of the maxim which I am establishing, that there is in our minds a principle which leads us to admire past times, especially those which are most remote from our own. This prejudice is strong in us; and, without being directed or assisted by art, forms in the mere vulgar of all countries, the most extravagant notions of the stature, strength, and other heroic qualities of their remote ancestors. This prejudice, so favourable to poetical fiction, true history effectually destroys; and therefore poets, that they may have the advantage of it, ought to celebrate those persons and events only that are of so great antiquity, as not to be remembered with any degree of certainty and exactness.

But, instead of a thousand arguments to this purpose, let us only consider the machinery which must be employed in an epic poem: how Heaven and Hell must both be put in motion, and brought into the action, how events altogether out of the common road of human affairs, and no ways countenanced either by reason or by experience, must be offered to men's imagination, so as to be admitted for true. Let us consider all this, and it will appear, that there is nothing which poets ought more carefully to avoid, than interfering with such regular and well vouched accounts of things as would effectually confute their fable, and make the meanest reader reject it with contempt. This is a point of prudence which no poet has yet neglected with impunity. Lucan, according to his usual rashness, has taken for the subject of an epic poem, one of the best known events which he could have pitched upon in the whole series of human affairs; and in order to distinguish himself from a mere historian, is often under a necessity of starting from his subject, and employing the whole force of a very lively and fruitful invention, in unnecessary descriptions and trifling digressions. This, besides other inconveniences of greater importance, gives such an appearance of labour and straining to his whole performance, as takes much from the merit of it, with all who have any notion of ease, majesty, and simplicity in writing. He, and all other poets who have fallen into the same errour, find always this disadvantage attending it, that the true and fictitious parts of their work refuse to unite, and standing as it were at a distance, upon terms of mutual aversion, reproach each other with their peculiar defects. Fiction accuses truth of narrowness and want of dignity; and this again represents the other as vain and extravagant. Spenser, who, in his Fairy Queen, not only treats of matters within the sphere of regular history, but describes even the transactions of his own time, in order to avoid the inconveniences which he knew to be almost inseparable from such an attempt, covers his story with a veil of allegory, that few of his readers are able to penetrate. This stratagem leaves him at full liberty in the exercise of his invention; but he pays, in my opinion, too dear for that privilege, by sacrificing to it all the weight and authority which a mixture of received tradition and real geography would have given to his

fable. Milton takes the subjects of both his great poems from true history, yet does not succeed the worse upon that account. But it is to be remembered, that his chief actors are not men, but divine and angelical beings; and that it is the human nature only which suffers by a just representation, and loses in point of dignity, when truly known. Besides, the historical circumstances upon which he builds are so few, and of so extraordinary a nature, that they are easily accommodated to poetical fiction; and therefore, instead of limiting him, and setting bounds to his invention, they serve only to countenance and give a degree of credibility to whatever he pleases to feign. Shakespeare may likewise be quoted as an exception to the general rule, who takes the subjects of many of his pieces from periods of the English history not very remote, and, notwithstanding, succeeds remarkably in exciting the heroic passion. That Shakespeare makes us admire his heroes is undeniable; and no man of common sense will ever pretend to assert, that real characters of great men, touched up and heightened by a poetical fancy, will not very naturally excite admiration. But there are different degrees of this passion, as well as of all others: and it is evident, that the degree of it which Shakespeare intends to raise, is not equal to that which Homer aims at, and the other writers of the epic tribe. We admire no character in Shakespeare's works more than that of Henry V. but the idea which Homer gives us of Achilles is still more noble and august. The tragedian mixes so much of the ordinary man in the character of his hero, that we become too familiar with him to admire him in a high degree: for in those very pieces in which he is represented as performing his most remarkable exploits, he is often found at his leisure hours amusing himself with a knot of humourists, pickpockets, and buffoons. I do not pretend to censure Shakespeare for this conduct; because it is not the business of a tragedian to make us admire, but to interest our other affections: and, to make his heroes very much objects of admiration, would possibly be one of the greatest errours that an author of that kind could fall into: for the principle of compassion, to which tragedy is peculiarly addressed, is incompatible with high admiration; and a man, in order either to be loved or pitied, must appear with evident symptoms of the weaknesses common to the rest of the human kind. It is our own image in distress which afflicts us; and we never pity one under calamities, who is not weak enough to be moved by them. Homer, upon this account, never attempts to excite pity, but from such private and domestic distresses as show his heroes in the light of ordinary men. Sophocles likewise, from a just apprehension that the heroic passion interferes with the proper spirit of tragedy, lessens on purpose the great characters which he introduces, and strips them of more than half their dignity. Though therefore Shakespeare makes us admire his heroes as much as a tragedian ought to do, and even more, in some instances, than the rules of art would justify; yet, as the degree of admiration which he excites is less by far than that which epic poetry aims at, it may well be raised from subjects that are strictly historical, though the higher degrees of that passion cannot. Were my judgment of sufficient authority in matters of criticism, I would have it understood as a rule, that the subjects of epic poetry should be taken from tradition only; that tragedy should keep within the limits of true history; and that comedy, without meddling at all with historical facts, should expose vice and folly in recent instances, and from living examples. That part of the rule which regards epic poetry, is sufficiently justified from what has been already said; and, concerning tragedy, I have likewise observed, that it ought not to exalt its greatest characters above the standard of real life. From this it will follow, that it may be strictly historical without losing any real advantage, and attain its full perfection without the assistance of fable. I believe it will be easily allowed, that where truth and fiction are equally subservient to the purposes of poetry, the first ought always to be preferred; for true history carries a weight and authority with it, which seldom attend stories that are merely fictitious, and has many other advantages for interesting our affections above the legends of remote antiquity. But as tragedy should never go so far back as the fabulous ages, neither should it, in my opinion, approach too near to the present times; for though it does not aim at raising and gratifying the passion of admiration, yet it has a degree of dignity to maintain, which it would endanger by treating of events too recent, and characters too particularly remembered. Comedy, on the other hand, and indeed every species of satire whatsoever, ought to attack living characters only, and the vices and follies of present times. That imperfection which appears in every thing when viewed near, a circumstance so unfavourable to the genius of epic poetry and tragedy, falls in precisely with that of comedy, a kind of writing which has no dignity to support, points always at what is ridiculous, and marks its objects with characters of littleness and contempt. We naturally admire past times, and reverence the dead; and consequently are not so much disposed to laugh at fools, who have already finished their parts, and retired, as at

fools who are yet upon the stage. The ancient comedy of the Greeks, which proceeded upon this maxim, was certainly, upon that account, the most perfect species of satire that ever was invented. Homer, as he exceeds all other poets in merit, has likewise the advantage of them in point of good fortune; the condition of the age in which he wrote gave him an opportunity of celebrating, in his poems, events, which though they were in his days of no great antiquity, and consequently the more interesting, yet had fallen, through the want of authentic records, into so happy a degree of obscurity, that he was at full liberty to feign concerning them what he pleased, without any danger of confutation. This is an advantage which succeeding poets could not boast of; and therefore have found themselves under a necessity, either of taking their subjects from remote antiquity, as I have done, or, (which, in my opinion, is worse) of attempting to mix fable with true history, which never can be done with success.

The mythology in the following poem will probably give offence to some readers, who will think it indecent for a Christian to write in such a manner as to suppose the truth of a Heathen religion. They will be of opinion, that it would have been better, either to have introduced no religious system at all, or to have chosen such a subject as would have admitted of the true system. I shall endeavour to answer this objection, by establishing two maxims directly opposite to what is proposed in the preceding alternative, and show not only that divine beings are necessary characters in an epic poem, but likewise that it is highly improper to introduce the true God into a work of that nature. If these two points are fully made out, the force of the objection will be taken away. As to the first of them, let us again consider the end which epic poetry proposes to itself: it aims at exciting admiration, by setting before us images of whatever is great and noble in the human character: it is necessary for this purpose that a poet should give his heroes, not only all those intrinsic qualities which make men admired, but that he should magnify them likewise by a skilful management of outward circumstances. We do not form our notions either of persons or things from their real qualities only; circumstances of a foreign nature, and merely accessory, have as great an influence as these in determining our approbation and dislike. This observation shows the importance of mythology to epic poetry; for nothing can render a person of greater consequence in the eye of the world, than an opinion that the gods regard him with a peculiar degree of attention, and are much interested in all that relates to him. If people are once considered as the favourites of Heaven, or instruments chosen for the accomplishment of its important purposes; poets may tell of them what great things they please, without seeming to exaggerate, or say any thing that exceeds the bounds of probability. Homer was certainly of this opinion, when he ascribed, to his heroes, valour and other great qualities in so immoderate a degree; for, had the gods never interposed in any of the events which he celebrates; had his chief actors been no ways connected with them, either in point of favour or consanguinity, and represented, at the same time, as performing the high exploits which he ascribes to them, instead of being applauded as the first of poets, he would have been censured as the most false and most credulous of historians. This argument in favour of poetical mythology, with another which might be taken from the advantage it is of in point of ornament, and a third from its use in allegory, has determined almost all the writers who have followed the epic or heroic style, to allow it a place in their compositions: such of them as have taken their subject from Greek or Roman story, have adopted the mythology of Homer; and the rest, in celebrating more modern heroes, have, instead of that, made use of the true religion, corrupted by an unnatural mixture of northern superstition and Grecian fable. From a practice therefore so universal, we may justly infer, that poets have looked upon mythology as a thing of great use in their compositions, and almost essential to the art.

It may be alleged, after all that has been said, that, to bring gods into epic poetry, is inconvenient on many accounts; that it prevents a proper display of character in the human actors, turning them all into so many machines, to be moved and guided by the immediate impulses of deity; that it breaks in upon the order of natural causes, and renders all art, either in the plan or conduct of a work, superfluous and unnecessary. If what this objection supposes were true, and that the mixing of gods with men in the action of an epic poem, necessarily turned the whole into miracle; if it were an unavoidable consequence of this method, that the human actors should be governed in all they do by divine impulse determining them, without regard to their natural characters, and the probable motives which ought to influence them: in short, if mythology could have no place in a poem, but at the expense of manners, order, connection, and every other thing that can render a work either beautiful or instructive, it would be an argument against it of such weight, as nothing alleged in its favour would

be able to counterbalance. But the objection is by no means well founded; for, though there may be an indiscreet application of mythology, productive of all those ill effects which have been mentioned; yet it is obvious, both from reason and experience, that mythology may be managed in such a manner as to be attended with none of them. And this will appear from a very obvious example: the greatest part of mankind, in every age, have believed that gods and superior beings govern and direct the course of human affairs. Many individuals, and even whole nations, have thought that all the actions and events of our lives are predetermined by an over-ruling power, and that we suffer the control of an irresistible necessity in all we do: yet this opinion never changes the moral feelings of such as entertain it, and their judgment of characters and actions; they love and hate, approve and disapprove, admire and despise, in the same manner as others do who believe that men are absolutely free, and that their final determinations proceed only from themselves. But when it is understood, that people act without consciousness, or that the organs of their bodies are not under the dominion of their own wills, but actuated by some other being without their consent; in short, when mere physical necessity is substituted in place of moral, all idea of character, all sense of approbation and disapprobation immediately ceases. From this fact, the truth of which nobody will dispute, it is easy to judge in what cases the interposition of gods in the action of a poem will prevent a proper display of the human characters, and when not. Volition, as appears by the example now given, is that upon which all our moral ideas are founded: so long then as volition is exerted, there is a character, and, when that ceases, the character is lost. If therefore the deities in a poem are employed in animating and deterring the heroes, only by suggesting such motives as are proper to influence their wills; such interposition by no means interferes with the display of character, but rather favours it; for the quality of every mind may be known from the motives by which it is determined; and Minerva's prevailing with Pandarus to be guilty of a piece of treachery, by suggesting that Paris would reward him for it, discovered the venality of his temper as much as if he had done the same action from a like motive occurring to himself.

Poets often make the gods infuse an uncommon degree of vigour into their heroes, for answering some great occasion, and add to the grace and dignity of their figure. Sometimes they make a second-rate hero the first in a particular action, and, with their assistance, he distinguishes himself above such as are at other times more remarkable for valour and success; all this is so agreeable to what happens naturally, and from mere mechanical causes, that we forget the gods, and interpret what happens as if they had not interposed at all. For every body knows, that when people are roused to any remarkable exertion of force, they become stronger than they are at other times; and that, when in this manner the spirits rise to an uncommon height, the whole body acquires new graces. Valour is not a fixed and permanent quality, nor is it found in any one always in the same degree. Plutarch observes, that of all the virtues it exerts itself most irregularly, and rises by fits like a divine inspiration. The sense which every man has of these things, makes him look upon the interposition of gods in such cases as a mythological way of expressing what is merely natural, and allow such as perform the great actions in a poem to possess the whole merit of them. It never lessens our opinion of Hector's valour, for instance, that Apollo often assists him; nor do we think Ulysses less prudent, because he is guided by the influence of Minerva. We have as clear impressions of those, and the other Homeric characters, as we have of any characters whatsoever, and discern their limits and distinguishing marks as clearly, as if they had acted altogether of themselves. That superior beings should be employed in governing the events of things, and interposing by thunder, earthquakes, inundations, pestilences, and the like, can never be thought unnatural in poetry, by any one who believes that Providence actually manages the affairs of the world by such means. It belongs to men to design and act, but to Heaven alone to determine events. Though a poet, therefore, should represent an army weaker and worse conducted, prevailing, in consequence of that kind of interposition which has been mentioned, over another, evidently better and stronger; there would be nothing unnatural in such an account, or contrary to what is often experienced in real affairs.

After all that has been said, it must be owned, that if gods are brought in upon slight occasions, and for trifling purposes; if they are put upon working miracles in order to cover blunders either in the plan or execution of a poem, and employed in cutting such knots as the author himself has not the skill or patience to untie; it must be owned, I say, that this is a very wrong application of mythology, and attended with all the disadvantages which the objection mentions. It is a stratagem, which, if often practised, would teach the reader at last to disregard all appearances, and, when the most important periods of affairs were approaching, to remain quite secure and uninterested, trusting that a

god would always be at hand in time of need to manage every thing as the poet would have it, and put all to rights by the shortest and most effectual methods. I have considered this objection at greater length, because at first view it appears very plausible; and shall proceed to what remains, after I have taken notice of another, which has likewise some appearance of force. It will be thought inconvenient, as it is the design of epic poetry to raise and dignify human characters, that gods should appear with men in the same scenes of action. It will be alleged, that in this case the divine persons will necessarily overshadow the human, lessen them by a comparison, and consequently produce an effect directly opposite to what is intended. This objection, however plausible, does not seem to be supported by experience; at least I never found in any instance, that the splendour of the divine characters in a poem eclipsed the human. Besides, this is what cannot easily happen; for, let us suppose two parties of boys engaged in some trial, either of force or skill, and that a few men take part in the debate, dividing themselves between the opposite sides, and assisting them against each other, would the exploits of the full-grown men, however remarkable, lessen those of the boys? by no means; for things that are confessedly unequal, never come into competition, and therefore cannot be either lessened or magnified by appearing together. Are we less disposed to admire the valour of Achilles, because it is understood he was not a match for Jupiter? or the sagacity of Ulysses, because his penetration was not equal to that of Minerva? But there is one circumstance which renders it absolutely impossible for the gods in epic poetry to eclipse the men in point of heroism; and it is this, that the gods are immortal, and consequently cannot exert that in which heroism chiefly consists, viz. the contempt of death. Homer, in order to give his deities as much of that quality as possible, has made them vulnerable and susceptible of pain; a freedom which has shocked some of the critics, who did not attend to the reason of his doing so. But Homer was too good a judge of propriety, not to be sensible that no person could appear with advantage in military actions, who ventur'd nothing in point of personal safety; and that stature, force, magnificent armour, and even the highest achievements, will never constitute the heroic character, where patience and a contempt of danger have no opportunity of appearing. It is this circumstance which gives the mortals in epic poetry a manifest advantage over the immortals; and Mars, when ushered into the field with all the pomp and magnificence of Homeric description, is an object less to be admired than Diomed, Ajax, and many others who combat bravely, though conscious of mortality. Homer, who has managed his great characters with the truest judgment and strictest attention to circumstances, takes care to have Achilles early informed that he was to perish at Troy, else he might seem too conscious of safety, from his matchless valour and the armour which he wore, to be great in that which is most to be admired, the contempt of death, when the danger of it is imminent. It must be acknowledged, that in Milton's Paradise Lost, the persons in machinery over-shadow the human characters, and that the heroes of the poem are all of them immortals: but then it is to be remembered, that Paradise Lost is a work altogether irregular; that the subject of it is not epic, but tragic; and that Adam and Eve are not designed to be objects of admiration, but of pity: it is tragic in its plot, and epic in its dress and machinery: as a tragedy, it does not fall under the present question; and as an epic poem, it evades it likewise, by a circumstance very uncommon, viz. that in the part of it which is properly epic, there are no human persons at all.

I have in this manner endeavoured to prove that mythology is necessary to an epic poem, and that the chief objections to the use of it are of little consequence. I proceed to establish the other proposition which I mentioned, and show, that the true God ought not to be brought into a work of that nature. And if this proposition can be made out, it will easily appear from it and the preceding one taken together, that poets are under a necessity of having recourse to a false theology, and that they are not to be blamed for doing what the nature of epic poetry on the one hand, and respect to the true religion on the other, render necessary and unavoidable. For proving the point in question, I need only observe, that no person can appear with advantage in poetry, who is not represented according to the form and condition of a man. This art addresses itself chiefly to the imagination, a faculty which apprehends nothing in the way of character that is not human, and according to the analogy of that nature of which we ourselves are conscious. But it would be equally impious and absurd to represent the deity in this manner, and to contrive for him a particular character, and method of acting, agreeable to the prejudices of weak and ignorant mortals. In the early ages of the church, he thought fit to accommodate himself, by such a piece of condescension, to the notions and apprehensions of his creatures: but it would be indecent in any man to use the same freedom, and do that for God, which he only has a right to do for himself. The author of Paradise Lost has offended not-

riously in this respect; and, though no encomiums are too great for him as a poet, he is justly chargeable with impiety, for presuming to represent the Divine Nature, and the mysteries of religion, according to the narrowness of human prejudice: his dialogues between the Father and the Son; his employing a Being of infinite wisdom in discussing the subtleties of school divinity; the sensual views which he gives of the happiness of Heaven, admitting into it, as a part, not only real eating and drinking, but another kind of animal pleasure too by no means more refined: these, and such like circumstances, though perfectly poetical, and agreeable to the genius of an art which adapts every thing to the human mode, are, at the same time, so inconsistent with truth, and the exalted ideas which we ought to entertain of divine things, that they must be highly offensive to all such as have just impressions of religion, and would not choose to see a system of doctrine revealed from Heaven, reduced to a state of conformity with heathen superstition. True theology ought not to be used in an epic poem, for another reason, of no less weight than that which has been mentioned, *viz.* That the human characters which it represents should never be formed upon a perfect moral plan, but have their piety (for instance) tinctured with superstition, and their general behaviour influenced by affection, passion, and prejudice. This will be thought a violent paradox, by such as do not know that imperfect characters interest us more than perfect ones, and that we are doubly instructed when we see, in one and the same example, both what we ought to follow and what we ought to avoid. Accordingly Horace, in his Epistle to Lollius, where he bestows the highest encomiums upon the Iliad, as a work which delineated vice and virtue better than the writings of the most celebrated philosophers, says of it, notwithstanding, that it is taken up in describing the animosities of foolish kings and infatuated nations. To go to the bottom of this matter, it will be proper to observe, that men are capable of two sorts of character, which may be distinguished by the names of natural and artificial. The natural character implies all those feelings, passions, desires, and opinions, which men have from nature and common experience, independent of speculation and moral refinement. A person of this character looks upon outward prosperity as a real good, and considers the calamities of life as real evils; loves his friends, hates his enemies, admires his superiors, is assuming with respect to his inferiors, and stands upon terms of rivalship with his equals; in short, is governed by all those passions and opinions that possess the hearts and determine the actions of ordinary men. The force and magnitude of this character is in proportion to the strength of these natural dispositions; and its virtue consists in having the generous and beneficent ones predominant. As to that sort of character, again, which I distinguished by the name of artificial; it consists in a habit of mind formed by discipline, according to the cool and dispassionate dictates of reason. This character is highly moral, but, in my opinion, far less poetical than the other, by being less fit for interesting our affections, which are formed by the wise Author of our nature for embracing such beings as are of the same temper and complexion with ourselves, and are marked with the common infirmities of human nature. Persons of the high philosophic character, are too firm and unmoved, amidst the calamities they meet with, to excite much sympathy, and are too much superior to the sallies of passion and partial affection, the popular marks of generosity and greatness of mind, ever to be much admired by the bulk of mankind. If the most accomplished poet in the world should take a rigid philosopher for the chief character either of an epic poem or a tragedy, it is easy to conjecture what would be the success of such an attempt; the work would assume the character of its hero, and be cold, dispassionate, and uninteresting. There is, however, a species of panegyric proper for such sort of perfection, and it may be represented to advantage, either in history or prose dialogue, but it will never strike the bulk of mankind. Plato, in his apology of Socrates, deceives us; as Mr. Addison likewise does in his tragedy of Cato: for both of them attempt to persuade us, that we are affected with the contemplation of unshaken fortitude, while we are only sympathizing with suffering innocence. The tenderness of humanity appearing through the hardness of the philosophic character, is that which affects us in both instances, and not that unconquered greatness of mind, which occasions rather wonder and astonishment than genuine affection.

From what has been said, it is easy to infer, that the great characters, both in epic poetry and tragedy, ought not to be formed upon a perfect moral plan; and therefore heroes themselves must often be represented as acting from such motives, and governed by such affections, as impartial reason cannot approve of: but it would be highly indecent to make a being, whom religion teaches us to consider as perfect, enter into the views of such persons, and exert himself in order to promote their extravagant enterprizes. This would be to bring down the infinite wisdom of God to the level of human folly, and to make him altogether such an one as ourselves.

A false theology, therefore, ought rather to be employed in poetical compositions than the true; for, as the superior beings which are introduced must of necessity be represented as assuming the passions and opinions of those whom they favour, it is surely much safer to employ a set of imaginary beings for this purpose, than God himself, and the blessed angels, who ought always to be objects of our reverence.

The same reasoning which leads to this conclusion, will likewise make us sensible, that among false religions, those ought to be preferred which are least connected with the true; for the superstitions which priests and poets have built upon the Christian faith, dishonour it, and therefore should, if possible, be buried in oblivion. The ancient Greek theology seems upon all accounts the fittest. It has no connection with the true system, and therefore may be treated with the greatest freedom, without indecency or ground of offence. It consists of a number of beautiful fables, suited to the taste of the most lively and ingenious people that ever existed, and so much calculated to ravish and transport a warm imagination, that many poets in modern times, who proceeded upon a different theology, have notwithstanding been so bewitched with its charms, as to admit it into their works, though it clashed violently with the system which they had adopted. Milton is remarkable in this respect; and the more so, as his poem is altogether of a religious nature, and the subject of it taken from holy writ.

Some may possibly imagine, that the following work would have had greater merit, if it had offered to the world a set of characters entirely new, and a story no ways connected with any thing that is already known. I am not of this opinion, but persuaded, on the contrary, that, to invent a story quite new, with a catalogue of names never before heard of, would be an attempt of such a nature, as could not be made with tolerable success; for every man must be sensible, that the wonders which epic poetry relates, will shock even the ignorant vulgar, and appear altogether ridiculous, if they are not founded upon something which has already gained a degree of credit. Our first ideas are taken from experience; and, though we may be brought to receive notions, not only very different from those which experience suggests, but even directly contrary to them, yet this is not to be done suddenly and at one attempt: such, therefore, as would have their fictions favorably received, must lay it down as a rule, to accommodate what they feign to established prejudices, and build upon stories which are already in some measure believed. With this precaution, they may go great lengths without appearing absurd, but will soon shock the meanest understandings, if they neglect it. Had there been no fabulous accounts concerning the Trojan expedition current in Greece and Asia, at the time when Homer wrote, the stories which he tells, though the most beautiful that ever were invented, would have appeared to his cotemporaries altogether ridiculous, and never been admired, till antiquity had procured them credit, or a tradition been formed afterwards to vouch for them to the world; for, in matters of an extraordinary kind, not only reason, but even imagination, requires more than a single testimony to ground its assent upon; and therefore, though I should have invented a set of characters entirely new, and framed a story for the subject of my poem no ways connected with any thing that has yet been heard of, and been so happy in this attempt as to produce what might equal, in point of perfection, any of the most beautiful fables of antiquity; it would have wanted, notwithstanding, what is absolutely necessary in order to success, *viz.* that credit which new invented fictions derive from their connection with such as are already become familiar to men's imaginations.

Tradition is the best ground upon which fable can be built, not only because it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewise because it supplies a poet with the most proper materials for his invention to work upon. There are some fabulous stories that please more universally than others; and of this kind are the wonders which tradition reports; for they are accommodated to the affections and passions of the bulk of mankind, in the same manner as national proverbs are to their understandings. The strict accommodation in both instances proceeds from the same cause, *viz.* that nothing of either sort is the work of one man, or of one age, but of many. Traditions are not perfected by their first inventors, nor proverbs established upon a single authority. Proverbs derive their credit from the general consent of mankind; and tradition is gradually corrected and improved in the hands of such as transmit it to each other through a succession of ages. In its first periods, it is a narrow thing, but extends itself afterwards, and, with the advantage of time and experiments often repeated, adapts itself so precisely to the affections, passions, and prejudices, natural to the human species, that it becomes at last perfectly agreeable to the sentiments of every heart. No one man, therefore, can pretend to invent fables that will please so universally as those which are

formed by the progress of popular tradition. The faculties of any individual must be too narrow for that purpose, and have too much of a peculiar cast to be capable of producing what will be so strictly adapted to the common feelings and sentiments of all. It is this sort of perfection which pleases us in archaiology, or the traditional accounts which we have of the origins of nations; for we are often more agreeably entertained with stories of that kind, though we know them to be absolutely false, than with the justest representations of real events. But as tradition, while it continues in the hands of the people, must be but rude and disagreeable in respect of its form, and have many things low and absurd in it, necessary to be palliated or suppressed, it does not arrive at that perfection of which it is capable, till it comes under the management of the poets, and from them receives its last improvement. By means of this progress, tales that, in the mouths of their first inventors, were the most absurd that can be imagined, the effects of mere superstition, ignorance, and national prejudice, rise up at last to astonish the world, and draw the admiration of all ages, in the form of an Iliad or Odyssey. It is not the business of a poet, then, to make fable, but to form, correct, and improve tradition: and it is to his following this method, that Homer undoubtedly owes his success; for it is obvious to any one who considers his works with attention, that he only collected the various traditions that were current in his days, and reduced them to a system. That infinite variety of independent stories which occur in his works, is a proof of this: these are told with so minute, and often so unnecessary a detail of circumstances, that it is easy to see that he followed accounts already current, and did not invent what he has recorded. I could as easily believe that Prometheus made a man of clay, and put life into him, or assent to any other of the most absurd fictions of antiquity; I could even as soon be persuaded that all that Homer has written is strict matter of fact, as believe that any one mortal man was capable of inventing that infinite variety of historical circumstances which occur in the works of that celebrated poet: for invention is by no means an easy thing; and to contrive a tale that will please universally is certainly one of the most difficult undertakings that can be imagined. Poets, therefore, have found themselves under a necessity of trusting to something more powerful than their own invention in this important article, *viz.* the joint endeavours of many, regulated and directed by the censure of ages.

What has been said, is not only sufficient to justify me in forming my poem upon historical circumstances already known, and introducing characters which the reader is before acquainted with; but shows the necessity likewise of taking many of the historical circumstances from the antient poets. For tradition, the proper foundation of epic poetry, is now to be found only in their writings; and therefore must be used like a common stock, and not considered as the property of individuals.

For the immoderate length of the two episodes, *viz.* those in the fourth and seventh books, all that I can say, is, that they are both brought in for very important purposes, and therefore may be permitted to take up more room than is ordinarily allowed to things of that sort. Besides, the first of them is intended as an experiment in that kind of fiction which distinguishes Homer's Odyssey, and the other as an attempt to heroic tragedy, after the manner of Sophocles.

The language is simple and artless. This I take to be an advantage, rather than a defect; for it gives an air of antiquity to the work, and makes the style more suitable to the subject.

My learned readers will be surprised to find Agamemnon and Menelaus at the siege of Thebes, when, according to Homer, they were not there: and, at the same time, no notice taken of Sthenelus, the friend and companion of Diomed, whom the same author mentions as present in that expedition.

With respect to the first circumstance; I did not choose, for the sake of a fact of so little consequence, and that too depending only upon poetical authority, to deprive myself of two illustrious names very proper for adorning my catalogue of heroes. And as to the second; it will be easily allowed, that I could not have made Sthenelus appear, without assigning him that place in Diomed's friendship, and consequently in the action of the poem, which Ulysses now possesses; and which is the only part in the whole suited to his peculiar character. I must have put a second-rate hero in the place of a first-rate one; and a name little known in the place of one which every body is acquainted with. Besides, I must have transferred to Sthenelus, the valour, firmness, and address of Ulysses; because the part he was to act would have required these, and must, at the same time, have sunk Ulysses into the character of Sthenelus, for want of a proper opportunity of displaying him in his own. These are inconveniences too great to be incurred for the sake of a scrupulous agreement with Homer in point of fact; and are therefore, in my opinion, better avoided.

I have explained myself upon the foregoing particulars, for the sake of the learned part of my readers only: and shall now drop a hint for such of them as do not fall under that denomination.

The following poem is called the Epigoniad, because the heroes, whose actions it celebrates, have got the name of The Epigoni (or descendants), being the sons of those who attempted the conquest of Thebes in a former expedition.

Thus far I have endeavoured to apologise for the following performance. It may be censured, no doubt, upon many accounts besides those that have been mentioned: but I am persuaded, that what has been said will determine every candid reader, not to be peremptory in condemning what at first view he may dislike; for the specimen of criticism which has been given, will convince him that the real faults of epic poetry are not easily ascertained, and distinguished from those inconveniences that must be allowed to take place, in order to prevent greater faults, and produce, upon the whole, a higher degree of perfection.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WILKIE.

EPIGONIAD.

BOOK I.

Ye pow'rs of song! with whose immortal fire
Your bard enraptur'd sung Pelides' ire,
To Greece so fatal, when in evil hour,
He brav'd, in stern debate, the sov'reign pow'r,
By like example teach me now to show
From love, no less, what dire disasters flow.
For when the youth of Greece, by Theseus led,
Return'd to conquer where their fathers bled,
And punish guilty Thebes, by Heav'n ordain'd
For perfidy to fall, and oaths profan'd;
Venus, still partial to the Theban arms,
Tydeus' son seduc'd by female charms;
Who, from his plighted faith by passion sway'd,
The chiefs, the army, and himself betray'd.
This theme did once your fav'rite bard employ,
Whose verse immortaliz'd the fall of Troy:
But time's oblivious gulf, whose circle draws
All mortal things by fate's eternal laws,
In whose wide vortex worlds themselves are tost,
And rounding swift successively are lost,
This song hath snatch'd. I now resume the strain,
Not from proud hope and emulation vain,
By this attempt to merit equal praise
With worth heroic, born in happier days.
Sooner the weed, that with the Spring appears,
And in the Summer's heat its blossom bears,
But, shriv'ling at the touch of Winter hoar,
Sinks to its native earth, and is no more;
Might match the lofty oak, which long hath stood,
From age to age, the monarch of the wood.
But love excites me, and desire to trace
His glorious steps, tho' with unequal pace.
Before me still I see his awful shade,
With garlands crown'd of leaves which never fade;
He points the path to fame, and bids me scale
Parnassus' slipp'ry height, where thousands fail:
I follow trembling; for the cliffs are high,
And hov'ring round them watchful harpies fly,
To snatch the poet's wreath with envious claws,
And hiss contempt for merited applause.
But if great Campbell, whose auspicious smile
Bids genius yet revive to bless our isle,
Who, from the toils of state, and public cares,
Oft with the Muses to the shade repairs,
My numbers shall approve, I rise to fame:
For what he praises, envy dares not blame.
Where high Olympus' hundred heads arise,
Divide the clouds, and mingle with the skies,
The gods assembled met: and view'd from far,
Thebes and the various combats of the war.
From all apart the Paphian goddess sat,
And pity'd in her heart her fav'rite state,
Decreed to perish, by the Argive bands,
Pallas's art, Tydides' mighty hands:
Pensive she sat, and every art explor'd
To charm the victor, and restrain his sword;
But veil'd her purpose from the piercing ray
Of Pallas, ever jealous of her sway:
Unseen the goddess, from th' Olympian height
To shady Cyprus bent her rapid flight,
Down the steep air, as, from the setting skies,
At ev'n's approach, a streaming meteor flies.
Where lofty shores the tempest's rage restrain,
And sleeps, in peace dissolv'd, the hoary main;
In love's fam'd isle a deep recess is found,
Which woods embrace, and precipices bound,
To Venus sacred; there her temple stands,
Where azure billows wash the golden sands,
A hollow cave; and lifts its rocky head,
With native myrtle crown'd, a lofty shade;
Whither resort the Naiads of the flood,
Assembl'd with the nymphs from ev'ry wood,
Her heifers there they tend, and fleecy store,
Along the windings of the desert shore.
Thither the goddess, from the Olympian height
Descending swift, precipitates her flight;
Conspicuous, on the yellow sand, she stood,
Above the margin of the azure flood.
From ev'ry grove and stream the nymphs attend,
And to their queen in cheerful homage bend.
Some hast'ning to the sacred grot repair,
And deck its rocky walls with garlands fair;
Others produce the gifts which Autumn brings,
And sparkling nectar quench'd with mountain springs.

And now the queen, impatient to explain
Her secret griefs, address'd her list'ning train:
"Ye rural goddesses, immortal fair!
Who all my triumphs, all my sorrows share;
I come, afflicted, from th' ethereal tow'rs,
Where Thebes is doom'd to fall by partial pow'rs.
Nor can entreaty save my fav'rite state,
Avert or change the rigour of her fate;
Though, breathing incense, there my altar stands,
With daily gifts supply'd from virgin's hands.
Juno now rules the senate of the skies,
And with her dictates ev'ry pow'r complies;
Her jealous hate the guiltless town condemns
To wasteful havoc, and the rage of flames;
Since, thither tempted by a stranger's charms,
The mighty thunderer forsook her arms.
Jove's warlike daughter too promotes her aim,
Who for Tydides seeks immortal fame;
For him employs a mother's watchful cares,
And the first honours of the war prepares:
To frustrate both, a monument would raise
Of lasting triumph and immortal praise;
To draw the son of Tydeus from the field,
To whose victorious hands the town must yield;
For, by the all-decreeing will of fate,
He only can o'erthrow the Theban state.
A way which promises success I'll name:
The valiant youth adores a lovely dame,
Alcander's daughter, whom the graces join'd
With gifts adorn above the human kind:
She with her sire forsook th' Hesperian strand,
By hostile arms expell'd their native land:
For Echetus who rules, with tyrant force,
Where Aufidus directs his downward course,
And high Garganus, on th' Apulian plain,
Is mark'd by sailors, from the distant main;
Oft from her sire had claim'd the lovely maid,
Who, still averse, to grant his suit delay'd:
For, barb'rous in extreme, the tyrant feeds
With mangl'd limbs of men his hungry steeds:
Impatient of his love, by hostile arms
And force declar'd, he claim'd her matchless charms,
Pelignium raz'd, the hero's royal seat,
Who sought in foreign climes a safe retreat:
His flight, Ætolia's friendly shore receives,
Her gen'rous lord protects him and relieves;
Three cities to possess, the chief obtains,
With hills for pasture fit, and fruitful plains.
Cassandra for his bride Tydides claim'd;
For hymeneal rites the hour was nam'd;
When, call'd to arms against the Theban tow'rs,
The chief reluctant led his martial pow'rs.
Hence jealousy and fear his breast divide,
Fear for the safety of an absent bride;
Lest, by his passion rous'd, the tyrant rise,
And unoppos'd usurp the lovely prize.
He knows not, that, in martial arms conceal'd,
With him she braves the terrours of the field;
True to his side, noon's sultry toil endures,
And the cold damps that chill the midnight hours.
If dreams, or signs, could jealousy impart,
And whets the cares that sting the hero's heart,
Impatient of his pain, he'd soon prepare,
With all its native bonds, to quit the war."
The goddess thus: a Paphian nymph reply'd,
And drew the list'ning crow'd on ev'ry side:
Zelotypé, whom fell Alecto bore,
With Cupid mixing on th' infernal shore.

"Goddess! these shafts shall compass what you aim,
My mother dipt their points in Stygian flame;
Where'er my father's darts their way have found,
Mine follow deep, and poison all the wound.
By these, we soon, with triumph, shall behold
Pallas deceiv'd, and Juno's self control'd."
They all approve; and, to the rural fane,
Around their sov'reign, moves the joyful train;
The goddess plac'd, in order each succeeds,
With song and dance the genial feast proceeds;
While to the sprightly harp, the voice explains
The loves of all the gods in wanton strains:
But when arriv'd the silent hour, which brings
The shades of ev'ning on its dewy wings,
Zelotypé, impatient to pursue
Her journey, hast'ning to her cave, withdrew.
First to her feet the winged shoes she binds,
Which tread the air, and mount the rapid winds;
Aloft they bear her through th' ethereal plain,
Above the solid earth and liquid main:
Her arrows next she takes of pointed steel,
For sight too small, but terrible to feel:
Rous'd by their smart, the savage lion roars,
And mad to combat rush the tusky boars,
Of wounds secure; for where their venom lights,
What feels their power all other torment slights.
A figur'd zone, mysteriously design'd,
Around her waist her yellow robe confin'd:
There dark Suspicion lurk'd, of sable hue;
There hasty Rage his deadly dagger drew;
Pale Envy inly pin'd; and by her side
Stood Phrenzy, raging with his chains unty'd;
Affronted Pride with thirst of vengeance burn'd,
And Love's excess to deepest hatred turn'd.
All these the artist's curious hand express'd,
The work divine his matchless skill confess'd.
The virgin last, around her shoulders flung
The bow; and by her side the quiver hung:
Then, springing up, her airy course she bends
For Thebes; and lightly o'er the tents descends.
The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found
In arms complete, reposing on the ground;
And, as he slept, the hero thus address'd,
Her form to fancy's waking eye express'd.
"Thrice happy youth! whose glory 'tis to share
The Paphian goddess's peculiar care;
But happy only, as you now improve
The warning sent as earnest of her love.
Her messenger I am: if in your heart
The fair Hesperian virgin claims a part:
If, with regret, you'd see her matchless charms
Destin'd to bless a happier rival's arms;
Your coasts defenceless, and unguarded tow'rs
Consum'd and ravag'd by the Latian pow'rs;
Withdraw your warriors from the Argive host,
And save whate'er you value, ere 'tis lost.
For Echetus, who rules with tyrant force,
Where Aufidus directs his downward course;
And high Garganus on th' Apulian strand
Marks to the mariner the distant land,
Prepares, by swift invasion, to remove
Your virgin bride, and disappoint your love.
Before, excited by her matchless charms,
He claim'd her from her sire by hostile arms;
Pelignium raz'd, the hero's royal seat,
When in your land he sought a safe retreat.
Cassandra follow'd with reluctant mind,
To love the tyrant secretly inclin'd;

Though fierce and barb'rous in extreme, he feeds
With mangl'd limbs of men, his hungry steeds.
And now at anchor on the Latian tide,
With all their train on board, his galleys ride:
Prepar'd when favour'd by the western breeze,
With course direct to cross the narrow seas.
This to your ear the Paphian goddess sends;
The rest upon your timely care depends."

She said; and turning, fix'd upon the bow
A venom'd shaft, the cause of future woe:
Then, with reverted aim, the subtile dart
Dismiss'd, and fix'd it in the hero's heart.
Amaz'd he wak'd; and, on his arm reclin'd,
With sighs, thus spoke the anguish of his mind.

"What dire disasters all my ways beset!
How close around me pitch'd the fatal net!
Here if I stay, nor quit the Argive host,
Etolia's ravag'd, and Cassandra's lost:
For sure the pow'rs immortal ne'er in vain
To mortals thus the secret fates explain.
If I retire, the princes must upbraid
My plighted faith infring'd, the host betray'd;
And, to succeeding times, the voice of fame,
With cowardice and sloth, will blot my name.
Between these sad alternatives I find
No distant hopes to sooth my anxious mind;
Unless I could persuade the Argive pow'rs
To quit at once these long contested tow'rs:
Nor want I reasons specious in debate
To move the boldest warriors to retreat.
Divided thus, the shame would lighter fall;
Reproach is scarce reproach which touches all."

Thus pond'ring in his mind the hero lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray:
Then rose; and, grasping in his mighty hand
The regal staff, the sign of high command,
Pensive and sad forsook his lofty tent,
And sought the son of Dares as he went:
Talthybius he sought, nor sought in vain;
He found the hero 'midst his native train;
And charg'd him to convene, from tent to tent,
The kings to Eteon's lofty monument.

Obedient to the charge, he took his way,
Where Theseus 'midst the bold Athenians lay,
The king of men; in whose superior hand,
Consenting princes plac'd the chief command.
Adrastus next he call'd, whose hoary hairs
By age were whiten'd and a length of cares;
Who first to Thebes the Argive warriors led:
In vain for Polynices' right they bled,
By fate decreed to fall; he now inspires
The sons to conquer, and avenge their sires.
Ulysses heard, who led his martial train,
In twenty ships, across the sounding main:
The youth, in Ithaca, Zacynthus, bred,
And Cephalenia crown'd with lofty shade.
The Spartan monarch, with his brother, heard
The herald's call; and at the call appear'd:
Yet young in arms, but destin'd to command
All Greece, assembled on the Trojan strand.
The Cretan chief appear'd; and he whose sway
Messenia and the Pylian realms obey.
Oileus next he call'd, whose martial pow'rs
From Bessa move and Scarphe's lofty tow'rs.
Elpenor too, who from the Chalcian strand
And fair Eretria led his martial band,
Appear'd; and all who merited renown
In ten years war before the Trojan town.
Achilles only, yet unfit to wield
The Pelian jav'lin, and the pond'rous shield,
In Phthia staid; to Chiron's care resign'd,
Whose wise instructions form'd his mighty mind.
The chiefs were plac'd. Superior to the rest
The monarch sat, and thus the peers address.

"Princes! let Tydeus' valiant son declare
What cause convenes the senate of the war.
If of himself, or from advice he knows
Some secret mischief plotted by our foes,
Which prudence may prevent, or force resist,
We come prepar'd to counsel and assist:"
The monarch thus. Tydides thus reply'd,
And drew attention deep on ev'ry side.

"Princes! I have not now the host conven'd,
For secrets by intelligence obtain'd;
But openly my judgment to express
Of mischiefs seen, which prudence must redress:
By war's devouring rage, our martial pow'rs
Grow thin and waste before these hostile tow'rs;
While Thebes, secure, our vain attempts with-
By daily aid sustain'd from distant lands. [stands,
Shall we proceed to urge this dire debate,
And press, with hostile arms, the Theban state?
Or, by experience taught the worst to fear,
Consult the public safety, and forbear?
Had our great sires, by happier counsels sway'd,
As prudence taught, necessity obey'd;
Renounc'd in time this fatal strife, which brings
Alike to nations mischief, and to kings;
Those heroes had not, with their martial train,
Distinguish'd by their fall a foreign plain.
The gods themselves, in vengeance for our crimes,
With such disasters lash the guilty times;
In judgment just, they sow'd the seeds of strife,
To sweep transgressors from the seats of life.
Let him, who obstinately will, proceed,
And wait the vengeance hov'ring o'er his head;
Since Thebes grows stronger; and the Argive pow'rs
Decrease, as famine or the sword devours,
To morrow I withdraw my martial train;
Nor stay to perish, like my sire, in vain."

Thus as the hero spoke, the kings divide,
And mingled murmurs round th' assembly glide,
Heard like the sound which warn the careful swain
Of sudden winds or thick-descending rain;
When mountain echoes catch the sullen roar
Of billows bursting on the sandy shore,
And hurl it round in airy circles tost,
Till in the distant clouds the voice is lost.
The king of men to sudden rage resign'd,
At once, the empire of his mighty mind,
With sharp reproaches hast'ning to reply;
But, more sedate, the Pylian monarch nigh,
In act to rise, the angry chief confin'd;
And, whisp'ring, thus address'd with head declin'd:

"It ill becomes the prince, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command,
To be the first in discord; and obey
As headlong passion blindly leads the way.
For when the kings in rash debate engage,
'Tis yours to check and moderate their rage;
Since, of the various ills that can distress
Confed'rate councils, and prevent success,
Discord is chief; where'er the fury sways,
The parts she severs, and the whole betrays."

The hero thus. The king of men remain'd
By sound advice persuaded, and restrain'd.
Crete's valiant monarch rose; and to the rest,
Thus spoke the dictates of his gen'rous breast.

'Confed'rate kings, when any leador here
The war dissuades, and warns you to forbear,
I might approve; for, safe beyond the sea,
Creon and Thebes can never injure me.
And when the barb'rous tyrant, unwithstood,
His hot revenge shall quench in Grecian blood;
When Thrace and Macedon, by his command,
Shall ravage Argos and the Pylian strand;
Secure and guarded by the ocean's stream,
Crete's hundred towns shall know it but by fame.
Yet would not I, though many such were found,
For open war, advise a peace unsound.
Let Macedon to Thebes her succours send,
And Thrace, with all her barb'rous tribes, descend;
By foreign aids the more our foes increase,
The greater glory waits us from success.
You all remember, on the Isthmean strand,
Where neighb'ring seas besiege the straiten'd land,
When Greece enleagu'd a full assembly held,
By public justice to the war compell'd;
That blood of slaughter'd victims drench'd the ground,
While oaths divine the willing nations bound,
Ne'er to return, till our victorious pow'rs
Had level'd with the dust the Theban tow'rs.
Jove heard, and bid applauding thunders roll,
Loud on the right; they shook the starry pole:
For Jove himself is witness of our vows,
And him, who violates, his wrath pursues.
Our joyful shouts the earth, the ocean heard;
We claim'd the omen, and the God rever'd:
In confidence of full success we came,
To conquer Thebes, and win immortal fame.
But if the gods and fate our fears distrust,
To public justice and ourselves unjust;
Dishonour'd to our native seats we go,
And yield a lasting triumph to the foe. [ghost
Should now, from hence arriv'd, some warrior's
Greet valiant Tydeus on the Stygian coast,
And tell, when danger or distress is near,
That Diomed persuades the rest to fear;
He'd shun the synod of the mighty dead,
And hide his anguish in the deepest shade:
Nature in all an equal course maintains;
The lion's whelp succeeds to awe the plains;
Pards gender pards; from tigers tigers spring;
No doves are hatch'd beneath a vulture's wing:
Each parent's image in his offspring lives;
But nought of Tydeus in his son survives."

He said; and by his sharp reproaches stung,
And wav'ring in suspence the hero hung,
In words now prone to vent his kindl'd ire,
Or fix'd in sullen silence to retire.
As when a current, from the ocean wide,
Rolls, through the Cyclades, its angry tide;
Now here, now there, in circling eddies tost,
The certain tenour of its course is lost,
Each wary pilot for his safety fears
In mute suspense, and trembles as he steers:
Such seem'd the tumult of the hero's breast,
And such amazement long restrain'd the rest.
Laertes' son at last the silence broke,
And, rising, thus with prudent purpose spoke:

"Princes! I counsel war; but will not blame
The chief dissenting, whose illustrious name
We all must honour: yet, with patience, hear
What now I offer to the public ear:
I freely own th' unnumber'd ills that wait
On strife prolong'd, and war's disastrous state.
With war lean famine and diseases dwell,
And Discord fierce, escap'd the bounds of Hell.
Where'er on Earth her course the fury bends,
A crowd of mischiefs still her steps attends;
Fear flies before her swifter than the wind,
And desolation marks her path behind.
Yet her, attended thus, the Gods ordain
Stern arbitress of right to mortal men;
To awe injustice with her lifted spear,
And teach the tyrants of the Earth to fear.
If Thebes is perjur'd, and exerts her might
For usurpation in contempt of right;
(If oaths despis'd, and all the ties which bind
The great society of human kind;)
For Eteocles in the war she stood,
And drench'd her thirsty fields with Grecian blood; [vain
The gods themselves have err'd, and plac'd in
The sceptor'd kings injustice to restrain;
Else she deserves the last extremes to feel
Of wasteful fire and keen devouring steel.
Though prudence urg'd and *equity* approv'd,
Joining to second what Tydides mov'd,
We could not hope the war for peace to change,
Thebes thinks not now of safety, but revenge.
Last night, disguis'd, I mingled with the foe,
Their secret hopes and purposes to know;
And found that Creon, with his martial train,
This day intends to brave us on the plain.
Greece too, I heard, by barb'rous sovereign claim'd,
Some Athens, Argos, some Mycœne nam'd;
Sparta and Pylos, with the various towns
Which grace, in prospect fair, th' Aonian downs:
Others Etolia challeng'd for their lot;
Nor was even Ithaca itself forgot.
From such vain hopes to boasting they proceed;
Each promises to win some hero's head.
Leophron too, distinguished from the rest,
Superior pride and insolence express'd;
In form a god he 'midst th' assembly stood,
By all ador'd, the idol of the crowd;
And promis'd, if he chanc'd in fight to meet
Th' Etolian chief, to stretch him at his feet;
Unless some god oppos'd, or dastard fear
By sudden flight, should snatch him from his spear.
Can we then hope by peace to end our toils,
When foes secure already share our spoils;
Peace to expect from flight itself were vain;
And flight, I know, your gen'rous souls disdain."

He said. The chiefs with indignation burn'd;
And Diomed submitting thus return'd:
"Princes! I need not for myself profess,
What all have witness'd, all must sure confess;
That in the front of battle still engag'd,
I never shunn'd to mingle where it rag'd.
Nor now does fear persuade me to retire,
False Creon safe, and guilty Thebes entire;
But war and famine thin our martial pow'rs,
Whilst adverse fates protect the Theban tow'rs.
And as the careful shepherd turns his flock
Back from the dangers of the slipp'ry rock,
And from the haunts where foxes mark the ground,
Or rapid rivers flow with banks unsound;

So kings should warn the people to forbear
Attempts, when symptoms mark destruction near.
But since the leaders, with consenting voice,
For war already fix the public choice;
I freely yield, nor ever will divide,
Where all deliberate, and all decide."
The hero thus, and ceas'd. And thus the rest,
From his high seat, the king of men address'd:
"Since war is now decreed, 'tis next our care
That all should speedily for fight prepare;
Creon, this day, intends with all his train
To try our valour on the equal plain;
And will, with diligence, improve an hour,
Which finds us inattentive and secure.
First let each leader with his bands in haste
Snatch, as the time allows, a short repast;
Then arm for fight, and to the field proceed,
The phalanx following as the chariots lead.
Who arms the first, and first to combat goes,
Though weaker, seems superior to his foes;
But such as lag are more than half o'erthrown,
Less in the eyes of others and their own."
The monarch thus. The princes all assent.
Straight from the council through the host they went,
To arm their bands with diligence and care;
They all obey, and all for fight prepare.

THE

EPIGONIAD.

BOOK II.

Assembl'd on the plain, the Theban pow'rs
In order'd ranks appear before the tow'rs;
Creon their leader, whose superior sway,
The martial sons of sacred Thebes obey.
The chiefs obedient to his high command,
Rul'd the whole war, and marshall'd every band.
His valiant son the first, his country's boast,
Her noblest hope, the bulwark of her host,
Leophron, to the field the warriors led,
Whom Thebes herself within her ramparts bred:
Peneleus, who from Medeon led his pow'rs,
Ochalia low, and Arne's lofty tow'rs:
Leitus from Thespia, where the verdant shades
Of Helicon invite the tuneful maids:
Porthenor rich, whose wide possessions lay
Where fam'd Æsopus winds his wat'ry way;
Beneath Cytheron's height, the lofty mound
Which parts Bœotian plains from hostile ground:
Phericles, who the valiant warriors led
In Mycallessus, Harma, Aulis, bred:
Andremon, leader of his native band,
From lofty Schœnus on th' Ismenian strand:
And Anthedon, where swift Euripus pent
Divides Eubœa from the continent:
These rul'd the Theban pow'rs beneath the care
Of Creon, chief and sov'reign of the war.
The aids from Macedon the next were plac'd;
Their shining casques with waving plumage grac'd;
A wolf's grey hide, around their shoulders flung,
With martial grace above their armour hung:
From high Dodona's sacred shades they came;
Cassander led them to the fields of fame.
The Thracians next, a formidable band;
Nations and tribes distinct, in order stand:
Byzantines fierce, whose crooked keels divide
The Pontic gulf, and stem the downward tide:
In Grecian arms the hardy warriors move,
With pond'rous shields and glitt'ring spears above.
The Thynians next were marshall'd on the field;
Each with a falchion arm'd and lunar shield,
Whose bending horns a verge of silver bound;
And figures fierce their brazen helmets crown'd:
With these the Daci came, a martial race;
Fierce as their clime, they rear the pond'rous mace;
In giant strength secure, they scorn the spear,
And crush, with weighty blows, the ranks of war:
From Ister's icy streams, a barb'rous crowd;
In shaggy furs, a herd promiscuous stood;
Swift as their savage game; for wide they roam
In tribes and nations, ignorant of home;
Excelling all who boast superior skill
To send the winged arrow swift to kill:
These Rhesus rul'd, of various tribes compos'd,
By various leaders on the field dispos'd.
To fight the Argives mov'd in close array;
Bright shone their arms and flash'd redoubl'd day;
Resolv'd, and still as silent night, they go;
Nor with insulting shouts provoke the foe.
Thick from their steps, in dusky volumes, rise
The parched fields, and darken all the skies.
Beneath the shade, the ardent warriors close;
Their shields and helmets ring with sounding blows.
First Menelaus struck a Theban lord;
His armed breast the weighty lance explor'd;
Burst the close mail; the shining breast-plate tore;
And from life's fountain drew a stream of gore.
Supine he fell amidst his native bands,
And wrench'd the fixed dart with dying hands.
To spoil the slain the son of Atreus flies;
The Thebans interpose with hostile cries;
And Creon's valiant son his buckler spread,
An orb of triple brass, to guard the dead:
As Jove's imperial bird her wings extends,
And from the shepherd's rage her young defends;
So stern Leophron bore his ample shield;
Like Mars he stood, the terrour of the field.
With dread unusual check'd, the Spartan band
Receil'd; Atrides only dar'd to stand;
He thus began: "Presumptuous youth! forbear
To tempt the fury of my flying spear.
That warrior there was by my javelin slain,
His spoils to guard you interpose in vain."
Atrides thus; and Creon's son replies:
"Thy lance I dread not, and thy threats despise.
This hand hath many a chief of high renown,
And braver warriors oft in fight o'erthrown:
Like theirs, thy fall shall dignify my spear,
And future boasters thence be taught to fear."
Thus as he spoke his weighty lance he threw
At Atreus' son; which rising as it flew
Upon the hero's crest with furious sway,
Glanc'd as it pass'd and shav'd the plumes away.
Hissing amidst the Spartan ranks it came,
And struck a youth of undistinguish'd name:
Cold, through his breast, the steel and polish'd wood
A passage forc'd, and drew a stream of blood.

His lance Atrides next prepares to throw;
Poises it long, and meditates the blow:
Then, from his hand dismissed with happier aim,
Thund'ring against the Theban shield it came;
Where wreath'd around a mimic serpent twin'd,
With plates of polish'd silver lightly join'd:
Thence turn'd with course oblique it drove along,
And spent its fury on the vulgar throng.
Leophron straight his flaming falchion drew,
And at his foe, with eager fury, flew:
As stooping from above, an eagle springs
To snatch his prey, and shoots upon his wings.
The Spartan wa rior dreads impending fate;
And, turning, meditates a quick retreat.
As when a shepherd swain, in desert shades,
The blood-nurs'd offspring of the wolf invades;
If, from the opening of some thicket near,
With rage inflam'd, the angry dam appear,
With darts at first, and threat'ning shouts he tries,
To awe the guardian, and assert the prize:
But, when she springs, the close encounter dreads,
And, trembling, from the angry foe recedes.
So Menelaus fled. His native train,
In wild disorder, scatters o'er the plain.
His valiant brother heard upon the right,
Where in his lofty car he rul'd the fight;
And to his squire Nichomachus: "With speed,
Turn to the left, and urge the flying steed:
For, if these sounds deceive not, Sparta fails;
And, with a tide of conquest, Thebes prevails."
Quick as the word, the silver reins he drew,
And through the fight the bounding chariot flew.
Like some quick vessel, when a prosp'rous gale
Favours her course, and stretches ev'ry sail;
Above the parting waves she lightly flies,
And smooth behind a tract of ocean lies:
So, 'midst the combat, rush'd the lofty car;
Pierc'd the thick tumult, and disjoin'd the war.
But Clytodemon's son a jav'lin threw;
With force impell'd, it lighten'd as it flew,
And struck the right-hand courser to the ground,
Ethon, for swiftness in the race renown'd.
Behind his ear the deadly weapon stood,
Loos'd his high neck, and drew a stream of blood.
Groaning he sunk; and spread his flowing mane,
A shining circle, on the dusty plain.
Intangled deep the royal chariot stood,
With hostile spears beset, an iron wood.
From his high seat the Spartan hero sprung
Amid the foe; his clanging armour rung.
Before the king, the armed bands retire;
As shepherd swains avoid a lion's ire,
When fierce from famine on their darts he turns,
And rage indignant in his eye-balls burns.
Amid the fight, distinguish'd like the star
Of ev'ning, shone his silver arms afar;
Which, o'er the hills it setting light displays;
And marks the ruddy west with silver rays.
Pale and amaz'd his brother chief he found,
An armed circle of his friends around.
"Alas, my brother! have I liv'd to see
Thy life redeem'd with deathless infamy!"
(The hero cry'd) "far better that a ghost
You now had wander'd on the Stygian coast,
And by a glorious fall preserv'd your name
Safe and unblasted by the breath of fame;
Which soon shall tell the world, amaz'd to hear,
That Menelaus taught the host to fear."
By conscious guilt subdu'd the youth appear'd;
Without reply, the just-reproach he heard:
Confounded, to the ground he turn'd his eyes;
Indignant thus the great Atrides cries:
"Mycæneans! Spartans! taught to seek renown
From dangers greatly brav'd and battles won;
Ah warriors! will ye fly, when close behind
Dishonour follows swifter than the wind!
Return to glory: whether Jove ordains,
With wreaths of conquest, to reward your pains,
Or dooms your fall; he merits equal prize,
With him who conquers, he who bravely dies."
The hero thus; and, like swift light'ning driv'n
Through scatter'd clouds along the vault of Heav'n
By Jove's dread arm, his martial voice inspir'd
The fainting host, and ev'ry bosom fir'd.
Again upon the conquering foe they turn'd:
The war again, in all its fury, burn'd.
As when the deep, which, ebbing from the land,
Along the coast displays a waste of sand,
Returns; and, blown by angry tempests, roars
A stormy deluge 'gainst the rocky shores:
So, rushing to the fight, the warriors came;
Ardent to conquer, and retrieve their fame.
Before his host the son of Creon stood,
With labour'd dust obscure, and hostile blood;
He thus exclaim'd: "And shall this dastard train
(Warriors of Thebes!) dispute the field again?
Their better chief, I know him, leads the band;
But fate shall soon subdue him by my hand."
He said; and, at the king, his jav'lin threw;
Which, aim'd amiss, with erring fury flew.
Across the armed ranks it swiftly drove,
The warriors stooping as it rush'd above.
The Spartan hero aim'd his weighty spear;
And thus to Jove address'd an ardent prayer:
"Hear me, great sire of gods! whose boundless sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey;
Whose sov'reign hand, with unresisted might,
Depresses or exalts the scales of fight:
Now grant success to my avenging hand,
And stretch this dire destroyer on the sand.
Jove, grant me now to reach his hated life,
And save my warriors in this doubtful strife."
The hero thus; and sent his weighty spear;
With speed it flew, and pierc'd the yielding air;
Swift, as a falcon to her quarry springs,
When down the winds she stretches on her wings.
Leophron, stooping, shun'd the deadly stroke,
Which on the shield of Hegisander broke.
Vain now his lute; in vain his melting strains,
Soft as Apollo's on the Lycian plains:
His soul excluded, seeks the dark abodes
By Styx embrac'd, the terrour of the gods;
Where surly Charon, with his lifted oar,
Drives the light ghosts, and rules the dreary shore.
With grief Leophron saw the warrior slain.
He snatch'd a pond'rous mace from off the plain,
Cut in the Thracian woods, with snags around
Of pointed steel with iron circles bound.
Heav'd with gigantic force the club to throw,
He swung it thrice, and hurl'd it at his foe.
Thund'ring upon his armed head it fell;
The brazen helmet rung with stunning knell.

As when a rock by forceful engines thrown,
Where hostile arms invest a frontier town,
Threat'ning destruction, rolls along the skies;
And war itself stands wond'ring as it flies:
Falls on some turret's top, the structure bends
Beneath the tempest, and at once descends
With hideous crash; thus, stooping to the ground,
Atrides sunk; his silver arms resound.
But Pallas, mixing in the dire debate,
A life to rescue yet not due to fate,
Had o'er his head her cloudy buckler held;
And half the fury of the blow repell'd.
The son of Creon rush'd to seize his prize,
The hero's spoils; and thus exulting cries:
"Warriors of Thebes! your labours soon shall cease,
And final victory restore your peace;
For great Atrides, by my valour slain,
A lifeless corse, lies stretch'd upon the plain.
Only be men! and make the Argive bands
Dread in succeeding times your mighty hands;
That foes no more, when mad ambition calls,
With dire alarms may shake your peaceful walls."
Exulting thus, the hero rush'd along;
And kindled with his shouts, the vulgar throng.
Resolv'd and firm the Spartan warriors stand
Around their king, a formidable band.
Their spears, protended thick, the foe restrain'd;
Their bucklers join'd, the weighty war sustain'd.
But as a mountain wolf, from famine bold,
On prey intent, surveys the midnight fold;
Where, in the shelter of some arching rock,
At ev'n the careful shepherd pens his flock;
On spoil and ravage bent, he stalks around,
And meditates to spring the lofty mound:
Impatient thus the Theban chief survey'd
The close-compacted ranks on ev'ry side;
To find where least the serred orb could bear
The strong impression of a pointed war.
Him Menelaus saw, with anguish stung;
And, from amidst his armed warriors, sprung
With wrath inflam'd; as starting from a brake,
Against some trav'ller, darts some crested snake.
His rage in vain the Theban ranks withstand;
The bravest warriors sink beneath his hand.
Clytander, Iphitus, Palemon, fam'd
For chariots rol'd and fiery coursers tam'd;
And Iphialtes, like the god of light,
Whose pointed arrows thinn'd the lines of fight:
These the first transports of his fury feel.
Against Leophron now he lifts his steel,
And speeds to vengeance; but, in full career,
He stood arrested by a vulgar spear.
Fix'd in his thigh the barbed weapon hung,
Relax'd the muscles, and the nerves unstrung.
The Spartan warriors to his succour flew;
Against the darts their ample shields they threw,
Which storm'd around; and, from the rage of war,
Convey'd the wounded hero to his car.
With fierce impatience Creon's son beheld
The Spartan warriors still dispute the field.
Before their leader fall'n the heroes stood;
Their spears erected, like the sacred wood
Which round some altar rises on the plain,
The mystic rites to hide from eyes profane.
Thither his native bands the hero turn'd;
Drawn to a wedge, again the combat burn'd.
Through all the air a storm of jav'lins sung;
With sounding blows each hollow buckler rung.
First Enopæus felt a deadly wound,
Who in Amycle till'd the fruitful ground;
To great Andremon's spear he yields his breath,
And starts and quivers in the grasp of death.
Next Hegesippus press'd th' ensanguin'd p'ain;
Leophron's jav'lin mix'd him with the slain.
On Malea's cliffs he fed his fleecy store,
Along the windings of the craggy shore.
He vow'd to Phœbus, for a safe return,
An hundred victims on his hearth to burn.
In vain! the god, in justice, had decreed,
His gifts contemn'd, the offerer to bleed:
For violence augmented still his store;
And, unreliev'd, the stranger left his door.
Prone on the bloody ground the warrior fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of Hell.
Next Arcas, Cleon, valiant Chromius dy'd;
With Dares, to the Spartan chiefs ally'd.
And Phœmius, whom the gods in early youth
Had form'd for virtue and the love of truth;
His gen'rous soul to noble deeds they turn'd,
And love to mankind in his bosom burn'd:
Cold thro' his throat the hissing weapon glides,
And on his neck the waving locks divides.
His fate the Graces mourn'd. The gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
On high Olympus bending from the skies,
His fate beheld with sorrow-streaming eyes.
Pallas alone, unalter'd and serene,
With secret triumph saw the mournful scene:
Not hard of heart: for none of all the pow'rs,
In earth or ocean, or th' Olympian tow'rs,
Holds equal sympathy with human grief,
Or with a freer hand bestows relief:
But conscious that a mind by virtue steel'd
To no impression of distress will yield;
That, still unconquer'd, in its awful hour
O'er death it triumphs with immortal pow'r.
Now Thebes prevailing, Sparta's host retreats;
As falls some rampart where the ocean beats:
Unable to resist its stormy way,
Mounds heap'd on mounds, and bars of rock give way;
With inundation wide the deluge reigns,
Drowns the deep valleys, and o'erspreads the plains.
Thus o'er the field, by great Leophron led,
Their foes repuls'd, the Theban squadrons spread.
The hero, stooping where Atrides lay,
Rent from his head the golden casque away;
His mail unlock'd; and loos'd the golden chains,
The zone which by his side the sword sustains.
The monarch now amid the vulgar dead,
For wheels to crush and armed hoofs to tread,
Defenceless lay. But stern Leophron's hate
Retriev'd him, thus expos'd, from certain fate.
In semblance dead, he purpos'd to convey
The body naked to some public way;
Where dogs obscene, and all the rav'nous race,
With wounds unsightly, might his limbs disgrace.
Straight he commands; and to a neighb'ring grove,
His warriors charg'd, the Spartan chief remove,
On their broad shields they bore him from the plain,
To sense a corse, and number'd with the slain.
His fixed eyes in hov'ring shades were drown'd;
His mighty limbs in death-like fetters bound.

The shouts tumultuous and the din of war,
His ear receiv'd like murmurs heard afar;
Or as some peasant bears, securely laid
Beneath a vaulted cliff or woodland shade,
When o'er his head unnumber'd insects sing
In airy rounds, the children of the Spring.
Adrastus' valiant son, with grief, beheld
The Spartans to inglorious flight compell'd;
Their valiant chief resign'd to hostile hands,
He thus aloud address'd the scatt'ring bands:
"What shame, ye warriors! if ye thus expose
Your leader to the injuries of foes!
Though all should quit him, honour bids you bring
His reliques back, or perish with your king.
Leophron sure injuriously ordains,
With insults, to deface his dear remains;
Spurn'd by the feet of men, expos'd and bare,
For dogs obscene and rav'nous birds to share."
Exclaiming thus, through all the field he flew;
And call'd the host the conflict to renew.
They stop, they charge; again the combat burns:
They bleed, they conquer, and retreat by turns.
Hegialus excites the dire debate;
And, by example, leads the work of fate:
For now he sees Atrides borne afar,
By hostile hands, beyond the lines of war.
With indignation fierce his bosom glows;
He rushes fearless 'midst a host of foes;
And now had merited a deathless name,
And with a deed immortal crown'd his fame,
Atrides sav'd; but fate's supreme command
That honour destin'd for a mightier hand.
Leophron vex'd, that twice constrain'd to yield,
The Spartan warriors re-assum'd the field,
His pow'rs address'd: "For ever lost our fame,
Dishonour foul will blot the Theban name;
If dastard foes, twice routed and pursu'd,
Shall brave the victors still with rage renew'd.
Your glory gain'd with vigour now maintain;
Nor let us conquer thus and bleed in vain."
He said, and 'gainst the Argive hero turn'd;
With martial wrath his ardent bosom burn'd;
Who, fearless and undaunted, dar'd to wait;
Nor by ignoble flight declin'd his fate.
For, at the Theban chief, his lance he threw,
Which, aim'd amiss, with erring fury flew:
Beyond the hostile ranks the weapon drove;
The warriors stooping as it rush'd above.
Not so the Theban spear; with happier aim,
Full to the centre of the shield it came;
And rising swiftly from the polish'd round,
His throat transfix'd, and bent him to the ground.
To spoil the slain the ardent victor flew:
The Spartan bands the bloody shock renew;
Fierce to the charge with tenfold rage return,
And all at once with thirst of vengeance burn.
O'er all the field the raging tumult grows;
And ev'ry helmet rings with sounding blows:
But most around the Argive hero dead;
There toil the mightiest, there the bravest bleed.
As when outrageous winds the ocean sweep,
And from the bottom stir the hoary deep;
O'er all the wat'ry plain the tempest raves,
Mixing in conflict loud the angry waves:
But where some pointed cliff the surface hides,
Whose top unseen provokes the angry tides,
With ten fold fury there the billows fly,
And mount in smoke and thunder to the sky.

Adrastus, by inactive age restrain'd,
Behind the army on a mount remain'd;
Under an oak the hoary warrior sat,
And look'd and listen'd to the dire debate.
Now, tam'd by age, his coursers stood unbound;
His useless arms lay scatter'd on the ground;
Two aged heralds there the chief obey'd;
The squire attending by his master stay'd. [ear
And thus the king: "What sounds invade mine
My friends! what sad disaster must we hear?
Some herb's fall; for with the shouts, I know
Loud lamentation mixt, and sounds of woe.
So were we told, when mighty Tydeus fell,
And Polynices trod the path to Hell;
So rag'd the combat o'er the heroes slain,
And such the din and tumult of the plain."
He said; and list'ning (what he greatly fear'd)
Hegialus's name at last he heard
Mix'd with the noise; and, sick'ning at the sound,
By grief subdu'd, fell prostrate on the ground.
But rage succeeding and despair, he rose
Eager to rush amid the thickest foes.
His spear he grasp'd, impatient for the fight;
And pond'rous shield, unequal to the weight.
Him frantic thus his wise attendants held;
And to retire with prudent care compell'd.
Impatient of his state, by quick returns,
With grief he melts, with indignation burns.
And thus at last: "Stern ruler of the sky!
Whose sport is man, and human misery;
What deed of mine has stirr'd thy boundless rage,
And call'd for vengeance on my helpless age?
Have I, by sacrilege, your treasures drain'd;
Your altars slighted, or your rites profan'd?
Did I forget my holy vows to pay?
Or bid you witness, and my faith betray?
Has lawless rapine e'er increas'd my store,
Or unreliev'd the stranger left my door?
If not; in justice, can your stern decree
With wrath pursue my guiltless race and me?
Here valiant Tydeus, Polynices fell;
In one sad hour they trod the path to Hell:
For them my daughters mourn, their sorrows flow
Still fresh, and all their days are spent in woe.
Hegialus remain'd my hopes to raise;
The only comfort of my joyless days:
In whom I saw my vigorous youth return,
And all our native virtues brighter burn.
He's now no more; and to the nether skies,
Banish'd by fate, a bloodless spectre flies.
For what, ye gods! has unrelenting fate
Curs'd my misfortunes with so long a date,
That thus I live to see our antient race
At once extinguish'd, and for ever cease?
Gods! grant me now the only boon I crave,
For all my sorrows past, a peaceful grave:
Now let me perish, that my fleeting ghost
May reach my son in Pluto's shady coast;
Where, join'd for ever, kindred souls enjoy
An union fix'd, which nothing can destroy."
He said; and sinking prostrate on the ground,
His furrow'd cheeks with floods of sorrow drown'd;
And, furious in the rage of grief, o'erspread
With dust the reverend honors of his head.

THE

EPIGONIAD.

BOOK III.

The Spartan bands, with thirst of vengeance fir'd, [spir'd.
The fight maintain'd; nor from their toils re-
Before the hero fall'n the warriors stand,
Firm as the chains of rock which guard the strand;
Whose rooted strength the angry ocean braves,
And bounds the fury of his bursting waves.
So Sparta stood; their serred bucklers bar
The Theban phalanx, and exclude the war.
While from the field, upon their shoulders laid,
His warriors sad the Argive prince convey'd;
Leophron saw, with indignation fir'd,
And, with his shouts, the ling'ring war inspir'd.
Again the rigour of the shock returns;
The slaughter rages, and the combat burns;
Till, push'd and yielding to superior sway,
In slow retreat the Spartan ranks gave way.
As, in some channel pent, entangled wood
Reluctant stirs before the angry flood;
Which, on its loaded current, slowly heaves
The spoils of forests mix'd with harvest sheaves.
Pallas observ'd, and from the Olympian height
Precipitated swift her downward flight.
Like Cleon's valiant son, the goddess came;
The same her stature, and her arms the same.
Descending from his chariot to the ground,
The son of Tydeus, 'midst his bands, she found;
His steeds unrul'd; for stretch'd before the wheel,
Lay the bold driver pierc'd with Theban steel.
On the high car her mighty hand she laid;
And thus address'd the valiant Diomed: [fight,
"The Spartan warriors, prince! renounce the
O'ermatch'd by numbers and superior might:
While adverse fate their valiant chief restrains,
Who dead or wounded with the foe remains;
Hegialus lies lifeless on the earth,
Brother to her from whom you claim your birth:
The great Atrides, as he press'd to save,
Leophron's jav'lin mark'd him for the grave,
To vengeance haste; and, ere it is too late,
With speedy succour stop impending fate;
For stern Leophron, like the rage of flame,
With ruin threatens all the Spartan name."
The goddess thus: Tydides thus replies:
"How partial are the counsels of the skies!
For vulgar merit oft the gods with care
Honour and peace and happiness prepare;
While worth, distinguish'd, by their partial hate,
Submits to all the injuries of fate.
Adrastus thus, with justice, may complain
His daughters widow'd, sons in battle slain.
In the devoted line myself I stand;
And here must perish by some hostile hand;
Yet not, for this, I shun the works of war,
Nor sculk inglorious when I ought to dare.
And now I'll meet you terrour of the plain;
To crown his conquests, or avenge the slain.
But wish some valiant youth, to rule my car
And push the horses through the shock of war,
Were present; for, extended in his gore,
The brave Speusippus knows his charge no more."
Thus as the hero spoke, Cassandra heard,
And present, to assume the charge, appear'd.
By love inspir'd, she sought the fields of war;
Her hero's safety was her only care.
A polish'd casque her lovely temples bound,
With flow'rs of gold and various plumage crown'd;
Confus'dly gay, the peacock's changeful train,
With gaudy colours mix'd of ev'ry grain;
The virgin white, the yellow's golden hue,
The regal purple, and the shining blue,
With female skill compos'd. The shield she bore
With flow'rs of gold was mark'd and spangled o'er:
Light and of sound rest make, she held a lance:
Like some mock warrior armed for the dance,
When spring's return and music's cheerful strain
The youth invite to frolic on the plain.
"Illustrious chief," the armed virgin said,
"To rule your steeds on me the task be laid;
Skill'd to direct their course with steady rein,
To wake their fiery mettle, or restrain;
To stop, to turn, the various arts I know;
To push them on direct, or shun the foe.
With ready hand your voice I shall obey;
And urge their fury where you point the way."
The virgin thus: and thus Tydides said:
"Your zeal I honour, but reject your aid.
Fierce are my steeds; their fury to restrain
The strongest hand requires and stiffest rein:
For oft, their mettle rous'd, they rush along;
Nor feel the biting curb, or sounding thong.
Oft have I seen you brave the toils of fight,
With dauntless courage but unequal might.
Small is your force; and, from your arm unstrung,
The harmless lance is impotently flung.
Yet not for this you shun the martial strife,
Patient of wounds and prodigal of life.
Where'er I combat, faithful to my side,
No danger awes you, and no toils divide.
Yet grudge not that your service I decline;
Homocleon's better hand shall guide the rein:
His manly voice my horses will obey,
And move submissive to his firmer sway."
Th' Etolian warrior thus; and, with a bound,
Rose to his lofty chariot from the ground.
The goddess to the driver's seat proceeds;
Assumes the reins, and winds the willing steeds.
On their smooth sides the sounding lash she plies;
And through the fight the smoking chariot flies.
Th' Athenians soon they pass'd; and Phocians strong,
Who from fair Crissa led their martial throng.
Th' Arcadians next from Alpheus' silver flood,
And hardy Eleans, grim with dust and blood,
In order rang'd. As when some pilot spies
The rocky cliffs in long succession rise,
When near the land his galley scours the shores,
By prosp'rous winds impell'd and speeding oars:
So, hastening to the fight, the hero flew.
And now the Spartan host appears in view:
By wounds subdu'd, their bravest warriors lay;
Others, by shameful flight, their fear obey;
The rest, in slow retreat, forsake the field,
O'ermatch'd by numbers, and constrain'd to yield.
Th' Etolian hero saw, and rais'd his voice,
Loud as the silver trumpet's martial noise;
And rush'd to fight: through all the field it flew;
The host at once the happy signal knew;
And joy'd, as they who, from the found'ring ship
Escap'd, had struggled long amid the deep:

Faint from despair, when hope and vigour fail,
If, hast'ning to their aid, appears a sail;
With force renew'd their weary limbs they strain,
And climb the slipp'ry ridges of the main.
So joy'd the Spartans to repulse the foe;
With hope restor'd, their gen'rous bosoms glow:
While Thebes, suspended 'midst her conquest, stands;
And feels a sudden check through all her bands.
Leophron only, far before the rest,
Tydides waited with a dauntless breast.
Firm and unaw'd the hardy warrior stood;
Like some fierce boar amid his native wood,
When armed swains his gloomy haunts invade,
And trace his footsteps through the lonely shade;
Resolv'd he hears approach the hostile sound,
Grinds his white teeth, and threat'ning glares around:
So stood Leophron trusting in his might,
And shook his armour, eager for the fight.
Tydides saw; and, springing from his car,
Thus brav'd the hero, as he rush'd to war:
"O son unhappy, of a sire accurst!
The plague of all, and fated to the worst!
The injuries of Greece demand thy breath;
See, in my hand, the instrument of death.
Hegialus's ghost shall less deplore
His fate untimely on the Stygian shore,
When banish'd from the light, your shade shall come
To mingle with the dark infernal gloom." [Tydides thus: and Creon's son replies:
"Your fear in vain, by boasting, you disguise;
Such vulgar art a novice oft confounds,
To scenes of battle new and martial sounds;
Though lost on me, who dwell amid alarms,
And never met a greater yet in arms."
Thus as the warrior spoke, his lance with care
He aim'd, and sent it hissing through the air.
On Diomed's broad shield the weapon fell;
Loud rung the echoing brass with stunning knell:
But the strong orb, by Vulcan's labour bound,
Repell'd, and sent it blunted to the ground.
Tydides next his pond'rous jav'lin threw:
With force impell'd, it brighten'd as it flew;
And pierc'd the border of the Theban shield,
Where, wreath'd around, a serpent guards the field;
Through the close mail an easy passage found,
And mark'd his thigh, in passing, with a wound.
Now in close fight the angry chiefs engage;
Like two fell griffins rous'd to equal rage;
Pois'd on their rolling trains they fiercely rise,
With blood-bespotted crests and burning eyes;
With poison fraught they aim their deadly stings,
Clasp their sharp fangs, and mix their rattling wings.
In combat thus, the ardent warriors clos'd,
With shield to shield, and foot to foot oppos'd.
First at his foe Leophron aim'd a stroke;
But, on his polish'd casque, the falchion broke:
From the smooth steel the shiver'd weapon sprung;
Aloft in air its hissing splinters sung.
Not so, Tydides, did thy weapon fail;
With force impell'd it pierc'd the silver mail,
Whose sliding plates the warrior's neck surround:
A tide of gore came rushing from the wound.
Stagg'ring to earth he sunk with head declin'd;
And life in long convulsive throbs resign'd.

Nor stopp'd Tydides to despoil the slain;
The warrior goddess led him cross the plain,
Towards the grove where great Atrides lay;
Th' immortal spear she stretch'd, and mark'd the way.
Thither amid surrounding foes they haste;
Who shun'd them, still retreating, as they pass'd:
And ent'ring found the Spartan hero laid
On the green sward, beneath the bow'ring shade.
The guard secure, lay stretch'd upon the ground;
Their shields resign'd, their lances pitch'd around:
One only near a winding riv'let stood,
Which turn'd its wandring current through the wood;
His helmet fill'd with both his hands he rear'd,
In act to drink; when in the grove appear'd
Th' Etolian prince. His armour's fiery blaze
The dark recess illumin'd with its rays.
Amaz'd the Theban stood; and, from his hand,
The helmet slipp'd, and roll'd upon the sand.
Not more afraid the wond'ring swain descries,
'Midst night's thick gloom, a flaming meteor rise;
Sent by the furies, as he deems, to sow
Death and diseases on the Earth below. [cry'd.
"Tydides comes!" with fault'ring voice he
And straight to flight his willing limbs apply'd.
With sudden dread surpris'd the guards retire;
As shepherd swains avoid a lion's ire,
Who roams the heights and plains, from famine bold,
The stall to ravage or assault the fold.
Now, lifeless as he lay, the martial maid
Atrides, with a pitying eye, survey'd;
And, with her spear revers'd, the hero shook:
The touch divine his iron slumber broke:
As when his drowsy mate the shepherd swain
Stirs with his crook, and calls him to the plain;
When in the east he sees the morning rise,
And redd'ning o'er his head the colour'd skies.
When from the ground his head the hero rais'd,
In full divinity the goddess blaz'd;
Her left, reveal'd, the dreadful ægis rears,
Whose ample field the snaky Gorgon bears;
Th' immortal lance stood flaming in the right,
Which scatters and confounds the ranks of fight.
Speechless the chiefs remain'd; amazement strong,
In mute suspence and silence, held them long.
And thus the goddess: "Atreus' son! arise,
Confess the partial favour of the skies.
For thee I leave the thund'rer's lofty seat,
To wake thee slumb'ring on the verge of fate:
To you let Diomed his arms resign;
Unequal were your force to govern mine;
His stronger arm shall bear this pond'rous shield;
His better hand the weighty jav'lin wield.
Arise! be sudden, for your foes draw near;
Assur'd to conquer when the gods appear."
The goddess thus; and, mixing with the wind,
Left in a heap her shining arms behind
Upon the field; with loud harmonious peal,
Th' immortal buckler rung, and golden mail.
And thus Atrides, rising from the ground:
"In this approv'd is hoar tradition found;
That oft, descending from th' ethereal tow'rs,
To mix with mortals, come the heav'nly pow'rs:
But ne'er till now I saw a god appear,
Or more than human voice did ever hear.

Do you, my friend, assume these arms divine ;
The mortal and inferior shall be mine."
Atrides thus ; and Diomed reply'd :
" To Heav'n obedience must not be deny'd ;
Else you yourself th' immortal arms should wield,
And I with these attend you on the field.
But of the pow'rs above, whose sov'reign sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey,
Pallas, with surest vengeance, still pursues
Such as obedience to her will refuse." [bound,
He said ; and straight his shining arms un-
The casque, the mail, the buckler's weighty round;
With secret joy th' immortal helmet took :
High on its crest the waving plumage shook.
This whosoever wears, his sharpen'd eyes
All dangers mock of ambush and surprise ;
Their ray unquench'd, the midnight shade divides ;
No cunning covers, and no darkness hides.
The breast-plate next he takes, whose matchless art
Firm courage fixes in the bounding heart ;
The rage of war unmov'd the wearer braves,
And rides serene amid the stormy waves :
The glitt'ring mail a starry baldric bound,
His arm sustain'd the buckler's weighty round ;
Impenetrably strong, its orb can bear
And turn, like softest lead, the pointed spear ;
Nor yields to aught, in Earth or Heav'n above,
But the dread thunder of almighty Jove.
Th' immortal spear the hero last did wield,
Which fixes conquest, and decides a field ;
Nor strength nor numbers can its rage withstand,
Sent by a mortal or immortal hand.
Thus arm'd to meet the foe Tydides mov'd,
And glory'd conscious of his might improv'd ;
Like the proud steed rejoicing in his force,
When the shrill trumpet wakes him to the course ;
Fierce and impatient of restraint, he strains
With stiffen'd neck against the galling reins.
Taller he seem'd ; as when the morning spread,
With golden lustre, crowns some mountain's head
In early spring ; when, from the meads below,
A wreath of vapours binds his rocky brow ;
In cloudy volumes settling as they rise,
They lift the lofty prospect to the skies :
So in immortal arms the chief appear'd,
His stature broad display'd, and higher rear'd.
Now from the field approaching to the grove,
Embattl'd thick, the Theban warriors move ;
Slowly they move, as swains with doubtful steps
Approach the thicket where a lion sleeps.
Tydides saw ; and, rushing from the shade,
The Spartan call'd, and to the combat led,
Unaw'd the hero met the hostile band ;
Nor could united force his rage withstand.
They wheel'd aloof ; as when a dragon springs
From his dark den, and rears his pointed wings
Against approaching swains, when summer burns,
And the fresh lakes to parched deserts turns ;
They fly dispers'd, nor tempt his fatal ire,
His wrath-swoln neck and eyes of living fire :
So fled the Thebans, nor escap'd by flight.
Amid their squadrons, like a falcon light,
The hero sprung ; who, stooping from the skies,
The feather'd race disperses as he flies.
Still from his hand th' immortal weapon flew ;
And ev'ry flight an armed warrior slew.
Andremon first, beneath his mighty hand,
Of life bereft, lay stretch'd upon the sand.
Pherecydes gigantic press'd the plain ;
And valiant Tereus sunk amid the slain.
Warriors to these of vulgar names succeed ;
And all his path is mark'd with heaps of dead.
As when some woodman, by incessant strokes,
Bestrews a mountain with its falling oaks ;
Fells the thick planes, the hawthorn's flow'ry shade,
The poplar fair by passing currents fed,
The laurel with unfading verdure crown'd ;
Heaps roll'd on heaps, the forest sinks around :
So spreads the slaughter as the chief proceeds ;
At ev'ry stroke an armed warrior bleeds.
Atrides combats by the hero's side,
To share his glory and the toil divide :
Unmov'd amidst the hostile ranks they go ;
Before them far retreats the routed foe.
And now the Spartan host appear'd in sight,
By toil subdu'd and ling'ring in the fight.
Their valiant leader saw, and rais'd his voice,
Loud as the silver trumpet's martial noise,
With hopes of victory his bands to cheer ;
It swiftly flew : the distant Spartans hear
With glad surprise. Polyctes thus addrest,
And rous'd the languid valour of the rest.
" Myceneans ! Spartans ! taught to seek renown
From dangers greatly brav'd, and battles won ;
With sorrow and regret I see you yield,
And Thebes victorious drive you from the field.
Atrides calls us ; to his aid repair :
No foe subdues you but your own despair.
He yet survives, beset with hostile bands,
And, from your valour, present aid demands."
He said. The rigour of the shock returns ;
The slaughter rages, and the combat burns.
As when a reaping train their sickles wield,
Where yellow harvest loads some fruitful field ;
The master's heart, with secret joy, o'erflows ;
He prompts the work, and counts the length'ning rows ;
So 'midst the war, the pow'r of battles stood,
Pleas'd with the carnage and the streams of blood.
Elpenor first lay lifeless on the plain,
By stern Plexippus with a jav'lin slain,
A grief to Thebes. Eurycalus the bold,
Rich in his flocks and rich in sums of gold,
Beneath the arm of Aristæus fell ;
Loud rung his silver arms with echoing knell :
And like some flow'r, whose painted foliage fair
With fragrant breath perfumes the vernal air,
If the rude scythe its tender root invades,
It falls dishonour'd and its lustre fades.
Thus fell Eurycalus ; whose matchless grace,
In youth's full bloom, surpass'd the human race ;
For Cynthius only could with him compare,
In comely features, shape, and flowing hair.
Now o'er the fields the rage of war is spread ;
And heaps on heaps ascend the hills of dead.
Ranks meeting ranks oppose with equal rage :
As when the north and stormy south engage,
Beneath their strife the troubled ocean roars ;
And rushing waves o'erwhelm the rocky shores ;
So rag'd the fight ; when bursting from a crowd
Of thick opposing foes, the princes stood

Between the hosts. And thus th' Etolian lord:
"Spartans! behold your valiant chief restor'd;
Ye owe his safety to Minerva's care;
Let hecatombs your gratitude declare,
Soon as from Thebes you reach your native ground,
Where flocks and herds for sacrifice abound;
Now fight and conquer; let this signal day
Your tedious toils, with victory, repay;
And, for Hegialus, let thousands dead
With ample vengeance gratify his shade."
As thus the hero spoke, the warriers heard,
And hope rekindling through the host appear'd;
With joyful shouts they rent the trembling air,
And bless'd the gods, and own'd Minerva's care.
Now, tow'ring in the midst, Atrides stood,
And call'd his warriors to the fight aloud:
As mariners with joy the Sun descry,
Ascending, in his course, the eastern sky;
Who all night long, by angry tempests tost,
Shunn'd with incessant toil some faithless coast;
So to his wishing friends Atrides came;
Their danger such before, their joy the same.
Again the rigour of the shock returns;
The slaughter rages and the combat burns;
With thirst of vengeance ev'ry bosom glows.
Tydides leads, and rushes on his foes;
Around his head a ray of light'ning shone
From the smooth helmet and the glitt'ring cone;
Like that by ight which streams with fiery glare,
When some red meteor glides along the air,
Sent by the angry gods with tainted breath,
To sow the seeds of pestilence and death:
From look to look infectious terrour spreads;
And ev'ry wretch th'impending vengeance dreads.
Before the chief the Theban bands retire,
As shepherd swains avoid the lion's ire.
Clytander only by the fates impell'd,
Oppos'd him single and disdain'd to yield;
Lycaon's son; deceiv'd by glory's charms,
Superior might he brav'd and matchless arms.
Nor was his brother present by his side,
To share the danger and the toil divide;
Himself a youth, and yet by time unsteel'd,
Single he met Tydides in the field.
Against th' immortal shield his lance he flung,
Whose hollow orb with deaf'ning clangour rung:
The tow'rs of Thebes re-echo'd to the sound;
The spear repuls'd fell blunted on the ground.
Tydides next th' immortal jav'lin threw;
With force impell'd, it brighten'd as it flew;
And pierc'd the Theban helmet near the cone;
Behind his ear the starting weapon shone.
Supine the warrior fell, his spirit fled,
And mix'd with heroes in th' Elysian shade.
To spoil the slain the ardent victor flew:
First from the wound the fixed lance he drew,
The helmet loos'd, the costly mail unbound,
And shining shield with sculptur'd figures crown'd.
These spoils the hero, in his grateful mind,
A present for the gen'rous youth design'd;
Who still in perilous battle sought his side,
And proffer'd late his warlike steeds to guide.
Fatal the gift, the cause of future woe!
But good and ill th' immortals only know.
The armour to a vulgar hand consign'd,
Again the hero, swifter than the wind,
To combat rush'd.
But, from his throne above
Declin'd, the all-surveying eye of Jove
His progress mark'd. The herald pow'r, who brings
His sov'reign mandates on immortal wings,
He thus address'd: "To yonder sphere descend;
Bid Phœbus straight his ev'ning charge attend:
For, with reverted eye, he views the war,
And checks the progress of his downward car.
Let him not linger in th' ethereal way,
But lash his steeds, and straight conclude the day;
For, if the gods descend not to her aid,
Or ev'ning interpose with friendly shade,
Thebes now must perish: and the doom of fate,
Anticipated, have an earlier date
Than fate ordains; for, like devouring flame,
Tydides threatens all the Theban name;
Immortal arms his native force improve,
Conferr'd by Pallas, partial in her love.
These to retrieve must be your next essay;
Win them by art, and hither straight convey:
For man with man an equal war shall wage,
Nor with immortal weapons arm his rage."
He said. And Maia's son, with speed, addrest
His flight to Phœbus hov'ring in the west.
Upon a cloud his winged feet he stay'd;
And thus the mandates of his sire convey'd.
"Ruler of light! let now thy car descend,
And silent night her peaceful shade extend,
Else Thebes must perish; and the doom of fate,
Anticipated, have an earlier date
Than fate decrees: for, like devouring flame,
Tydides threatens all the Theban name;
Immortal arms his native force improve,
Conferr'd by Pallas, partial in her love."
The son of Maia thus. The god obey'd;
The sounding lash upon his steeds he lay'd.
Swift to the goal with winged feet they flew;
The night ascending as the day withdrew.
To Thebes the herald next pursu'd his way;
Shot like a meteor with the setting ray.
Behind Tydides in the fight he stay'd;
And on his head the potent sceptre lay'd;
Whose magic pow'r on waking sense prevails;
Or, in profoundest sleep, the eye unseals;
The struggling ghost unbinds from mortal clay,
And drives it down the dark Tartarean way.
Subdu'd the hero stood by pow'rful charms,
Till Hermes stript him of th' immortal arms;
And, mounting to the starry roofs above,
Dispos'd them in the armoury of Jove.
And, recollected, thus Tydides spoke:
"Whate'er they give, th' immortals may revoke:
I own their favour; that, of mortal line
The first, I wore a panoply divine.
But if the day were lengthen'd to my will,
With light to point my jav'lin where to kill,
Thebes now should perish; but the morning ray
Shall finish what the ev'ning shades delay."
And now the night began her silent reign;
Ascending, from the deep, th' ethereal plain;
O'er both the hosts she stretch'd her ample shade,
Their conflict to suspend: the hosts obey'd.
The field no more a noisy scene appears,
With steeds and chariots throng'd, and glitt'ring spears;
But still and silent: like the hoary deep,
When, in their caves, the angry tempests sleep,

Peaceful and smooth it spreads from shore to shore,
Where storms had rag'd and billows swell'd before:
Such seem'd the field; the martial clangors cease;
And war tumultuous lulls itself to peace.

THE

EPIGONIAD.

BOOK IV.

And now the princes of the Theban state
In council sat, assembled in the gate,
Where rows of marble pillars bound the space,
To judgment sacred in the days of peace.
And Creon thus, with public cares oppress'd
And private griefs, the senators address'd.
"Princes of Thebes, and valiant aids from far,
Our firm associates in the works of war,
Heroes, attend! I shall not now propose
To supplicate, for peace, our haughty foes;
No peace can grow, no friendship e'er be found,
When mutual hate has torn so wide a wound.
Yet for a truce of seven days space I plead,
And fun'ral obsequies to grace the dead.
Nor were it just, that they, who greatly fall
From rage of foes to guard their native wall,
Should want the honours which their merits claim,
Sepulchral rites deny'd and fun'ral flame."
Thus as he spoke, parental grief suppress
His voice, and swell'd within his lab'ring breast.
Silent amidst th' assembled peers he stands,
And wipes his falling tears with trembling hands;
For great Leophron, once his country's boast,
The glory and the bulwark of her host,
Pierc'd by a foe and lifeless on the plain,
Lay drench'd in gore and mix'd with vulgar slain:
Silent he stood; the Theban lords around
His grief partake, in streams of sorrow drown'd;
Till sage Palantes rose, and to the rest,
The monarch seconding, his words address.
"Princes! renown'd for wisdom and for might,
Rever'd in council and approv'd in fight;
What Creon moves the laws themselves require,
With obsequies to grace and fun'ral fire
Each warrior, who in battle bravely falls
From rage of foes to guard his native walls.
If all approve, and none will sure withstand
What Creon counsels and the laws command,
Charg'd with the truce, Apollo's priest shall go
To offer and conclude it with the foe.
His silver hairs a mild respect may claim,
And great Apollo's ever honor'd name."
The rest assent. The venerable man,
Slow from his seat arising, thus began:
"Princes of Thebes! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command;
Though well I might this perilous task refuse,
And plead my feeble age a just excuse;
Yet nothing shall restrain me, for I go,
Pleas'd with the pious charge, to meet the foe.
Willing I go; our bleeding warriors claim
Sepulchral honours and the fun'ral flame.
If all approve, let Clytophon attend;
With just success our labours thus shall end:
For sure no Theban boasts an equal skill,
With pleasing words, to bend the fixed will."
Sooth'd with the friendly praise, the hero said,
"No self-regard shall hold me or dissuade;
The pious charge my inmost thoughts approve."
He said; and slow thro' yielding crowds they move;
While Thebes on ev'ry side assembled stands,
And supplicates the gods with lifted hands:
"O grant that wrathful enemies may spare
These rev'rend heads; nor wrong the silver hair!"
And now they pass'd the lofty gates, and came
Where slow Ismenus winds his gentle stream;
Amphion's grove they pass'd, whose umbrage wide
His rural tomb defends on ev'ry side.
The scene of fight they reach'd, and spacious fields
With mangled slaughter heap'd, and spears and shields.
Under their feet the hollow bucklers sound;
And splinter'd falchions glitter on the ground.
And now the stations of the camp appear,
Far as a shaft can wound the flying deer.
Thither, amid the wrecks of war, they go
With silent steps; and scape the watchful foe.
Now full in view before the guards they stand;
The priest displays his ensigns in his hand,
The laurel wreath, the gold bespangled rod
With stars adorn'd, the symbols of the god.
He thus began: "Ye Argive warriors, hear!
A peaceful message to your tents we bear:
A truce is ask'd, till the revolving Sun,
Seven times from east to west his journey run,
Again ascends; and from the ocean's streams,
Crowns the green mountains with his golden beams:
That mutually secure, with pious care,
Both hosts funereal honours may prepare
For ev'ry hero, whom the rage of fight
Has swept to darkness and the shores of night."
Thus, as he spoke, the list'ning warriors heard
With approbation, and the priest rever'd.
The chief of Salamis, their leader, went
Himself to guide them to the royal tent;
Which shone conspicuous; through the shades of night
Its spacious portal pour'd a stream of light.
Thither conducted by the chief, they found
The king of men with all his peers around,
On thrones with purple spread each royal guest
In order sat, and shar'd the genial feast.
Silent they enter'd. From his chair of state,
Full in the midst opposed to the gate,
The monarch saw; and rising thus exprest
The gen'rous dictates of his royal breast.
"My guests, approach! no enemy is near;
This roof protects you, straight forget your fear.
Ev'n though from you devoted walls you come,
For vengeance mark'd by fate's eternal doom;
Here in my tent, with safety, you shall rest,
And with the princes, share the genial feast.
You freely then your message may propose,
When round the board the cheering vintage flows,
Which sooths impatience, and the open'd ear,
With favour and attention, bends to hear."
The hero thus. Apollo's priest replies:
"Humane thy manners, and thy words are wise;
With thee the noblest gifts the gods have plac'd,
And pow'r supreme with equal wisdom grac'd:

Though oft, by parts, for others they ordain,
The arts of sway, the privilege to reign;
In thee their partial favour has combin'd
The highest fortune with the greatest mind."
As thus the sage reply'd, the princely band
By turns presented each his friendly hand,
The sign of peace. For each a splendid throne,
Where fring'd with gold the purple cov'ring shone,
The ready waiters, by command, prepar'd;
There sat the envoys and the banquet shar'd.
On ev'ry side the sparkling vintage flows,
The momentary cure of human woes.
The rage of thirst and hunger thus suppress'd,
To Nestor turning Clytophon address'd.
"Illustrious chief! an honour now I'll claim,
Which not to publish, sure, would merit blame.
Your father's guest, I was; by fortune led,
When from Trinacria's desert shores I fled
With ills beset: but, in his friendly land,
His gen'rous heart I prov'd and lib'ral hand.
A grateful mind excites me to reveal
His sov'reign bounty, and attempt a tale
Of dear remembrance. But the fond design,
Prudence dissenting, warns me to decline;
For when to public cares your thoughts you bend,
A private story mingled must offend."
The artful Theban thus. The chief reply'd,
Whose sov'reign mandates all the host obey'd.
"My honour'd guest! proceed; nor aught conceal
Which gratitude enjoins you to reveal:
For gen'rous deeds, imprudently supprest,
Lie unapplauded in the grateful breast:
And now the feast, short interval of care,
To vocal symphony unbends the ear;
Or sweet discourse, which to the soul conveys
Sublimer joys than music's tuneful lays."
The monarch thus. The prudent sage suppress'd
His inward joy, and thus the peers address'd:
Each chief he strove to gain, but Nestor most,
Whose wisdom sway'd the councils of the host.
"Confed'rate kings! and thou whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command,
Attend and hearken! since you seek to know,
The sad beginnings of a life of woe.
In Rhodes my father once dominion claim'd,
Orsilochus, for deeds of valour fam'd.
The Sporades his sov'reign sceptre own'd,
And Carpathus with waving forests crown'd.
His youngest hope I was, and scarce had seen
The tenth returning summer clothe the green,
When pirates snatch'd me from my native land:
While with my infant equals on the strand
I play'd, of harm secure, and from the deep
With pleasure saw approach the fatal ship;
Pleas'd with the whiteness of the sails we stood,
And the red streamers shining on the flood;
And fearless saw the hostile galley land,
Where from the hills a current seeks the strand.
They climb'd the rocky beach, and far around,
Intent on spoil and rapine, view'd the ground;
If any herd were near, or fleecy store,
Or lonely mansion on the winding shore.
My young companions straight their fear obey.
I, bold and unsuspecting, dar'd to stay. [toil
Me straight they seiz'd; and doom'd to servile
A wretched captive in a foreign soil.
Struggling in vain, they bore me down the bay,
Where, anchor'd near the beach, their vessel lay;
And plac'd me on the deck. With bitter cries,
To speeding gales I saw the canvass rise;
The boundless ocean far before me spread;
And from my reach the shores at distance fled.
All day I wept; but when the setting light
Retir'd, and yielded to the shades of night,
Sleep stole upon my grief with soft surprise,
Which care ne'er banish'd long from infant eyes.
"Nine days we sail'd; the tenth returning ray
Show'd us Trinacria rising in our way,
Far in the west; where, with his ev'ning beams,
The Sun descending gilds the ocean's streams.
Thither the sailors ply, and blindly run
On hidden dangers which they ought to shun;
For whom the gods distinguish by their hate,
They first confound and then resign to fate.
All day we sail'd; and with the ev'ning hour,
Which calls the shepherd to his rural bow'r,
Approach'd the shore. The forests on the land
We mark'd, and rivers op'ning from the strand.
Then gladness touch'd my heart; the first I knew
Since fate had mix'd me with that lawless crew:
With joy I saw the rising shores appear;
And hop'd to find some kind deliv'rer near;
Some gen'rous lord, to whom I might relate,
Low bending at his knees, my wretched fate.
Vain was the hope; the Cyclopes ne'er know
Compassion, nor to melt at human woe.
"Near on the left, and where the parted tide
A promontory's rocky height divides,
A bay they found; and on the fatal strand
Descending, fix'd their vessel to the land.
The valleys straight and mountains they explore,
And the long windings of the desert shore;
And find, of sheep and goats, a mingled flock,
Under the shelter of a cavern'd rock.
The largest and the best the pirate band
Seiz'd, and prepar'd a banquet on the strand.
With joy they feasted; while the goblet, crown'd
With Mithymnean vintage, flow'd around.
Of harm secure they sat; and void of fear
To mirth resign'd; nor knew destruction near.
"Amid them there I meditating sat;
Some god inspir'd me, or the pow'r of fate,
To 'scape their hated hands: and soon I found
The wish'd occasion; when along the ground,
Each where he sat, the ruffians lay supine,
With sleep oppress'd and sense-subduing wine;
Softly I rose, and to a lofty grove,
Which shaded all the mountain tops above,
Ascending, in a rocky cavern lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray.
Then from above I saw the pirate band,
In parties, roaming o'er the desert strand;
The mountain goats they drove and fleecy store,
From all the pastures, crowded to the shore.
Me too by name they call'd; and oft, in vain,
Explor'd each grove and thicket on the plain;
While from above I saw, with careless eye,
Them searching round and list'ning for reply.
Some to the ship the bleating spoil convey'd;
While others to prepare a banquet stay'd,
And call'd their mates: to share with full repast
With mirth they came, nor knew it was their last.
"Then from the rocky summit where I lay,
A flock appear'd descending to the bay;

Which through a narrow valley rush'd along,
Oxen and sheep, an undistinguish'd throng.
With these the sloping hills were cover'd o'er,
And the long windings of the sandy shore.
Behind a Cyclops came; and by degrees,
Rose to my view, and tower'd above the trees.
His giant stature, like a lofty rock,
Appear'd: and in his hand a knotted oak
Of tallest growth; around his shoulder flung
His bag enormous, by a cable hung.
Panting I lay; as when a lurking deer,
From some close thicket, sees the hunter near.
By dread subdu'd, confounded, and amaz'd,
My fixed eye-balls darken'd as I gaz'd.
Soon from above my wretched mates he knew,
As on the level shore, in open view,
They sat secure, with flow'ry garlands crown'd;
The signs of spoil and ravage scatter'd round.
With indignation, for his wasted flock,
Inflam'd, he thus, like distant thunder, spoke.
"Whoe'er these are, who from their native soil
To foreign climates thus, in quest of spoil,
Licentious roam; they soon shall feel my hand,
And rue that e'er they touch'd Trinacria's strand."
As mutt'ring thus, along the craggy road
He came, the mountain trembled as he trode.
The wretches saw with horrour and affright;
Each limb enfeebled lost the pow'r of flight.
Their cries in vain the monster mov'd to spare;
His club he rear'd and swung it thrice in air,
Then hurl'd it cross the bay: it swiftly drove
O'er the smooth deep, and raz'd the beach above,
Threat'ning it rush'd along; but, bending low,
Each, where he sat, escap'd the weighty blow.
Beyond them far it pitch'd upon the land, [sand.
Tore the green sward, and heav'd a mount of
Now starting from the ground they strove to fly,
Press'd by despair and strong necessity;
The woody summits of the cliffs to gain,
With falt'ring haste they fled across the plain.
But the impending mountains barr'd their flight,
High and projecting from their airy height;
Back from the slipp'ry arch, in heaps, they fall;
And with imploring cries for mercy call,
In vain. The monster with gigantic strides,
At twenty steps, the spacious bay divides;
Around his knees the whit'ning billows roar,
And his rude voice like thunder shakes the shore.
"There thirty youths he slew; against the stones
And ragged cliffs, he dash'd their crackling bones.
Twenty his feet and heavy hands pursue,
As to the ocean in despair they flew;
Striving the summit of the beach to gain,
With headlong course to rush into the main:
For there they hop'd a milder fate to have,
And less abhor'd, beneath the whelming wave.
These too he reach'd; and with his weighty hand, [sand.
Their flight oppress'd, and mix'd them with the
Two yet surviv'd; who supplicating strove,
With humble suit, his barb'rous soul to move.
With trembling knees the sandy beach they press'd;
And, as they came, the monster thus address'd.
"'O thou! with whom no mortal can compare
For strength resistless, pity now and spare.
O let the blood, already shed, atone
For our provoking guilt, and trespass done!
O spare and pity! sure the gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
Are won by pray'r; and he whose matchless might
The solid Earth sustains and starry height,
Oft spares the guilty; for his soul approves
Compassion, and the works of mercy loves.
Let sov'reign pity touch thy mighty breast;
And him revere, the greatest and the best;
Who pardons oft, but measures grief and pain
To such as hear the wretched plead in vain.'
"As thus to touch his iron heart they try'd,
The Cyclops smiling, scornful thus reply'd:
'The praise of mercy well your words proclaim;
And vengeance mark, though merited, with blame;
Well have you spoken; therefore, from my hand,
More favour hope than any of your band;
They, on the desert shore expos'd and bare,
The wolves shall feast and ev'ry bird of air;
But ye, prefer'd above the rest, shall have
This body for your monument and grave.'
"He said, and seizing lifts them both on high,
With hands and feet extended in the sky:
Then dash'd them thrice against the rocky shore;
Gnaw'd their warm flesh, and drank their streaming gore.
Oft have I seen the havoc of the plain,
The rage of tempests and the stormy main;
But fate, in such a form, ne'er met my eyes,
And, while I speak, afresh its horrours rise
To chill my veins: nor can the vary'd state
Of sprightly youth, and middle age sedate,
Or life's last stage with all its griefs opprest,
Banish the dire impression from my breast.
For still I see the monster, as he stood,
His hairy visage dy'd in human blood:
As the grim lion leaves the wasted plains,
Red from the ravage of the flocks and swains.
"With vengeance pleas'd he view'd the shores around;
And, riding near the beach, our vessel found:
Her by the mast he seiz'd: and to the land,
With all her anchors, dragg'd along the strand.
Exploring, next the solid deck he tore,
And found, conceal'd below, his fleecy store.
With scornful smiles he saw the theft bewray'd;
And sidelong on the beach the galley laid;
And call'd his flock: to open light they strain,
Through the wide beach, and crowd upon the plain:
Still, as they pass'd, his weighty hands he laid
On their soft backs, and, stroking gently, said:
"Go now, my flock! enjoy the verdant hills,
The rivers cool, the sweet refreshing rills,
The meads and shady forests, safe from harm;
Your foes lie crush'd beneath your master's arm."
The giant thus; and next the hold explor'd:
Four jars he found with Lesbian vintage stor'd.
These first he drain'd; then to his lips apply'd
His flute, which like a quiver by his side,
Of size enormous, hung. Its hollow sound
The woods repeated and the caves around.
It's music such, as when a stormy gale
Roars through a hollow cliff with hideous peal,
Resounding deep, along the level shore;
He play'd, and drove his pasturing flock before.

"Horrour and grief at once my heart assail'd;
Presages sad o'er ev'ry hope prevail'd.
My distant country rush'd upon my mind;
My friends, my weeping parents, left behind.
Now lost to hope, and furious from despair,
With both my hands I rent my rooted hair;
And, in an agony of sorrow, prest,
With strokes repeated oft, my heaving breast.
All day I mourn'd; but when the setting ray
Retir'd, and ev'ning shades expell'd the day;
Encourag'd by the night, I sought the plain;
And, wand'ring anxious 'midst the mangled slain,
Oft call'd to know if any of the band
Did yet survive, escap'd the monster's hand:
But none reply'd. Along the desert shore
All night I wander'd, 'midst the sullen roar
Of bursting billows; till the morning ray
Appear'd to light my solitary way.
'Twas then I reach'd a mountain's height o'er-spread
With thickets close, and dark impending shade,
Hung o'or a valley, where a river leads
His wand'ring current through a grove of reeds.
"Thither I went; and, op'ning to the deep,
A cavern found beneath the rocky steep:
The haunt of mountain goats, when wint'ry rains
Have chas'd them from the hills and naked plains.
Gladly I enter'd; for, deceiv'd by fear,
I always thought the barb'rous Cyclops near;
His form descry'd in ev'ry tree behind,
And heard his voice approaching in the wind.
Of honey there a sweet repast I found,
In clusters hanging from the cliffs around.
My hunger soon appeas'd, the gentle pow'r
Of sleep subdu'd me till the ev'ning hour.
'Twas then I wak'd; and to the deep below,
Through thickets, creep'd with careful steps and slow;
And gaz'd around if any hut were there,
Or solitary wretch my grief to share:
But none appear'd. I climb'd a mountain's head,
Where, wide before me, lay the ocean spread;
And there no object met my wishing eyes,
But billows bounded by the setting skies.
Yet still I gaz'd, till night's prevailing sway
Extinguish'd, in the west, the ev'ning ray.
Hopeless and sad, descending from my stand,
I wander'd on the solitary strand, [roar
Through the thick gloom; and heard the sullen
Of billows bursting on the desert shore.
"Thus ten long years I liv'd conceal'd by day,
Under a rock on wither'd leaves I lay;
At dawn and twilight on the mountains stood,
Exploring with my eyes the pathless flood;
Impatient till some friendly sail should come,
To waft me to my sire and native home:
But none appear'd. The pilots shun the shores
Where Ætna flames, and dire Charybdis roars;
And where the curs'd Cyclopean brothers reign,
The lonely tyrants of the desert plain.
Press'd by despair, at last I dar'd to brave,
E'en in a skiff, the terrours of the wave;
Contemning all the perils in my way,
For worse it seem'd than death itself to stay.
"Of oziers soft the bending hull I wove;
And ply'd the skins of mountain goats above.
A slender fir, ten cubit lengths, I found
Fall'n from a mould'ring bank, and stript it round.
This for the mast, with bulrush ropes I ty'd;
A pole to steer the rudder's use supply'd:
Four goat-skins join'd I fitted for the sail,
And spread it with a pole to catch the gale.
Each chink with gum, against the brine I clos'd:
And the whole work beneath a shade dispos'd,
Where, from the hills descending to the main,
A winding current cuts the sandy plain.
Nuts and dry'd figs in baskets next I shar'd;
And liquid stores in bags of skin prepar'd:
And waited anxious till the southern gale,
From the dire coast, should bear my flying sail.
Nine days I stay'd; and still the northern breeze,
From great Hesperia, swept the whit'ning seas:
But on the tenth it chang'd; and when the hour
Of twilight call'd the giant to his bow'r,
Down from my grotto to the shore I came,
And call'd the god who rules the ocean's stream;
Oblations vow'd, if, by his mighty hand
Conducted safe, I found my native land.
And, turning where conceal'd my vessel lay,
The rope I loos'd, and push'd her to the bay;
The sail unfurl'd, and, steering from the strand,
Behind me left with joy the hated land.
"All night, by breezes sped, the prow divides
The deep, and o'er the billows lightly glides.
But when the dawn, prevailing o'er the night,
Had ting'd the glowing east with purple light,
The air was hush'd: deserted by the gale,
Loose to the mast descends the empty sail.
And full against my course a current came,
Which hurl'd me backwards, floating on its stream,
Towards the land. I saw the shores draw near;
And the long billows on the beach appear.
The cruel Cyclops spy'd me, as he drove
His past'ring flock along the hills above;
And winding through the groves his secret way,
Conceal'd behind a promontory lay;
Prepar'd to snatch me, when his arm could reach
My skiff, which drove ungovern'd to the beach.
I mark'd his purpose; furious from despair,
With both my hands I rent my rooted hair;
And on the poop with desp'rate purpose stood,
Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming flood.
But Neptune sav'd me in that perilous hour;
The headlong current felt his present pow'r:
Back from the shore it turn'd at his command,
And bore me joyful from the fatal strand.
The Cyclops vex'd, as when some fowler spies,
Safe from his cover'd snares, the quarry rise,
His seat forsook, and, leaning o'er the steep,
Strove with soft words to lure me from the deep.
'Stranger, approach! nor fly this friendly strand;
Share the free blessings of a happy land:
Here, from each cliff, a stream of honey flows;
And ev'ry hill with purple vintage glows.
Approach; your fear forget; my bounty share;
My kindness prove and hospitable care.'
As to allure me thus the monster try'd,
His fraud I knew; and rashly thus reply'd:
'Talk not of friendship; well I know the doom
Of such as to your dire dominions come:
These eyes beheld when, with a ruthless hand,
My wretched mates you murder'd on the strand.
Two su'd for mercy; but their limbs you tore
With brutal rage, and drank their streaming gore.

If Heav'n's dread sov'reign to my vengeful hand
His wasting flames would yield, and forked brand,
Scorch'd on the cliffs, your giant limbs should feed
The mountain wolves, and all the rav'nous breed.'
" I said; and from the south a rising breeze
Brush'd the thick woods, and swept the curling seas.
Above the waves my vessel lightly flew;
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Inrag'd the Cyclops, rushing down the steep,
Eager to snatch me, plung'd into the deep:
My flight he follow'd with gigantic strides,
And stem'd with both his knees the rushing tides.
Soon had I perish'd, but escap'd again,
Protected by the god who rules the main.
He sent a spectre from his wat'ry caves;
Like mist it rose and hover'd o'er the waves.
A skiff like mine, by art divine, it grew;
And to the left across the ocean flew.
With course divided, where the pilot spies
Amid the deep two desert islands rise,
In shape, like altars, so by sailors nam'd,
A mark for pilots, else for nothing fam'd;
The angry giant doubting stood, nor knew
Which to forsake, the shadow or the true:
For both seem'd equal. By the fates misled,
He chac'd the airy image as it fled;
Nor reach'd it: for it led him through the main,
As the bright rainbow mocks some simple swain;
Who still intent to catch it where it stands,
And grasp the shining meteor with his hands,
Along the dewy meadows holds his way;
But still before him flies the colour'd ray.
The Cyclops so, along the wat'ry plain,
The shadowy phantom chas'd and chas'd in vain:
The billows bursted on his hairy sides,
And far behind him rush'd the parted tides.
Dissolv'd at last, its airy structure broke,
And vanish'd hov'ring like a cloud of smoke.
His errour then, and my escape, he knew;
For, favour'd by the breeze, my vessel flew
Far to the deep: yet plunging in the waves,
Torn from its bed a pond'rous rock he heaves,
Craggy and black, with dangling seaweed hung;
Push'd from his hand the weighty mass he flung,
To crush my flight: along th' ethereal plain
It roll'd, and thund'ring downwards shook the main.
Behind it fell; and farther from the shore,
Hurl'd on the mounting waves, my vessel bore
Towards the deep. The giant saw, with pain,
His fraud detected, force essay'd in vain.
He curs'd the partial pow'rs, and lash'd on high,
With both his hands, the ocean to the sky.
" Now safe beyond his reach, a prosp'rous gale
Blew fresh behind, and stretch'd my flying sail:
The shores retir'd; but, from the distant main,
I saw him tow'ring on the wat'ry plain,
Like a tall ship; and moving to the shore,
Sullen and sad, to tend his fleecy store.
Seven days I sail'd; the eighth returning light
The Pylian shores presented to my sight,
Far in the east; and where the Sun displays,
Along the glitt'ring waves, his early rays.
Thither I steer'd, and, where a point divides
Extended in the deep, the parted tides,
A fane I mark'd; whose tow'ring summit, rear'd
High in the air, with gilded spires appear'd.
To Neptune sacred on the beach it stands,
Conspicuous from the sea and distant lands.
Assembled on the shore the people stood
On every side extended, like a wood:
And in the midst I saw a pillar rise,
Of sacred smoke, ascending to the skies.
'Twas there I reach'd the hospitable strand,
And, joyful, fix'd my vessel to the land.
" There, with his peers, your royal sire I found;
And fell before him prostrate on the ground,
Imploring aid; my lineage I reveal'd,
Nor aught of all my tedious toils conceal'd.
Attentive as I spoke the hero heard,
Nor credulous nor diffident appear'd;
For prudence taught him, neither to receive
With easy faith, or rashly disbelieve.
" O son of Neleus! though you justly claim,
For eloquence and skill, superior fame;
Yet to an equal glory ne'er aspire:
Vain were the hope to emulate your sire.
Eight days we feasted; still the flowing bowl
Return'd, and sweet discourse, to glad the soul,
With pleasure heard; as comes the sound of rain,
In summer's drought, to cheer the careful swain.
And when the ninth returning morn arose,
Sixty bold mariners the hero chose,
Skill'd, through the deep, the flying keel to guide,
And sweep, with equal oars, the hoary tide:
They trimm'd a vessel, by their lord's command,
To waft me to my sire and native land.
With gifts enrich'd of robes and precious ore,
He sent me joyful from the Pylian shore.
Such Neleus was! and such his signal praise
For hospitable deeds in former days;
The friend, the patron, destin'd to redress
The wrongs of fate, and comfort my distress.
" But what is man? a reptile of the Earth;
To toils successive fated from his birth;
Few are our joys; in long succession flow
Our griefs; we number all our days in woe.
Misfortune enter'd with my infant years;
My feeble age a load of sorrow bears.
Driv'n from my country by domestic foes,
Thebes but receiv'd me to partake her woes.
The sword I've seen and wide devouring fire,
Against her twice in fatal league conspire.
The public griefs, which ev'ry heart must share,
By nature taught to feel another's care,
Augment my own: our matrons weeping stand;
Our rev'rend elders mourn a ruin'd land;
Their furrow'd cheeks with streams of sorrow flow;
And wailing orphans swell the gen'ral woe;
They mourn their dearest hopes, in battle slain,
Whose limbs unbury'd load their native plain;
And now by us entreat that war may cease,
And, for seven days successive, yield to peace:
That mutually secure, with pious care,
Both hosts funereal honours may prepare
For ev'ry warrior, whom the rage of fight
Has swept to darkness and the coasts of night.
To ratify the truce, if ye approve,
We come alike commission'd, as to move."
Thus Clytophon; and he, whose sov'reign sway
The warriors of the Pylian race obey,
Nestor, his partial favour thus express'd,
And to the Theban chief himself address'd.

"The truth you speak, nor do your words appear
Prepar'd with art, or [illegible] fear;
For what you tell, my memory recalls,
When young [illegible] at my native walls,
Yourself a [illegible] a length of years,
Imprinted [illegible] all your form appears;
Yet [illegible] ance, can I trace
Your [illegible] and lineaments of face.
An [illegible] upon your knees I hung,
And catch'd the pleasing wonders from your tongue:
our woes I pity'd, as I pity still;
And, were the chiefs determin'd by my will,
The truce should stand: for piety conspires,
With justice, to demand what Thebes requires."
The hero thus; the king of men replies:
"Princes, in fight approv'd, in council wise!
What Thebes propounds 'tis yours alone to chuse
Whether ye will accept it or refuse:
For though your votes consenting in my hand
Have plac'd the sceptre of supreme command;
Yet still my pow'r, obedient to your choice,
Shall with its sanction join the public voice."
The monarch thus; and thus the chief reply'd,
Whom fair Etolia's martial sons obey'd:
"Princes, attend! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command!
What Thebes requires I do not now oppose,
Because, insensible to human woes,
The widow's tears I scorn, the mother's sighs,
The groans of fathers, or the orphan's cries,
Whose dearest hopes, in rage of battle slain,
With wounds defac'd, lie scatter'd on the plain:
Compassion for the host, which fruitless toil
So long has wasted in a foreign soil,
What Thebes propounds, impels me to dissuade,
And, for the living, disregard the dead.
How long has war and famine thin'd our pow'rs,
Inactive camp'd around the Theban tow'rs?
And pestilence, whose dire infection flies,
Blown by the furies through the tainted skies?
Many now wander on the Stygian shore,
Whom sires and consorts shall behold no more;
And many still, who yet enjoy the day,
Must follow down the dark Tartarean way,
If, blinded by the fates, our counsels bar
The course of conquest and protract the war.
Since equity and public right demands
That Thebes should fall by our avenging hands,
Now let us combat, till the gods above,
Who sit around the starry throne of Jove,
The judges of the nations, crown our toil,
So long endur'd, with victory and spoil;
Or, destine us to fall in glorious fight,
Elate and dauntless in the cause of right.
Shall we delay till dire infection spreads
Her raven wings o'er our devoted heads?
Till gen'rous wrath, by slow disease supprest,
Expires inactive in the warrior's breast,
And life, the price of glory, paid in vain,
We die forgotten on a foreign plain."
Tydides thus; and he, whose sov'reign sway
The warriors of the Pylian race obey,
Nestor, reply'd, for eloquence approv'd,
By Pallas and the tuneful sisters lov'd:
"Confed'rate kings! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command,
With patience hear the reasons which I plead
For fun'ral rites, the honours of the dead.
Well have you heard the various ills that wait
On strife prolong'd, and war's disastrous state:
And they, who choose to dwell amid alarms,
The rage of slaughter and the din of arms,
Know little of the joys, when combats cease,
That crown with milder bliss the hours of peace.
Though gladly would I see, in vengeance just,
The Theban tow'rs confounded with the dust;
That from the war releas'd, we might again
Each share the pleasures of his native reign:
Yet let us not presumptuously withstand
What piety alike and right command,
The honours of the dead; nor tempt the gods,
To curse our labours, from their bright abodes.
Far in the Heav'ns, above this mortal scene,
In boundless light, the thund'rer sits serene;
He views the works of men; the good he knows,
And on their just attempts success bestows;
But blasts impiety, and mocks its aim,
With disappointment sure, and lasting shame.
"Attend, ye princes! and I shall unfold
What sage Harmonius taught my sire of old.
The Locri summon'd all their martial pow'rs,
And fought around the Orchomenian tow'rs.
From oxen seiz'd, began the dire debate;
And wide and wasteful was the work of fate.
The Orchomenians oft a truce propos'd
For fun'ral rites; the Locrian chiefs oppos'd.
Nine days expir'd, the bleeding warriors lay;
Their wounds hot streaming to the solar ray.
From Styx's sable shore their ghosts implor'd,
With suppliant cries, Hell's dread avenging lord.
He heard, and from the gloomy deep below
Of Erebus profound, the house of woe,
A fury sent, the fiercest of the crew,
Whose iron scourges human crimes pursue:
Discord her name; among th' infernal gods
She dwells, excluded from the blest abodes;
Though oft on Earth she rears her baleful head,
To kindle strife, and make the nations bleed.
The fury came; and, hov'ring o'er the plain,
Devoted with her eyes the Locrian train.
In form a raven, to a tow'r she flew,
Which rose upon a precipice in view,
And on the airy summit took her seat,
With potent charms, to kindle dire debate.
The howling dogs her presence first declare;
The war-horse trembling snorts aloft in air;
On man at last the dire infection fell,
The awful vengeance of the pow'rs of Hell,
Confusion straight through all the camp is found;
The wand'ring centinel deserts his ground,
Fatally gay and crown'd with ev'ry weed,
Which weeping matrons scatter o'er the dead;
Of dire portent: but when the silent reign
Of night possess'd the mountains and the plain,
Above the camp her torch the fury rear'd,
Red, in the air, its baleful flame appear'd,
Kindling debate: outrageous strife arose,
Loud as the ocean when a tempest blows,
O'er all the plain, and stun'd the ear of night
With shouts tumultuous and the din of fight.
Down from her airy stand the goddess came,
Shot like a meteor, with a stream of flame,
To kindle fiercer strife, with stronger charms,
To swell the tumult and the rage of arms.

The combat burn'd: the Orchomenians heard
With horrour, nor beyond their walls appear'd,
By awe divine restrain'd: but when the light
Return'd successive on the steps of night,
From ev'ry tow'r they saw the spacious plain
With havoc heap'd, and mountains of the slain.
The secret cause the augurs first declar'd;
The justice of the gods they own'd and fear'd.
No fun'ral rite the Orchomenian state
On them bestow'd, the vulgar or the great;
In one deep pit, whose mouth extended wide
Four hundred cubit length from side to side,
They whelm'd them all; their bucklers and their spears,
The steeds, the chariots, and the charioteers,
One ruin mix'd; for so the will of Jove
The priests declar'd; and heap'd a mount above:
Such was the fate, by Heav'n and Hell decreed,
To punish bold contemners of the dead.
And let us not their fatal wrath provoke,
Nor merit by our guilt an equal stroke;
But seal the truce, and piously bestow
What to the reliques of the dead we owe."
He said; the peers their joint assent declare,
The dead to honour, and the gods revere.
The king of men commands a herald straight
The priests to call, and hasten ev'ry rite.
While thus the sov'reign mandate they obey'd,
Th' Etolian leader rose, and frowning said:
"O blind to truth! and fated to sustain
A length of woes, and tedious toils in vain!
By sounds deceiv'd, as to her fatal den
Some vocal sorc'ress lures the steps of men;
O eloquence! thou fatal charm! how few,
Guided by thee, their real good pursue!
By thee, our minds, with magic fetters bound,
In all decisions, true and false confound.
Not the unnumber'd wrecks, which lie along
The Syrens' coast the trophies of their song,
Nor there where Circe from the neighb'ring deep,
With strong enchantments, draws the passing ship,
Can match thy spoils: O let me ne'er obey,
And follow blindly, as you point the way!
Confed'rate kings! since nothing can oppose
The truce you purpose with our treach'rous foes,
With mischief pregnant; I alone am free,
Nor these my eyes the fatal rite shall see;
Lest it be said, when mischief shall succeed,
Tydides saw it, and approv'd the deed."
Speaking he grasp'd his spear and pond'rous shield; [field,
And mov'd like Mars, when, 'midst th' imbattled
Sublime he stalks to kindle fierce alarms,
To swell the tumult and the rage of arms.
Such seem'd the chief: the princes with surprize
Turn on the king of men, at once their eyes.
He thus began: "Since now the public choice
The truce approves, with one consenting voice;
Tydides only, with superior pride,
Tho' youngest, still the readiest to decide,
Our gen'ral sense condemns; his haughty soul
Must not the counsels of the host control,
Brave though he is: the altars ready stand;
In order waits the consecrated band;
Straight let us seal the truce with blood and wine,
And, to attest it, call the pow'rs divine."
The monarch thus; Tydides to his tent,
Thro' the still host, in sullen sorrow went.
Fix'd in his mind the fatal vision stay'd,
Snatch'd [illegible] his lovely maid;
The fraud of Cytherea, all his heart
Incessant anguish, fell, and fatal smart:
And, as a lion, whom the [illegible]
A barbed shaft, the cause of [illegible]
Growls in some lonely shade, [illegible]
He breath'd in groans the anguish of his mind.
Now round the flaming hearth the assembly stands,
And Theseus thus invokes with lifted hands:
"Hear me, ye pow'rs, that rule the realms of light!
And ye dread sov'reigns of the shades of night!
If, till the eighth succeeding Sun displays,
Above the eastern hills, his early rays,
Any bold warrior of the Argive bands,
Against a Theban lifts his hostile hands
By us approv'd; let ev'ry curse succeed
On me, and all, for perjury decreed.
And as by blood our mutual oath we seal,
The blood of victims drawn by deathful steel;
So let their blood be shed, who, scorning right,
Profanely shall presume its ties to slight."
Apollo's priest, for Thebes, resum'd the vow,
The gods above invoking, and below,
Their vengeance to inflict, if force, or art,
The truce should violate on either part.
The rites concluded thus, the king commands
Two younger warriors of his native bands
A chariot to prepare; the driver's place
Sophronimus assum'd; with tardy pace,
Ascend the sage ambassadors; before
A lighted torch Asteropæus bore,
And led the way; the tents, the field of war,
They pass'd, and at the gate dismiss'd the car.

THE
EPIGONIAD.
BOOK V.

Soon as the Sun display'd his orient ray,
And crown'd the mountain tops with early day,
Through ev'ry gate the Theban warriors flow,
Unarm'd and fearless of th' invading foe:
As when, in early spring, the shepherd sees
Rush from some hollow rock a stream of bees,
Long in the cliffs, from winter's rage, conceal'd,
New to the light, and strangers to the field;
In compass wide their mazy flight they steer,
Which wings of balmy zephyrs lightly bear
Along the meads, where some soft river flows,
Or forests, where the flow'ry hawthorn blows;
To taste the early spring their course they bend,
And lightly with the genial breeze descend:
So o'er the heights and plains the Thebans spread; [dead,
Some, 'midst the heaps of slaughter, sought their
Others with axes to the woods repair'd,
Fell'd the thick forests, and the mountains bar'd.
With like intent the Argive warriors mov'd,
By Theseus led, whom virgin Pallas lov'd.
Ten thousand oxen drew the harness'd wains,
In droves collected from the neighb'ring plains;
Slow up the mountains move the heavy wheels,
The steep ascent each groaning axle feels:
In ev'ry grove the temper'd axes sound;
The thick trees crackle, and the caves resound.
Now to the plain the moving woods descend,
Under their weight a thousand axles bend:

And round the camp, and round the Theban walls,
Heaps roll'd on heaps, the mingled forest falls.
Of this the Spartan chief, his native bands,
With speed to rear a lofty pile, commands;
Which for Hegialus, with grateful mind,
Adrastus' valiant son, the chief design'd;
Who to his aid, when ev'ry warrior fled,
Repair'd, and for his rescue greatly bled:
His native bands the hero thus address,
While sighs incessant labor'd from his breast,
"The chief of Argos, warriors! first demands
Funereal honours from our grateful hands;
For him this lofty structure is decreed,
And ev'ry rite in order shall succeed:
His dear remains in my pavilion rest;
Nor can Adrastus at the rites assist;
Who to despairs and phrenzy has resign'd,
By age and grief subdu'd, his generous mind:
The other princes of the army wait
The obsequies to grace, with mournful state."
He said; and to his tent the warriors led,
Where stood already deck'd the fun'ral bed:
With Syrian oil bedew'd, the corse they found
Fresh from the bath, and breathing fragrance round:
For Menelaus, with divided care,
Each rite domestic hast'ned to prepare.
Twelve princes to the pile the corse sustain'd;
The head on Agamemnon's hand reclin'd:
With mournful pomp the slow procession mov'd;
For all the hero honour'd and approv'd.
First on the top the fun'ral bed they place;
And next, the sad solemnity to grace,
And gratify the manes of the slain, [plain.
The blood of steeds and bullocks' drench'd the
The four fair steeds which drew the rapid car,
That bore the hero through the ranks of war,
Their lofty necks the pointed falchion tore,
With force impell'd, and drew a stream of gore:
Three groaning fell; but, fiercer from the stroke,
The silver reins the fourth with fury broke,
And fled around the field: his snowy chest,
Was dash'd with streaming blood, and lofty crest.
In circles still he wheel'd! at ev'ry round,
Still nearer to the pile himself he found;
Till drain'd of life, by blood alone supply'd,
Just where he felt the blow, he sunk, and dy'd.
By awe divine subdu'd, the warriors stand;
And silent wonder fixes ev'ry hand:
Till thus Atrides: "Sure th' immortal gods,
The glorious synod of the blest abodes,
Approve our rites; the good their favour share,
In death and life the objects of their care."
Atrides thus: and, further to augment
The mournful pomp, the martial goddess went
Through all the camp, in Merion's form express'd;
And thus aloud the public ear address'd:
"Warriors and friends! on yonder lofty pyre,
Hegialus expects the fun'ral fire:
For such high merit, public tears should flow;
And Greece assembled pour a flood of woe.
Now let us all his obsequies attend;
And, with the mournful rites, our sorrows blend."
Proclaiming thus aloud, the goddess went;
The army heard; and each forsakes his tent;
Her voice had touch'd their hearts; they mov'd along,
Nations and tribes, an undistinguish'd throng.
Around the pile the wid'ning circle grows;
As, spreading, in some vale, a deluge flows,
By mountain torrents fed, which stretches wide,
And floats the level lands on ev'ry side.
Distinguish'd in the midst the princes stand,
With sceptres grac'd, the ensigns of command.
Atrides, with superior grief oppress'd,
Thus to the sire of gods his pray'r address'd,
"Dread sov'reign, hear! whose unresisted sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey:
From thee the virtue of the hero springs;
Thine is the glory and the pow'r of kings.
If e'er by thee, and virgin Pallas, led,
To noble deeds this gen'rous youth was bred:
If love to men, or piety, possest,
With highest purpose, his undaunted breast;
Command the winds in bolder gusts to rise,
And bear the flames, I kindle, to the skies."
The hero thus; and with the fun'ral brand
The structure touch'd; ascending from his hand,
Spreads the quick blaze: the ruler of the sky
Commands; at once the willing tempests fly:
Rushing in streams invisible, they came,
Drove the light smoke, and rais'd the sheeted flame.
The favour of the gods the nations own,
And, with their joint applause, the hero crown.
From morn till noon the roaring flames aspire,
And fat of victims added feeds the fire;
Then fall their lofty spires, and, sinking low,
O'er the pale ashes tremulously glow.
With wine, the smoke, and burning embers lay'd,
The bones they glean'd, and to a tomb convey'd
Under an oak, which, near the public way,
Invites the swains to shun the noontide ray.
Now twenty warriors of Atrides' train,
Loaded with treasure, brought a harness'd wain;
Vases and tripods in bright order plac'd,
And splendid arms with fair devices grac'd:
These for the games the Spartan chief decreed,
The fun'ral games in honour of the dead.
Amid the princes first a polish'd yew,
Unbent upon the ground the hero threw,
Of work divine; which Cynthius claim'd before,
And Chiron next upon the mountains bore;
His sire the third receiv'd it: now it lies,
For him who farthest shoots, the destin'd prize.
"Heroes, approach!" Atrides thus aloud,
"Stand forth, distinguish'd from the circling crowd,
Ye who, by skill or manly force, may claim
Your rivals to surpass and merit fame.
This bow, worth twenty oxen, is decreed
For him who farthest sends the winged reed:
This bowl, worth eight, shall be reserv'd to grace
The man whose merit holds the second place."
He spoke. His words the bold Ajaces fir'd;
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aspir'd;
Teucer for shooting fam'd; and Merion strong,
Whose force enormous drag'd a bull along:
Prompt to contend, and rais'd with hope, they stood;
Laertes' son the last forsook the crowd.
Tydides too had join'd them, and obtain'd
Whatever could by skill or force be gain'd;
But in his tent, indulging sad despair,
He sat, subdu'd by heart-consuming care.

Straight in a casque the equal lots were thrown;
Each hero with his name had mark'd his own:
These, mix'd with care, the chief of Sparta drew;
Idmenëus's the first he knew:
Teucer, with hope inspir'd, the second claim'd:
The third Oileus, much for shooting fam'd;
Next claim'd the wearer of the seven-fold shield,
Though young in arms, distinguish'd in the field;
Ulysses! thine came next; and, last of all,
Bold Merion with a smile receiv'd his ball.
Press'd with incumbent force, the Cretan lord
Strain'd the stiff bow, and bent it to the cord;
Then, from the full-stor'd quiver, chose with art,
Wing'd for th' aerial flight, a pointed dart.
Theseus commands the warriors to divide,
Who crowded thick and press'd on ev'ry side;
Straight they retire; as, at the word of Jove,
From day's bright face the scatt'ring clouds remove;
And through the host appear'd a spacious way,
Where woods and fields in distant prospect lay.
With force immense, the Cretan monarch drew,
Stretch'd the tough cord, and strain'd the circling yew;
From his firm gripe the starting arrow sprung,
The stiff bow crack'd, the twanging cordage sung.
Up the light air the hissing weapon flies,
Pierces the winds, and streams along the skies:
Far to the distant plain it swiftly drove;
The host stood wond'ring as it rush'd above:
Descending there upon a mount it stood;
A depth of soil receiv'd the trembling wood.
Applause from all, tumultuous shouts declare,
By echoes wafted through the trembling air.
Such joy the hero feels, as praise inspires;
And to the circle of the kings retires.
The valiant Teucer next receiv'd the bow,
And to Apollo thus address'd a vow:
"Hear me, dread king! whose unresisted sway
Controls the Sun, and rules the course of day;
Great patron of the bow! this shaft impel;
And hecatombs my gratitude shall tell;
Soon as to Salamis our martial pow'rs
Return, victorious, from the Theban tow'rs."
He said, and bid the winged arrow fly;
It pierc'd the winds, and swept a length of sky;
In compass, like the colour'd arch, which shines
Exalted, as the setting Sun declines;
From north to south it marks th' ethereal space,
And woods and mountains fill its wide embrace:
Beyond the Cretan shaft, it reach'd the plain;
As far before, as now a shepherd swain,
Hurl'd from a sling, the sounding flint can throw,
From his young charge, to drive the deadly crow.
Oilean Ajax next the weapon claim'd,
For skill above the rest, and practice fam'd;
But Phœbus, chief and patron of the art,
Retarded in its flight the winged dart:
For, nor by pray'rs, nor holy vows, he strove,
Of grateful sacrifice, the god to move.
Downwards he turn'd it, where a cedar fair
Had shot its spiring top aloft in air;
Caught in a bough the quiv'ring weapon stood,
Nor forc'd a passage through the closing wood.
Ajax the next appear'd upon the plain,
With strength untaught, and emulous in vain;
With sinewy arms the solid yew he bends;
Near and more near approach the doubling ends:
The arrow sprung; but erring took its way,
Far to the left, where oozy marshes lay,
And groves of reeds; where slow Ismenus strays,
And winds, through thickets green, his wat'ry maze.
Abash'd the youth, with painful steps, retires;
And now Ulysses to the prize aspires.
In silence thus the prudent warrior pray'd,
And, in his heart, address'd the martial maid:
"Great queen of arts! on thee my hopes depend;
With favour, to thy suppliant's suit, attend!
By thee my infant arms were taught to throw
The dart with certain aim, and bend the bow:
Oft on my little hands, immortal maid!
To guide the shaft, thy mighty hands were laid:
Now, goddess, aid me, while I strive for fame;
Wing the swift weapon, and assert my claim."
He pray'd: the goddess, at his suit, descends;
And present from th' Olympian courts attends.
With force divine his manly limbs she strung.
The bow he strain'd: the starting arrow sung;
As when the sire of gods, with wrathful hand,
Drives the swift lightning and the forked brand,
To waste the labours of the careful swains,
Consume the mountain flocks, or scorch the plains;
With sudden glare appears the fiery ray;
No thought can trace it through th' ethereal way:
So swift thy winged shaft, Ulysses! flew,
Nor could the following eye its speed pursue.
The flight of Teucer's arrow far surpast,
Upon a rural hearth it pitch'd at last,
To Ceres built; where swains, in early spring,
With joy were wont their annual gifts to bring;
When first to view, above the furrow'd plain,
With pleasing verdure, rose the springing grain,
Through all the host applauding shouts resound;
The hills repeat them, and the woods around.
The bended bow bold Merion next assumes,
A shaft selects, and smooths its purple plumes:
He plac'd it on the string, and bending low,
With all his force collected, strain'd the bow.
Up the light air the starting arrow sprung;
The tough bow crack'd; the twanging cordage sung.
Beyond the reach of sight the weapon drove,
And tow'r'd amid th' ethereal space above:
But as it rose, a heron cross'd before,
From inland marshes steering to the shore;
Under the wing it reach'd her with a wound;
Screaming she wheel'd, then tumbled to the ground.
And thus the youth: "Illustrious chiefs! I claim
If not the prize, at least superior fame:
Ungovern'd strength alone the arrow sends;
To hit the mark, the shooter's art commends."
In mirthful mood the hero thus address'd;
And all their favour and applause express'd.
"Ulysses! take the bow," Atrides cries,
"The silver bowl, brave Teucer! be thy prize.
In ev'ry art, my friends! you all excel;
And each deserves a prize for shooting well:
For though the first rewards the victors claim,
Glory ye merit all, and lasting fame."
He said; and pond'ring in his grateful mind,
Distinguish'd honours for the dead design'd.
"Warriors of Greece, and valiant aids from far,
Our firm associates in the works of war!
Here from a rock the Theban stream descends,
And to a lake its silver current sends;

Whose surface smooth, unruffled by the breeze,
The hills inverted show and downward trees:
Ye daring youths! whose manly limbs divide
The mounting surge, and brave the rushing tide;
All ye, whom hopes of victory inspire,
Stand forth distinguish'd; let the crowd retire.
This costly armour shall the youth obtain,
Who comes victorious from the wat'ry plain;
That island compass'd, where the poplar grows,
And in the lake its wav'ring image shows,
Who measuring back the liquid space, before
His rivals, shall regain the flow'ry shore.
This golden bowl is fix'd the second prize,
Esteem'd alike for fashion and for size."
The hero thus: with thirst of glory fir'd,
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aspir'd;
With Sparta's younger chief; Ulysses came;
And brave Clearchus emulous of fame,
A wealthy warrior from the Samian shore.
In cattle rich, and heaps of precious ore:
Distinguish'd in the midst the heroes stood,
Eager to plunge into the shining flood,
His brother's ardour purpos'd to restrain,
Atrides strove, and counsel'd thus, in vain:
"Desist, my brother! shun th' unequal strife;
For late you stood upon the verge of life:
No mortal man his vigour can retain,
When flowing wounds have empty'd ev'ry vein.
If now you perish in the wat'ry way,
Grief upon grief shall cloud this mournful day:
Desist, respect my counsel, and be wise;
Some other Spartan in your place will rise."
To change his brother's purpose thus he try'd;
But nothing mov'd, the gen'rous youth reply'd:
"Brother! in vain you urge me to forbear,
From love and fond affection prompt to fear;
For firm, as e'er before, my limbs remain,
To dash the fluid waves, or scour the plain."
He said, and went before. The heroes move
To the dark covert of a neighb'ring grove;
Which to the bank its shady walks extends,
Where mixing with the lake a riv'let ends.
Prompt to contend, their purple robes they loose,
Their figur'd vests and gold embroider'd shoes;
And through the grove descending to the strand,
Along the flow'ry bank in order stand.
As when, in some fair temple's sacred shrine,
A statue stands, express'd by skill divine,
Apollo's or the herald-pow'rs, who brings
Jove's mighty mandates on his airy wings;]
The form majestic awes the bending crowd:
In port and stature such, the heroes stood.
Starting at once, with equal strokes, they sweep
The smooth expanse, and shoot into the deep;
The Cretan chief, exerting all his force,
His rivals far surpass'd, and led the course;
Behind Atrides, emulous of fame;
Clearchus next; and last Ulysses came.
And now they measur'd back the wat'ry space,
And saw from far the limits of the race.
Ulysses then, with thirst of glory fir'd,
The Samian left, and to the prize aspir'd;
Who, emulous, and dreading to be last,
With equal speed, the Spartan hero pass'd.
Alarm'd, the Cretan monarch strove, with pain,
His doubtful hopes of conquest to maintain;
Exerting ev'ry nerve, his limbs he ply'd,
And wishing, from afar, the shore descry'd:
For near and nearer still Ulysses prest;
The waves he felt rebounding from his breast,
With equal zeal for victory they strove;
When, gliding sudden from the roofs of Jove,
Pallas approach'd; behind a cloud conceal'd,
Ulysses only saw her form reveal'd.
Majestic by the hero's side she stood;
Her shining sandals press'd the trembling flood.
She whisper'd soft, as when the western breeze
Stirs the thick reeds, or shakes the rustling trees:
"Still shall thy soul, with endless thirst of fame,
Aspire to victory, in ev'ry game.
The honours, which from bones and sinews rise,
Are lightly valu'd by the good and wise:
To envy still they rouse the human kind;
And oft, than courted, better far declin'd.
To brave Idomeneus yield the race,
Contented to obtain the second place."
The goddess thus: while, stretching to the land,
With joy the Cretan chief approach'd the strand;
Ulysses next arriv'd; and, spent with toil,
The weary Samian grasp'd the welcome soil.
But far behind the Spartan warrior lay,
Fatigu'd, and fainting, in the wat'ry way.
Thrice struggling, from the lake, his head he rear'd;
And thrice, imploring aid, his voice was heard.
The Cretan monarch hastes the youth to save,
And Ithacus again divides the wave;
With force renew'd their manly limbs they ply;
And from their breasts the whit'ning billows fly.
Full in the midst a rocky isle divides
The liquid space, and parts the silver tides;
Once cultivated, now with thickets green
O'erspread, two hillocks and a vale between.
Here dwelt an aged swain; his cottage stood
Under the cliffs, encompass'd by a wood.
From poverty secure, he heard afar,
In peace profound, the tumults of the war.
Mending a net before his rural gate,
From other toils repos'd, the peasant sat;
When first the voice of Menelaus came,
By ev'ning breezes wafted from the stream.
Hast'ning, his skiff he loos'd, and spread the sail;
Some present god supply'd a prosp'rous gale:
For, as the Spartan chief, with toil subdu'd,
Hopeless of life, was sinking in the flood,
The swain approach'd, and in his barge receiv'd
Him safe from danger imminent retriev'd.
Upon a willow's trunk Thersites sat,
Contempt in laughter fated to create,
Where, bending from a hollow bank, it hung,
And rooted to the mould'ring surface clung;
He saw Atrides safe! and thus aloud,
With leer malign, address'd the list'ning crowd.
"Here on the flow'ry turf a hearth shall stand;
A hecatomb the fav'ring gods demand,
Who sav'd Atrides in this dire debate,
And snatch'd the hero from the jaws of fate:
Without his aid we all might quit the field;
Ulysses, Ajax, and Tydides, yield:
His mighty arm alone the host defends,
But dire disaster still the chief attends:
Last Sun beheld him vanquish'd on the plain;
Then warriors sav'd him, now a shepherd swain.
Defend him still from persecuting fate!
Protect the hero who protects the state;
In martial conflicts watch with prudent fear,
And, when he swims, let help be always near!"

He said; and, scorn and laughter to excite,
His features foul he writh'd, with envious spite,
Smiling contempt; and pleas'd his rancorous heart
With aiming thus oblique a venom'd dart.
But joy'd not long; for soon the faithless wood,
Strain'd from the root, resign'd him to the flood.
Plunging and sputt'ring as his arms he spread,
A load of soil came thund'ring on his head,
Slipt from the bank: along the winding shore,
With laughter loud he heard the echoes roar,
When from the lake his crooked form he rear'd:
With horrour pale, with bloating clay besmear'd:
Then clamb'ring by the trunk, in sad dismay,
Which half immers'd with all its branches lay,
Confounded, to the tents he sculk'd along,
Amid the shouts and insults of the throng.

Now cloth'd in public view the heroes stand,
With sceptres grac'd, the ensigns of command.
The Cretan monarch, as his prize, assumes
The polish'd helmet, crown'd with waving plumes,
The silver mail, the buckler's weighty round,
Th' embroider'd belt, with golden buckles bound.
The second prize Laertes' son receiv'd,
With less applause from multitudes deceiv'd;
The first he could have purchas'd; but declin'd
And yielded, to the martial maid resign'd.

Thus they. The Thebans, near the eastern gate:
Around their pyres in silent sorrow wait:
Hopeless and sad they mourn'd their heroes slain,
The best and bravest on their native plain.
The king himself, in deeper sorrow, mourn'd;
With rage and mingled grief his bosom burn'd.
Like the grim lion, when his offspring slain
He sees, and round him drawn the hunter's train;
Couch'd in the shade with fell intent he lies,
And glares upon the foes with burning eyes:
Such Creon seem'd: hot indignation drain'd
Grief's wat'ry sources, and their flow restrain'd.
Upon a turret o'er the gate he stood,
And saw the Argives, like a shady wood,
Extended wide; and dreading fraud design'd,
Still to the plain his watchful eyes confin'd,
Suspicious from his hatred, and the pow'r
Of restless passions, which his heart devour:
And when at ev'n's approach the host retir'd,
And from the labours of the day respir'd,
Within the walls he drew his martial pow'rs,
And kept with strictest watch the gates and tow'rs.

Soon as the night possess'd th' ethereal plain,
And o'er the nations stretch'd her silent reign,
The guards were plac'd, and to the gentle sway
Of sleep subdu'd, the weary warriors lay.
Tydides only wak'd, by anxious care
Distracted, still he mourn'd his absent fair,
Deeming her lost; his slighted counsel mov'd
Lasting resentment, and the truce approv'd:
Contending passions shook his mighty frame;
As warring winds impel the ocean's stream,
When south and east with mingled rage contend,
And in a tempest on the deep descend:
Now, stretch'd upon the couch, supine he lay;
Then, rising anxious, wish'd the morning ray.
Impatient thus, at last, his turbid mind,
By various counsels variously inclin'd,
The chief address'd: "Or shall I now recall
Th' Etolian warriors from the Theban wall;
Obey the warning by a goddess giv'n,
Nor slight her counsel dictated from Heav'n?
Or shall I try, by one deciding blow,
The war at once to end, and crush the foe?
This pleases most; nor shall the voice of fame
The daring deed, in after ages, blame.
No truce I swore, but shun'd it, and remov'd,
Alone dissenting while the rest approv'd.
Soon as the morn, with early light reveal'd,
Has call'd the Theban warriors to the field;
Against the town I'll lead my martial pow'rs,
And fire with flaming brands her hated tow'rs:
The bane of Greece, whence dire debate arose
To bid the peaceful nations first be foes;
Where Tydeus fell, and many heroes more,
Banish'd untimely to the Stygian shore.
The public voice of Greece for vengeance calls;
And shall applaud the stroke by which she falls."
He purpos'd: but the gods, who honour right,
Deny'd to treason what is due to might.

When from the east appear'd the morning fair,
The Theban warriors to the woods repair,
Fearless, unarm'd; with many a harness'd wain,
The woody heights were crowded and the plain.
Tydides saw; and, issuing from his tent,
In arms compleat, to call his warriors, went.
Their leader's martial voice the soldiers heard
Each in his tent, and at the call appear'd
In shining arms. Deïphobus began,
For virtue fam'd, a venerable man.
Him Tydeus lov'd; and in his faithful hand
Had plac'd the sceptre of supreme command,
To rule the state; when, from his native tow'rs,
To Thebes the hero led his martial pow'rs;
His son, an infant, to his care resign'd,
With sage advice to form his tender mind.
The hero thus: "Illustrious chief! declare
What you intend, and whither point the war.
The truce commenc'd, you cannot, and be just,
The Thebans now assault, who freely trust
To public faith engag'd: unarm'd they go
Far through the woods and plains, nor fear a foe."

His leader's purpose thus the warrior try'd;
And, inly vex'd, Tydides thus reply'd:
"Father! thy words from ignorance proceed;
The truce I swore not, nor approv'd the deed.
The rest are bound, and therefore must remain
Ling'ring inactive on this hostile plain:
The works of war abandon'd, let them shed
Their unavailing sorrows o'er the dead:
Or aim the dart, or hurl the disk in air;
Some paltry presents shall the victors share.
Warriors we came, in nobler strife to dare;
To fight and conquer in the lists of war;
To conquer Thebes: and Jove himself ordains,
With wreaths of triumph, to reward our pains.
Wide to receive us stand the Theban gates;
A spacious entry, open'd by the fates,
To take destruction in; their turrets stand
Defenceless, and expect the flaming brand.
Now let us snatch th' occasion while we may,
Years waste in vain and perish by delay,
That, Thebes o'erthrown, our tedious toils may cease,
And we behold our native walls in peace."

Tydides thus: the ancient warrior burns
With indignation just, and thus returns:
"O son! unworthy of th' illustrious line
From which you spring: your sire's reproach and mine!

Did I e'er teach you, justice to disclaim;
And steal, by treachery, dishonest fame?
The truce subsists with all the rest; are we
Alone excepted, unengag'd and free?
Why, warriors! do not then these hostile tow'rs,
Against us, send at once their martial pow'rs?
And are we safe, but that the treaty stands,
And from unequal force protects our bands?
In this our foes confide; the dead they burn,
And mix with tears their ashes in the urn.
Their tow'rs defenceless, and their gates unbarr'd,
Shall we with wrongs their confidence reward?
No; though each warrior of this num'rous band
Should yield to execute what you command;
Yet would not I, obedient to thy will,
Blot my long labours with a deed so ill.
Whatever hard or dang'rous you propose,
Though old and weak, I shun not, nor oppose:
But what the gods command us to forbear,
The prudent will avoid, the bravest fear."
He said; and to the ground his buckler flung;
On the hard soil the brazen orbit rung:
The rest, approving, dropt upon the field
His pond'rous jav'lin, each, and shining shield.
The warlike son of Tydeus straight resign'd,
To dire disorder, all his mighty mind,
And sudden wrath; as when the troubled air,
From kindled lightning, shines with fiery glare:
With fury so inflam'd, the hero burn'd,
And frowning to Dëiphobus return'd:
"I know thee, wretch! and mark thy constant aim,
To teach the host their leader thus to blame.
Long have I borne your pride; your rev'rend rage:
A guardian's name, suppress'd my kindling rage:
But to protect your insolence, no more
Shall these avail, and skreen it as before."
He said; and more his fury to provoke,
Replying thus, the aged warrior spoke:
"Vain youth! unmov'd thy angry threats I hear;
When tyrants threaten, slaves alone should fear:
To me is ev'ry servile part unknown,
To glory in a smile, or fear a frown.
Your mighty sire I knew by council rul'd;
His fiercest transports sober reason cool'd.
But wild, and lawless, like the stormy wind,
The sport of passion, impotent, and blind,
The desp'rate paths of folly you pursue,
And scorn instruction with a lofty brow:
Yet know, proud prince! my purpose I retain,
And see thy threat'ning eye-balls roll in vain:
Never, obsequious to thy mad command,
Against the foe I'll lift a hostile hand;
Till, righteously fulfill'd, the truce expire
Which Heav'n has witness'd and the sacred fire."
He said; and, by his sharp reproaches stung,
With sudden hand, his lance the hero flung:
Too sure the aim; his faithful friend it found,
And open'd in his side a deadly wound:
Stagg'ring he fell; and, on the verge of death,
In words like these resign'd his parting breath:
"O Diomed, my son! for thee I fear:
Sure Heav'n is angry, and its vengeance near:
For whom the gods distinguish by their hate,
Themselves are made the ministers of fate;
Far from their side, the destin'd victims drive
Their friends intent to succour and retrieve,
Ere yet their vengeance falls, the pow'rs invoke,
While uninflicted hangs the fatal stroke:
And rule the transports of your wrath, lest fear
Make sound advice a stranger to your ear."
Speaking he dy'd; his gen'rous spirit fled
To mix with heroes in th' Elysian shade.
Amaz'd, at first, th' Etolian warriors stood;
No voice, no action, through the wand'ring crow'd;
Silent they stood, like rows of forest trees,
When Jove's dread thunder quells the summer breeze:
But soon on ev'ry side a tumult rose,
Loud as the ocean when a tempest blows;
Disorder wild the mingling ranks confounds,
The voice of sorrow mix'd with angry sounds.
On ev'ry side against the chief appears
A brazen bulwark rais'd of shields, and spears,
Fast closing round. But from his thigh he drew
His shining blade, and on the phalanx flew;
With gesture fierce the threat'ning steel he wav'd;
But check'd its fury, and the people sav'd:
As the good shepherd spares his tender flock,
And lightens, when he strikes, the falling crook.
The crowd dividing shunn'd the hero's ire;
As from a lion's rage the swains retire,
When dreadful o'er the mangled prey he stands,
By brandish'd darts unaw'd and flaming brands.
And now the flame of sudden rage suppress,
Remorse and sorrow stung the hero's breast.
Distracted through the scatt'ring crowd he went,
And sought the dark recesses of his tent;
He enter'd: but the menial servants, bred
To wait his coming, straight with horror fled.
Against the ground he dash'd his bloody dart;
And utter'd thus the swellings of his heart:
"Why fly my warriors? why the menial train,
Who joy'd before to meet me from the plain,
Why shun they now their lord's approach; nor bring,
To wash my bloody hands, the cleansing spring?
Too well, alas! my fatal rage they know,
To them more dreadful now than to the foe;
No enemy, alas! this spear has stain'd;
With hostile gore in glorious battle drain'd:
My guardian's blood it shows, whose hoary hairs
Still watch'd my welfare with a father's cares.
Thou pow'r supreme! whose unresisted sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
If wise and good, why did thy hand impart
So fierce an impulse to this bounding heart?
By fury rul'd and impotent of mind,
No awe restrains me, and no tie can bind:
Hence, by the madness of my rage o'erthrown,
My father's friend lies murder'd, and my own."
He said; and, yielding to his fierce despair,
With both his hands he rent his rooted hair;
And where his locks in shining ringlets grew,
A load of ashes from the hearth he threw,
Rolling in dust: but now around the slain
His warriors stood assembled on the plain;
For total insurrection ripe they stood;
Their angry murmurs rose to tumult loud.
Ulysses soon the dire disorder heard;
And present to explore the cause appear'd:
The hero came, and, 'midst the warriors found
Dëiphobus extended on the ground.
A flood of sorrow started to his eyes,
But soon he check'd each symptom of surprise

With prudent care; while pressing round the chief
Each strove to speak the universal grief:
Their mingled spears in wild disorder shook;
Like the sharp reeds along some winding brook,
When through the leafless woods the north wind blows,
Parent of ice and thick descending snows:
Now fell revenge had bath'd in streams of blood,
And pow'r in vain her desp'rate course withstood:
But Ithacus, well skill'd in ev'ry art
To fix, or change each purpose of the heart,
Their stern decrees by soft persuasion broke;
And answ'ring, thus with prudent purpose spoke:
"Warriors! your gen'rous rage approve I must;
Dire was the deed; the purpos'd vengeance just;
But, when the kings in full assembly sit,
To them the crime, and punishment commit:
For rash procedure wrongs the fairest cause;
And private justice still insults the laws.
Now to your tents your shields and lances bear;
Theseus expects us, and the hour is near:
The altars flame; the priests in order stand,
With sacrifice, to hallow ev'ry hand:
But to the covert of a tent convey,
Sav'd from the scorching winds and solar ray,
These dear remains; till Theseus has decreed
Distinguish'd obsequies to grace the dead."
The hero thus; and, from his shoulders, threw
The regal cloak of gold, and shining blue;
Which o'er the slain, with prudent care, he spread,
His ghastly features, from the crowd, to shade.
Thrice to his eyes a flood of sorrow came;
Thrice on the brink he check'd the gushing stream,
In act to flow, his rising sighs suppress;
Patient of grief, he lock'd it in his breast.

THE

EPIGONIAD.

BOOK VI.

To sad despair th' Etolian chief resign'd,
And dire remorse, which stung his tortur'd mind,
From early dawn, in dust extended lay,
By all abandon'd till the setting ray.
'Twas then Cassandra came; and, at the door,
Thrice call'd her lord: he started from the floor:
In sullen majesty his chair of state,
Full in the midst opposed to the gate,
The hero press'd: the anxious maid drew near,
By love excited, and restrained by fear:
Trembling before the chief she stood; and held
A bowl of wine with temp'ring mixtures quell'd;
The fragrant juice which fam'd Thesprotia yields,
The vintage of her cliffs, and sunny fields.
And thus: "Dread lord! reject not with disdain
A present offer'd by a humble swain.
This bowl receive, of gentle force to charm
Distress, and of its rigour grief disarm.
How vain to grieve for ever for the past?
No hour recalls the actions of the last:
Nor groans, nor sighs, nor streams of sorrow shed,
From their long slumber can awake the dead.
When death's stern pow'r his iron sceptre lays
On the cold lips, the vital spirit strays
To worlds unknown: and can the dead perceive
The tears of friends or lovers when they grieve?"
To sooth his passion, thus the virgin try'd;
With wonder, thus th' Etolian chief reply'd:
"Say who you are, who thus approach my seat,
Unaw'd by good Deiphobus's fate?
When all avoid my presence, nor appear,
By indignation banish'd, or by fear.
What is thy name? what deed of mine could bind
To friendship so unchang'd thy constant mind;
Still to survive the horrour of a crime,
Whose colour blots the registers of time?"
The hero thus. Cassandra thus replies:
"Iphicles is my name; my country lies
Where Antirrhum's rocky shores divide,
Extended in the deep, th' Ionian tide.
There dwells my sire possest of ample store,
In flocks and herds and gold's refulgent ore.
Oeneus his name; his vessels on the main,
From rich Hesperia waft him yearly gain,
And that fam'd land, whose promontories run
Far to the west, beneath the setting Sun;
Where ev'ry cliff with veins of silver gleams,
And sands of gold lie glitt'ring in the streams.
In Hymen's sacred ties two sons he bred,
Me, and my valiant brother Lycomed.
The youngest I, was charg'd his flocks to keep:
My brother rul'd his galleys on the deep.
Once as he left Iberia's wealthy shore,
With Boetic fleeces fraught and precious ore;
Phœnician pirates waited on the strand,
Where high Pachynus stretches from the land;
In that fam'd isle where Ætna lifts his spires,
With smoke obscure, and blows his sulph'rous fires.
Behind the cliffs conceal'd, the treach'rous band
Waited the Greeks descending on the strand:
My brother there with twenty youths they slew;
Their sudden arrows from an ambush flew.
Dire was the deed; and still my sorrows stream,
Whene'er that argument of woe I name,
And grief prevails; but, in your presence, most;
You still recall the brother whom I lost:
For such he was in lineaments of face,
In martial stature, and majestic grace;
Though less in all; in form inferior far;
And still, though valiant, less in works of war.
Hence, deeply rooted in my constant heart;
You challenge, as your own, a brother's part:
And I alone, of all the host, remain
To share your grief and suffer in your pain."
Thus by an artful tale, the virgin strove
To shun discov'ry, and conceal her love.
Yet still her looks, her gestures, all express'd
The maid; her love in blushes stood confess'd.
Tydides saw; and quickly, to his thought,
Each circumstance the fair Cassandra brought.
Silent he sat; and fix'd in deep surprise,
Her flushing features mark'd and downcast eyes.
He thus reply'd: "The native truth reveal;
And, what I ask you, hope not to conceal.
Or shall I credit what you now have said;
Oeneus your sire, your brother Lycomed?
Or art thou she, whose beauty first did move,
Within my peaceful breast, the rage of love?"
With look and voice severe, the hero spoke.
Aw'd and abash'd, the conscious virgin shook;

She dropt the silver goblet on the ground ;
The fragrant liquor drench'd the pavement round.
And thus Tydides with a frown address'd :
"Thy art is useless, and the truth confess'd ;
Nor can that fair disguise of martial arms
And male attire, conceal thy fatal charms.
Those eyes I see, whose soft enchantment stole
My peace, and stirr'd a tempest in my soul ;
By their mild sight, in innocence array'd,
To guilty madness was my heart betray'd.
Deiphobus is dead ; his mournful ghost,
Lamenting, wanders on the Stygian coast ;
And blames my wrath. Oh ! that the Sun, which gave
Light to thy birth, had set upon thy grave ;
And he had liv'd ! now lifeless on the plain
A corse he lies, and number'd with the slain."
The hero ended thus ; with melting eye,
The virgin turn'd, unable to reply.
In sorrow graceful, as the queen of love
Who mourn'd Adonis in the Syrian grove,
Confounded and abash'd, she left the tent,
And thro' the host in silent anguish went,
Far to the left ; where, in a lonely wood,
To Ceres built, a rural temple stood ;
By swains frequented once, but now the place
Unsightly shrubs o'erspread and weeds disgrace.
Thither Cassandra went ; and at the shrine,
With suppliant voice address'd the power divine:
" Hear me, dread genius of this sacred grove !
Let my complaints thy sov'reign pity move.
To seek the friendly shelter of thy dome,
With heart unstain'd, and guiltless hands, I come:
Love is my crime ; and, in thy rural seat,
From infamy I seek a safe retreat.
By blame unmerited, and cold neglect,
Banish'd I come ; receive me and protect !"
She pray'd, and ent'ring, 'gainst a pillar, staid
Her lance ; and on the floor her armour laid.
Then falling prostrate pour'd a flood of tears,
With present ills oppress'd and future fears.
'Twas then the herald of the queen of love,
Zelotypé, descended in the grove,
By Venus sent ; but still her counsels fail'd ;
And Pallas with superior sway prevail'd :
The phantom enter'd, and assum'd a form,
Pale as the Moon appearing thro' a storm ;
In Amyclea's shape disguis'd she came ;
The same her aspect, and her voice the same.
Cassandra saw ; a sudden horrour froze
Her veins ; erect her parted locks arose,
Stirr'd from the root : impatient thus the maid,
With trembling lips, in falt'ring accents, said :
" My lov'd, my honour'd parent! have my groans,
From death's deep slumber, rous'd thy sacred bones :
I hop'd that nothing could your peace molest ;
Nor mortal cares disturb eternal rest ;
That safe for ever on th' Elysian shore,
You heard of human misery no more."
Cassandra thus ; and thus the Paphian maid :
" Your gen'rous love, my child, is ill repaid ;
Your griefs I feel, and bear a parent's part ;
Tho' blood no more returns to warm my heart ;
And that, which first your mortal being bred,
To dust lies mould'ring in its earthy bed.
To Calydon, my child, with speed return ;
Your father grieves ; your gay companions mourn;
He deems you lost, and desp'rate of his state,
By grief subdu'd invokes his ling'ring fate :
Incessant tears bedew his wrinkled face,
And ashes foul his hoary locks disgrace.
Return, return ! nor let misjudging pride,
With further errours, strive the past to hide.
Return, once more to bless his aged eyes,
Or, by your guilty stay a parent dies."
She ended thus. Her arms Cassandra spread
To fold, in close embrace, the parting shade;
In vain ; for, starting from her grasp, it flew,
And, gliding thro' the shady walks, withdrew.
The virgin now awaits the rising morn,
With purpose fix'd impatient to return :
And when, thro' broken clouds, a glimm'ring ray
Of early dawn foretold approaching day;
The spear she grasp'd, and on her temples plac'd
The golden casque, with various plumage grac'd ;
Tydides' gift ; when in the ranks of fight
The brave Clytander sunk beneath his might.
The gods she call'd ; and, bending to the ground,
Their aid invok'd with reverence profound.
Then left the dome ; and where Ismenus strays,
Winding thro' thickest woods his wat'ry maze,
Her way pursu'd : a hostile band drew near;
Their tread she heard, and saw their armour clear ;
Chief of the Theban youth ; the herds they drove,
And flocks collected from the hills above.
For thus the Paphian goddess had betray'd,
To hands of cruel foes, the guiltless maid.
By sudden terrour cheek'd, at first she stood:
Then turn'd, and sought the covert of the wood;
Nor so escap'd : her glitt'ring armour shone,
The starry helmet and the lofty cone,
Full to the glowing east; its golden rays
Her winding flight betray'd thro' all its maze.
The Thebans saw ; and, rushing 'midst the trees
With shouts of triumph, seiz'd the trembling prize.
Amaz'd and pale, before the hostile band,
She stood ; and dropt the jav'lin from her hand.
" O spare my life !" she cry'd, " nor wealth, nor fame
To purchase in the works of war, I came.
No hate to you I bear, or Creon's sway,
Whose sov'reign will the sons of Thebes obey:
Me hapless friendship hither led, to share,
With Diomed, the dangers of the war.
I now return and quit the martial strife,
My sire to succour on the verge of life;
Who crush'd beneath a load of sorrow bends,
And to the grave, with painful steps, descends.
But if the plea of pity you reject,
The stronger ties of equity respect :
A truce we swore; Jove witnesses the deed;
On him who breaks it, vengeance will succeed."
Thus as the virgin spoke, Phericles ey'd
The arms she wore ; and sternly thus reply'd:
" Ill-fated wretch ! that panoply to wear ;
The same my brother once in fight did bear;
Whom fierce Tydides, with superior might,
O'erthrew and vanquish'd in the ranks of fight.
If with his foe my brother's spoils you shar'd,
A mark of love, or merited reward ;
Prepare to yield them and resign thy breath;
To vengeance due: Clytander claims thy death."
Frowning he spoke, and drew his shining blade;
Beneath the lifted steel, th' unhappy maid
Confounded stoop'd : Menœtius caught the stroke
On his broad shield ; and interposing spoke:

"Brave youth I respect my counsel, and suspend
The sudden vengeance which you now intend.
The chiefs of Thebes, the rulers of the state,
In full assembly, at the Cadmean gate,
A monument for great Leophron rear;
His name, achievements, and descent to bear.
Thither let this devoted youth be led,
An off'ring grateful to the hero's shade:
Nor shall Clytander less the deed approve;
Or friendly zeal applaud, and feel our love;
When fame shall tell, in Pluto's gloomy reign,
How stern Tydides mourns this warrior slain."
Thus ignorantly they; nor knew the peace
Of happy patriots, when their labors cease;
That fell revenge and life-consuming hate
Find no admittance, to molest their state.
And now they led the captive cross the plain;
Scarce could her trembling knees their load sustain;
Thrice had her falt'ring tongue her sex reveal'd,
But conscious shame oppos'd it and conceal'd.
Their monarch at the Cadmean gate they found,
In mournful state, with all his peers around.
Oblations to Leophron's mighty shade,
In honey, milk, and fragrant wines they paid.
And thus Lycaon's son address'd the king:
"A grateful off'ring to your rites we bring.
This youth, the friend of Diomed, we found
Clad in the armour which Clytander own'd;
My brother's spoils, by Diomed possest,
When his keen jav'lin pierc'd the hero's breast.
Soon had my rage the hostile deed repaid,
With vengeance grateful to his kindred shade;
But public griefs the first atonements claim,
And heroes of a more distinguish'd name.
Leophron, once his country's pride and boast;
Andremon too, the bulwark of the host,
His blood demands; for when their souls shall know
The sweet revenge, in Pluto's shades below,
Pleas'd with our zeal, will each illustrious ghost,
With lighter footsteps, press th' Elysian coast."
He spoke; the princes all at once incline;
The rest, with shouts, applaud the dire design.
An altar soon of flow'ry turf they raise:
On ev'ry side the sacred torches blaze:
The bowls, in shining order, plac'd around;
The fatal knife was whetted for the wound.
Decreed to perish, stood the helpless fair;
Like some soft fawn, when, in the hunter's snare
Involv'd, she sees him from his seat arise, [cries:
His brandish'd truncheon dreads, and hears his
Silent she stands, to barb'rous force resign'd,
In anguish soft, dissolv'd her tender mind.
The priests in order ev'ry rite prepar'd;
Her neck and bosom, for the blow, they bar'd;
The helmet loos'd, the buckled mail unbound,
Whose shining circles fenc'd her neck around.
Down sunk the fair disguise; and full to sight
The virgin stood, with charms divinely bright.
The comely ringlets of her flowing hair,
Such as the wood-nymphs wear, and Naiades fair
Hung loose; her middle by a zone embrac'd,
Which fix'd the floating garment round her waist.
Venus herself divine effulgence shed
O'er all her stature, and her lovely head;
Such as in spring the colour'd blossoms show,
When on their op'ning leaves the zephyrs blow:
Amazement seiz'd the chiefs; and all around
With murmurs mix'd the wond'ring crowds resound.
Most vote to spare: the angry monarch cries:
"Ye ministers, proceed; the captive dies.
Shall any here, by weak compassion mov'd,
A captive spare by stern Tydides lov'd? [hand
The scourge of Thebes, whose wide-destroying
Has thinn'd our armies in their native land,
And slain my son: by all the gods I swear,
Whose names, to cite in vain, the nations fear,
That none, he loves, shall ever 'scape my rage:
The vulgar plea I scorn, of sex, or age,
Ev'n she, who now appears with ev'ry grace
Adorn'd, each charm of stature and of face:
Ev'n though from Venus she could claim the prize,
Her life to vengeance forfeited, she dies."
Sternly the monarch ended. All were still,
With mute submission to the sov'reign will:
Lycaon's valiant son except; alone
His gen'rous ardour thus oppos'd the throne:
"Dread sov'reign! listen with a patient ear,
And what I now shall offer, deign to hear.
When first by force we seiz'd this captive maid,
The truce was vi'lated, our faith betray'd;
And justice, which, in war and peace, prevails
Alike, and weighs their deeds with equal scales,
Her freedom claims, with presents to atone
For what our rage perfidiously has done:
Let us not, now, to further wrongs proceed;
But fear the curse for perjury decreed."
Phericles thus: and, with a stern regard,
His indignation thus the king declar'd:
"Vain giddy youth! forbear with factious breath,
To rouse my justice to pronounce thy death:
In opposition, first of all you move,
While others hear in silence, and approve.
Your bold presumption check, and learn to dread
My vengeance thunder'd on your wretched head."
Frowning he ended thus: his threats defy'd,
With gen'rous heat Phericles thus reply'd:
"Princes! attend, and trust my words sincere;
The king I honour, and his will revere,
When truth gives sanction to his just commands,
No common right in opposition stands:
Yet gen'rous minds a principle retain,
Which promises and threats attempt in vain,
Which claims dominion, by the gods imprest,
The love of justice in the human breast:
By this inspir'd, against superior might,
I rise undaunted in the cause of right.
And now, by all th' avenging gods, I swear,
Whose names, to cite in vain, the nations fear;
That no bold warrior of the Theban bands,
This maid shall violate with hostile hands; [wield,
While these my arms have force the lance to
And lift in her defence this pond'rous shield,
Not ev'n the king himself, whose sov'reign sway
The martial sons of sacred Thebes obey."
He said; and, by his bold example fir'd,
Twelve warriors rose, with equal zeal inspir'd.
With shining steel the altar they surround,
The fire now flaming, and the victim crown'd.
On ev'ry side in wild disorder move
The thick compacted crouds: as when a grove,
Rock'd by a sudden whirlwind, bends and strains
From right to left, along the woodland plains:
Fell discord soon had rag'd, in civil blood,
With wide destruction not to be withstood;
For from his seat the angry monarch sprung,

And lifted, for the blow, the sceptre hung:
But 'midst the tumult Clytophon appear'd,
Approv'd for wisdom, and with rev'rence heard.
Straight, by the robe, the furious chief he seiz'd,
And thus, with sage advice, his wrath appeas'd:
"Hear, mighty prince! respect the words of age,
And calm the wasteful tempest of thy rage;
The public welfare to revenge prefer,
For nations suffer when their sov'reigns err.
It ill becomes us now, when hostile pow'rs
With strictest siege invest our stait'ned tow'rs!
It ill becomes us thus, with civil arms,
To wound the state, and aggravate our harms.
Hear, all ye princes! what to me appears
A prudent counsel, worthy of your ears:
Let us inquire, if in our hands we hold
A life esteem'd by Diomed the bold:
If, in his breast, those tender passions reign,
Which charms like these must kindle and main-
Our mandates freely to his tent we send, [tain;
For to our will his haughty soul must bend:
Nor dares he, while the Theban walls enclose
A pledge so dear, invade us or oppose;
But must submit, whenever we require,
Or with his pow'rs to aid us, or retire."
He said; the monarch painfully suppress't
His burning rage, and lock'd it in his breast.
He thus reply'd: "Thy prudent words inspire
Pacific councils, and subdue mine ire:
But if in peace I rul'd the Theban state,
Nor hostile armies thunder'd at my gate;
They had not dar'd, with insolence and spite,
My purpose to oppose and scorn my might."
He said, and to his seat again retir'd;
While sudden transport ev'ry breast inspir'd;
As swains rejoice, when, from the troubled skies,
By breezes swept, a gather'd tempest flies;
With wish'd return the Sun exerts his beams
To cheer the woods and gild the shining streams.
Mean while the son of Tydeus, through the plain,
With wishing eyes, Cassandra sought in vain;
At ev'ry leader of the bands inquir'd;
Then, sad and hopeless, to his tent retir'd.
'Twas then his grief the bounds of silence broke,
And thus in secret to himself he spoke:
"Me sure, of all men's sons, the gods have curst
With their chief plagues, the greatest and the worst;
Doom'd to disasters, from my earliest hour;
Not wise to shun nor patient to endure.
From me the source, unnumber'd ills proceed
To all my friends; Dëiphobus is dead!
His soul excluded seeks the nether skies,
And wrong'd Cassandra from my presence flies.
Me surely, at my birth, the gods design'd
Their rod of wrath, to scourge the human kind;
For slaughter form'd, with brutal fury brave,
Prompt to destroy, but impotent to save.
How could my madness blame thee, gen'rous maid!
And, with my crime, thy innocence upbraid?
Dëiphobus is fall'n! but not by thee;
Thy only fault, alas! was love to me;
For this, in plated steel thy limbs were dress'd,
A weighty shield thy tender arm oppress'd:
For this, thou didst to hostile fields repair,
And court such objects as distract the fair;
Patient above thy sex! an ill reward,
Blame and unjust reproach, was all you shar'd.
By my unkindness banish'd, now you roam,
And seek, through paths unknown, your distant home:
To mountain wolves expos'd, a helpless prey,
And men unjust more terrible than they.
Save her, ye gods! and let me stand the aim
Of Jove's all-dreaded bolt, and scorching flame."
Thus plain'd the hero till the setting ray
Withdrew, and ev'ning shades expell'd the day;
Then in his tent, before his lofty seat,
Appear'd a herald from the Theban state;
The hero's knees, with trembling hands, he press'd,
And with his message thus the chief address'd:
"Hear, mighty prince! the tidings which I bring,
From Thebes assembled, and the Theban king.
An armed warriour of your native train,
At early dawn, was seiz'd upon the plain:
What others did, forgive, if I relate;
Creon commands me and the Theban state.
A fairer youth, in martial arms, ne'er came
To court bright honour in the fields of fame.
A casque of polish'd steel his temples press'd,
The golden cone with various plumage dress'd;
A silver mail embrac'd his body round,
And greaves of brass his slender ancles bound:
To Thebes well known the panoply he wore,
The same, which once, renown'd Clytander bore.
Our warriors dragg'd him to the Cadmean gait,
Where Creon, with the rulers of the state,
Assembled sat; the trembling captive stood,
With arms surrounded, and th' insulting crowd.
'O spare my life!' he cry'd, 'nor wealth, nor
To purchase in the works of war, I came. [fame
No hate to you I bear, or Creon's sway,
Whose sov'reign will the sons of Thebes obey.
Me luckless friendship hither led, to share.
With Diomed, the dangers of the war.
I now return, and quit the martial strife,
My sire to succour on the verge of life;
Whose feeble age the present aid demands,
And kind assistance of my filial hands.'
His words inclin'd the wisest and the best,
And some their gen'rous sympathy express't:
But others, nothing mov'd, his guiltless head
With threats demanded, to avenge the dead:
And thus the king: 'My countrymen, attend!
In this, let all your loud contention end:
If Diomed, to save this valu'd life,
The field abandons and the martial strife;
The captive safe, with presents, I'll restore,
Of brass, and steel, and gold's refulgent ore:
But if these terms the haughty chief shall slight,
And for the Argives still exert his might;
Before our hero's tombs, this youth shall bleed,
To please the living, and avenge the dead.'
His sentence all approv'd; and to your ear,
As public herald, I the message bear;
And must your answer crave, without delay;
Creon and Thebes already blame my stay."
Thus as he spoke, contending passions strove,
With force oppos'd, the hero's soul to move;
As shifting winds impel the ocean's tide,
And sway the reeling waves from side to side:
Rage dictated revenge; but tender fear,
From love and pity, warn'd him to forbear;

Till, like a lion, fiercer from his pain,
These words broke forth in wrath and high disdain:
"Go, tell your tyrant, that he tempts a soul
Which presents cannot win, nor threats control:
Not form'd, like his, to mock at ev'ry tie;
With perjury to sport, and Heav'n defy.
A common league the Argive warriors swore,
And seal'd the sacred tie with wine and gore;
My faith was plighted then, and ne'er shall fail,
Nor Creon's arts, to change me, aught avail.
But tell him loud, that all the host may hear,
And Thebes through all her warriors learn to fear,
If any, from himself, or by command,
The captive violates with hostile hand;
That all shall quickly rue the guilty deed,
When, to requite it, multitudes shall bleed."
Sternly the hero ended, and resign'd,
To fierce disorder, all his mighty mind.
Already in his thoughts, with vengeful hands,
He dealt destruction 'midst the Theban bands,
In fancy saw the tott'ring turrets fall,
And led his warriors o'er the level'd wall.
Rous'd with the thought, from his high seat he sprung;
And grasp'd the sword, which on a column hung;
The shining blade he balanc'd thrice in air;
His lances next he view'd, and armour fair.
When, hanging 'midst the costly panoply,
A scarf embroider'd met the hero's eye,
Which fair Cassandra's skilful hands had wrought,
A present for her lord, in secret brought,
That day, when first he led his martial train
In arms, to combat on the Theban plain. [pose,
As some strong charm, which magic sounds com-
Suspends a downward torrent as it flows;
Checks in the precipice its headlong course,
And calls it trembling upwards to its source:
Such seem'd the robe, which, to the hero's eyes,
Made the fair artist in her charms to rise.
His rage, suspended in its full career,
To love resigns, to grief and tender fear.
Glad would he now his former words revoke,
And change the purpose which in wrath he spoke;
From hostile hands his captive fair to gain,
From fate to save her, or the servile chain:
But pride, and shame, the fond design supprest;
Silent he stood, and lock'd it in his breast.
Yet had the wary Theban well divin'd,
By symptoms sure, each motion of his mind:
With joy he saw the heat of rage suppress'd;
And thus again his artful words address'd. [ear,
"Illustrious prince! with patience bend thine
And what I now shall offer, deign to hear.
Of all the griefs, distressful mortals prove,
The woes of friendship most my pity move.
You much I pity, and the youth regret,
Whom you too rigidly resign to fate;
Expos'd alone, no hope of comfort near,
The scorn and cruelty of foes to bear.
O that my timely counsel might avail,
For love, and sympathy, to turn the scale!
That Thebes releas'd from thy devouring sword,
The captive honor'd, and with gifts restor'd,
We yet might hope for peace, and you again
Enjoy the blessings of your native reign."
Insinuating thus, the herald try'd
His aim to compass; and the chief reply'd:

"In vain you strive to sway my constant mind;
I'll not depart while Theseus stays behind:
Me nothing e'er, to change my faith, shall move,
By men attested, and the gods above:
But since your lawless tyrant has detain'd
A valu'd hostage, treacherously gain'd;
And dire injustice only will restore
When force compels, or proffer'd gifts implore:
A truce I grant, till the revolving Sun,
Twice ten full circuits of his journey run,
From the red ocean, points the morning ray,
And on the steps of darkness pours the day:
Till then, from fight and council I abstain,
Nor lead my pow'rs to combat on the plain:
For this, your monarch to my tent shall send
The captive, and from injuries defend.
This proffer is my last; in vain will prove
All your attempts my fixed mind to move:
If Thebes accepts it, let a sign declare,
A flaming torch, display'd aloft in air,
From that high tow'r, whose airy top is known
By trav'lers from afar, and marks the town;
The fane of Jove: but if they shall reject
The terms I send, nor equity respect,
They soon shall feel the fury of mine ire,
In wasteful havoc, and the rage of fire."
The hero thus; and round his shoulders flung
A shaggy cloak, with vulgar trappings hung;
And on his head a leathern helmet plac'd,
A boar's rough front with grisly terrours grac'd;
A spear he next assum'd, and pond'rous shield,
And led the Theban, issuing to the field.
Amid surrounding guards they pass'd unseen,
For night had stretch'd her friendly shade between; [knew;
Till nearer, through the gloom, the gate they
The herald enter'd, and the chief withdrew:
But turning oft to Thebes his eager eyes,
The signal, on the tow'r, at last he spies;
A flaming torch, upon the top, expos'd,
Its ray at once his troubled mind compos'd:
Such joy he felt, as when a watch-tow'r's light,
Seen through the gloom of some tempestuous night,
Glads the wet mariner, a star to guide
His lab'ring vessel, through the stormy tide.

THE

EPIGONIAD.

BOOK II.

Now silent night the middle space possest,
Of Heav'n, or journey'd downwards to the west;
But Creon, still with thirst of vengeance fir'd,
Repose declin'd, nor from his toils respir'd;
But held his peers in council to debate
Plans for revenge, suggested by his hate.
Before the king Dienices appear'd;
To speak his tidings sad, the hero fear'd;
Return'd from Oeta; thither sent to call
Alcides to protect his native wall.
And Creon thus: "Dienices! explain
Your sorrow; are our hopes of aid in vain?
Does Hercules neglect his native soil;
While strangers reap the harvest of his toil?
We from your silence cannot hope success;
But further ills your falling tears confess:

Cleon my son is dead; his fate you mourn;
I must not hope to see his safe return.
Sure, if he liv'd, he had not come the last;
But found his father with a filial haste.
His fate, at once, declare, you need not fear,
With any tale of grief, to wound mine ear,
Proof to misfortune: for the man, who knows
The whole variety of human woes,
Can stand unmov'd though loads of sorrow press;
Practis'd to bear, familiar with distress.'
The monarch question'd thus: and thus the youth:
"Too well thy boding fear has found the truth.
Cleon is dead; the hero's ashes lie
Where Pelion's lofty head ascends the sky.
For as, on Oeta's top, he vainly strove
To win the arrows of the son of Jove;
Compelling Philoctetes to resign,
The friend of Hercules, his arms divine;
The insult to repel, an arrow flew,
And from his heart the vital current drew:
Prostrate he sunk; and welling from the wound,
A flood of gore impurpled all the ground."
Thus spoke Dienices. The king suppress
His big distress, and lock'd it in his breast:
Sighing he thus reply'd: "The cause declare,
Which holds the great Alcides from the war;
And why another now, the bow commands
And arrows, sacred from his mighty hands.
Nor fear my valiant son's untimely fate,
With all its weight of sorrow, to relate;
All I can bear. Against my naked head,
I see the vengeance of the gods decreed;
With hostile arms beset my tott'ring reign;
The people wasted, and my children slain.
Attempts prove fruitless; ev'ry hope deceives;
Success in prospect, disappointment gives:
With swift approach, I see destruction come;
But with a mind unmov'd, I'll meet my doom;
Nor stain this war-worn visage with a tear,
Since all that Heav'n has purpos'd, I can bear."
The monarch thus his rising grief suppress'd;
And thus the peers Dienices address'd:
"Princes of Thebes! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command!
To what I offer, lend an equal ear; [hear.
The truth I'll speak, and judge me when you
If Cleon, by my fault, no more returns,
For whom, her second hope, his country mourns;
No doom I deprecate, no torture fly,
Which justice can denounce, or rage supply:
But if my innocence appears, I claim
Your censure to escape, and public blame.
"From Marathon by night our course we steer'd,
And pass'd Gerastus when the day appear'd;
Andros we saw, with promontories steep,
Ascend; and Delos level with the deep.
A circuit wide; for where Euripus roars
Between Eubœa and the Theban shores,
The Argives had dispos'd their naval train;
And prudence taught to shun the hostile plain.
Four days we sail'd; the fifth our voyage ends,
Where Oeta, sloping to the sea, descends.
The vales I search'd, and woody heights above,
Guided by fame, to find the son of Jove;
With Cleon only: for we charg'd the band
To stay, and guard our vessel on the strand.
In vain we search'd; but when the lamp of day
Approach'd the ocean with its setting ray,
A cave appear'd, which from a mountain steep,
Through a low valley, look'd into the deep.
Thither we turn'd our weary steps, and found
The cavern hung with savage spoils around;
The wolf's grey fur, the wild boar's shaggy hide,
The lion's mane, the panther's speckled pride:
These signs we mark'd; and knew the rocky seat,
Some solitary hunter's wild retreat.
Farther invited by a glimm'ring ray,
Which through the darkness shed uncertain day,
In the recesses of the cave we found
The club of Hercules; and wrapt around,
Which, seen before, we knew, the lion's spoils,
The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
Amaz'd we stood; in silence, each his mind
To fear and hope alternately resign'd:
With joy we hop'd to find the hero near;
The club and mantle found, dispos'd to fear.
His force invincible in fight we knew,
Which nought of mortal kind could e'er subdue,
But fear'd Apollo's might, or his who heaves
The solid earth, and rules the stormy waves.
"Pond'ring we stood; when on the roof above,
The tread of feet descending thro' the grove
Which crown'd the hollow cliff, amaz'd we heard;
And straight before the cave a youth appear'd.
A bleeding buck across his shoulders flung,
Ty'd with a rope of twisted rushes, hung.
He drop't his burden in the gate, and plac'd,
Against the pillar'd cliff, his bow unbrac'd.
'Twas then our footsteps in the cave he heard,
And thro' the gloom our shining arms appear'd.
His bow he bent; and backwards from the rock
Retir'd, and, of our purpose quest'ning, spoke;
'Say who you are, who seek this wild abode,
Thro' desert paths, by mortals rarely trod?
If just, and with a fair intent you come,
Friendship expect, and safety in my dome:
But if for violence, your danger learn,
And trust my admonition when I warn:
Certain as fate, where'er this arrow flies,
The hapless wretch, who meets its fury, dies:
No buckler to resist its point avails, [fails;
The hammer'd cuirass yields, the breast-plate
And where it once has drawn the purple gore,
No charm can cure, no med'cine health restore.'
"With threats he question'd thus; and Cleon said:
'We come to call Alcides to our aid;
By us the senators of Thebes entreat
The hero, to protect his native state:
For hostile arms invest the Theban tow'rs:
Famine within, without the sword, devours.
If you have learn'd where Hercules remains,
In mountain caves, or hamlets on the plains,
Our way direct; for, led by gen'ral fame,
To find him in these desert wilds we came.'
"He spoke; and Philoctetes thus again:
'May Jove, for Thebes, some other aid ordain;
For Hercules no more exerts his might,
Against oppressive force, for injur'd right:
Retir'd, among the gods, he sits serene,
And views, beneath him far, this mortal scene:
But enter now this grotto, and partake
What I can offer, for the hero's sake:
With you from sacred Thebes he claim'd his birth,
For god-like virtue fam'd thro' all the Earth;
Thebes therefore and her people still shall be,
Like fair Trachines and her sons to me.

Enter; for now the double twilight fails;
And o'er the silent Earth the night prevails:
From the moist valleys noxious fogs arise,
To wrap the rocky heights, and shade the skies.'
" The cave we enter'd, and his bounty shar'd;
A rural banquet by himself prepar'd.
But soon the rage of thirst and hunger stay'd,
My mind still doubtful, to the youth I said:
'Must hapless Thebes, despairing and undone,
Want the assistance of her bravest son?
The hero's fate explain, nor grudge mine ear
The sad assurance of our loss to hear.'
I question'd thus. The youth, with horror pale,
Attempted to recite an awful tale;
Above the fabled woes which bards rehearse,
When sad Melpomene inspires the verse.
" ' The wife of Jove' (Pœonides reply'd)
'All arts in vain to crush the hero try'd;
For brighter from her hate his virtue burn'd;
And disappointed still, the goddess mourn'd.
His ruin to effect at last she strove
By jealousy, the rage of injur'd love.
The bane to Deianira's breast convey'd,
Who, as a rival, fear'd th' Oechalian maid.
The goddess knew, that, jealous of her lord,
A robe she kept with latent poisons stor'd;
The centaur's gift, bequeath'd her, to reclaim
The hero's love, and light his dying flame;
If e'er devoted to a stranger's charms,
He stray'd inconstant, from her widow'd arms;
But giv'n with treacherous intent to prove
The death of nature, not the life of love.
Mad from her jealousy, the charm she try'd;
His love to change, the deadly robe apply'd:
And guiltless of the present which he bore,
Lychas convey'd it to Cenœnum's shore:
Where to the pow'rs immortal, for their aid,
A grateful hecatomb the hero paid:
When favor'd from above, his arm o'erthrew
The proud Eurytus, and his warriors slew.
The venom'd robe the hero took, nor fear'd
A gift by conjugal respects endear'd:
And straight resign'd the lion's shaggy spoils,
The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
No sign of harm the fatal present show'd;
Till rous'd by heat its secret venom glow'd:
Straight on the flesh it seiz'd, like stiffest glue,
And scorching deep, to ev'ry member grew.
Then tearing with his hands th' infernal snare,
His skin he rent, and laid the muscles bare;
While streams of blood, descending from the wound,
Mix'd with the gore of victims on the ground.
The guiltless Lychas, in his furious mood,
He seiz'd, as trembling by his side he stood:
Him, by the slender ancle snatch'd, he swung;
And 'gainst a rocky promontory flung:
Which, from the dire event, his name retains;
Thro' his white locks impurpled rush'd the brains.
Aw'd by the deed, his desp'rate rage to shun,
Our bold companions from his presence run:
I too, conceal'd behind a rock, remain'd;
My love and sympathy by fear restrain'd:
For furious 'midst the sacred fires he grew;
The victims scatter'd, and the hearths o'erthrew.
Then sinking prostrate, where a tide of gore
From oxen slain had blacken'd all the shore,
His form divine he roll'd in dust and blood;
His groans the hills re-echo'd and the flood.
Then rising furious, to the ocean's streams
He rush'd, in hope to quench his raging flames;
But burning still the unextinguish'd pain,
The shore he left, and stretch'd into the main.
A galley anchor'd near the beach we found;
Her circled canvass to the breeze unbound;
And trac'd his desp'rate course, till far before
We saw him land on Oeta's desert shore.
Towards the skies his furious hands he rear'd,
And thus, across the deep, his voice we heard:
" ' Sov'reign of Heav'n and Earth! whose boundless sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey,
If e'er delighted from the courts above,
In human form you sought Alcmene's love;
If fame's unchanging voice to all the Earth,
With truth, proclaims you author of my birth;
Whence, from a course of spotless glory run,
Successful toils and wreaths of triumph won,
Am I thus wretched? better that before
Some monster fierce had drank my streaming gore;
Or crush'd by Cacus, foe to gods and men,
My batter'd brains had strew'd his rocky den;
Than, from my glorious toils and triumphs past,
To fall subdu'd by female arts, at last.
O cool my boiling blood, ye winds, that blow
From mountains loaded with eternal snow,
And crack the icy cliffs: in vain! in vain!
Your rigour cannot quench my raging pain!
For round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their burning hands.
Now bending from the skies, O wife of Jove!
Enjoy the vengeance of thy injur'd love:
For fate, by me, the thund'rer's guilt atones;
And, punish'd in her son, Alcmene groans:
The object of your hate shall soon expire;
Fix'd on my shoulders preys a net of fire;
Whom nor the toils nor dangers could subdue,
By false Eurystheus dictated from you;
Nor tyrants lawless, nor the monstrous brood
Which haunts the desert or infests the flood,
Nor Greece, nor all the barb'rous climes that lie
Where Phœbus ever points his golden eye;
A woman hath o'erthrown!—ye gods! I yield
To female arts, unconquer'd in the field.
My arms—alas! are these the same that bow'd
Anteus, and his giant force subdu'd?
That dragg'd Nemea's monster from his den?
And slew the dragon in his native fen?
Alas! alas! their mighty muscles fail,
While pains infernal ev'ry nerve assail:
Alas, alas! I feel in streams of woe
These eyes dissolve, before untaught to flow.
Awake my virtue, oft in dangers try'd,
Patient in toils, in deaths unterrify'd,
Rouse to my aid; nor let my labours past,
With fame achiev'd, be blotted by the last:
Firm and unmov'd, the present shock endure;
Once triumph, and for ever rest secure.'
" ' The hero thus; and grasp'd a pointed rock
With both his arms, which straight in pieces broke,
Crush'd in his agony: then on his breast
Descending prostrate, further plaint suppress.
And now the clouds, in dusky volumes spread,
Had darken'd all the mountains with their shades

The winds withhold their breath; the billows
The sky's dark image on the deep imprest. [rest;
A bay for shelter, op'ning in the strand,
We saw, and steer'd our vessel to the land.
Then mounting on the rocky beach above,
Thro' the thick gloom, descry'd the son of Jove.
His head, declin'd between his hands, he lean'd;
His elbows on his bended knees sustain'd.
Above him still a hov'ring vapour flew,
Which, from his boiling veins, the garment drew.
Thro' the thick woof we saw the fumes aspire;
Like smoke of victims from the sacred fire,
Compassion's keenest touch my bosom thrill'd;
My eyes, a flood of melting sorrow fill'd:
Doubtful I stood; and pond'ring in my mind,
By fear, and pity, variously inclin'd,
Whether to shun the hero, or essay,
With friendly words, his torment to allay:
When bursting from above with hideous glare,
A flood of lightning kindled all the air.
From Oeta's top it rush'd in sudden streams;
The ocean redden'd at its fiery beams.
Then, bellowing deep, the thunder's awful sound
Shook the firm mountains and the shores around.
Far to the east it roll'd, a length of sky;
We heard Eubœa's rattling cliffs reply.
As at his master's voice a swain appears,
When wak'd from sleep his early call he hears,
The hero rose; and to the mountain turn'd,
Whose cloud-involved top with lightning burn'd,
And thus his sire address'd; 'With patient mind
Thy call I hear, obedient and resign'd;
Faithful and true the oracle! which spoke,
In high Dodona, from the sacred oak;
That twenty years of painful labours past,
On Oeta's top I should repose at last:
Before, involved, the meaning lay conceal'd;
But now I find it in my fate reveal'd.
Thy sov'reign will I blame not, which denies,
With length of days, to crown my victories:
Though still with danger and distress engag'd,
For injur'd right eternal war I wag'd;
A life of pain, in barb'rous climates, led,
The Heav'ns my canopy, a rock my bed:
More joy I've felt than delicacy knows,
Or all the pride of regal pomp bestows.
Dread sire! thy will I honour and revere,
And own thy love with gratitude sincere,
Which watch'd me in my toils, that none could
To raise a trophy from my glory lost: [boast
And though at last, by female arts, o'ercome,
And unsuspected fraud, I find my doom;
There to have fall'd, my honour ne'er can shake,
Where vice is only strong and virtue weak.'

"'He said; and turning to the cloudy height,
The seat of thunder, wrapt in sable night,
Firm and undaunted trod the steep ascent;
An earthquake rock'd the mountain as he went.
Back from the shaking shores retir'd the flood;
In horror lost, my bold companions stood,
To speech or motion: but the present pow'r
Of love inspir'd me, in that awful hour;
With trembling steps, I trac'd the son of Jove;
And saw him darkly on the steep above, [noise
Through the thick gloom. The thunder's awful
Ceas'd; and I call'd him thus with feeble voice:
'O son of mighty Jove! thy friend await;
Who comes to comfort thee, or share thy fate.
In ev'ry danger and distress before,
His part your faithful Philoctetes bore.
O let me still attend you, and receive
The comfort which a present friend can give,
Who come obsequious for your last commands,
And tenders to your need his willing hands.'

"'My voice he heard; and from the mountain's brow
Saw me ascending on the steep below.
To favour my approach his steps he stay'd;
And pleas'd, amidst his anguish, smiling said:
'Approach, my Philoctetes! Oft I've known
Your friendly zeal in former labours shown:
The present, more than all, your love proclaims,
Which braves the thund'rer's bolts and volley'd flames;
With daring step, the rocking earthquake treads,
While the firm mountains shake their trembling heads.
As my last gift, these arrows, with the bow,
Accept; the greatest which I can bestow;
My glory all my wealth; of pow'r to raise
Your name to honour and immortal praise;
If for wrong'd innocence your shafts shall fly,
As Jove by signs directs them from the sky.'

"'Straight from his mighty shoulders, as he spoke,
He loos'd and lodg'd them in a cavern'd rock;
To lie untouch'd, till future care had drain'd
Their poison from the venom'd robe retain'd.
And thus again: 'The only aid I need,
For all my favours past, the only meed,
Is, that, with vengeful hand, you fix a dart
In cruel Deianira's faithless heart:
Her treach'rous messenger already dead,
Let her, the author of his crime, succeed.
This awful scene forsake without delay;
In vain to mingle with my fate you stay:
No kind assistance can my state retrieve,
Nor any friend attend me, and survive.'

"'The hero thus his tender care exprest,
And spread his arms to clasp me to his breast;
But soon withdrew them, lest his tainted veins
Infection had convey'd and mortal pains:
Silent I stood in streams of sorrow drown'd,
Till from my heart these words a passage found:
'O bid me not forsake thee, nor impose
What wretched Philoctetes must refuse.
By him I swear, whose presence now proclaim
The thunder's awful voice and forked flame,
Beneath whose steps the trembling desert quakes,
And Earth affrighted to her centre shakes;
I never will forsake thee, but remain
While struggling life these ruin'd limbs retain:
No form of fate shall drive me from thy side,
Nor death with all its terrours e'er divide;
Though the same stroke our mortal lives should end,
One flash consume us, and our ashes blend.'

"'I spoke; and to the cloudy steep we turn'd
Along its brow the kindled forest burn'd.
The savage brood, descending to the plains,
The scatter'd flocks and dread distracted swains,
Rush'd from the shaking cliffs: we saw them come,
In wild disorder mingled, through the gloom.
And now appear'd the desert's lofty head,
A narrow rock with forest thinly spread.
His mighty hands display'd aloft in air,
To Jove the hero thus address'd a pray'r
'Hear me, dread pow'r! whose nod controls the skies,
At whose command the winged lightning flies:

Almighty sire! if yet you deign to own
Alcmena's wretched offspring as your son;
Some comfort in my agony impart,
And bid thy forked thunder rend this heart:
Round my devoted head it idly plays;
And aids the fire, which wastes me, with its rays:
By heat inflam'd, this robe exerts its pow'r,
My scorched limbs to shrivel and devour;
Upon my shoulders, like a dragon, clings,
And fixes in my flesh a thousand stings.
Great sire! in pity to my suit attend,
And with a sudden stroke my being end.'

"'As thus the hero pray'd, the lightning ceas'd,
And thicker darkness all the hill embrac'd.
He saw his suit deny'd: in fierce despair,
The rooted pines he tore, and cedars fair;
And from the crannies of the rifted rocks,
Twisted with force immense the stubborn oaks.
Of these upon the cliff a heap he laid,
And thus address'd me, as I stood dismay'd:
'Behold, my friend! the ruler of the skies,
In agony invok'd, my suit denies:
But sure the oracle inspir'd from Heaven,
Which in Dodona's sacred grove was given,
The truth declar'd: that now my toils shall cease,
And all my painful labours end in peace:
Peace, death can only bring: the raging smart,
Wrapt with my vitals, mocks each healing art.
Not all the plants that clothe the verdant field,
Nor all the health a thousand mountains yield,
Which on their tops the sage physician finds,
Or digging from the veins of flint unbinds,
This fire can quench. And therefore, to obey
My last commands, prepare without delay.
When on this pile you see my limbs compos'd,
Shrink not, but hear what must not be oppos'd;
Approach, and, with an unrelenting hand,
Fix, in the boughs beneath, a flaming brand.
I must not longer trust this madding pain,
Lest some rash deed should all my glory stain.
Lychas I slew upon the Cœnian shore,
Who knew not, sure, the fatal gift he bore:
His guilt had taught him else to fly, nor wait,
Till from my rage he found a sudden fate.
I will not Deianira's action blame;
Let Heav'n decide, which only knows her aim:
Whether from hate, with treacherous intent,
This fatal garment to her lord she sent;
Or, by the cunning of a foe betray'd,
His vengeance, thus imprudently convey'd.
If this, or that, I urge not my command,
Nor claim her fate from thy avenging hand:
To lodge my lifeless bones, is all I crave,
Safe and uninjur'd in the peaceful grave.'

"'This with a hollow voice and alter'd look,
In agony extreme, the hero spoke.
I pour'd a flood of sorrow, and withdrew,
Amid the kindled groves, to pluck a bough;
With which the structure at the base I fir'd:
On ev'ry side the pointed flames aspir'd.
But ere involving smoke the pile enclos'd,
I saw the hero on the top repos'd;
Serene as one who, near the fountain laid,
At noon enjoys the cool refreshing shade.
The venom'd garment hiss'd; its touch the fires
Avoiding, slop'd oblique their pointed spires:
On ev'ry side the parted flame withdrew,
And level'd, round the burning structure flew.
At last victorious to the top they rose;
Firm and unmov'd the hero saw them close.
His soul unfetter'd, sought the blest abodes,
By virtue rais'd to mingle with the gods.
His bones in earth, with pious hands, I laid;
The place to publish nothing shall persuade;
Lest tyrants now unaw'd, and men unjust,
With insults, should profane his sacred dust.
E'er since, I haunt this solitary den,
Retir'd from all the busy paths of men;
For these wild mountains only suit my state,
And sooth, with kindred gloom, my deep regret.'

"He ended thus: amazement long suppress'd
My voice; but Cleon answ'ring thus address'd:
'Brave youth! you offer, to our wond'ring ears,
Events more awful than tradition bears.
Fix'd in my mind the hero's fate remains,
I see his agonies, and feel his pains.
Yet suffer, that for hapless Thebes I mourn,
Whose fairest hopes the envious fates o'erturn.
If great Alcides liv'd, her tow'rs should stand
Safe and protected by his mighty hand:
On you, brave youth! our second hopes depend;
To you the arms of Hercules descend.
He did not, sure, those glorious gifts bestow,
The shafts invincible, the mighty bow;
From which the innocent protection claim,
To dye the hills with blood of savage game.
Such toils as these your glory ne'er can raise,
Nor crown your merit with immortal praise;
And with the great Alcides place your name,
To stand distinguish'd in the rolls of fame.'

"The hero thus. The son of Pœan said:
'Myself, my arms, I offer for your aid;
If fav'ring from the skies, the signs of Jove
Confirm what thus I purpose and approve.
For when Alcides, with his last commands,
His bow and shafts committed to my hands;
In all attempts he charg'd me to proceed
As Jove by signs and auguries should lead.
But these the rising Sun will best disclose;
The season now invites to soft repose.'

"He said; and, from the hearth a flaming bough,
To light us through the shady cavern, drew.
Far in the deep recess, a rocky bed
We found, with skins of mountain monsters spread.
There we compos'd our weary limbs, and lay,
Till darkness fled before the morning ray.
Then rose, and climb'd a promontory steep,
Whose rocky brow, impending o'er the deep,
Shoots high into the air, and lifts the eye,
In boundless stretch, to take a length of sky.
With hands extended to th' ethereal height,
The pow'r we call'd, who rules the realms of light;
That symbols sure his purpose might explain,
Whether the youth should aid us, or refrain:
We pray'd; and on the left along the vales,
With pinions broad display'd, an eagle sails.
As near the ground his level flight he drew,
He stoop'd, and brush'd the thickets as he flew;
When starting from the centre of a brake,
With horrid hiss appear'd a crested snake:
Her young to guard, her venom'd fangs she rear'd;
Above the shrubs her wavy length appear'd;
Against his swift approaches, as he flew,
On ev'ry side her forked tongue she threw,
And armed jaws; but wheeling from the snare
The swift assailant still escap'd in air;
But, stooping from his pitch, at last he tore
Her purple crest, and drew a stream of gore.
She writh'd; and, in the fierceness of her pain,
Shook the long thickets with her twisted train:

Relax'd at last, its spires forgot to roll,
And, in a hiss, she breath'd her fiery soul:
In haste to gorge his prey, the bird of Jove
Down to the bottom of the thicket drove;
The young defenceless from the covert drew;
Devour'd them straight, and to the mountains flew.
This omen seen, another worse we hear;
The subterraneous thunder greets our ear:
The worst of all the signs which augurs know;
A dire prognostic of impending woe.

"Amaz'd we stood, till Philoctetes broke
Our long dejected silence thus, and spoke:
'Warriors of Thebes! the auguries dissuade
My purpose, and withhold me from your aid;
Though pity moves me, and ambition draws,
To share your labours and assert your cause;
In fight the arms of Hercules to show,
And from his native ramparts drive the foe.
But vain it is against the gods to strive;
Whose counsels ruin nations or retrieve;
Without their favour, valour nought avails,
And human prudence self-subverted fails;
For irresistibly their pow'r presides
In all events, and good and ill divides.
Let Thebes assembled at the altars wait,
And long processions crowd each sacred gate;
With sacrifice appeas'd, and humble pray'r,
Their omens frustrated, the gods may spare.
To day, my guests, repose; to morrow sail,
If Heav'n propitious sends a prosp'rous gale:
For, shifting to the south, the western breeze
Forbids you now to trust the faithless seas.'

"The hero thus; in silence sad, we mourn'd;
And to the solitary cave return'd,
Despairing of success; our grief he shar'd,
And for relief a cheering bowl prepar'd;
The vintage which the grape spontaneous yields,
By art untutor'd, on the woodland fields,
He sought with care, and mingled in the bowl
A plant, of pow'r to calm the troubled soul;
Its name nepenthe; swains, on desert ground,
Do often glean it, else but rarely found;
This in the bowl he mix'd; and soon we found,
In soft oblivion, all our sorrows drown'd:
We felt no more the agonies of care,
And hope, succeeding, dawn'd upon despair.
From morn we feasted, till the setting ray
Retir'd, and ev'ning shades expell'd the day;
Then in the dark recesses of the cave,
To slumbers soft, our willing limbs we gave:
But ere the morning, from the east, appear'd,
And sooner than the early lark is heard,
Cleon awak'd, my careless slumber broke,
And bending to my ear, in whispers spoke:
'Dienices! while slumbering thus secure,
We think not what our citizens endure.
The worst the signs have threaten'd, nought appears
With happier aspect to dispel our fears;
Alcides lives not, and his friend in vain
To arms we call, while auguries restrain:
Returning thus, we bring the Theban state
But hopes deceiv'd, and omens of her fate:
Better success our labours shall attend,
Nor all our aims in disappointment end;
If you approve my purpose, nor dissuade
What now I counsel for your country's aid.
Soon as the Sun displays his early beam,
The arms of great Alcides let us claim;
Then for Bœotia's shores direct our sails;
And force must second if persuasion fails:
Against reproach necessity shall plead;
Censure confute, and justify the deed.'

"'The hero thus, and ceas'd: with pity mov'd,
And zeal for Thebes, I rashly thus approv'd.
'You counsel well; but prudence would advise
To work by cunning rather, and surprise,
Than force declar'd; his venom'd shafts you know,
Which fly resistless from th' Herculean bow;
A safe occasion now the silent hour
Of midnight yields; when, by the gentle pow'r
Of careless slumber bound, the hero lies,
Our necessary fraud will 'scape his eyes;
Without the aid of force shall reach its aim,
With danger less incurr'd, and less of blame.'

"I counsel'd thus; and Cleon straight approv'd.
In silence from the dark recess we mov'd; [ashes
Towards the hearth, with wary steps, we came,
The ashes stirr'd, and rous'd the slumb'ring flame.
On ev'ry side in vain we turn'd our eyes,
Nor, as our hopes had promis'd, found the prize:
Till to the couch, where Philoctetes lay,
The quiver led us by its silver ray;
For in a panther's fur together ty'd,
His bow and shafts, the pillow's place supply'd;
Thither I went with careful steps and slow;
And by degrees obtain'd th' Herculean bow:
The quiver next to disengage essay'd;
It stuck entangled, but at last obey'd.
The prize obtain'd, we hasten to the strand,
And rouse the mariners, and straight command
The canvass to unfurl: a gentle gale
Favour'd our course, and fill'd the swelling sail:
The shores retir'd; and when the morning ray
Ascended, from the deep, th' ethereal way;
Upon the right Cenæum's beach appear'd,
And Pelion on the left his summit rear'd.
All day we sail'd; but when the setting light
Approach'd the ocean, from th' Olympian height,
The breeze was hush'd; and, stretch'd across the main,
Like mountains rising on the wat'ry plain,
The clouds collected on the billows stood,
And, with incumbent shade, obscur'd the flood.
Thither a current bore us; soon we found
A night of vapour closing fast around.
Loose hung the empty sail: we ply'd our oars,
And strove to reach Eubœa's friendly shores;
But strove in vain; for erring from the course,
In mazes wide, the rower spent his force.
Seven days and nights we try'd some port to gain,
Where Greek or barb'rous shores exclude the main;
But knew not, whether backwards, or before,
Or on the right, or left, to seek the shore:
Till, rising on the eighth, a gentle breeze
Drove the light fog, and brush'd the curling seas.
Our canvass to its gentle pow'r we spread;
And fix'd our oars, and follow'd as it led.
Before us soon, impending from above,
Through parting clouds, we saw a lofty grove.
Alarm'd, the sail we slacken, and explore
The deeps and shallows of the unknown shore.
Near on the right a winding creek appear'd,
Thither directed by the pole, we steer'd;
And landed on the beach, by fate misled,
Nor knew again the port from which we fled.
The gods themselves deceiv'd us: to our eyes
New caverns open, airy cliffs arise;
That Philoctetes might again possess
His arms, and Heav'n our injury redress.

" The unknown region purpos'd to explore,
Cleon, with me alone, forsakes the shore;
Back to the cave we left, by angry fate
Implicitly conducted, at the gate
The injur'd youth we found; a thick disguise
His native form conceal'd, and mock'd our eyes;
For the black locks in waving ringlets spread,
A wreath of hoary white involv'd his head,
Beneath a load of years, he seem'd to bend,
His breast to sink, his shoulders to ascend.
He saw us straight, and, rising from his seat,
Began with sharp reproaches to repeat
Our crime; but could not thus suspicion give;
So strong is errour when the gods deceive!
We question'd of the country as we came,
By whom inhabited, and what its name;
How far from Thebes: that thither we were bound;
And thus the wary youth our errour found.
Smooth'd to deceive, his accent straight he turn'd,
While in his breast the thirst of vengeance burn'd;
And thinking now his bow and shafts regain'd,
Reply'd with hospitable kindness feign'd:
'On Ida's sacred height, my guests! you stand;
Here Priam rules, in peace, a happy land.
Twelve cities own him, on the Phrygian plain,
Their lord, and twelve fair islands on the main.
From hence to Thebes in seven days space you'll sail,
If Jove propitious sends a prosp'rous gale.
But now accept a homely meal, and deign
To share, what Heav'n affords a humble swain.'
" He said; and brought a bowl with vintage fill'd,
From berries wild, and mountain grapes distill'd,
Of largest size; and plac'd it on a rock,
Under the covert of a spreading oak;
Around it autumn's mellow stores he laid,
Which the Sun ripens, in the woodland shade.
Our thirst and hunger thus at once allay'd,
To Cleon turning, Philoctetes said:
'The bow you wear of such unusual size,
With wonder still I view and curious eyes; [fart,
For length, for thickness, and the workman's
Surpassing all I've seen in ev'ry part.'
" Dissembling, thus inquir'd the wary youth,
And thus your valiant son declar'd the truth:
'Father! the weapon, which you thus commend,
The force of great Alcides once did bend; [du'd,
These shafts the same which monsters fierce sub-
And lawless men with vengeance just pursu'd.'
" The hero thus; and Pœan's son again:
'What now I ask, refuse not to explain:
Whether the hero still exerts his might,
For innocence oppress'd: and injur'd right?
Or yields to fate; and with the mighty dead,
From toil reposes in the Elysian shade!
Sure, if he liv'd, he would not thus forego
His shafts invincible and mighty bow,
By which he oft immortal honour gain'd
For wrongs redress'd and lawless force restrain'd.'
" The rage suppress'd, which in his bosom burn'd,
He question'd thus; and Cleon thus return'd:
'What we have heard of Hercules, I'll show;
What by report we learn'd, and what we know.
From Thebes to Oeta's wilderness we went,
With supplications, to the hero, sent
From all our princes; that he would exert
His matchless valour on his country's part,
Against whose state united foes conspire,
And waste her wide domain with sword and fire.
There on the cliffs, which bound the neighb'ring main,
We found the mansion of a lonely swain;
Much like to this, but that its rocky mouth,
The cooling north respects, as this the south;
And, in a corner of the cave conceal'd,
The club which great Alcides us'd to wield.
Wrapt in his shaggy robe, the lion's spoils,
The mantle which he wore in all his toils.
At ev'ry hunter in the cave appear'd;
From whom the fate of Hercules we heard.
He told us that he saw the chief expire,
That he himself did light his fun'ral fire;
And boasted, that the hero had resign'd,
To him, this bow and quiver, as his friend:
Oft seen before, these deadly shafts we know,
And tipp'd with stars of gold th' Herculean bow:
But of the hero's fate, the tale he told,
Whether 'tis true, I cannot now unfold.'
" He spoke. The youth with indignation burn'd,
Yet calm in outward semblance, thus return'd:
'I must admire the man who could resign
To you, these arms so precious and divine,
Which, to the love of such a friend, he ow'd;
Great was the gift if willingly bestow'd:
By force they could not easily be gain'd,
And fraud, I know, your gen'rous souls disdain'd.'
" Severely smiling, thus the hero spoke;
With conscious shame we heard, nor silence broke:
And thus again: 'The only boon I claim,
Which, to your host deny'd, would merit blame;
Is, that my hands that weapon may embrace,
And on the flaxen cord an arrow place;
An honour which I covet; though we mourn'd,
By great Alcides, once our state o'erturn'd:
When proud Laomedon the hero brav'd,
Nor paid the ransom for his daughter sav'd.'
" Dissembling thus did Philoctetes strive
His instruments of vengeance to retrieve:
And, by the Fates deceiv'd, in evil hour,
The bow and shafts we yielded to his pow'r,
In mirthful mood, provoking him to try
Whether the weapon would his force obey;
For weak he seem'd, like those whose nerves have lost, [boast.
Through age, the vigour which in youth they
The belt around his shoulders first he flung,
And, glitt'ring by his side the quiver hung:
Compress'd with all his force the stubborn yew
He bent, and from the case an arrow drew:
And yielding to his rage in furious mood,
With aim direct against us full he stood, [guise,
For vengeance arm'd; and now the thick dis-
Which veil'd his form before, and mock'd our eyes,
Vanish'd in air; our errour then appear'd; [eyes,
I saw the vengeance of the gods, and fear'd.
Before him on the ground my knees I bow'd,
And, with extended hands, for mercy su'd.
But Cleon, fierce and scorning to entreat,
His weapon drew, and rush'd upon his fate:
For as he came, the fatal arrow flew,
And from his heart the vital current drew:
Supine he fell: and, welling from the wound,
A tide of gore impurpled all the ground.
The son of Pœan stooping drew the dart,
Yet warm with slaughter, from the hero's heart;
And turn'd it full on me: with humble pray'r
And lifted hands, I mov'd him still to spare.

At last he yielded, from his purpose sway'd,
And answer'ring thus in milder accents, said:
'No favour, sure, you merit; and the cause,
Of right infring'd and hospitable laws,
Would justify revenge; but as you claim,
With Hercules, your native soil the same;
I now shall pardon for the hero's sake,
Nor, though the gods approve it, vengeance take:
But straight avoid my presence, and unbind,
With speed, your flying canvass to the wind.
For if again to meet these eyes you come,
No pray'rs shall change, or mitigate your doom.'
" With frowning aspect thus the hero said.
His threats I fear'd, and willingly obey'd.
Straight in his purple robe the dead I bound,
Then to my shoulders rais'd him from the ground:
And, from the hills descending to the bay,
Where anchor'd near the beach our galley lay,
The rest conven'd, with sorrow to relate
This anger of the gods and Cleon's fate:
The hero's fate his bold companions mourn'd,
And ev'ry breast with keen resentment burn'd.
They in their heady transports straight decreed,
His fall with vengeance to requite or bleed.
I fear'd the angry gods; and gave command,
With sail and oar, to fly the fatal strand;
Enrag'd and sad, the mariners obey'd,
Unfurl'd the canvass, and the anchor weigh'd.
Our course, behind, the western breezes sped,
And from the coast with heavy hearts we fled.
All day they favour'd, but with ev'ning ceas'd;
And straight a tempest, from the stormy east,
In opposition full, began to blow,
And rear in ridges high the deep below.
Against its boist'rous sway in vain we strove;
Obliquely to the Thracian coast we drove:
Where Pelion lifts his head aloft in air,
With pointed cliffs and precipices bare;
Thither our course we steer'd, and on the strand
Descending, fix'd our cable to the land.
There twenty days we stay'd, and wish'd, in vain,
A favourable breeze, to cross the main;
For with unceasing rage the tempest rav'd,
And o'er the rocky beach the ocean heav'd.
At last with care the hero's limbs we burn'd,
And, water'd with our tears, his bones inurn'd.
There, where a promontory's height divides,
Extended in the deep, the parted tides,
His tomb is seen, which, from its airy stand,
Marks to the mariner the distant land. [will
" This, princes! is the truth; and though the
Of Heav'n, the sov'reign cause of good and ill,
Has dash'd our hopes, and, for the good in view,
With griefs afflicts us and disasters new;
Yet, innocent of all, I justly claim
To stand exempt from punishment, or blame.
That zeal for Thebes 'gainst hospitable laws
Prevail'd, and ardour in my country's cause,
I freely have confess'd; but sure, if wrong
Was e'er permitted to inducement strong,
This claims to be excus'd: our country's need,
With all who hear it, will for favour plead."
He ended thus. Unable to subdue
His grief, the monarch from the throne withdrew:
In silent wonder fix'd, the rest remain'd;
Till Clytophon the gen'ral sense explain'd:
" Your just defence, we mean not to refuse;
Your prudence censure, or your zeal accuse:
To Heav'n we owe the valiant Cleon's fate,
With each disaster which afflicts the state.
Soon as the Sun forsakes the eastern main,
At ev'ry altar let a bull be slain;
And Thebes assembled move the pow'rs to spare,
With vows of sacrifice and humble pray'r:
But now the night invites to soft repose,
The momentary cure of human woes;
The stars descend; and soon the morning ray
Shall rouse us to the labours of the day."
The hero thus. In silence all approv'd,
And rising, various, from th' assembly mov'd.

THE EPIGONIAD.

BOOK VIII.

Behind the palace, where a stream descends,
Its lonely walks a shady grove extends;
Once sacred, now for common use ordain'd,
By war's wide licence and the ax profan'd:
Thither the monarch, from th' assembly, went
Alone, his fury and despair to vent,
And thus to Heav'n: " Dread pow'r! whose sov'reign sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
From me expect not such applause to hear,
As fawning vot'ries to thine altars bear;
But truth severe. Although the forked brand,
Which for destruction arms thy mighty hand,
Were level'd at my head; a mind I hold,
By present ills, or future, uncontrol'd.
Beneath thy sway, the race of mortals groan;
Felicity sincere is felt by none:
Delusive hope th' unpractis'd mind assails,
And, by ten thousand treach'rous arts, prevails:
Through all the Earth the fair deceiver strays,
And wretched man to misery betrays.
Our crimes you punish, never teach to shun,
When, blind from folly, on our fate we run:
Hence sighs and groans thy tyrant reign confess,
With ev'ry rueful symptom of distress.
Here war unchain'd exerts his wasteful pow'r;
Here famine pines; diseases there devour,
And lead a train of all the ills that know
To shorten life, or lengthen it in woe.
All men are curst; but I, above the rest,
With tenfold vengeance, for my crimes, opprest:
With hostile pow'rs beset my tott'ring reign,
The people wasted, and my children slain;
In swift approach, I see destruction come,
But, with a mind unmov'd, I'll meet my doom;
For know, stern pow'r! whose vengeance has decreed
That Creon, after all his sons, should bleed;
As from the summit of some desert rock,
The sport of tempests, falls the leafless oak,
Of all its honours stript, thou ne'er shalt find,
Weakly submiss, or stupidly resign'd
This dauntless heart; but purpos'd to debate
Thy stern decrees, and burst the chains of fate."
He said; and turning where the herals stand
All night by turns, and wait their lord's command;
Menestheus there and Hegesander found,
And Phæmius sage, for valour once renown'd;
He charg'd them thus: " Beyond the eastern tow'rs,
Summon to meet in arms our martial pow'rs.
In silence let them move; let signs command,
And mute obedience reign through ev'ry hand;
For when the east with early twilight glows,
We rush, from cover'd ambush, on our foes

Secure and unprepar'd: the truce we swore,
Our plighted faith, the seal of wine, and gore,
No ties I hold; all piety disclaim:
Adverse to me the gods, and I to them."
The angry monarch thus his will declar'd;
His rage the heralds fear'd, and straight repair'd
To rouse the warriors. Now the morning light
Begins to mingle with the shades of night:
In every street a glitt'ring stream appears,
Of polish'd helmets mix'd with shining spears:
Towards the eastern gate they drive along,
Nations and tribes, an undistinguish'd throng:
Creon himself superior, in his car,
Receiv'd them coming, and dispos'd the war.
And now the Argives from their tents proceed,
With rites sepulchral to intomb the dead.
The king of men, amid the fun'ral fires,
The chiefs assembles, and the work inspires.
And thus the Pylian sage, in counsel wise:
"Princes! I view, with wonder and surprise,
Yon field abandon'd, where the foe pursu'd
Their fun'ral rites before, with toil renew'd:
Not half their dead interr'd, they now abstain,
And silence reigns through all the smoky plain:
Thence jealousy and fear possess my mind
Of faith infring'd, and treach'ry design'd:
Behind those woody heights, behind those tow'rs,
I dread, in ambush laid, the Theban pow'rs;
With purpose to assault us, when they know
That we, confiding, least expect a foe:
Let half the warriors arm, and stand prepar'd,
From sudden violence, the host to guard;
While, in the mournful rites, the rest proceed,
Due to the honour'd reliques of the dead."
Thus as he spoke; approaching from afar,
The hostile pow'rs, embattled for the war,
Appear'd; and streaming from their polish'd shields
A blaze of splendour brighten'd all the fields.
And thus the king of men, with lifted eyes,
And both his hands extended to the skies:
"Ye pow'rs supreme! whose unresisted sway
The fate of men and mortal things obey!
Let all the plagues, which perjury attend,
At once, and sudden, on our foes descend:
Let not the sacred seal of wine and gore,
The hands we plighted, and the oaths we swore,
Be now in vain; but, from your bright abodes,
Confound the bold despisers of the gods."
He pray'd; and nearer came the hostile train,
With swift approach advancing on the plain;
Embattled thick; as when, at fall of night,
A shepherd, from some promontory's height,
Approaching from the deep, a fog descries,
Which hov'ring lightly o'er the billows flies;
By breezes borne, the solid soon it gains,
Climbs the steep hills, and darkens all the plains:
Silent and swift the Theban pow'rs drew near;
The chariots led, a phalanx clos'd the rear.
Confusion straight through all the host arose,
Stirr'd like the ocean when a tempest blows.
Some arm for fight; the rest to terrour yield,
Inactive stand, or trembling quit the field.
On ev'ry side, assaults the deafen'd ear
The discord loud of tumult, rage, and fear.
Superior in his car, with ardent eyes,
The king of men through all the army flies;
The rash restrains, the cold with courage fires,
And all with hope and confidence inspires;
As when the deep, in liquid mountains hurl'd,
Assaults the rocky limits of the world;
When tempests with unlicens'd fury rave,
And sweep from shore to shore the flying wave:
If he to whom each pow'r of ocean bends,
To quell such uproar, from the deep ascends,
Serene, amidst the wat'ry war, he rides,
And fixes, with his voice, the moving tides:
Such seem'd the monarch. From th' Olympian height
The martial maid precipitates her flight;
To aid her fav'rite host the goddess came,
Mentor she seem'd, her radiant arms the same;
Who with Ulysses brought a chosen band
Of warriors from the Cephalenian strand;
Already arm'd the valiant youth she found,
And arming for the fight his warriors round.
And thus began: "Brave prince! our foes appear
For battle order'd, and the fight is near.
Dauntless they come superior and elate,
While fear unmans us, and resigns to fate.
Would some immortal from th' Olympian height
Descend, and for a moment stop the fight;
From sad dejection rous'd, and cold despair,
We yet might arm us, and for war prepare;
But if on human aid we must depend,
Nor hope to see the fav'ring gods descend,
Great were the hero's praise, who now could boast
From ruin imminent to save the host!
The danger near some prompt expedient claims,
And prudence triumphs oft in worst extremes."
Thus, in a form assum'd, the martial maid;
The generous warrior, thus replying, said:
"In youth, I cannot hope to win the praise,
With which experience crowns a length of days:
Weak are the hopes that on my counsels stand,
To combats new, nor practis'd in command:
But as the gods, to save a sinking state,
Or snatch an army from the jaws of fate,
When prudence stands confounded, oft suggest
A prompt expedient to some vulgar breast;
To your discerning ear I shall expose
What now my mind excites me to disclose.
Sav'd from th' unfinish'd honours of the slain,
The mingled spoils of forests load the plain;
In heaps contiguous, round the camp they lie,
A fence too weak to stop the enemy:
But if we mix them with the seeds of fire,
Which unextinguish'd glow in ev'ry pyre,
Against the foe a sudden wall shall rise,
Of flame and smoke ascending to the skies:
The steed dismay'd shall backward hurl the car;
Mix with the phalanx, and confound the war."
He said. The goddess, in her conscious breast,
A mother's triumph for a son possess'd,
Who emulates his sire in glorious deeds,
And, with his virtue, to his fame succeeds:
Graceful the goddess turn'd, and with a voice,
Bold and superior to the vulgar noise,
O'er all the field commands the woods to fire;
Straight to obey a thousand hands conspire.
On ev'ry side the spreading flame extends,
And, roll'd in cloudy wreaths, the smoke ascends.
Creon beheld; enrag'd to be withstood;
Like some fierce lion when he meets a flood
Or trench defensive, which his rage restrains
For flocks unguarded, left by careless swains;
O'er all the field he sends his eyes afar,
To mark fit entrance for a pointed war:
Near on the right a narrow space he found,
Where fun'ral ashes smok'd upon the ground:
Thither the warriors of the Theban host,
Whose martial skill he priz'd and valour most,

The monarch sent, Chalcidamus the strong,
Who from fair Thespia led his martial throng,
Where Helicon erects his verdant head,
And crowns the champaign with a lofty shade:
Oechalia's chief was added to the band,
For valour fam'd and skilful in command;
Erithæus, with him, his brother, came,
Of worth unequal, and unequal fame.
Rhesus, with these, the Thracian leader, went,
To merit fame, by high achievements, bent;
Of stature tall, he scorns the pointed spear,
And crushes with his mace the ranks of war:
With him twelve leaders of his native train,
In combats, taught the bounding steed to rein,
By none surpass'd who boast superior skill
To send the winged arrow swift to kill,
Mov'd to the fight. The rest of vulgar name,
Though brave in combat, were unknown to fame.
Their bold invasion dauntless to oppose,
Full in the midst, the bulk of Ajax rose;
Unarm'd he stood; but, in his mighty hand,
Brandish'd, with gesture fierce, a burning brand,
Snatch'd from the ashes of a fun'ral fire;
An olive's trunk, five cubit lengths entire.
Arm'd for the fight, the Cretan monarch stood;
And Merion, thirsting still for hostile blood;
The prince of Ithaca, with him who led
The youth, in Sycion, and Pellene, bred.
But ere they clos'd, the Thracian leader prest,
With eager courage, far before the rest;
Him Ajax met, inflam'd with equal rage:
Between the wond'ring hosts the chiefs engage;
Their weighty weapons round their heads they throw,
And swift, and heavy falls each thund'ring blow;
As when in Ætna's caves the giant brood,
The one-ey'd servants of the Lemnian god,
In order round the burning anvil stand,
And forge, with weighty strokes, the forked brand:
The shaking hills their fervid toil confess,
And echoes rattling through each dark recess:
So rag'd the fight; their mighty limbs they strain;
And oft their pond'rous maces fall in vain:
For neither chief was destin'd yet to bleed;
But fate at last the victory decreed.
The Salaminian hero aim'd a stroke,
Which thund'ring on the Thracian helmet broke;
Stunn'd by the boist'rous shock, the warrior reel'd
With giddy poise, then sunk upon the field.
Their leader to defend, his native train
With speed advance, and guard him on the plain.
Against his foe, their threat'ning lances rise,
And aim'd at once, a storm of arrows flies;
Around the chief on ev'ry side they sing;
One in his shoulder fix'd its barbed sting.
Amaz'd he stood, nor could the fight renew;
But slow and sullen from the foe withdrew.
Straight to the charge Idomeneus proceeds,
With hardy Merion, try'd in martial deeds,
Laertes' valiant son, and he who led
The youth in Sycion, and Pellene, bred;
With force united, these the foe sustain,
And wasteful havoc loads the purple plain:
In doubtful poise the scales of combat sway'd,
And various fates alternately obey'd.
But now the flames, which barr'd th' invading foe,
Sunk to the wasted wood, in ashes glow; [smade,
Thebes rushes to the fight; their polish'd shields
Gleam through the smoke, and brighten all the fields;
Thick fly the embers, where the coursers tread,
And cloudy volumes all the welkin shade.
The king of men, to meet the tempest, fires
His wav'ring bands, and valour thus inspires.
"Gods! shall one fatal hour deface the praise
Of all our sleepless nights, and bloody days?
Shall no just meed for all our toils remain?
Our labours, blood, and victories in vain?
Shall Creon triumph, and his impious brow
Claim the fair wreath, to truth and valour due?
No, warriors! by the heav'nly pow'rs, is weigh'd
Justice with wrong, in equal balance laid:
From Jove's high roof depend th' eternal scales,
Wrong mounts defeated still, and right prevails.
Fear then no odds; on Heav'n itself depend,
Which falsehood will confound, and truth defend."
He said; and sudden in the shock they close,
Their shields and helmets ring with mutual blows:
Disorder dire the mingling ranks confounds,
And shouts of triumph mix with dying sounds;
As fire, with wasteful conflagration, spreads,
And kindles, in its course, the woodland shades,
When, shooting sudden from the clouds above,
On some thick forest fall the flames of Jove;
The lofty oaks, the pines and cedars burn,
Their verdant honours all to ashes turn;
Loud roars the tempest; and the trembling swains
See the wide havoc of the wasted plains:
Such seem'd the conflict; such the dire alarms,
From shouts of battle mix'd with din of arms.
Phericles, first, Lycaon's valiant son,
The sage whose counsels propp'd the Theban throne,
Rose in the fight, superior to the rest,
And brave Demoleon's fall his might confest,
The chief and leader of a valiant band,
From fair Eione and th' Asinian strand.
Next Asius, Iphitus, and Crates fell;
Terynthian Podius trode the path to Hell:
And Schedius, from Mazeta's fruitful plain,
Met there his fate, and perish'd with the slain.
Aw'd by their fall, the Argive bands give way;
As yields some rampart to the ocean's sway,
Whe n rous'd to rage, it scorns opposing mounds,
And sweeps victorious through forbidden grounds.
But Pallas, anxious for her fav'rite host,
Their best already wounded, many lost,
Ulysses sought: she found him, in the rear,
Wounded and faint, and leaning on his spear.
And thus in Mentor's form; "Brave prince! I dread
Our hopes defeated, and our fall decreed:
For conqu'ring on the right the foe prevails,
And all defence against their fury fails;
While here, in doubtful poise, the battle sways,
And various fates alternately obeys;
If great Tydides, who beholds from far
Our danger imminent, yet shuns the war,
Held by resentment, or some cause unknown,
Regardless of our safety and his own,
Would rise to aid us; yet we might respire,
And Creon, frustrated, again retire.
Great were his praise, who could the chief persuade,
In peril so extreme, the host to aid.
The fittest you, who boast the happy skill,
With pleasing words, to move the fixed will:
Though Nestor justly merits equal fame,
A friend the soonest will a friend reclaim."
And thus Ulysses to the martial maid:
"I cannot hope the hero to persuade:

The source unknown from which his rage proceeds,
Reason in vain from loose conjecture pleads;
The fatal truce, with faithless Creon made,
Provokes him not, nor holds him from our aid;
He easily resign'd whate'er he mov'd,
Till now, approving as the rest approv'd,
Some dire disaster, some disgrace unseen,
Confounds his steady temper, else serene:
But with my utmost search, I'll strive to find
The secret griefs which wound his gen'rous mind;
If drain'd of blood, and spent with toils of war,
My weary limbs can bear their load so far."
He spoke; his words the martial maid admir'd;
With energy divine his breast inspir'd;
Lightly the hero mov'd, and took his way
Where broad encamp'd th' Etolian warriors lay:
Already arm'd he found the daring band,
Fierce and impatient of their lord's command;
Some, murm'ring, round the king's pavilion stood,
While others, more remote, complain'd aloud:
With pleasing words he sooth'd them as he went,
And sought their valiant leader in his tent:
Him pond'ring deep in his distracted mind,
He found, and sitting sad, with head declin'd.
He thus address'd him: "Will the news, I bring,
Afflict, or gratify, th' Etolian king?
'That wav'ring on the brink of foul defeat,
Without the hopes of success or retreat,
Our valiant bands th' unequal fight maintain;
Their best already wounded, many slain.'
If treach'rous Thebes has brib'd you with her store,
And bought the venal faith which once you swore;
Has promis'd precious ore, or lovely dames,
And pays to lust the price which treason claims:
Name but the proffers of the perjur'd king,
And more, and better, from your friends I'll bring;
Vast sums of precious ore, and greater far
Than Thebes, in peace, had treasur'd for the war;
Or, though, to gratify thy boundless mind,
Her private wealth and public were combin'd.
If beauty's pow'r your am'rous heart inflames,
Unrival'd are Achaia's lovely dames;
Her fairest dames Adrastus shall bestow,
And purchase thus the aid you freely owe.
Gods! that our armies e'er should need to fear
Destruction, and the son of Tydeus near!"
Ulysses thus; and Tydeus' son again:
"Your false reproaches aggravate my pain
Too great already: in my heart I feel
Its venom'd sting, more sharp than pointed steel.
No bribe persuades, or promise from the foe,
My oath to vi'late, and the war forego:
In vain for this were all the precious store,
Which trading Zidon wafts from shore to shore;
With all that rich Iberia yet contains,
Safe and unrifled in her golden veins.
The source from which my miseries arise,
The cause, which to the host my aid denies,
With truth I shall relate; and hope to claim
Your friendly sympathy, for groundless blame.
In yonder walls a captive maid remains,
To me more dear than all the world contains;
Fairer she is than nymph was ever fair;
Pallas in stature and majestic air;
As Venus soft, with Cynthia's sprightly grace,
When on Taigetus she leads the chase,
Or Erymanthus; while in fix'd amaze,
At awful distance held, the satyrs gaze.
With oaths divine our plighted faith we bound;
Hymen had soon our mutual wishes crown'd;
When, call'd to arms, against the Theban tow'rs,
From Calydon I led my martial pow'rs.
Her female form in martial arms conceal'd,
With me she brav'd the terrours of the field:
Unknown and unrewarded, from my side
No toil could drive her, and no shock divide.
But now proud Thebes injuriously detains
The lovely virgin, lock'd in hostile chains;
Doom'd and reserv'd to perish, for my sake,
If of your counsels, I, or works, partake;
Till twenty mornings in the east shall rise,
And twenty ev'nings gild the western skies.
See then the cause which holds me, and confines
My arm, to aid you, though my heart inclines;
Love mix'd with pity, whose restraints I feel
Than adamant more strong, and links of steel."
The hero thus. Laertes' son reply'd:
"Oft have I heard what now is verify'd;
That still when passion reigns without control,
Its sway confounds and darkens all the soul.
If Thebes, by perjury, the gods provok'd,
The vengeance slighted, by themselves invok'd;
Assaulted us, secure, with hostile arms,
And mix'd our pious rites with dire alarms:
With better faith, by faithless Creon sway'd,
Will they at last restore the captive maid?
When from their battlements and lofty spires,
They see their champaign shine with hostile fires;
And, pitch'd around them, hosts of armed foes,
With strict embrace, their straiten'd walls enclose;
The gods they scorn as impotent, and vain:
What will they do, when you alone remain?
Our princes fall'n, the vulgar warriors fled,
Shall to your tent the captive fair be led?
Or rather must you see her matchless charms,
Reserv'd to bless some happier rival's arms:
While rage and jealousy divide your breast,
No present friend to pity or assist?
Now rather rise; and, ere it is too late,
Rescue our armies from impending fate.
The captive maid uninjur'd you'll regain;
Force oft obtains what justice asks in vain.
With success thus your wishes shall be crown'd,
Which trust in Thebes would frustrate and confound."
Ulysses thus: his weighty words inclin'd,
Long tortur'd with suspense, the hero's mind;
As settling winds the moving deep control,
And teach the wav'ring billows how to roll.
Straight from his seat th' Etolian warrior rose;
His mighty limbs the martial greaves enclose;
His breast and thighs in polish'd steel he dress'd;
A plumed helmet next his temples press'd:
From the broad baldric, round his shoulders flung,
His shining sword and starry falchion hung:
The spear he last assum'd, and pond'rous shield,
With martial grace, and issu'd to the field:
To mingle in the fight, with eager haste
He rush'd, nor call'd his warriors as he past.
Ulysses these conven'd; his prudent care
Their ranks dispos'd, and led them to the war.
Afar distinguish'd by his armour bright,
With shouts Tydides rous'd the ling'ring fight;

Through all the host his martial voice resounds,
And ev'ry heart with kindling ardour bounds;
As when the Sun ascends, with gladsome ray,
To light the weary trav'ler on his way;
Or cheer the mariner by tempests tost
Amidst the dangers of some per'lous coast:
So to his wishing friends Tydides came;
Their danger such before, their joy the same.
Phericles saw; and, springing from the throng,
Call'd the bold Thebans, as he rush'd along:
"Ye gen'rous youths! whom fair Bœotia breeds,
The nurse of valour and heroic deeds;
Let not, though oft renew'd, these tedious toils
Your martial ardour quench, and damp your souls.
Tydides comes; and leads, in armour bright,
His native bands, impatient for the fight;
Myself the first the hero's arm shall try,
And teach you how to conquer, or to die.
We strive not now, as when, in days of peace,
Some prince's hymeneal rites to grace,
In listed fields bedew'd with fragrant oil,
In combat feign'd, the mimic warriors toil;
Alike the victors, and the vanquish'd fare,
And genial feasts, to both, conclude the war:
We now must conquer; or it stands decreed
That Thebes shall perish, and her people bleed.
No hopes of peace remain; nor can we find
New gods to witness, or new oaths to bind,
The first infring'd: and therefore must prepare
To stand or perish by the lot of war:
Then let us all undaunted brave our fate:
To stop is doubtful, desp'rate to retreat."
The hero thus; and to the battle led;
Like Mars, he seem'd, in radiant armour clad,
Tow'ring sublime; behind his ample shield,
He mov'd to meet Tydides on the field:
As when at noon, descending to the rills,
Two herds encounter, from the neighb'ring hills;
Before the rest, the rival bulls prepare,
With awful prelude, for th' approaching war;
With desp'rate horns they plough the smoking ground;
Their hideous roar the hollow caves resound;
Heav'd o'er their backs the streaming sand ascends;
Their stern encounter both the herds suspends:
So met the chiefs; and such amazement quell'd
The rest, and in suspense the combat held.
Tydides first his weighty weapon threw,
Wide of the mark with erring force it flew.
Phericles! thine succeeds with happier aim,
Full to the center of the shield it came:
But slightly join'd, unequal to the stroke,
Short from the steel, the staff in splinters broke.
With grief Tydides saw his aim deceiv'd;
From off the field a pond'rous rock he heav'd;
With figures rude of antique sculpture grac'd,
It mark'd the reliques of a man deceas'd.
Push'd at his foe the weighty mass he flung;
Thund'ring it fell; the Theban helmet rung:
Deep with the brain the dinted steel it mix'd,
And lifeless, on the ground, the warrior fix'd.
Aw'd by his fall, the Theban bands retire;
As flocks defenceless shun a lion's ire;
At once they yield, unable to withstand
The wide destruction of Tydides' hand.
Disorder soon, the form of war confounds,
And shouts of triumph mix with dying sounds.
Creon perceiv'd, where ruling on the right
In equal poise he held the scales of fight,
Blaspheming Heav'n, he impiously resign'd,
To stern despair, his unsubmitting mind:
Yet, vers'd in all the various turns of fate,
The brisk assault to rule, or safe retreat,
He drew his firm battalions from the foe,
In martial order, regularly slow.
The Argive leaders, thund'ring in the rear,
Still forwards on the yielding squadrons bear:
The strife with unabated fury burns,
They stop, they combat, and retreat by turns;
As the grim lion sourly leaves the plains,
By dogs compell'd, and bands of armed swains;
Indignant to his woody haunts he goes,
And with retorted glare restrains his foes.
Mean while Tydides, near the Cadmean gate,
Urg'd with incessant toil the work of fate;
Towards the walls, an undistinguish'd throng,
The victors and the vanquish'd, rush'd along.
Access to both the guarded wall denies;
From ev'ry tow'r, a storm of jav'lins flies;
Thick as the hail descends, when Boreas flings
The rattling tempest from his airy wings:
So thick the jav'lins fell, and pointed spears;
Behind them close, another host appears,
In order'd columns rang'd, by Creon led:
Ulysses saw; and thus to Diomed:
"Bold as you are, avoid these guarded tow'rs,
From loose pursuit recal your scatter'd pow'rs:
See Creon comes; his thick embattled train,
In phalanx join'd, approaches from the plain.
Here if we stay th' unequal fight to prove,
The tow'rs and ramparts threaten from above
With darts and stones; while to th' invading foe,
In order loose, our scatter'd ranks we show;
Nor by your matchless valour hope, in vain,
Such odds to conquer, and the fight maintain;
Against an army single force must lose;
Immod'rate courage still like folly shows.
See where into the field yon turret calls,
Drawn to a point the long-extended walls:
There force your way, and speedily regain
The space, and safety of the open plain."
Ulysses thus; and, by his prudence sway'd,
The martial son of Tydeus straight obey'd.
Thrice to the height the hero rais'd his voice,
Loud as the silver trumpet's martial noise,
The signal of retreat; his warriors heard,
And round their chief in order'd ranks appear'd,
Drawn from the mingled tumult of the plain;
As, sever'd on the floor, the golden grain
Swells to a heap; while, whirling through the skies,
The dusty chaff in thick disorder flies;
Tydides leads; between the guarded tow'rs
And hostile ranks, he draws his martial pow'rs
Towards the plain; as mariners, with oar
And sail, avoid some promontory's shore;
When, caught between the ocean and the land,
A sudden tempest bears them on the strand;
The stem opposing to its boist'rous sway,
They shun the cape and stretch into the bay:
So scap'd Tydides. Cover'd by their tow'rs,
In safety stood retir'd the Theban pow'rs;
For from above an iron tempest rain'd,
And the incursions of the foe restrain'd.

THE

EPIGONIAD.

BOOK IX.

And now the king of men his army calls
Back from the danger of th' impending walls;
They quit the combat, and in order long
The field possess, a phalanx deep and strong.
Rank following rank, the Theban squadrons move
Still to the rampart, and the tow'rs above:
Creon himself, unwilling, quits the field,
Enrag'd, defeated, and constrain'd to yield:
'Gainst all his foes, his indignation burns,
But first on Diomed its fury turns.
He call'd a vulgar warrior from the crowd,
A villain dark, and try'd in works of blood,
Erembus nam'd, of huge gigantic size, [eyes;
With cloudy features mark'd, and down-cast
Cold and inactive still in combat found,
Nor wont to kindle at the trumpet's sound;
But bold in villany when pow'r commands;
A weapon fitted for a tyrant's hands. [sword,
And thus the wrathful monarch: "Take this
A sign, to all my servants, from their lord;
And hither bring the fair Etolian's head;
I, who command you, will reward the deed:
But let not pity, or remorse, prevail;
Your own shall answer, if in aught you fail."
He said; the murth'rer, practis'd to obey,
The royal sword receiv'd, and took his way
Straight to the palace, where the captive fair,
Of hope bereft, and yielding to despair,
Lamenting sat. Their mutual griefs to blend,
The queen and all the royal maids attend.
And thus the queen: "Fair stranger! shall your
All hopes reject of comfort and relief? [grief
Your woes I've measur'd, all your sorrows known;
And find them light when balanc'd with my own.
In one sad day my valiant sire I mourn'd;
My brother slain; my native walls o'erturn'd;
Myself a captive, destin'd to fulfil,
In servile drudgery, a master's will;
Yet to a fall so low, the gods decreed
This envy'd height of greatness to succeed.
The pow'rs above, for purposes unknown,
Oft raise the fall'n, and bring the lofty down;
Elude the vigilance of all our care:
Our surest hopes deceive, and mock despair.
Let no desponding thoughts your mind possess,
To banish hope, the med'cine of distress:
For nine short days your freedom will restore,
And break the bondage which you thus deplore.
But I, alas! unhappy still, must mourn
Joys once possess'd, which never can return;
Four valiant sons, who perish'd on the plain
In this dire strife, a fifth on Oeta slain:
These shall return to bless my eyes no more;
The grave's dark mansion knows not to restore,
For time, which bids so oft the solar ray
Repeat, with light renew'd, th' ethereal way,
And from the soil, by heat and vernal winds,
To second life the latent plant unbinds,
Again to flourish, nurs'd by wholesome dews,
Never to mortal man his life renews.
These griefs are sure; but others still I fear;
A royal husband lost, and bondage near;
Myself, my daughters, dragg'd by hostile hands,
Our dignity exchang'd for servile bands:
All this the gods may purpose, and fulfil;
And we with patience must endure their will."
As thus Laodice her sorrow try'd
With sympathy to sooth; the maid reply'd:
"Great queen! on whom the sov'reign pow'rs
A gen'rous heart to feel another's woe; [bestow
Let still untouch'd through life your honours last,
With happier days to come for sorrows past!
Yet strive not thus a hopeless wretch to cheer,
Whom sure conjecture leads the worst to fear.
Shall Diomed a public cause forego,
His faithful friends betray, and trust a foe?
By treachery behold the host o'erthrown,
Renounce the public interest and his own?
Shall kings and armies, in the balance laid,
Avail not to out-weigh a single maid?
One, whom his fury falsely did reprove
For crimes unknown, whose only crime was love?
No, sure ere this he triumphs in the field;
Your armies to his matchless valour yield:
And soon submitting to the fatal blow,
This head must gratify a vanquish'd foe.
If symbols e'er the secret fates explain,
If visions do not always warn in vain,
If dreams do ever true prognostics prove,
And dreams, the sages say, descend from Jove,
My fate approaches: late at dead of night;
My veins yet freeze with horrour and affright!
I thought that, all forsaken and alone,
Pensive I wander'd far through ways unknown;
A gloomy twilight, neither night nor day,
Frown'd on my steps, and sadden'd all the way:
Long dreary vales I saw on ev'ry side,
And caverns sinking deep, with entrance wide;
On ragged cliffs the blasted forests hung;
Her baleful note the boding screech-owl sung.
At last, with many a weary step, I found
This melancholy country's outmost bound,
An ocean vast: upon a cliff I stood,
And saw, beneath me far, the sable flood;
No islands rose the dull expanse to grace,
And nought was seen, through all the boundless space, [frown'd,
But low-brow'd clouds, which on the billows
And, in a night of shade, the prospect drown'd.
The winds, which seem'd around the cliffs to blow,
With doleful cadence, utter'd sounds of woe,
Wafting, from ev'ry cave and dreary den,
The wail of infants mix'd with groans of men:
Amaz'd, on ev'ry side my eyes I turn,
And see depending from the craggy bourn
Wretches unnumber'd; some the mould'ring soil, [toil;
Some grasp'd the slipp'ry rock, with fruitless
Some hung suspended by the roots, which pass
Through crannies of the cliffs, or wither'd grass.
Still from the steep they plung'd into the main;
As from the eves descends the trickling rain.
Amaz'd I turn'd, and strove in vain to fly;
Thickets oppos'd, and precipices high
To stop my flight: and, from the airy steep,
A tempest snatch'd, and hurl'd me to the deep.
The sudden violence my slumber broke;
The waves I seem'd to touch, and straight awoke.
With sleep the vision fled; but, in my mind,
Imprinted deep, its image left behind.

For had the frightful scene which fancy drew,
And what I seem'd to suffer, all been true;
Had fate appear'd, in blackest colours dress'd,
No deeper had its horrours been impress'd.
When thus the gods by certain symbols warn,
And sure, from dreams, their purposes we learn,
No blame I merit, that to fear resign'd,
Fate's dead approach sits heavy on my mind."
Cassandra thus; Laodice again:
"Futurity, in dreams, we seek in vain;
For oft, from thoughts disturb'd, such phantoms rise,
As fogs from marshes climb, to blot the skies:
With a dark veil, the cheerful face of day
They sadden, and eclipse the solar ray;
But soon, in dews and soft descending rains,
Fall to refresh the mountains and the plains.
For Diomed's offence you ne'er can bleed;
Favour, your sex and innocence will plead,
Ev'n with the worst: nor will a gen'rous foe
His rage, in cruelty and baseness, show.
Now to the tow'rs I haste, to view from far
The danger or success of this day's war.
Let Clymene with me the walls ascend;
The rest at home domestic cares attend."
She ended thus; and from her seat arose;
The royal maid attends her, as she goes
Towards the western gate; where full to view
Expos'd, the armies and the camp she knew.
And now appear'd within the lofty gate,
By Creon sent, the messenger of fate.
His shining blade, for execution bar'd,
And aspect dark, his purpose straight declar'd.
Alarm'd at once the royal virgins rise,
And scatt'ring, fill the dome with female cries:
But, bolder from despair, Cassandra staid,
And to th' assassin thus, undaunted, said:
"Approach! divide this neck with deathful steel,
A tyrant's vassal no remorse should feel.
O Diomed! let this example prove,
In man, that stubborn honour conquers love:
With weight superior, great ambition draws
The scale for glory, and a public cause.
I blame thee not for this; nor will impeach
A great example, which I could not reach:
For had whole armies, in the balance laid,
And kings and mighty states with thee been weigh'd,
And I the judge appointed to decree,
They all had perished to ransom thee."
Cassandra thus; and for the blow prepar'd,
With both her hands, her shining neck she bar'd,
And round her head a purple garment roll'd,
With leaves of silver mark'd, and flow'rs of gold.
Rais'd for the stroke, the glitt'ring falchion hung,
And swift descending, bore the head along.
A tide of gore, diffus'd in purple streams,
Dashes the wall, and o'er the pavement swims,
Prone to the ground the headless trunk reclines,
And life, in long convulsive throbs, resigns.
Now on the open plain before the walls,
The king of men the chiefs to council calls.
And Diomed, with secret griefs oppress'd,
Impatient, thus the public ear address'd:
"Confed'rate kings! and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command!
What holds us, and restrains our martial pow'rs;
While haughty Thebes insults us, from her tow'rs?
In vain we conquer thus, and bleed in vain,
If victory but yields the empty plain.
Behind his walls, perfidious Creon lies,
And safely meditates a new surprise:
When on the urn our pious tears we pour;
Or mirth disarms us, and the genial hour;
No, let us rather, now when fortune calls,
With bold assault, attempt to mount the walls;
Myself the first a chosen band shall lead,
Where yon low rampart sinks into the mead:
There will I gain the battlements, and lay,
For others to succeed, an open way,
If bars of steel have force their works to tear,
Or, from their hinges heav'd the gates can bear."
Tydides thus. His counsel to oppose,
The leader of the Cretan warriors rose:
"Confed'rate kings: and thou, whose sov'reign hand
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command!
Let not Tydides now, with martial rage,
In measures hot and rash, the host engage.
To sober reason, still let passion yield,
Nor here, admit the ardour of the field:
If Thebes could thus with one assault be won,
Her armies vanquish'd, and her wall o'erthrown;
Could this one signal day reward our toil,
So long endur'd, with victory and spoil:
No soldier in the ranks, no leader here,
Would shun the fight, or counsel to forbear.
But if for victory, a foul defeat,
With all the shame and danger of retreat,
Should be the issue, which the wise must dread,
To stop is better, sure, than to proceed.
On yonder walls and lofty turrets, stand,
Not, sav'd from shameful flight, a heartless band,
Who, desp'rate of their state, would soon forego
Their last defences, and admit a foe;
But who, from fight recall'd, without dismay,
A safe retreat maintain'd, in firm array.
Secure they combat from protecting walls;
Thrown from above each weapon heavier falls;
Against such odds, can we the fight maintain,
And with a foe found equal on the plain?
Though we desist, no leader will oppose
That thus the fruits of victory we lose;
When, pent within their battlements and tow'rs,
In narrow space, we hold the Theban pow'rs:
For oftener, than by arms, are hosts o'erthrown
By dearth and sickness, in a straiten'd town.
He who can only wield the sword and spear,
Knows less than half the instruments of war.
Heart-gnawing hunger, enemy to life,
Wide-wasting pestilence, and civil strife,
By want inflam'd, to all our weapons claim
Superior force, and strike with surer aim:
With these, whoever arm'd to combat goes,
Instructed how to turn them on his foes,
Shall see them soon laid prostrate on the ground,
His aims accomplish'd, and his wishes crown'd.
Our warriors, therefore, let us straight recall,
Nor, by assault, attempt to force the wall;
But with a rampart, to the gates oppos'd,
Besiege, in narrow space, our foes enclos'd."
The hero thus; and, eager to reply,
Tydides rose: when on a turret high

Creon appear'd; Cassandra's head, display'd
Upon a lance's point, he held, and said:
"Ye Argive warriors! view this sign; and know,
That Creon never fails to quit a foe.
This bloody trophy mark; and if it brings
Grief and despair to any of the kings,
Let him revenge it on the man who broke
His faith, and dar'd my fury to provoke."
He ended thus. Tydides, as he heard,
With rage distracted, and despair, appear'd.
Long on the tow'r he fix'd his burning eyes;
The rest were mute with wonder and surprise;
But, to the counsel turning, thus at last:
"If any favour claim my merits past;
If, by a present benefit, ye'd bind
To future services a grateful mind;
Let what I urge in council, now prevail,
With hostile arms yon rampart to assail:
Else, with my native bands, alone I'll try
The combat, fix'd to conquer or to die."
The hero thus. Ulysses thus exprest
The prudent dictates of his generous breast:
"Princes! shall dire contention still preside
In all our councils, and the kings divide?
Sure, of the various ills that can distress
United armies and prevent success,
Discord is chief: where'er the fury strays,
The parts she severs and the whole betrays.
Now let Tydides lead his native pow'rs
To combat, and assault the Theban tow'rs;
The rest, on various parts, their forces show,
By mock approaches to distract the foe.
If he prevails, to victory he leads;
And safe behind him all the host succeeds:
If Jove forbids and all-decreeing fate,
The field is open, and a safe retreat."
Ulysses thus. The princes all assent; [went,
Straight from the council through the host they
Review'd its order, and in front dispos'd
The slingers; and the rear with bowmen clos'd;
Arming the rest with all that could avail,
The tow'rs and battlements to sap or scale.
Tydides first his martial squadrons leads;
Ulysses, with his native band, succeeds.
Upon them, as they came, the Thebans pour
A storm of jav'lins, shot from ev'ry tow'r;
As from the naked heights the feather'd kind,
By bitter show'rs compell'd, and wintry wind,
In clouds assembled, from some mountain's head,
To shelter crowd, and dive into the shade;
Such and so thick the winged weapons flew,
And many warriors wounded, many slew.
Now on their ranks, by forceful engines thrown,
Springs, from the twisted rope, the pond'rous stone,
With wide destruction through the host to roll,
To mix its order and confound the whole.
Intrepid still th' Etolian chief proceeds;
And still Ulysses follows as he leads.
They reach'd the wall. Tydides, with a bound,
Twice strove in vain to mount it from the ground.
Twice fled the foe; as, to the boist'rous sway
Of some proud billow, mariners give way;
Which, rous'd by tempests, 'gainst a vessel bends
Its force, and mounting o'er the deck ascends:
Again he rose: the third attempt prevail'd;
But, crumbling in his grasp, the rampart fail'd:
For thunder there its fury had imprest,
And loos'd a shatter'd fragment from the rest.
Supine upon the earth the hero falls,
Mix'd with the smoke and ruin of the walls.
By disappointment chaf'd, and fierce from pain,
Unable now the rampart to regain,
He turn'd, and saw his native bands afar,
By fear restrain'd, and ling'ring in the war.
From Creon straight and Thebes, his anger turns,
And 'gainst his friends, with equal fury, burns;
As when, from snows dissolv'd or sudden rains,
A torrent swells and roars along the plains;
If, rising to oppose its angry tide,
In full career, it meets a mountain's side;
In foaming eddies, backwards to its source,
It wheels, and rages with inverted course:
So turn'd at once, the fury, in his breast,
Against Ulysses, thus itself exprest:
"Author accurs'd, and source of all my woes!
Friend! more pernicious than the worst of foes!
By thy suggestions from my purpose sway'd,
I slew Cassandra, and myself betray'd;
Hence, lodg'd within this tortur'd breast, remains
A fury, to inflict eternal pains.
I need not follow, with vindictive spear,
A traitor absent, while a worse is near:
Creon but acted what you well foreknew,
When me unwilling to the fight you drew.
To you the first my vengeance shall proceed,
And then on Creon and myself succeed:
Such sacrifice Cassandra's ghost demands,
And such I'll offer with determin'd hands."
Thus as he spoke, Ulysses pond'ring stood,
Whether by art to sooth his furious mood,
Or, with a sudden hand, his lance to throw,
Preventing, ere it fell, the threaten'd blow.
But, gliding from above, the martial maid
Between them stood, in majesty display'd;
Her radiant eyes with indignation burn'd,
On Diomed their piercing light she turn'd;
And frowning thus: "Thy frantic rage restrain;
Else by dread Styx I swear, nor swear in vain,
That proof shall teach you whether mortal might
This arm invincible can match in fight:
Is 't not enough that he whose hoary hairs
Still watch'd your welfare with a father's cares,
Who dar'd, with zeal and courage, to withstand
Your fatal phrenzy, perish'd by your hand?
That, slighting ev'ry tie which princes know,
You league'd in secret with a public foe?
And, from your faith by fond affection sway'd,
The kings, the army, and yourself betray'd?
Yet, still unaw'd, from such atrocious deeds,
To more and worse your desp'rate rage proceeds,
And dooms to perish, by a mad decree,
The chief who sav'd alike the host and thee.
Had Thebes prevail'd, and one decisive hour
The victory had fix'd beyond thy pow'r;
These limbs, ere now, had captive fetters worn,
To infamy condemn'd, and hostile scorn;
While fair Cassandra, with her virgin charms,
A prize decreed, had blest some rival's arms.
Did not the worth of mighty Tydeus plead,
Approv'd when living, and rever'd when dead,
For favour to his guilty son, and stand
A rampart to oppose my vengeful hand;
You soon had found how mad it is to wage
War with the gods, and tempt immortal rage.
This Thebes shall know, ere to the ocean's streams
The Sun again withdraws his setting beams;

For now the gods consent, in vengeance just,
For all her crimes, to mix her with the dust."
The goddess thus; and turning to the field,
Her deity in Mentor's form conceal'd:
With courage new each warrior's heart inspires,
And wakes again, in all, their martial fires.
Conscious of wrong, and speechless from surprise,
Tydides stood, nor dar'd to lift his eyes,
Of fate regardless; though from ev'ry tow'r,
Stones, darts, and arrows fell, a mingled show'r:
For awe divine subdu'd him, and the shame
Which virtue suffers from the touch of blame.
But to Ulysses turning, thus at last:
"Prince! can thy gen'rous love forget the past;
And all remembrance banish from thy mind,
Of what my fury and despair design'd?
If you forgive me, straight our pow'rs recall
Who shun the fight, while I attempt the wall.
Some present god inspires me; for I feel
My heart exulting knock the plated steel:
In brisker rounds the vital spirit flies,
And ev'ry limb with double force supplies."
Tydides thus. Ulysses thus again:
"Shall Heav'n forgive offences, man retain;
Though born to err, by jarring passions tost?
The best, in good, no steadiness can boast:
No malice therefore in my heart shall live;
To sin is human; human to forgive.
But do not now your single force oppose
To lofty ramparts and an host of foes;
Let me at least, attending at your side,
Partake the danger, and the toil divide:
For see our pow'rs advancing to the storm!
Pallas excites them in a mortal form.
Let us, to mount the rampart, straight proceed;
They of themselves will follow as we lead."
Ulysses thus; and, springing from the ground,
Both chiefs at once ascend the lofty mound.
Before him each his shining buckler bears
'Gainst flying darts, and thick portended spears.
Now, on the bulwark's level top, they stand,
And charge on ev'ry side the hostile band:
There many warriors in close fight they slew,
And many headlong from the rampart threw.
Pallas her fav'rite champions still inspires, [fires.
Their nerves confirms, and wakes their martial
With course divided, on the foe they fall,
And bare between them leave a length of wall;
As fire, when kindled on some mountain's head,
Where runs, in long extent, the woodland shade,
Consumes the middle forest, and extends
Its parted progress to the distant ends:
So fought the leaders, while their scatter'd pow'rs,
In phalanx join'd, approach'd the Theban tow'rs;
With hands, and heads against the rampart lean'd,
The first, upon their shields, the rest sustain'd:
Rank above rank the living structure grows,
As settling bees the pendent heap compose,
Which to some cavern's roof united clings,
Woven thick with complicated feet and wings:
Thus mutually sustain'd, the warriors bend;
While o'er their heads the order'd ranks ascend.
And now the martial goddess with delight,
Plac'd on a turret's top, survey'd the fight.
Thrice to the height she rais'd her awful voice;
The tow'rs and bulwarks trembled at the noise:
Both warring hosts alike the signal hear;
To this, the cause of hope, to that, of fear.
And Theseus thus address'd his martial train:
"Here shall we wage a distant war in vain,
When now Tydides, from the conquer'd tow'rs
Descending, on the town his warriors pours?
Your glory if ye would assert, nor yield
At once the praise of many a well-fought field;
Ascend these lofty battlements, and claim
With those who conquer now an equal fame."
The monarch thus; and to the combat leads;
With emulation fir'd, the host proceeds;
Under a show'r of falling darts they go,
Climb the steep ramparts, and assault the foe;
As winds outrageous, from the ocean wide,
Against some mole impel the stormy tide,
Whose rocky arms, opposed to the deep,
From tempests, safe the anchoring vessel keep;
Wave heap'd on wave, the stormy deluge tow'rs,
And o'er it, with resistless fury, pours:
Such seem'd the fight, the Theban host o'er-thrown,
The wall deserts, and mingles with the town.
Creon in vain the desp'rate rout withstands
With sharp reproaches and vindictive hands;
His rage they shun not, nor his threat'nings hear,
From stunning clamours deaf, and blind from fear.
And thus the monarch with uplifted eyes,
And both his hands extended to the skies.
"Ye pow'rs supreme, whose unresisted sway
The fates of men and mortal things obey!
Against your counsels, vain it is to strive,
Which only ruin nations or retrieve.
Here in your sight, with patience I resign
That envy'd royalty which once was mine;
Renounce the cares, that wait upon a crown,
And make my last attention all my own.
Seven virgin daughters in my house remain,
Who must not live to swell a victor's train;
Nor shall my wretched queen, in triumph borne,
Be lifted to the eye of public scorn:
One common fate our miseries shall end,
And, with the dust of Thebes, our ashes blend."
His fix'd decree the monarch thus exprest;
One half the fates confirm'd, deny'd the rest:
For now surrounded by the hostile crowd
His captive queen, an humble suppliant, stood.
Tydides found her as she left the walls;
Before the hero to the ground she falls;
With trembling hands, his mighty knees she press'd,
And, supplicating, thus with tears address'd:
"Illustrious chief! for sure your gallant mien
No less proclaims you, spare a wretched queen;
One whom the gods with endless hate pursue,
To griefs already sumless adding new;
O spare a helpless wretch, who humbly bends,
And for protection on thy might depends!"
As supplicating thus her suit she press'd,
Ulysses heard, and thus the chief address'd:
"See how th' immortals, by a just decree,
Cassandra's fall avenge, and honour thee!
See, at thy feet, the wife of Creon laid,
A victim offer'd for the injur'd maid.
Let her the first your just resentment feel;
By Heav'n presented to your vengeful steel."
Ulysses thus. With sighs the hero said:
"Enough is offer'd to Cassandra's shade;
With wide destruction, wasting sword and fire,
To plague the authors of her fall, conspire.

Yet all in vain. No sacrifice recalls
The parted ghost from Pluto's gloomy walls.
Too long, alas! has lawless fury rul'd,
To reason deaf, by no reflection cool'd:
While I unhappy, by its dictates sway'd,
My guardian murder'd, and the host betray'd.
No victim, therefore, to my rage I'll pay;
Nor ever follow as it points the way."
The son of Tydeus thus; and to his tent,
From insults safe, the royal matron sent.
Himself again the course of conquest led
Till Thebes was overthrown, and Creon bled.

A DREAM.

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

One ev'ning, as by pleasant Forth I stray'd,
In pensive mood, and meditated still
On poets' learned toil, with scorn repaid
By envy's bitter spite, and want of skill;
A cave I found, which open'd in a hill.
The floor was sand, with various shells yblended,
Through which, in slow meanders, crept a rill;
he roof, by Nature's cunning slight suspended:
Thither my steps I turn'd, and there my journey ended.

Upon the ground my listless limbs I laid,
Lull'd by the murmur of the passing stream:
Then sleep, soft stealing, did my eyes invade;
And waking thought soon ended in a dream.
Transported to a region I did seem,
Which with Thessalian Tempe might compare;
Of verdant shade compos'd, and wat'ry gleam:
Not ev'n Valdarno, thought so passing fair,
Might match this pleasant land in all perfections rare.

One, like a hoary palmer, near a brook,
Under an arbour, seated did appear;
A shepherd swain, attending, held a book,
And seem'd to read therein that he mote hear.
From curiosity I stepped near;
But ere I reach'd the place where they did sit,
The whisp'ring breezes wafted to my ear
The sound of rhymes which I myself had writ:
Rhymes much, alas, too mean, for such a judge unfit.

For him he seem'd who sung Achilles' rage,
In lofty numbers that shall never die,
And wise Ulysses' tedious pilgrimage,
So long the sport of sharp adversity:
The praises of his merit, Fame on high,
With her shrill trump, for ever loud doth sound;
With him no bard, for excellence, can vie,
Of all that late or ancient e'er were found;
So much he doth surpass ev'n bards the most renown'd.

The shepherd swain invited me to come
Up to the arbour where they seated were;
For Homer call'd me: much I fear'd the doom
Which such a judge seem'd ready to declare.
As I approach'd, with meikle dread and care,
He thus address'd me: "Sir, the cause explain
Why all your story here is told so bare?
Few circumstances mix'd of various grain;
Such, surely, much enrich and raise a poet's strain."

"Certes," quoth I, "the critics are the cause
Of this and many other mischiefs more;
Who tie the Muses to such rigid laws,
That all their songs are frivolous and poor.
They cannot now, as oft they did before,
Ere pow'rful prejudice had clipt their wings,
Nature's domain with boundless flight explore,
And traffic freely in her precious things:
Each bard now fears the rod, and trembles while he sings.

"Though Shakespear, still disdaining narrow rules,
His bosom fill'd with Nature's sacred fire,
Broke all the cobweb limits fix'd by fools,
And left the world to blame him and admire;
Yet his reward few mortals would desire;
For, of his learned toil, the only meed
That ever I could find he did acquire,
Is that our dull, degenerate, age of lead,
Says that he wrote by chance, and that he scarce could read."

"I ween," quoth he, "that poets are to blame
When they submit to critics' tyranny:
For learned wights there is no greater shame,
Than blindly with their dictates to comply.
Who ever taught the eagle how to fly,
Whose wit did e'er his airy tract define;
When with free wing he claims his native sky,
Say, will he steer his course by rule and line?
Certes, he'd scorn the bound that would his flight confine.

"Not that the Muses' art is void of rules:
Many there are, I wot, and stricter far,
Than those which pedants dictate from the schools,
Who wage with wit and taste eternal war:
For foggy ignorance their sight doth mar;
Nor can their low conception ever reach
To what dame Nature, crown'd with many a star,
Explains to such as know her learned speech;
But few can comprehend the lessons she doth teach.

"As many as the stars that gild the sky,
As many as the flow'rs that paint the ground,
In number like the insect tribes that fly,
The various forms of beauty still are found;
That with strict limits no man may them bound,
And say that this, and this alone, is right:
Experience soon such rashness would confound,
And make its folly obvious as the light;
For such presumption sure becomes not mortal wight.

"Therefore each bard should freely entertain
The hints which pleasing fancy gives at will;
Nor curb her sallies with too strict a rein,
Nature subjecting to her hand-maid Skill:
And you yourself in this have done but ill;
With many more, who have not comprehended
That genius, crampt, will rarely mount the hill,
Whose forked summit with the clouds is blended:
Therefore, when next you write, let this defect be mended.

"But, like a friend, who candidly reproves
For faults and errours which he doth espy,
Each vice he freely marks; yet always loves
To mingle favour with severity.

Certes," quoth he, "I cannot well deny,
That you in many things may hope to please:
You force a barbarous northern tongue to ply,
And bend it to your purposes with ease;
Though rough as Albion's rocks, and hoarser than her seas.

"Nor are your tales, I wot, so loosely yok'd,
As those which Colin Clout [1] did tell before;
Nor with description crowded so, and chok'd,
Which, thinly spread, will always please the more.
Colin, I wot, was rich in Nature's store;
More rich than you, had more than he could use:
But mad Orlando [2] taught him bad his lore:
Whose flights, at random, oft misled his Muse:
To follow such a guide, few prudent men would chuse.

"Me you have follow'd: Nature was my guide;
To this the merit of your verse is owing:
And know for certain, let it check your pride,
That all you boast of is of my bestowing.
The flow'rs I see through all your garden blowing,
Are mine; most part, at least: I might demand,
Might claim them, as a crop of my own sowing,
And leave but few, thin scatter'd o'er the land:
A claim so just, I wot, you could not well withstand."

"Certes," quoth I, "that justice were full hard,
Which me alone would sentence to restore;
When many a learned sage, and many a bard,
Are equally your debtors, or much more.
Let Tityrus [3] himself produce his store,
Take what is thine, but little will remain:
Little, I wot, and that indebted sore
To Ascra's bard [4], and Arethusa's swain [5];
And others too beside, who lent him many a strain.

"Nor could the modern bards afford to pay,
Whose songs exalt the champions of the Cross:
Take from each hoard thy sterling gold away,
And little will remain but worthless dross.
Not bards alone could ill support the loss;
But sages too, whose theft suspicion shunn'd:
E'en that sly Greek [6], who steals and hides so close,
Were half a bankrupt, if he should refund.
While these are all forborn, shall I alone be dunn'd."

He smil'd; and from his wreath, which well could spare [were clad,
Such boon, the wreath with which his locks
Pluck'd a few leaves to hide my temples bare;
The present I receiv'd with heart full glad.
"Henceforth," quoth I, "I never shall be sad;
For now I shall obtain my share of fame:
Nor will licentious wit, or envy bad,
With bitter taunts, my verses dare to blame:
This garland shall protect them, and exalt my name."

[1] Spenser.
[2] Ariosto, so called from his hero.
[3] Virgil. [4] Hesiod. [5] Theocritus.
[6] Plato, reckoned, by Longinus, one of the greatest imitators of Homer.

But dreams are short; for as I thought to lay
My limbs at ease upon the flow'ry ground,
And drink, with greedy ear, what he might say,
As murm'ring waters sweet, or music's sound;
My sleep departed; and I, waking, found
Myself again by Fortha's pleasant stream.
Homewards I stepp'd, in meditation drown'd,
Reflecting on the meaning of my dream:
Which let each wight interpret as him best doth seem.

FABLES.

TO THE

EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

MY LORD,

It is undoubtedly an uneasy situation to lie under great obligations without being able to make suitable returns: all that can be done in this case is, to acknowledge the debt, which (though it does not entitle to an acquittance) is looked upon as a kind of compensation, being all that gratitude has in its power.

This is in a peculiar manner my situation with respect to your lordship. What you have done for me with the most uncommon favour and condescension, is what I never shall be able to repay; and therefore have used the freedom to recommend the following performance to your protection, that I might have an opportunity of acknowledging my obligations in the most public manner.

It is evident that the world will hardly allow my gratitude upon this occasion to be disinterested. Your distinguished rank, the additional honours derived from the lustre of your ancestors, your own uncommon abilities, equally adapted to the service of your country in peace and in war, are circumstances sufficient to make any author ambitious of your lordship's patronage. But I must do myself the justice to insist, it is upon the account of distinctions less splendid, though far more interesting (those, I mean, by which you are distinguished as the friend of human nature, the guide and patron of unexperienced youth, and the father of the poor), that I am zealous of subscribing myself,

my lord,
your lordship's
most humble, and
most devoted servant,
WILLIAM WILKIE.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

Ye deep philosophers who can
Explain that various creature, man,
Say, is there any point so nice,
As that of offering an advice?

To bid your friend his errours mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Though you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good; admit him wise;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse;
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply.
Without a name reprove and warn:
Here none are hurt, and all may learn.
This too must fail, the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satyrize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science with distinctions nice
Had fixt what virtue is, and vice,
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They wou'd by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end, when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.
There was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies apply'd;
But both were vain, for every course
He took still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit,
So oft shou'd make a lucky hit,
When man with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue.—
'Tis very strange I own, but true.—
Mama observ'd the rising lass,
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid;
Contriving like a prudent mother
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking glass achiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.
The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice.
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.
Thus, fable to the human-kind
Presents an image of the mind;
It is a mirror where we spy
At large our own deformity,
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

THE KITE AND THE ROOKS.

You say 'tis vain in verse or prose
To tell what ev'ry body knows,
And stretch invention to express
Plain truths which all men will confess:
Go on the argument to mend,
Prove that to know is to attend,
And that we ever keep in sight
What reason tells us once is right:
Till this is done you must excuse
The zeal and freedom of my Muse,
In hinting to the human-kind
What few deny but fewer mind!
There is a folly which we blame,
'Tis strange that it should want a name,
For sure no other finds a place
So often in the human race;
I mean the tendency to spy
Our neighbour's faults with sharpen'd eye,
And make his lightest failings known,
Without attending to our own.
The prude, in daily use to vex
With groundless censure half the sex,
Of rigid virtue, honour nice,
And much a foe to every vice,
Tells lies without remorse and shame,
Yet never thinks herself to blame.
A scriv'ner, though afraid to kill,
Yet scruples not to forge a will;
Abhors the soldier's bloody feats,
While he as freely damns all cheats.
The reason's plain, 'tis not his way
To lie, to cozen and betray.
But tell me if to take by force,
Is not as bad at least, or worse.
The pimp who owns it as his trade
To poach for letchers, and be paid,
Thinks himself honest in his station,
But rails at rogues that sell the nation:
Nor would he stoop in any case,
And stain his honour for a place.
To mark this errour of mankind
The tale which follows is design'd.
A flight of rooks one harvest morn
Had stopt upon a field of corn,
Just when a kite, as authors say,
Was passing on the wing that way:
His honest heart was fill'd with pain,
To see the farmer lose his grain,
So lighting gently on a shock
He thus the foragers bespoke.
"Believe me, sirs, you're much to blame,
'Tis strange that neither fear nor shame

Can keep you from your usual way
Of stealth, and pilf'ring ev'ry day.
No sooner has th' industrious swain
His field turn'd up and sow'd the grain,
But ye come flocking on the wing,
Prepar'd to snatch it ere it spring:
And after all his toil and care
Leave every furrow spoil'd and bare:
If aught escapes your greedy bills,
Which nurs'd by summer grows and fills,
'Tis still your prey: and though ye know
No rook did ever till or sow,
Ye boldly reap, without regard
To justice, industry's reward,
And use it freely as your own,
Though men and cattle shou'd get none.
I never did in any case
Descend to practises so base;
Though stung with hunger's sharpest pain,
I still have scorn'd to touch a grain,
Even when I had it in my pow'r,
To do't with safety every hour:
For, trust me, nought that can be gain'd
Is worth a character unstain'd."
Thus with a face austerely grave
Harangu'd the hypocrite and knave;
And answering from amidst the flock
A rook with indignation spoke.
"What has been said is strictly true,
Yet comes not decently from you;
For sure it indicates a mind
From selfish passions more than blind,
To miss your greater crimes, and quote
Our lighter failings thus by rote.
I must confess we wrong the swain,
Too oft by pilf'ring of his grain:
But is our guilt like yours, I pray,
Who rob and murder every day?
No harmless bird can mount the skies
But you attack him as he flies;
And when at eve he lights to rest,
You stoop and snatch him from his nest.
The husbandman who seems to share
So large a portion of your care,
Say, is he ever off his guard,
While you are hov'ring o'er the yard?
He knows too well your usual tricks,
Your ancient spite to tender chicks,
And that you, like a felon, watch
For something to surprise and snatch."
At this rebuke so just, the kite
Surpris'd, abash'd, and silenc'd quite,
And prov'd a villain to his face,
Straight soar'd aloft and left the place.

THE MUSE AND THE SHEPHERD.

Let every bard who seeks applause
Be true to virtue and her cause,
Nor ever try to raise his fame
By praising that which merits blame;
The vain attempt he needs must rue,
For disappointment will ensue.
Virtue with her superior charms
Exalts the poet's soul and warms,
His taste refines, his genius fires,
Like Phœbus and the Nine inspires;
While vice, though seemingly approv'd,
Is coldly flatter'd, never lov'd.
Palemon once a story told,
Which by conjecture must be old:
I have a kind of half conviction
That at the best 'tis but a fiction;
But taken right and understood,
The moral certainly is good.
A shepherd swain was wont to sing
The infant beauties of the spring,
The bloom of summer, winter hoar,
The autumn rich in various store;
And prais'd in numbers strong and clear
The Ruler of the changeful year.
To human themes he'd next descend,
The shepherd's harmless life commend,
And prove him happier than the great
With all their pageantry and state:
Who oft for pleasure and for wealth,
Exchange their innocence and health;
The Muses listen'd to his lays
And crown'd him as he sung with bays.
Euterpe, goddess of the lyre,
A harp bestow'd with golden wire:
And oft wou'd teach him how to sing,
Or touch with art the trembling string.
His fame o'er all the mountains flew,
And to his cot the shepherds drew;
They heard his music with delight,
Whole summer days from morn to night:
Nor did they ever think him long,
Such was the magic of his song:
Some rural present each prepar'd,
His skill to honour and reward;
A flute, a sheep-hook, or a lamb
Or kidling follow'd by its dam:
For bards it seems in earlier days,
Got something more than empty praise.
All this continu'd for a while,
But soon our songster chang'd his style,
Infected with the common itch,
His gains to double and grow rich:
Or fondly seeking new applause,
Or this or t'other was the cause;
One thing is certain, that his rhymes
Grew more obsequious to the times,
Less stiff and formal, alter'd quite
To what a courtier calls polite,
Whoe'er grew rich, by right or wrong,
Became the hero of a song:
No nymph or shepherdess could wed,
But he must sing the nuptial bed,
And still was ready to recite
The secret transports of the night,
In strains too luscious for the ear
Of sober chastity to bear.
Astonish'd at a change so great,
No more the shepherds sought his seat,
But in their place, a horned crowd
Of satyrs flock'd from every wood,
Drawn by the magic of his lay,
To dance, to frolic, sport and play.
The goddess of the lyre disdain'd
To see her sacred gift profan'd,
And gliding swiftly to the place,
With indignation in her face,
The trembling shepherd thus address'd,
In awful majesty confess'd.
"Thou wretched fool, that harp resign,
For know it is no longer thine;

It was not given you to inspire
A herd like this with loose desire,
Nor to assist that venal praise
Which vice may purchase, if it pays:
Such offices my lyre disgrace;
Here take this bag-pipe in its place.
'Tis fitter far, believe it true,
Both for these miscreants and you."
The swain dismay'd, without a word,
Submitted, and the harp restor'd.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE GLOWWORM.

When ignorance possess'd the schools,
And reign'd by Aristotle's rules,
Ere Verulam, like dawning light,
Rose to dispel the Gothic night:
A man was taught to shut his eyes,
And grow abstracted to be wise.
Nature's broad volume fairly spread,
Where all true science might be read
The wisdom of th' Eternal Mind,
Declar'd and publish'd to mankind,
Was quite neglected, for the whims
Of mortals and their airy dreams:
By narrow principles and few,
By hasty maxims, oft untrue,
By words and phrases ill-defin'd,
Evasive truth they hop'd to bind;
Which still escap'd them, and the elves
At last caught nothing but themselves.
Nor is this folly modern quite,
'Tis ancient too: the Stagirite
Improv'd at first, and taught his school
By rules of art to play the fool.
Ev'n Plato, from example bad,
Would oft turn sophist and run mad;
Make Socrates himself discourse
Like Clarke and Leibnitz, oft-times worse;
'Bout quirks and subtilties contending,
Beyond all human comprehending.
From some strange bias men pursue
False knowledge still in place of true,
Build airy systems of their own,
This moment rais'd, the next pull'd down;
While few attempt to catch those rays
Of truth which nature still displays
Throughout the universal plan,
From moss and mushrooms up to man.
This sure were better, but we hate
To borrow when we can create;
And therefore stupidly prefer,
Our own conceits, by which we err,
To all the wisdom to be gain'd
From nature and her laws explain'd.
One ev'ning when the Sun was set,
A grasshopper and glowworm met
Upon a hillock in a dale,
As Mab the fairy tells the tale.
Vain and conceited of his spark,
Which brighten'd as the night grew dark,
The shining reptile swell'd with pride
To see his rays on every side,
Mark'd by a circle on the ground
Of livid light some inches round.
Quoth he, "If glowworms never shone,
To light the Earth when day is gone,
In spite of all the stars that burn,
Primeval darkness wou'd return:
They're less and dimmer, one may see,
Besides much farther off than we;
And therefore thro' a long descent
Their light is scatter'd quite and spent:
While ours, compacter and at hand,
Keeps night and darkness at a stand,
Diffus'd around in many a ray,
Whose brightness emulates the day."
This pass'd and more without dispute,
The patient grasshopper was mute:
But soon the east began to glow
With light appearing from below,
And level from the ocean's streams
The Moon emerging shot her beams.
To gild the mountains and the woods,
And shake and glitter on the floods.
The glowworm, when he found his light
Grow pale and faint and vanish quite
Before the Moon's prevailing ray,
Began his envy to display.
"That globe," quoth he, "which seems so fair,
Which brightens all the Earth and air,
And sends its beams so far abroad,
Is nought, believe me, but a clod;
A thing which, if the Sun were gone,
Has no more light in't than a stone,
Subsisting merely by supplies
From Phœbus in the nether skies:
My light indeed, I must confess,
On some occasions will be less;
But spite itself will hardly say
I'm debtor for a single ray;
'Tis all my own, and on the score
Of merit, mounts to ten times more
Than any planet can demand
For light dispens'd at second hand."
To hear the paltry insect boast,
The grasshopper all patience lost.
Quoth he, "My friend, it may be so,
The Moon with borrow'd light may glow;
That your faint glimm'ring is your own,
I think, is question'd yet by none:
But sure the office to collect
The solar brightness and reflect,
To catch those rays that wou'd be spent
Quite useless in the firmament,
And turn them downwards on the shade
Which absence of the Sun has made,
Amounts to more in point of merit
Than all your tribe did e'er inherit:
Oft by that planet's friendly ray
The midnight trav'ler finds his way;
Safe by the favour of her beams,
'Midst precipices, lakes and streams;
While you mislead him, and your light,
Seen like a cottage-lamp by night,
With hopes to find a safe retreat,
Allures and tempts him to his fate:
As this is so, I needs must call
The merit of your light but small:
You need not boast on't though your own;
'Tis light indeed, but worse than none;
Unlike to what the Moon supplies,
Which you call borrow'd, and despise."

THE APE, THE PARROT, AND THE JACKDAW.

I HOLD it rash at any time,
To deal with fools dispos'd to rhyme;
Dissuasive arguments provoke
Their utmost rage as soon as spoke:
Encourage them, and for a day
Or two you're safe by giving way;
But when they find themselves betray'd,
On you at last the blame is laid.
They hate and scorn you as a traitor,
The common lot of those who flatter:
But can a scribbler, sir, be shunn'd?
What will you do when teas'd and dunn'd?
When watch'd, and caught, and closely press'd,
When complimented and caress'd,
When Bavius greets you with a bow,
"Sir, please to read a line or two;"
If you approve and say they're clever,
"You make me happy, sir, for ever."
What can be done? the case is plain,
No methods of escape remain:
You're fairly noos'd, and must consent
To bear, what nothing can prevent,
A coxcomb's anger; and your fate
Will be to suffer soon or late.
An ape that was the sole delight
Of an old woman day and night,
Indulg'd at table and in bed,
Attended like a child and fed:
Who knew each trick, and twenty more
Than ever monkey play'd before,
At last grew frantic, and wou'd try,
In spite of nature's laws, to fly.
Oft from the window wou'd he view
The passing swallows as they flew,
Observe them fluttering round the walls,
Or gliding o'er the smooth canals:
He too must fly, and cope with these;
For this and nothing else wou'd please:
Oft thinking from the window's height,
Three stories down to take his flight:
He still was something loth to venture,
As tending strongly to the centre:
And knowing that the least mistake
Might cost a limb, perhaps his neck.
The case you'll own was something nice;
He thought it best to ask advice;
And to the parrot straight applying,
Allow'd to be a judge of flying,
He thus began: "You'll think me rude,
Forgive me if I do intrude,
For you alone my doubts can clear
In something that concerns me near:
Do you imagine, if I try,
That I shall e'er attain to fly?
The project's whimsical, no doubt,
But ere you censure hear me out:
That liberty's our greatest blessing
You 'll grant me without farther pressing;
To live confin'd, 'tis plain and clear,
Is something very hard to bear:
This you must know, who for an age
Have been kept pris'ner in a cage,
Deny'd the privilege to soar
With boundless freedom as before.
I have, 'tis true, much greater scope
Than you my friend, can ever hope;
I traverse all the house and play
My tricks and gambols ev'ry day:
Oft with my mistress in a chair
I ride abroad to take the air;
Make visits with her, walk at large,
A maid or footman's constant charge.
Yet this is nothing, for I find
Myself still hamper'd and confin'd;
A grov'ling thing: I fain would rise
Above the Earth and mount the skies:
The meanest birds, and insects too,
This feat with greatest ease can do.
To that gay creature turn about
That's beating on the pane without;
Ten days ago, perhaps but five,
A worm, it scarcely seem'd alive:
By threads suspended, tough and small,
'Midst dusty cobwebs on a wall;
Now dress'd in all the diff'rent dyes
That vary in the ev'ning skies,
He soars at large, and on the wing
Enjoys with freedom all the spring;
Skims the fresh lakes, and rising sees
Beneath him far the loftiest trees;
And when he rests, he makes his bow'r
The cup of some delicious flow'r.
Shall creatures so obscurely bred,
On mere corruption nurs'd and fed,
A glorious privilege obtain,
Which I can never hope to gain?
Shall I, like man's imperial race
In manners, customs, shape and face,
Expert in all ingenious tricks,
To tumble, dance, and leap o'er sticks;
Who know to sooth and coax my betters,
And match a beau, at least in letters;
Shall I despair, and never try
(What meanest insects can) to fly?
Say, mayn't I without dread or care
At once commit me to the air,
And not fall down and break my bones
Upon those hard and flinty stones?
Say, if to stir my limbs before
Will make me glide along or soar?
All things they say are learn'd by trying;
No doubt it is the same with flying.
I wait your judgment with respect,
And shall proceed as you direct."
Poor Poll, with gen'rous pity mov'd,
The Ape's fond rashness thus reprov'd:
For, though instructed by mankind,
Her tongue to candour still inclin'd.
"My friend, the privilege to rise
Above the Earth and mount the skies,
Is glorious sure, and 'tis my fate
To feel the want on't with regret;
A pris'ner to a cage confin'd,
Though wing'd and of the flying kind.
With you the *case is not the* same,
You *'re quite* terrestrial by your frame,
And shou'd be perfectly content
With your peculiar element:
You have no wings, I pray reflect,
To lift you and your course direct;
Those arms of yours will never do,
Not twenty in the place of two;
They ne'er can lift you from the ground
For broad and long, they're thick and round;
And therefore if you choose the way,
To leap the window, as you say,

'Tis certain that you'll be the jest
Of every insect, bird and beast,
When you lie batter'd by your fall
Just at the bottom of the wall.
Be prudent then, improve the pow'rs
Which nature gives in place of ours.
You'll find them readily conduce
At once to pleasure and to use.
But airy whims and crotchets lead
To certain loss, and ne'er succeed:
As folks, though only vex'd and teas'd,
Will oft seem satisfy'd and pleas'd."
The ape approv'd of every word,
At this time utter'd by the bird:
But nothing in opinion chang'd,
Thought only how to be reveng'd.
It happen'd when the day was fair,
That Poll was set to take the air,
Just where the monkey oft sat poring
About experiments in soaring:
Dissembling his contempt and rage,
He stept up softly to the cage,
And with a sly malicious grin,
Accosted thus the bird within.
"You say, I am not form'd for flight;
In this you certainly are right;
'Tis very plain upon reflection,
But to yourself there's no objection,
Since flying is the very trade
For which the winged race is made;
And therefore for our mutual sport,
I'll make you fly, you can't be hurt."
With that he slyly slipt the string
Which held the cage up by the ring.
In vain the parrot begg'd and pray'd,
No word was minded that she said;
Down went the cage, and on the ground
Bruis'd and half-dead poor Poll was found.
Pug who for some time had attended
To that alone which now was ended,
Again had leisure to pursue
The project he had first in view.
Quoth he, "A person if he's wise
Will only with his friends advise,
They know his temper and his parts,
And have his interest near their hearts.
In matters which he should forbear,
They 'll hold him back with prudent care,
But never from an envious spirit
Forbid him to display his merit;
Or judging wrong, from spleen and hate
His talents slight or underrate:
I acted sure with small reflection
In asking counsel and direction
From a sly minion whom I know
To be my rival and my foe:
One who will constantly endeavour
To hurt me in our lady's favour,
And watch and plot to keep me down,
From obvious interests of her own:
But on the top of that old tow'r
An honest daw has made his bow'r;
A faithful friend whom one may trust,
My debtor too for many a crust;
Which in the window oft I lay
For him to come and take away:
From gratitude no doubt he'll give
Such counsel as I may receive;
Well back'd with reasons strong and plain
To push me forward or restrain."
One morning when the daw appear'd,
The project was propos'd and heard:
And though the bird was much surpris'd
To find friend Pug so ill advis'd,
He rather chose that he shou'd try
At his own proper risk to fly,
Than hazard, in a case so nice,
To shock him by too free advice.
Quoth he, "I'm certain that you'll find
The project answer to your mind;
Without suspicion, dread or care,
At once commit you to the air;
You 'll soar aloft, or, if you please,
Proceed straight forwards at your ease:
The whole depends on resolution,
Which you possess from constitution;
And if you follow as I lead,
'Tis past a doubt you must succeed."
So saying, from the turret's height
The Jack-daw shot with downward flight,
And on the edge of a canal,
Some fifty paces from the wall,
'Lighted obsequious to attend
The monkey when he should descend:
But he, altho' he had believ'd
The flatterer and was deceiv'd,
Felt some misgivings at his heart
In vent'ring on so new an art:
But yet at last, 'tween hope and fear,
Himself he trusted to the air;
But far'd like him whom poets mention
With Dedalus's old invention:
Directly downwards on his head
He fell, and lay an hour for dead.
The various creatures in the place,
Had diff'rent thoughts upon the case,
From some his fate compassion drew,
But those I must confess were few;
The rest esteem'd him rightly serv'd,
And in the manner he deserv'd,
For playing tricks beyond his sphere,
Nor thought the punishment severe.
They gather'd round him as he lay,
And jeer'd him when he limp'd away.
Pug, disappointed thus and hurt,
And grown besides the public sport,
Found all his different passions change
At once to fury and revenge:
The daw 'twas useless to pursue;
His helpless brood, as next in view,
With unrelenting paws he seiz'd,
One's neck he wrung, another squeez'd,
Till of the number four or five,
No single bird was left alive.
Thus counsellors, in all regards
Though different, meet with like rewards,
The story shows the certain fate
Of every mortal soon or late,
Whose evil genius for his crimes
Connects with any fop that rhymes.

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

Declare, ye sages, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as man?

Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers;
Man only blunders, though possest
Of talents far above the rest.
Descend to instances and try;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood,
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of every creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of human kind,
Consists in rectitude of mind,
A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art;
Patience which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom never sad nor sour:
In these consist our proper bliss;
Else Plato reasons much amiss:
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride;
While reason no assent can gain,
And revelation warns in vain.
Hence through our lives, in every stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost, and gone.
You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
Alt Epictetus in my verse,
And if I fondly hope to please
With dry reflections such as these,
So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale?
I'll take the hint and tell a tale.
One ev'ning as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh;
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had it seems been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which Fame reports is to be found
Just where the rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet and be rich;
Hoping, (yet hopes are oft but vain):
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire:
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the rainbow seem'd to stand,
And stepping forwards at his leisure
Expected to have found the treasure.
But as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place and slipt away,
As seeming his approach to shun;
From walking he began to run,
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he cou'd pursue;
At last through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

CELIA AND HER MIRROR.

As there are various sorts of minds,
So friendships are of diff'rent kinds:
Some, constant when the object's near,
Soon vanish if it disappear.
Another sort, with equal flame,
In absence will be still the same:
Some folks a trifle will provoke,
Their weak attachment soon is broke;
Some great offences only move
To change in friendship or in love.
Affection, when it has its source
In things that shift and change of course,
As these diminish and decay,
Must likewise fade and melt away.
But when 'tis of a nobler kind,
Inspir'd by rectitude of mind,
Whatever accident arrives,
It lives, and death itself survives;
Those different kinds reduc'd to two,
False friendship may be call'd, and true.
In Celia's drawing-room of late
Some female friends were met to chat;
Where after much discourse had past,
A portrait grew the theme at last:
'Twas Celia's you must understand,
And by a celebrated hand.
Says one, "That picture sure must strike,
In all respects it is so like;
Your very features, shape and air
Express'd, believe me, to a hair:
The price I'm sure cou'd not be small,"—
"Just fifty guineas frame and all."—
"That mirror there is wond'rous fine."—
"I own the bauble cost me nine;
I'm fairly cheated you may swear,
For never was a thing so dear."—
"Dear!"—quoth the looking-glass—and spoke,
"Madam, it wou'd a saint provoke:
Must that same gaudy thing be own'd
A pennyworth at fifty pound;
While I at nine am reckon'd dear,
'Tis what I never thought to hear.
Let both our merits now be try'd,
This fair assembly shall decide;
And I will prove it to your face,
That you are partial in the case.
I give a likeness far more true
Than any artist ever drew:
And what is vastly more, express
Your whole variety of dress:
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
I watch each change and paint it right;
Besides, I'm *mistress* of the art,
Which conquers and secures a heart.
I teach you how to use those arms,
That vary and assist your charms,
And in the triumphs of the fair,
Claim half the merit for my share:
So when the truth is fairly told,
I'm worth at least my weight in gold;
But that vain thing of which you speak
Becomes quite useless in a week.
For, though it had no other vice,
'Tis out of fashion in a trice:

The cap is chang'd, the cloke, the gown;
It must no longer stay in town;
But goes in course to hide a wall
With others in your country-hall."
The mirror thus:—the nymph reply'd,
"Your merit cannot be deny'd:
The portrait too, I must confess,
In some respects has vastly less.
But you yourself will freely grant
That it has virtues which you want.
'Tis certain that you can express
My shape, my features, and my dress,
Not just as well, but better too
Than Kneller once or Ramsay now.
But that same image in your heart
Which thus excels the painter's art,
The shortest absence can deface,
And put a monkey's in its place:
That other which the canvas bears,
Unchang'd and constant, lasts for years,
Wou'd keep its lustre and its bloom
Though it were here and I at Rome.
When age and sickness shall invade
Those youthful charms and make them fade,
You'll soon perceive it, and reveal
What partial friendship shou'd conceal:
You'll tell me, in your usual way,
Of furrow'd cheeks and locks grown gray;
Your gen'rous rival, not so cold,
Will ne'er suggest that I am old;
Nor mark when time and slow disease
Have stol'n the graces wont to please;
But keep my image to be seen
In the full blossom of sixteen:
Bestowing freely all the praise
I merited in better days.
You will (when I am turn'd to dust,
For beauties die, as all things must,
And you remember but by seeing)
Forget that e'er I had a being:
But in that picture I shall live,
My charms shall death itself survive,
And figur'd by the pencil there
Tell that your mistress once was fair.
Weigh each advantage and defect,
The portrait merits most respect:
Your qualities would recommend
A servant rather than a friend;
But service sure, in every case,
To friendship yields the higher place."

THE FISHERMEN.

IMITATED FROM THEOCRITUS.

By all the sages 'tis confest
That hope when moderate is best:
But when indulg'd beyond due measure,
It yields a vain deceitful pleasure,
Which cheats the simple, and betrays
To mischief in a thousand ways:
Just hope assists in all our toils,
The wheels of industry it oils;
In great attempts the bosom fires,
And zeal and constancy inspires.
False hope, like a deceitful dream,
Rests on some visionary scheme,
And keeps us idle to our loss,
Enchanted with our hands across.

A tale an ancient bard has told
Of two poor fishermen of old,
Their names were (lest I should forget
And put the reader in a pet,
Lest critics too shou'd make a pother)
The one Asphelio, Gripus t'other.
The men were very poor, their trade
Cou'd scarce afford them daily bread:
Though ply'd with industry and care
Through the whole season, foul and fair.
Upon a rock their cottage stood,
On all sides bounded by the flood:
It was a miserable seat,
Like cold and hunger's worst retreat:
And yet it serv'd them both for life,
As neither cou'd maintain a wife;
Two walls were rock, and two were sand,
Ramm'd up with stakes and made to stand,
A roof hung threat'ning o'er their heads
Of boards half-rotten, thatch'd with reeds.
And as no thief e'er touch'd their store,
A hurdle serv'd them for a door.
Their beds were leaves; against the wall
A sail hung drying, yard and all.
On one side lay an old patch'd wherry
Like Charon's on the Stygian ferry:
On t' other, baskets and a net,
With sea-weed foul and always wet.
These sorry instruments of trade
Were all the furniture they had:
For they had neither spit nor pot,
Unless my author has forgot.
Once, some few hours ere break of day,
As in their hut our fishers lay,
The one awak'd and wak'd his neighbour,
That both might ply their daily labour;
For cold and hunger are confest
No friends to indolence or rest.
"Friend," quoth the drowsy swain, and swore,
"What you have done has hurt me more
Than all your service can repay
For years to come by night and day;
You've broke—the thought on't makes me mad—
The finest dream that e'er I had." [prove
Quoth Gripus: "Friend your speech wou'd
You mad indeed, or else in love;
For dreams shou'd weigh but light with those
Who feel the want of food and clothes:
I guess, though simple and untaught,
You dream'd about a lucky draught,
Or money found by chance: they say,
That hungry foxes dream of prey."
"You're wond'rous shrewd, upon my troth,"
Asphelio cry'd, "and right in both:
My dream had gold in't, as you said,
And fishing too, our constant trade;
And since your guess has hit so near,
In short the whole on't you shall hear.
"Upon the shore I seem'd to stand,
My rod and tackle in my hand;
The baited hook full oft I threw,
But still in vain, I nothing drew:
A fish at last appear'd to bite,
The cork div'd quickly out of sight,
And soon the dipping rod I found
With something weighty bent half round:
Quoth I, 'Good luck has come at last,
I've surely made a happy cast:
This fish, when in the market sold,
In place of brass will sell for gold:'

To bring it safe within my reach
I drew it safely to the beach,
But long ere it had come so near,
The water gleam'd with something clear;
Each passing billow caught the blaze,
And glitt'ring shone with golden rays.
Of hope and expectation full
Impatient, yet afraid to pull,
To shore I slowly brought my prize,
A golden fish of largest size:
'Twas metal all from head to tail,
Quite stiff and glitt'ring ev'ry scale.
Thought I, 'My fortune now is made;
'Tis time to quit the fishing trade,
And choose some other, where the gains
Are sure, and come for half the pains.
Like creatures of amphibious nature
One hour on land and three in water;
We live 'midst danger, toil and care,
Yet never have a groat to spare:
While others, not expos'd to harm,
Grow rich, though always dry and warm;
This treasure will suffice, and more,
To place me handsomely on shore,
In some snug manor; now a swain,
My steers shall turn the furrow'd plain,
While on a mountain's grassy side
My flocks are past'ring far and wide:
Beside all this, I'll have a seat
Convenient, elegant and neat,
A house not over-great nor small,
Three rooms, a kitchen, and a hall.
The offices contriv'd with care
And fitted to complete a square:
A garden well laid out; a wife,
To double all the joys of life;
With children prattling at my knees,
Such trifles as are sure to please.'
Those gay designs, and twenty more,
I in my dream was running o'er,
While you, as if you ow'd me spite,
Broke in and put them all to flight,
Blew the whole vision into air,
And left me waking in despair.
Of late we have been poorly fed,
Last night went supperless to bed,
Yet, if I had it in my pow'r
My dream to lengthen for an hour,
The pleasure mounts to such a sum,
I'd fast for fifty yet to come.
Therefore to bid me rise is vain
I'll wink and try to dream again."

"If this," quoth Gripus, "is the way
You choose, I've nothing more to say;
'Tis plain that dreams of wealth will serve
A person who resolves to starve;
But sure, to hug a fancy'd case,
That never did nor can take place,
And for the pleasures it can give
Neglect the trade by which we live,
Is madness in its greatest height,
Or I mistake the matter quite:
Leave such vain fancies to the great,
For folly suits a large estate:
The rich may safely deal in dreams,
Romantic hopes and airy schemes.
But you and I, upon my word,
Such pastime cannot well afford;
And therefore if you would be wise,
Take my advice, for once, and rise."

CUPID AND THE SHEPHERD.

Who sets his heart on things below,
But little happiness shall know;
For every object he pursues
Will vex, deceive him, and abuse:
While he whose hopes and wishes rise
To endless bliss above the skies,
A true felicity shall gain,
With freedom from both care and pain.
He seeks what yields him peace and rest,
Both when in prospect and possest.

A swain, whose flock had gone astray,
Was wand'ring far out of the way
Through deserts wild, and chanc'd to see
A stripling leaning on a tree.
In all things like the human-kind,
But that upon his back behind
Two wings were from his shoulders spread
Of gold and azure ting'd with red;
Their colour like the ev'ning sky:
A golden quiver grac'd his thigh:
His bow unbended in his hand
He held, and wrote with on the sand;
As one whom anxious cares pursue,
In musing oft is wont to do.
He started still with sudden fear,
As if some danger had been near,
And turn'd on every side to view
A flight of birds that round him flew,
Whose presence seem'd to make him sad,
For all were ominous and bad;
The hawk was there, the type of spite,
The jealous owl that shuns the light,
The raven, whose prophetic bill
Denounces woe and mischief still;
The vulture hungry to devour,
Though gorg'd and glutted ev'ry hour;
With these confus'd an ugly crew
Of harpies, bats, and dragons flew,
With talons arm'd, and teeth, and stings,
The air was darken'd with their wings.
The swain, though frighten'd, yet drew near,
Compassion rose in place of fear;
He to the winged youth began,—
"Say, are you mortal and of man,
Or something of celestial birth,
From Heaven descended to the Earth?"
"I am not of terestrial kind,"
Quoth Cupid, "nor to Earth confin'd:
Heav'n is my true and proper sphere,
My rest and happiness are there:
Through all the boundless realms of light
The phœnix waits upon my flight,
With other birds whose names are known
In that delightful place alone.
But when to Earth my course I bend,
At once they leave me and ascend;
And for companions, in their stead,
Those winged monsters there succeed,
Who hov'ring round me night and day,
Expect and claim me as their prey."
"Sir," quoth the shepherd, "if you'll try,
Your arrows soon will make them fly;
Or if they brave them and resist,
My sling is ready to assist."
"Incapable of wounds and pain,"
Reply'd the winged youth again,

"These foes our weapons will defy;
Immortal made, they never die;
But live to haunt me every where,
While I remain within their sphere."
"Sir," quoth the swain, "might I advise,
You straight shou'd get above the skies:
It seems indeed your only way,
For nothing here is worth your stay:
Beside, when foes like these molest,
You'll find but little peace or rest."

THE SWAN AND OTHER BIRDS.

Each candidate for public fame
Engages in a desp'rate game:
His labour he will find but lost,
Or less than half repaid at most:
To prove this point I shall not choose
The arguments which Stoics use;
That human life is but a dream,
And few things in it what they seem;
That praise is vain and little worth,
An empty bauble, and so forth,
I'll offer one, but of a kind
Not half so subtil and refin'd;
Which, when the rest are out of sight,
May sometimes chance to have its weight,
The man who sets his merits high
To glitter in the public eye,
Shou'd have defects but very small,
Or strictly speaking, none at all:
For that success which spreads his fame,
Provokes each envious tongue to blame,
And makes his faults and failings known
Where'er his better parts are shown.
Upon a time, as poets sing,
The birds all waited on their king,
His hymeneal rites to grace;
A flow'ry meadow was the place;
They all were frolicsome and gay
Amidst the pleasures of the day,
And ere the festival was clos'd,
A match at singing was propos'd;
The queen herself a wreath prepar'd,
To be the conqueror's reward;
With store of pinks and daisies in it,
And many a songster try'd to win it,
But all the judges soon confest
The swan superior to the rest,
He got the garland from the bride,
With honour and applause beside:
A tattling goose, with envy stung,
Although herself she ne'er had sung,
Took this occasion to reveal
What swans seem studious to conceal,
And, skill'd in satire's artful ways,
Invective introduc'd with praise.
"This man," quoth she, "upon my word,
Deserves applause from ev'ry bird:
By proof his charming voice you know,
His feathers soft and white as snow;
And if you saw him when he swims
Majestic on the silver streams,
He'd seem complete in all respects:
But nothing is without defects;
For that is true, which few wou'd think,
His legs and feet are black as ink—"
"As black as ink!—if this be true,"
To me 'tis wonderful and new,"
The sov'reign of the birds reply'd;
"But soon the truth on't shall be try'd.
Sir, show your limbs, and for my sake,
Confute at once this foul mistake,
For I'll maintain, and I am right,
That, like your feathers, they are white."
"Sir," quoth the swan, "it wou'd be vain
For me a falsehood to maintain;
My legs are black, and proof will show
Beyond dispute that they are so:
But if I had not got a prize
Which glitters much in some folks eyes,
Not half the birds had ever known
What truth now forces me to own."

THE LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

TO THE POETS.

'Tis not the point in works of art
With care to furnish every part,
That each, to high perfection rais'd,
May draw attention and be prais'd,
An object by itself respected,
Though all the others were neglected:
Not masters only this can do,
But many a vulgar artist too:
We know distinguish'd merit most
When in the whole the parts are lost,
When nothing rises up to shine,
Or draw us from the chief design.
When one united full effect
Is felt before we can reflect,
And mark the causes that conspire
To charm, and force us to admire.
This is indeed a master's part,
The very summit of his art,
And therefore when ye shall rehearse
To friends for trial of your verse,
Mark their behaviour and their way,
As much, at least, as what they say;
If they seem pleas'd, and yet are mute,
The poem's good beyond dispute;
But when they babble all the while,
Now praise the sense, and now the style,
'Tis plain that something must be wrong,
This too weak or that too strong.
The art is wanting which conveys
Impressions in mysterious ways,
And makes us from a whole receeive
What no divided parts can give:
Fine writing, therefore, seems of course
Less fit to please at first than worse.
A language fitted to the sense
Will hardly pass for eloquence.
One feels its force, before he sees
The charm which gives it pow'r to please,
And ere instructed to admire,
Will read and read and never tire.
But when the style is of a kind
Which soars and leaves the sense behind,
'Tis something by itself, and draws
From vulgar judges dull applause;
They'll yawn, and tell you as you read,
"Those lines are mighty fine indeed;"

But never will your works peruse
At any time, if they can choose.
'Tis not the thing which men call wit,
Nor characters, though truly hit,
Nor flowing numbers soft or strong,
That bears the raptur'd soul along;
'Tis something of a diff'rent kind,
'Tis all those skilfully combin'd,
To make what critics call a whole,
Which ravishes and charms the soul.
Alexis, by fair Celia's scorn
To grief abandon'd and forlorn,
Had sought in solitude to cover
His anguish, like a hopeless lover:
With his fond passion to debate,
Gay Strephon sought his rural seat,
And found him with the shepherd's plac'd
Far in a solitary waste.—
"My friend," quoth he, "you're much to blame;
This foolish softness quit for shame; [blame;
Nor fondly doat upon a woman,
Whose charms are nothing more than common.
That Celia's handsome I agree,
But Clara's handsomer than she:
Euanthe's wit, which all commend,
Does Celia's certainly transcend:
Nor can you find the least pretence
With Phebe's to compare her sense;
With better taste Belinda dresses,
With truer step the floor she presses;
And for behaviour soft and kind,
Melissa leaves her far behind:
What witchcraft then can fix the chain
Which makes you suffer her disdain,
And not attempt the manly part
To set at liberty your heart?
Make but one struggle, and you'll see
That in a moment you'll be free."
This Strephon urg'd, and ten times more,
From topics often touch'd before:
In vain his eloquence he try'd;
Alexis, sighing, thus reply'd:—
"If Clara's handsome and a toast,
'Tis all the merit she can boast:
Some fame Euanthe's wit has gain'd,
Because by prudence not restrain'd,
Phebe I own is wondrous wise,
She never acts but in disguise:
Belinda's merit all confess
Who know the mystery of dress:
But poor Melissa on the score
Of mere good-nature pleases more:
In those the reigning charm appears
Alone, to draw our eyes and ears,
No other rises by its side
And shines, attention to divide;
Thus seen alone it strikes the eye,
As something exquisite and high:
But in my Celia you will find
Perfection of another kind;
Each charm so artfully exprest
As still to mingle with the rest:
Averse and shunning to be known,
An object by itself alone,
But thus combin'd they make a spell
Whose force no human tongue can tell;
A pow'rful magic which my breast
Will ne'er be able to resist:
For as she slights me or complies,
Her constant lover lives or dies."

THE RAKE AND THE HERMIT.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a Hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ler and his steed,
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames,
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ler as he sat,
By intervals began to chat.—
"'Tis odd," quoth he, "to think what strains
Of folly govern some folks' brains:
What makes you choose this wild abode?
You'll say, 'tis to converse with God:
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
You never saw or spoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And say it rules us every hour;
To me all nature seems confusion,
And such weak fancies mere delusion.
Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Cou'd there be such a thing as night;
Which, when the Sun has left the skies,
Puts all things in a deep disguise?
If then a trav'ler chance to stray
The least step from the public way,
He's soon in endless mazes lost,
As I have found it to my cost.
Besides, the gloom which nature wears,
Assists imaginary fears
Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
Of sulph'rous lakes, and yawning graves,
All sprung from superstitious seed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith suggests when reason fails;
And reason nothing understands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
These subtle essences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie
Which says men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out:
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
The fruit of spleen and melancholy."—
"Sir," quoth the hermit, "I agree
That reason still our guide shou'd be:
And will admit her as the test,
Of what is true and what is best:
But reason sure wou'd blush for shame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy:
Impiety's the child of folly:
Reason with measur'd steps and slow
To things above from things below
Ascends, and guides us through her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
And reason puts us in her hands,
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.

'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
Shou'd miss a God in viewing nature:
Whose high perfections are display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
When found again, we see them most;
The night, itself which you would blame
As something wrong in nature's frame,
Is but a curtain to invest
Her weary children, when at rest:
Like that which mothers draw to keep
The light off from a child asleep.
Beside, the fears which darkness breeds,
At least augments, in vulgar heads,
Are far from useless, when the mind
Is narrow and to Earth confin'd;
They make the wordling think with pain
On frauds and oaths and ill got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;
And in defence of virtue's cause
Assist each sanction of the laws.
But souls serene, where wisdom dwells
And superstitious dread expels,
The silent majesty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight;
With saints and angels to explore
The wonders of creating pow'r;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the sphere of mortal things:
Walk forth and tread those dewy plains
Where night in awful silence reigns;
The sky's serene, the air is still,
The woods stand list'ning on each hill,
To catch the sounds that sink and swell
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
While foxes howl and beetles hum,
Sounds which make silence still more dumb:
And try if folly rash and rude
Dares on the sacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to Heav'n's broad frame,
Attempt to quote those lights by name,
Which shine so thick and spread so far;
Conceive a sun in every star,
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets shoot athwart the whole.
From system still to system ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And shaking from their flaming hair
The things most needed every where.
Explore this glorious scene, and say
That night discovers less than day;
That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
That chance disposes, not design:
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad, or else a dunce.
For reason, though 'tis far from strong,
Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
From signs and evidences clear
Of wise contrivance every where."
The hermit ended, and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At least, he yielded, and confest
That all was order'd for the best.

PHEBUS AND THE SHEPHERD.

I CANNOT think but more or less
True merit always gains success;
That envy, prejudice, and spite,
Will never sink a genius quite.
Experience shows beyond a doubt
That worth, though clouded, will shine out
The second name for epic song,
First classic of the English tongue,
Great Milton, when he first appear'd,
Was ill receiv'd and coldly heard:
In vain did faction damn those lays
Which all posterity shall praise:
Is Dryden or his works forgot,
For all that Buckingham has wrote?
The peer's sharp satire, charg'd with sense,
Gives pleasure at no one's expense:
The bard and critic, both inspir'd
By Phebus, shall be still admir'd:
'Tis true that censure, right or wrong,
May hurt at first the noblest song,
And for a while defeat the claim
Which any writer has to fame:
A mere book-merchant with his tools
Can sway with ease the herd of fools,
Who on a moderate computation
Are ten to one in every nation.—
"Your style is stiff—your periods halt—
In every line appears a fault—
The plot and incidents ill sorted—
No single character supported—
Your similes will scarce apply;
The whole misshapen, dark and dry.—"
All this will pass, and gain its end
On the best poem e'er was penn'd:
But when the first assaults are o'er,
When fops and witlings prate no more,
And when your works are quite forgot
By all who praise or blame by rote:
Without self-interest, spleen, or hate,
The men of sense decide your fate:
Their judgment stands, and what they say
Gains greater credit ev'ry day;
Till groundless prejudices past,
True merit has its due at last.
The hackney scribblers of the town,
Who were the first to write you down,
Their malice chang'd to admiration
Promote your growing reputation,
And to excess of praise proceed;
But this scarce happens till you're dead,
When fame for genius, wit, and skill,
Can do you neither good nor ill;
Yet, if you would not be forgot,
They'll help to keep your name afloat.
An aged swain that us'd to feed
His flock upon a mountain's head,
Drew crouds of shepherds from each hill,
To hear and profit by his skill;
For ev'ry simple of the rock,
That can offend or cure a flock,
He us'd to mark, and knew its pow'r
In stem and foliage, root and flow'r.
Beside all this, he cou'd foretel
Both rain and sunshine passing well;
By deep sagacity he'd find,
The future shiftings of the wind;
And guess more shrewdly ev'ry year
If mutton wou'd be cheap or dear.
To tell his skill in every art,
Of which he understood a part,
His sage advice was wrapt in tales,
Which oft persuade when reason fails.

To do him justice every where
Wou'd take more time than I can spare,
And therefore now shall only touch
Upon a fact which authors vouch;
That Phebus oft wou'd condescend
To treat this shepherd like a friend:
Oft when the solar chariot past,
Provided he was not in haste,
He'd leave his steeds to take fresh breath,
And crop the herbage of the heath;
While with the swain a turn or two
He'd take, as landlords use to do,
When, sick of finer folks in town,
They find amusement in a clown.
One morning when the god alighted,
His winged steeds look'd wild and frighted;
The whip it seems had not been idle,
One's traces broke, another's bridle:
All four were switch'd in very part,
Like common jades that draw a cart,
Whose sides and haunches all along
Show the just measure of the thong.
"Why, what's the matter," quoth the swain,
"My lord, it gives your servant pain;
Sure some offence is in the case,
I read it plainly in your face."
"Offence," quoth Phebus, vex'd and heated;
"'Tis one indeed and oft repeated:
Since first I drove through Heav'n's highway,
That's before yesterday you'll say,
The envious clouds in league with night
Conspire to intercept my light;
Rank vapours breath'd from putrid lakes,
The streams of common-sew'rs and jakes,
Which under-ground shou'd be confin'd,
Nor suffer'd to pollute the wind;
Escap'd in air by various ways,
Extinguish or divert my rays.
Oft in the morning, when my steeds
Above the ocean lift their heads,
And when I hope to see my beams
Far glittering on the woods and streams:
A ridge of lazy clouds that sleep
Upon the surface of the deep,
Receive at once and wrap me round
In fogs extinguish'd half and drown'd.
But mark my purpose, and by Styx
I'm not soon alter'd when I fix;
If things are suffer'd at this pass,
I'll fairly turn my nags to grass:
No more this idle round I'll dance,
But let all nature take its chance."
"If," quoth the shepherd, "it were fit
To argue with the god of wit,
I cou'd a circumstance suggest
That wou'd alleviate things at least.
That clouds oppose your rising light
Full oft and lengthen out the night,
Is plain; but soon they disappear,
And leave the sky serene and clear;
We ne'er expect a finer day,
Than when the morning has been gray;
Besides, those vapours which confine
Yon issuing from your eastern shrine,
By heat sublim'd and thinly spread,
Streak all the ev'ning sky with red:
And when your radiant orb in vain
Wou'd glow beneath the western main,
And not a ray cou'd reach our eyes,
Unless reflected from the skies,
Those watry mirrors send your light
In streams amidst the shades of night:
Thus length'ning out your reign much more
Than they had shorten'd it before.
As this is so, I must maintain
You've little reason to complain:
For when the matter's understood,
The ill seems balanc'd by the good;
The only diff'rence in the case
Is that the mischief first takes place,
The compensation when you're gone
Is rather somewhat late, I own:
But since 'tis so, you'll own 'tis fit
To make the best on't, and submit."

THE BREEZE AND THE TEMPEST.

That nation boasts a happy fate
Whose prince is good as well as great,
Calm peace at home with plenty reigns,
The law its proper course obtains;
Abroad the public is respected,
And all its int'rests are protected:
But when his genius, weak or strong,
Is by ambition pointed wrong,
When private greatness has possess'd
In place of public good his breast,
'Tis certain, and I'll prove it true,
That ev'ry mischief must ensue.
On some pretence a war is made,
The citizen must change his trade;
His steers the husbandman unyokes,
The shepherd too must quit his flocks,
His harmless life and honest gain,
To rob, to murder, and be slain:
The fields, once fruitful, yield no more
Their yearly produce as before:
Each useful plant neglected dies,
While idle weeds licentious rise
Unnumber'd, to usurp the land
Where yellow harvests us'd to stand.
Lean famine soon in course succeeds;
Diseases follow as she leads.
No infant bands at close of day
In ev'ry village sport and play.
The streets are throng'd with orphans dying
For want of bread, and widows crying:
Fierce rapine walks abroad unchain'd,
By civil order not restrain'd:
Without regard to right and wrong,
The weak are injur'd by the strong;
The hungry mouth but rarely tastes
The fatt'ning food which riots wastes,
All ties of conscience lose their force,
Ev'n sacred oaths grow words of course.
By what strange cause are kings inclin'd
To heap such mischiefs on mankind?
What pow'rful arguments control
The native dictates of the soul?
The love of glory and a name
Loud-sounded by the trump of Fame:
Nor shall they miss their end, unless
Their guilty projects want success.
Let one possess'd of sov'reign sway
Invade and murder and betray,
Let war and rapine fierce be hurl'd
Through half the nations of the world;

And prove successful in a course
Of bad designs, and actions worse,
At once a demi-god he grows,
And, incens'd both in verse and prose,
Becomes the idol of mankind;
Though to what's good he's weak and blind;
Approv'd, applauded, and respected,
While better rulers are neglected.
Where Shotts's airy tops divide
Fair Lothian from the vale of Clyde,
A tempest from the east and north
Fraught with the vapours of the Forth,
In passing to the Irish seas,
Once chanc'd to meet the western breeze.
The tempest hail'd him with a roar,
"Make haste and clear the way before;
No paltry zephyr must pretend
To stand before me, or contend:
Begone, or in a whirlwind tost
Your weak existence will be lost."
The tempest thus:—The breeze reply'd,
"If both our merits shou'd be try'd,
Impartial justice wou'd decree
That you shou'd yield the way to me."
At this the tempest rav'd and storm'd,
Grew black and ten times more deform'd.
"What qualities," quoth he, "of thine,
Vain flatt'ring wind, can equal mine?
Breath'd from some river, lake, or bog,
Your rise at first is in a fog;
And creeping slowly o'er the meads
Scarce stir the willows or the reeds;
While those that feel you hardly know
The certain part from which you blow.
From Earth's deep womb, the child of fire,
Fierce, active, vigorous, like my sire,
I rush to light; the mountains quake
With dread, and all their forests shake:
The globe itself convuls'd and torn,
Feels pangs unusual when I'm born:
Now free in air, with sov'reign sway
I rule, and all the clouds obey:
From east to west my pow'r extends,
Where day begins and where it ends:
And from Bootes downwards far,
Athwart the track of ev'ry star.
Through me the polar deep disdains
To sleep in winter's frosty chains;
But rous'd to rage, indignant heaves
Huge rocks of ice upon its waves;
While dread tornados lift on high
The broad Atlantic to the sky.
I rule the elemental roar,
And strew with shipwrecks ev'ry shore:
Nor less at land my pow'r is known
From Zembla to the burning zone.
I bring Tartarian frosts to kill
The bloom of summer; when I will
Wide desolation doth appear
To mingle and confound the year:
From cloudy Atlas wrapt in night,
On Barca's sultry plains I light,
And make at once the desert rise
In dusty whirlwinds to the skies;
In vain the trav'ler turns hissteed,
And shuns me with his utmost speed;
I overtake him as he flies,
O'erblown he struggles, pants, and dies.
Where some proud city lifts in air
Its spires, I make a desert bare;
And when I choose, for pastime's sake,
Can with a mountain shift a lake;
The Nile himself, at my command.
Oft hides his head beneath the sand,
And midst dry deserts blown and tost,
For many a sultry league is lost.
All this I do with perfect ease,
And can repeat whene'er I please:
What merit makes you then pretend
With me to argue and contend,
When all you boast of force or skill
Is scarce enough to turn a mill,
Or help the swain to clear his corn,
The servile tasks for which you're born?"
"Sir," quoth the breeze, "if force alone
Must pass for merit, I have none;
At least I'll readily confess
That yours is greater, mine is less.
But merit rightly understood
Consists alone in doing good;
And therefore you yourself must see
That preference is due to me:
I cannot boast to rule the skies
Like you, and make the ocean rise,
Nor e'er with shipwrecks strew the shore,
For wives and orphans to deplore.
Mine is the happier task, to please
The mariner, and smooth the seas,
And waft him safe from foreign harms
To bless his consort's longing arms.
With you I boast not to confound
The seasons in their annual round,
And marr that harmony in nature
That comforts ev'ry living creature.
But oft from warmer climes I bring
Soft airs to introduce the spring;
With genial heat unlock the soil,
And urge the ploughman to his toil:
I bid the op'ning blooms unfold
Their streaks of purple, blue and gold,
And waft their fragrance to impart
That new delight to ev'ry heart,
Which makes the shepherd all day long
To carrol sweet his vernal song:
The summer's sultry heat to cool,
From ev'ry river, lake and pool,
I skim fresh airs. The tawny swain,
Who turns at noon the furrow'd plain,
Refresh'd and trusting in my aid,
His task pursues and scorns the shade:
And ev'n on Afric's sultry coast,
Where such immense exploits you boast,
I blow to cool the panting flocks
'Midst deserts brown and sun-burnt rocks,
And health and vigour oft supply
To such as languish, faint and die:
Those humbler offices you nam'd,
To own I'll never be asham'd,
With twenty others that conduce
To public good or private use,
The meanest of them far outweighs
The whole amount of all your praise;
If to give happiness and joy,
Excels the talent to destroy."
The tempest, that till now had lent
Attention to the argument,
Again began (his patience lost)
To rage, to threaten, huff and boast:
Since reason fail'd, resolv'd in course
The question to decide by force,

And his weak opposite to brave.—
The breeze retreated to a cave
To shelter, till the raging blast
Had spent its fury and was past.

THE CROW AND THE OTHER BIRDS.

CONTAINING AN USEFUL HINT TO THE CRITICS.

In ancient times, tradition says,
When birds like men would strive for praise;
The bullfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
With all that chant from tree or bush,
Wou'd often meet in song to vie;
The kinds that sing not, sitting by.
A knavish crow, it seems, had got
The nack to criticise by rote;
He understood each learned phrase,
As well as critics now-a-days:
Some say, he learn'd them from an owl,
By list'ning where he taught a school.
'Tis strange to tell, this subtil creature,
Though nothing musical by nature,
Had learn'd so well to play his part,
With nonsense couch'd in terms of art,
As to be own'd by all at last
Director of the public taste.
Then puff'd with insolence and pride,
And sure of numbers on his side,
Each song he freely criticis'd;
What he approv'd not, was despis'd:
But one false step in evil hour
For ever stript him of his pow'r.
Once when the birds assembled sat,
All list'ning to his formal chat;
By instinct nice he chanc'd to find
A cloud approaching in the wind,
And ravens hardly can refrain
From croaking when they think of rain;
His wonted song he sung: the blunder
Amaz'd and scar'd them worse than thunder;
For no one thought so harsh a note
Cou'd ever sound from any throat;
They all at first with mute surprise
Each on his neighbour turn'd his eyes:
But scorn succeeding soon took place,
And might be read in ev'ry face.
All this the raven saw with pain,
And strove his credit to regain.
Quoth he, "The solo which ye heard
In public shou'd not have appear'd;
The trifle of an idle hour,
To please my mistress once when sour:
My voice, that's somewhat rough and strong,
Might chance the melody to wrong,
But, try'd by rules, you'll find the grounds,
Most perfect and harmonious sounds."—
He reason'd thus; but to his trouble,
At every word the laugh grew double.
At last o'ercome with shame and spite,
He flew away quite out of sight.

THE HARE AND THE PARTAN.[1]

The chief design of this fable is to give a true specimen of the Scotch dialect, where it may be supposed to be most perfect, namely, in Mid-Lothian, the seat of the capital. The style is precisely that of the vulgar Scotch; and that the matter might be suitable to it, I chose for the subject a little story adapted to the ideas of peasants. It is a tale commonly told in Scotland among the country people; and may be looked upon as of the kind of those aniles fabellæ, in which Horace observes his country neighbours were accustomed to convey their rustic philosophy.

A canny man [2] will scarce provoke
Ae [3] creature livin, for a jobe;
For be they weak or be they strang [4],
A jibe [5] leaves after it a stang [6]
To mak them think on't; and a laird [7]
May find a begger sae prepar'd,
Wi pawks [8] and wiles, whar pith [9] is wantin,
As soon will mak him rue his tauntin.
Ye hae my moral, if am able
All fit it nicely wi a fable.
A hare, ae morning, chanc'd to see
A partan creepin on a lee [10],
A fishwife [11] wha was early oot
Had drapt [12] the creature thereaboot.
Mawkin [13] bumbas'd [14] and frighted sair [15]
To see a thing but hide and hair [16],
Which if it stur'd not might be taen [17]
For naething ither than a stane [18].
A squunt-wise [19], wambling [20] sair beset
Wi gerse and rashes [21] like a net,

[1] *THE HARE AND THE PARTAN.*] Partan] A Crab.

[2] *A canny man*] A canny man signifies nearly the same thing as a prudent man: but when the Scotch say that a person is *not* canny, they mean not that they are imprudent, but mischievous and dangerous. If the term *not canny* is applied to persons without being explained, it charges them with sorcery and witchcraft.

[3] *Ae*] One.

[4] *Strang*] Strong. The Scotch almost always turn *o* in the syllable *ong*, into *a*. In place of *long*, they say *lang*; in place of *tongs*, *tangs*; as here *strang*, for *strong*.

[5] *A jibe*] A satirical jest.

[6] *Stang*] Sting.

[7] *Laird*] A gentleman of an estate in land.

[8] *Pawks*] Stratagems.

[9] *Pith*] Strength.

[10] *Lee*] A piece of ground let run into grass for pasture.

[11] *Fishwife*] A woman thats sells fish. It is to be observed that the Scotch always use the word woman.

[12] *Drapt*] Dropt.

[13] *Mawkin*] A cant name for a hare, like that of Reynard for a fox, or Grimalkin for a cat, &c.

[14] *Bumbas'd*] Astonish'd.

[15] *Sair*] Sore. I shall observe, once for all that the Scotch avoid the vowels *e* and *i*; and have in innumerable instances supplied their places with *a* and *e*, or diphthongs in which these letters are predominant.

[16] *But hide and hair*] Without hide and hair.

[17] *Taen*] Taken.

[18] *Naething ither than a stane*] Nothing other than a stone.

[19] *A squunt-wise*] Obliquely or asquint.

[20] *Wambling*] A feeble motion like that of a worm or serpent.

[21] *Gerse and rashes*] Grass and rushes. The

First thought to rin [22] for't; (for bi kind
A hare's nae fechter [23], ye maun mind [24])
But seeing, that wi [25] aw its strength
It scarce cou'd creep a tether length [26],
The hare grew baulder [27] and cam near,
Turn'd playsome, and forgat her fear.
Quoth Mawkin, "Was there ere in nature
Sae feckless [28] and sae poor a creature?
It scarcely kens [29], or am mistaen,
The way to gang [30] or stand its lane [31].
See how it steitters [32]; all be bund [33]
To rin a mile of up-hill grund
Before it gets a rig-braid frae [34]"
The place its in, though doon the brae [35]."
Mawkin wi this began to frisk,
And thinkin [36] there was little risk,
Clapt baith her feet on Partan's back,
And turn'd him awald [37] in a crack.
To see the creature sprawl, her sport
Grew twice as good, yet prov'd but short.
For patting wi her fit [38], in play,
Just whar the Partan's nippers lay,
He gript it fast, which made her squeel,
And think she bourded [39] wi the deil.
She strave to rin, and made a fistle:
The tither catch'd a tough bur thristle [40]:
Which held them baith, till o'er a dyke
A herd came stending [41] wi his tyke [42],
And fill'd poor Mawkin, sairly rueen,
Whan forc'd to drink of her ain browin [43].

vowel *e* which comes in place of *a* is by a metathesis put between the consonants *g* and *r* to soften the sound.

[22] *Rin*] Run.

[23] *Fechter*] Fighter.

[24] *Ye maun mind*] You must remember.

[25] *Wi aw*] With all.

[26] *A tether length*] The length of a rope used to confine cattle when they pasture to a particular spot.

[27] *Baulder*] Bolder.

[28] *Feckless*] Feeble. *Feckful* and *feckless* signify strong and weak, I suppose from the verb *to effect*.

[29] *Kens, or am mistaen*] Knows, or I am in a mistake.

[30] *Gang*] Go.

[31] *Its lane*] Alone, or without assistance.

[32] *Steitters*] Walks in a weak stumbling way.

[33] *All be bund*] I will be bound.

[34] *A rig-braid frae*] The breadth of a ridge from. In Scotland about four fathoms.

[35] *Brae*] An ascent or descent. It is worth observing, that the Scotch when they mention a rising ground with respect to the whole of it, they call it a *knau* if small, and a *hill* if great; but if they respect only one side of either, they call it a *brae*: which is probably a corruption of the English word *brow*, according to the analogy I mentioned before.

[36] *Thinkin*] Thinking. When polysyllables terminate in *ing*, the Scotch almost always neglect the g, which softens the sound.

[37] *Awald*] Topsy-turvy.

[38] *Fit*] Foot.

[39] *Bourded*] To *bourd* with any person is to attack him in the way of jest.

[40] *Thrjstle*] Thistle. The Scotch, though they commonly affect soft sounds, and throw out consonants and take in vowels in order to obtain them, yet in some cases, of which this is an example, they do the very reverse: and bring in superfluous consonants to roughen the sound, when such sounds are more agreeable to the roughness of the thing represented.

[41] *Stending*] Leaping.

[42] *Tyke*] Dog.

[43] *Brewin*] Brewing. "To drink of one's own brewing," is a proverbial expression for suffering the effects of one's own misconduct. The English say, "As they bake, so let them brew."

A DIALOGUE.

THE AUTHOR AND A FRIEND.

"HERE take your papers."—"Have you look'd them o'er?"

"Yes, half a dozen times, I think, or more."

"And will they pass?"—"They'll serve but for a day;

Few books can now do more: you know the way;
A trifle's puff'd till one edition's sold,
In half a week at most a book grows old.
The penny turn'd 's the only point in view,
So ev'ry thing will pass if 'tis but new."—

"By what you say I easily can guess
You rank me with the drudges for the press;
Who from their garrets show'r Pindarics down,
Or plaintive elegies to lull the town."—

"You take me wrong: I only meant to say,
That ev'ry book that 's new will have its day;
The best no more: for books are seldom read;
The world 's grown dull, and publishing, a trade.
Were this not so, cou'd Ossian's deathless strains,
Of high heroic times the sole remains,
Strains which display perfections to our view,
Which polish'd Greece and Italy ne'er knew,
With modern epics share one common lot,
This day applauded and the next forgot?"

"Enough of this; to put the question plain,
Will men of sense and taste approve my strain?
Will my old-fashion'd sense and comic ease
With better judges have a chance to please?"

"The question's plain, but hard to be resolv'd;
One little less important can be solv'd:
The men of sense and taste, believe it true,
Will ne'er to living authors give their due.
They 're candidates for fame in diff'rent ways;
One writes romances and another plays,
A third prescribes you rules for writing well,
Yet bursts with envy if you shou'd excel.
Through all fame's walks, the college and the court,
The field of combat and the field of sport;
The stage, the pulpit, senate-house and bar,
Merit with merit lives at constant war."

"All who can judge affect not public fame;
Of those that do the paths are not the same:
A grave historian hardly needs to fear
The rival glory of a sonnetteer:
The deep philosopher, who turns mankind
Quite inside outwards, and dissects the mind,
Wou'd look but whimsical and strangely out,
To grudge some quack his treatise on the gout."—

"Hold, hold, my friend, all this I know, and more;
An ancient bard [1] has told us long before;
And by examples easily decided,
That folks of the same trades are most divided.
But folks of different trades that hunt for fame
Are constant rivals, and their ends the same:
It needs no proof, you'll readily confess,
That merit envies merit more or less:
The passion rules alike in those who share
Of public reputation, or despair.
Varrus has knowledge, humour, taste, and sense,
Cou'd purchase laurels at a small expense;
But wise and learn'd, and eloquent in vain,
He sleeps at ease in pleasure's silken chain:
Will Varrus help you to the Muse's crown,
Which, but for indolence, might be his own?
Timon with art and industry aspires
To fame; the world applauds him, and admires:
Timon has sense, and will not blame a line
He knows is good, from envy or design:
Some gen'ral praise he 'll carelessly express,
Which just amounts to none, and sometimes less:
But if his penetrating sense should spy
Such beauties as escape a vulgar eye,
So finely couch'd, their value to enhance,
That all are pleas'd, yet think they're pleas'd by chance;
Rather than blab such secrets to the throng,
He'd lose a finger, or bite off his tongue.
Narcissus is a beau, but not an ass,
He likes your works, but most his looking-glass;
Will he to serve you quit his favourite care,
Turn a book-pedant and offend the fair?
Clelia to taste and judgment may pretend;
She will not blame your verse, nor dares commend:
A modest virgin always shuns dispute;
Soft Strephon likes you not, and she is mute.
Stern Aristarchus, who expects renown
From ancient merit rais'd, and new knock'd down,
For faults in every syllable will pry,
Whate'er he finds is good he'll pass it by."
"Hold, hold, enough! All act from private ends;
Authors and wits were ever slipp'ry friends:"
"But say, will vulgar readers like my lays?
When such approve a work, they always praise."
"To speak my sentiments, your tales I fear
Are but ill suited to a vulgar ear.
Will city readers, us'd to better sport,
The politics and scandals of a court, [pore,
Well vouch'd from Grub-street, on your pages
For what they ne'er can know, or knew before?
Many have thought, and I among the rest,
That fables are but useless things at best:
Plain words without a metaphor may serve
To tell us that the poor must work or starve.
We need no stories of a cock and bull
To prove that graceless scribblers must be dull.
That hope deceives; that never to excel,
'Gainst spite and envy is the only spell—
All this, without an emblem, I suppose
Might pass for sterling truth in verse or prose."—
"Sir, take a seat, my answer will be long;
Yet weigh the reasons and you'll find them strong.

[1] Hesiod.

At first [2] when savage men in quest of food,
Like lions, wolves and tigers, rang'd the wood,
They had but just what simple nature craves,
Their garments skins of beasts, their house caves.
When prey abounded, from its bleeding dam
Pity would spare a kidling or a lamb,
Which, with their children nurs'd and fed at home,
Soon grew domestic and forgot to roam:
From such beginnings flocks and herds were seen
To spread and thicken on the woodland green:
With property, injustice soon began, [man
And they that prey'd on beasts now prey'd on
Communities were fram'd, and laws to bind
In social intercourse the human kind.
These things were new, they had not got their names,
And right and wrong were yet uncommon theme
The rustic senator, untaught to draw
Conclusions in morality or law,
Of every term of art and science bare,
Wanted plain words his sentence to declare;
Much more at length to manage a dispute,
To clear, inforce, illustrate and confute;
Fable was then found out, 'tis worth your heed,
And answer'd all the purposes of pleading. [ing,
It won the head with unsuspected art,
And touch'd the secret springs that move the heart:
With this premis'd, I add, that men delight
To have their first condition still in sight.
Long since the sires of Brunswick's line forsook
The hunter's bow, and dropt the shepherd's crook:
Yet, 'midst the charms of royalty, their race
Still loves the forest, and frequents the chase.
The high-born maid, whose gay apartments shine
With the rich produce of each Indian mine,
Sighs for the open fields, the past'ral hook,
To sleep delightful near a warbling brook;
And loves to read the ancient tales that tell
How queens themselves fetch'd water from the well.
If this is true, and all affect the ways
Of patriarchal life in former days,
Fable must please the stupid, the refin'd,
Wisdom's first dress to court the op'ning mind.
"You reason well, cou'd nature hold her course,
Where vice exerts her tyranny by force:
Are natural pleasures suited to a taste,
Where nature's laws are alter'd and defac'd?
The healthful swain who treads the dewy mead,
Enjoys the music warbled o'er his head;
Feels gladness at his heart while he inhales
The fragrance wafted in the balmy gales.
Not so Silenus from his night's debauch,
Fatigu'd and sick, he looks upon his watch
With rheumy eyes and forehead aching sore,
And staggers home to bed to belch and snore;
For such a wretch in vain the morning glows,
For him in vain the vernal zephyr blows:

[2] The author speaks of those only who upon the dispersion of mankind fell into perfect barbarism, and emerged from it again in the way which he describes, and not of those who had laws and arts from the beginning by divine tradition.

Gross pleasures are his taste, his life a chain
Of feverish joys, of lassitude and pain.
Trust not to nature in such times as these,
When all is off the hinge, can nature please?
Discard all useless scruples, be not nice;
Like some folks laugh at virtue, flatter vice,
Boldly attack the mitre or the crown;
Religion shakes already, push it down:
Do every thing to please?—You shake your head:
Why then 'tis certain that you'll ne'er succeed:
Dismiss your Muse, and take your full repose;
What none will read 'tis useless to compose."—
"A good advice! to follow it is hard.—
Quote one example, name me but a bard
Who ever hop'd Parnassus' heights to climb,
That dropt his Muse, till she deserted him.
A cold is caught, this med'cine can expel,
The dose is thrice repeated, and you're well.
In man's whole frame there is no crack or flaw
But yields to Bath, to Bristol, or to Spa:
No drug poetic frenzy can restrain,
Ev'n hellebore itself is try'd in vain:
'Tis quite incurable by human skill;
And though it does but little good or ill,
Yet still it meets the edge of reformation,
Like the chief vice and nuisance of the nation.
The formal-quack, who kills his man each day,
Passes uncensur'd, and receives his pay.
Old Aulus, nodding 'midst the lawyers strife,
Wakes to decide on property and life.
Yet not a soul will blame him, and insist
That he should judge to purpose, or desist.
At this address how would the courtiers laugh!
'My lord, you're always blundering: quit your staff:
You've lost some reputation, and 'tis best
To shift before you grow a public jest.'
This none will think of, though 'tis more a crime
To mangle state-affairs, than murder rhyme.
The quack, you'll say, has reason for his killing,
He cannot eat unless he earns his shilling.
The worn-out lawyer clambers to the bench
That he may live at ease, and keep his wench;
The courtier toils for something higher far,
And hopes for wealth, new titles and a star;
While moon-struck poets in a wild-goose chase
Pursue contempt, and begg'ry, and disgrace."
"Be't so; I claim by precedent and rule
A free-born Briton's right, to play the fool:
My resolution's fix'd, my course I'll hold
In spite of all your arguments when told:
Whether I'm well and up, or keep my bed,
Am warm and full, or neither cloth'd nor fed,
Whether my fortune's kind, or in a pet,
Am banish'd by the laws, or fled for debt;
Whether in Newgate, Bedlam, or the Mint,
I'll write as long as publishers will print."
"Unhappy lad, who will not spend your time
To better purpose than in useless rhyme:
Of but one remedy your case admits,
The king is gracious, and a friend to wits;
Pray write for him, nor think your labour lost,
Your verse may gain a pension or a post."
"May Heav'n forbid that this auspicious reign
Shou'd furnish matter for a poet's strain:
The praise of conduct steady, wise, and good,
In prose is best express'd and understood.
Nor are those sov'reigns blessings to their age
Whose deeds are sung, whose actions grace the stage.
A peaceful river, whose soft current feeds
The constant verdure of a thousand meads,
Whose shaded banks afford a safe retreat
From winter's blasts and summer's sultry heat,
From whose pure wave the thirsty peasant drains
Those tides of health that flow within his veins,
Passes unnotic'd; while the torrent strong
Which bears the shepherds and their flocks along,
Arm'd with the vengeance of the angry skies,
Is view'd with admiration and surprise;
Employs the painter's hand, the poet's quill,
And rises to renown by doing ill.
Verse form'd for falshood makes ambition shine,
Dubs it immortal, and almost divine;
But qualities which fiction ne'er can raise
It always lessens when it strives to praise."
"Then take your way, 'tis folly to contend
With those who know their faults, but will not mend."

THE

POEMS

OF

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

THE

LIFE OF PAUL WHITEHEAD,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

PAUL WHITEHEAD, the youngest son of Edmund Whitehead, a taylor, was born at his father's house in Castle-Yard, Holborn, on the sixth day of February 1709-10, St. Paul's day, O. S. to which circumstance he is said to owe his name. As he was intended for trade, he received no other education than what a school at Hitchen in Hertfordshire afforded, and at the usual age was placed as an apprentice to a mercer or woollen-draper in London. Here he had for his associate the late Mr. Lowth of Paternoster-row, long the intimate friend, and afterwards the executor of the celebrated tragedian, James Quin. Whitehead and Lowth were both of a lively disposition and fond of amusement; Lowth had attached himself to the theatre, and by this means Whitehead became acquainted with some of the theatrical personages of that day, and among others with Fleetwood the manager. Lowth, however, continued in business, while Whitehead was encouraged to enter himself of the Temple and study the law.

Fleetwood was always in distress, and always contriving new modes of relief; Whitehead was pliable, good natured and friendly, and being applied to by the artful manager to enter into a joint security for the payment of three thousand pounds, which he was told would not affect him, as another name besides Fleetwood's was wanted merely as a matter of form, readily fell into the snare. It is perhaps wonderful that Whitehead, who knew something of business and something of law, should have been deceived by a pretence so flimsy; but on the other hand it is not improbable that Fleetwood, who had the baseness to lie, had also the cunning to enjoin secresy, and Whitehead might be flattered by being thus admitted into his confidence. The consequence, however, was, that Fleetwood was unable to pay, and Whitehead, considering himself as entrapt into a promise, did not look upon it as binding in honour, and therefore submitted to a long confinement in the

Fleet-prison. If this transaction happened, as one of his biographers informs us, about the year 1742, Whitehead was not unable to have satisfied Fleetwood's creditors. He had in the year 1735 married Anna Dyer, the only daughter of sir Swinnerton Dyer, bart. of Spains-hall, Essex, with whom he received the sum of ten thousand pounds. By what means he was released at last without payment we are not told.

Long before this period[1], Whitehead, who from his infancy had discovered a turn for poetry, and had when at school corresponded in rhime with his father, distinguished himself both as a poet and a politician. In the latter character, he appears to have united the principles of jacobitism and republicanism in no very consistent proportions. As a jacobite, he took every opportunity of venting his spleen against the reigning family: and as a republican, he was no less outrageous in his ravings about liberty, which, in his dictionary, meant an utter abhorrence of kings, courts and ministers. His first production of this kind was the State Dunces, in 1733, inscribed to Mr. Pope, and written in a close imitation of that poet's satires. The keenness of his abuse, the harmony of his verse, and above all the personalities which he dealt about him with a most liberal hand, conferred popularity on this poem, and procured him the character of an enemy who was to be dreaded, and a friend who ought to be secured. He was accordingly favoured by the party then in opposition to sir Robert Walpole, and at no great distance of time, became patronized by Bubb Doddington and the other adherents of the prince of Wales's court. The State Dunces was answered in a few days by a Friendly Epistle to its author, in verse not much inferior. Whitehead sold his poem to Dodsley, for ten guineas, a circumstance which Dr. Johnson, who thought meanly of our poet, recollected afterwards when Dodsley offered to purchase his *London*, and conditioned for the same sum. "I might perhaps have accepted of less: but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem: and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead[2]."

In 1739, Whitehead published his more celebrated poem, entitled Manners, a satire not only upon the administration, but upon all the venerable forms of the constitution, under the assumption of an universal depravity of manners. Pope had at this time taken liberties which, in the opinion of some politicians, ought to be repressed. In his second dialogue of Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight, he gave offence to one of the Foxes, among others; which Fox, in a reply to Lyttelton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching Lyttelton with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the legislature would quickly be discharged[3]. Pope, however, was formidable, and had many powerful friends. With all his preju-

[1] "The first whimsical circumstance, which drew the eyes of the world upon him, was his introduction of the Mock Procession of Masonry, in which Mr. 'Squire Carey gave him much assistance: and so powerful was the laugh and satire against that secret society, that the anniversary parade was laid aside from that period." Captain Thomson's Life of Whitehead, p. vii. But Whitehead was long known to the world before this mock procession, which did not take place till the year 1744. 'Squire Carey was a surgeon in Pall Mall, and an associate of Ralph and other minor humourists of the day. *C.*

[2] Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 102. edit. 1807.

[3] Johnson's Life of Pope.

dices, he was the first poet of the age and an honour to his country. But Paul Whitehead was less entitled to respect: he was formidable rather by his calumny than his talents, and might be prosecuted with effect.

Accordingly, in the house of peers, lord Delawar, after expatiating on the gross falsehoods and injurious imputations contained in the poem, against many noblemen and prelates of high character, moved that the author and publisher should attend at the bar of the house. On the day appointed, Dodsley appeared as the publisher, Whitehead having absconded. Dodsley pleaded that he did not look into the contents of the poem, "but that imagining there might be something in it, as he saw it was a satire by its title-page, that might be laid hold of in law, he insisted that the author should affix his name to it, and that then he printed it." In consequence of this confession, he was taken into the custody of the usher of the black rod, but released after a short confinement and payment of the usual fees[4].

No farther steps were taken against the author of Manners: the whole process, indeed, was supposed to be intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead, and it answered that purpose: Pope became cautious, "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," and Whitehead for some years remained quiet.

The noise, however, which this prosecution occasioned, and its failure as to the main object, induced Whitehead's enemies to try whether he might not be assailed in another way, and rendered the subject of odium, if not of punishment. In this pursuit, the authors of some of the ministerial journals published a letter from a Cambridge student, who had been expelled for atheism, in which it was intimated that Whitehead belonged to a club of young men who assembled to encourage one another in shaking off what they termed the prejudices of education. But Whitehead did not suffer this to disturb the retirement so necessary in his present circumstances, and as the accusation had no connection with his politics or his poetry, he was content to sacrifice his character with respect to religion, which he did not value, in support of the cause he had espoused. That he was an infidel seems generally acknowledged by all his biographers, and when he joined the club at Medmam Abbey, it must be confessed that his practices did not disgrace his profession.

In 1744, he published The Gymnasiad, a just satire on the savage amusements of the boxers, which were then more publicly, if not more generally encouraged, than in our own days. Broughton, who died within these few years at Lambeth, was at that time the invincible champion, and Whitehead accordingly dedicated the poem to him in a strain of easy humour. Soon after he published Honour[5],

[4] In order to procure this lenity, Dodsley drew up a petition to the house, which the earl of Essex, one of the noble personages libelled in the poem, had the generosity to present. Victor, in one of his Letters, informs us that he had the boldness to suggest this measure to the earl. *C.*

[5] "I must tell you that the celebrated Mr. Paul Whitehead has been at Deal, with a family where I often visit: and it was my fate to be once in his company much against my will: for having naturally as strong an antipathy to a wit, as some people have to a cat, I at first fairly run away to avoid it. However, at last I was dragged in, and condemned by my perverse fortune to hear part of a *Satyre* just ready for the press. Considered as poetry and wit, it had some extremely fine

another satire at the expense of the leading men in power, whom he calumniates with all that relentless and undistinguishing bitterness in which Churchill afterwards excelled.

We next find him an active partizan in the contested election for Westminster, between lord Trentham, and sir George Vandeput, in 1749. He not only canvassed for sir George (for whom also his patron Doddington voted) but wrote the greater part of his advertisements, handbills and paragraphs. He wrote also the case of the hon. Alexander Murray, who was sent to Newgate for heading a riot on that occasion.

In 1755, he published An Epistle to Dr. Thomson. This physician was one of the persons who shared in the convivial hours of Mr. Doddington, afterwards lord Melcombe, although it is not easy to discover what use he could make of a physician out of practice, a man of most slovenly habits, and who had neither taste nor talents. It was at his lordship's house, where Whitehead became acquainted with this man, and looked up to him as an oracle both in politics and physic, and here too he associated very cordially with Ralph, whom he had abused with so much contempt in the State Dunces. From his Diary lately published, and from some of his unpublished letters, in my possession, it appears that Doddington had no great respect for Thomson, and merely used Whitehead, Ralph and others, as convenient tools in his various political intrigues. Whitehead's epistle is an extravagant encomium on Thomson, of whose medical talents he could be no judge, and which, if his Treatise on the Small-pox be a specimen, were likely to be more formidable to his patients than to his brethren.

Except a small pamphlet on the disputes, in 1768, between the four managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, the Epistle to Dr. Thomson was the last of our author's detached publications. The lesser pieces to be found in his works were occasional trifles written for the theatres or public gardens. He was now in easy, if not affluent circumstances. By the interest of lord le Despenser, he got the place of deputy-treasurer of the chamber, worth 800l. and held it to his death. On this acquisition, he purchased a cottage on Twickenham Common, and from a design of his friend Isaac Ware, the architect, at a small expense improved it into an elegant villa. Here, according to sir John Hawkins, he was visited by very few of the inhabitants of that classical spot, but his house was open to all his London acquaintance, Hogarth, Lambert and Hayman, painters, Isaac Ware, Beard and Howard, &c. In such company principally he passed the remainder of his days, suffering the memory of his poetry and politics to decay gradually. His death happened at his lodgings in Henrietta Street, Covent-Garden, Dec. 30, 1774. For some time previous to this event he lingered under a severe illness, during which he employed himself in burning all his manuscripts; among these

strokes: but the vile practice of exalting some characters, and abusing others, without any colour of truth or justice, has something so shocking in it, that the finest genius in the world, cannot, I think, take from the horrour of, and I had much ado to sit with any kind of patience to hear it out. Surely there is nothing more provoking than to see fine talents so wretchedly misapplied," Part of a letter from Mrs. Carter, (in her Memoirs lately published by the rev. Mr. Pennington) and dated April 1745.

were originals of many occasional pieces of poetry written for the amusement of his friends, some of which had probably been published without his name, and cannot now be distinguished. His works, as given in this collection, were published in an elegant quarto volume (in 1777) by captain Edward Thomson, who prefixed Memoirs of his Life, in which we have found very little that had not been published in the Annual Register of 1775. The character Thomson gives of him is an overstrained panegyric, inconsistent in itself, and more so when compared with some facts which he had not the sense to conceal, nor the virtue to censure.

Whitehead's character has never been in much esteem, yet it was not uniformly bad. Those who adopt the severe sentence passed by Churchill, in these lines,

> May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
> Be born a WHITEHEAD and baptised a Paul[6].

will want nothing else to excite abhorrence; but Churchill has taken too many liberties with truth to be believed without corroborating evidence. Besides, we are to consider what part of Whitehead's conduct excited this indignation. Paul's great and unpardonable crime, in Churchill's eyes, was his accepting a place under government, and laying aside a pen, which, in conjunction with Churchill's, might have created wonders in the political world. Churchill could not dislike him because he was an infidel and a man of pleasure. In point of morals there was surely not much difference in the misfortune of being born a Whitehead or a Churchill.

How very erroneous Whitehead's life had been, is too evident from his having shared in those scenes of blasphemy and debauchery which were performed at Medmenham or Mednam Abbey, a house on the Thames near Marlow in Buckinghamshire. His noble patron, (then sir Francis Dashwood,) sir Thomas Stapleton, John Wilkes, Whitehead and others combined, at this place, in a scheme of impious and sensual indulgence unparalleled in the annals of infamy: and perhaps there cannot be a more striking proof of want of shame as well as of virtue, than the circumstance which occasioned the discovery of this refined brothel[7]. Wilkes was the first person to disclose the shocking secret, and that merely out of a pique against one of the members who had promoted the prosecution against him for writing the Essay on Woman. In the same note to one of Churchill's poems in which he published the transactions of this profligate cabal, he was not ashamed to insert his own name as a partner in the guilt.

[6] Captain Thomson, whose notions of right and wrong are more confused than those of any man who ever pretended to delineate a character, says that in these lines Churchill meant "to be neither illiberal nor ill natured." "One would conclude, that he had a very particular enmity to Paul Whitehead, but, *to do him justice*, he had enmity to no man: very few breasts ever possessed more philanthropy, charity and honour!" *C.*

[7] After such an account of the indecencies practised at this place as could become the character only of the shameless narrator, captain Thomson sums up the whole in these words, which are an additional specimen of his ability in delineating moral character.—"Now all that can be drawn from the publication of these ceremonies is, that a set of worthy, jolly fellows, happy disciples of Venus and Bacchus, got occasionally together, to celebrate women in wine: and to give more zest to the festive meeting, they plucked every luxurious idea from the ancients, and enriched their own modern pleasures with the addition of classic luxury."—It may be necessary to inform the reader, that among their modern pleasures, they assumed the names of the apostles, nothing in whose history was sacred from their impious ribaldry. *C.*

That Whitehead repented of the share he took in this club, we are not told. His character suffered, however, in common with that of the other members; and he appears to have been willing to "buy golden opinions of all men" by acts of popularity, and gain some respect from his social, if he could gain none from his personal virtues. Sir John Hawkins represents him, as by nature a friendly and kind-hearted man, well acquainted with vulgar manners and the town, but little skilled in knowledge of the world, and little able to resist the arts of designing men. He had married a woman of a good family and fortune, whom, though homely in her person, and little better than an ideot[8], he treated not only with humanity, but with tenderness, hiding, as well as he was able, those defects in her understanding, which are oftener the subjects of ridicule than compassion. At Twickenham, adds sir John, he manifested the goodness of his nature in the exercise of kind offices, in healing breaches and composing differences between his poor neighbours[9].

But whatever care Whitehead took to retrieve his character, and throw oblivion over the most blameable part of his life, he unintentionally revived the whole by a clause in his will, in which, out of *gratitude*, he bequeathed his HEART to lord le Despenser, and desired it might be deposited, if his lordship pleased, in some corner of his mausoleum. These terms were accordingly fulfilled, and the valuable relic deposited with the ceremony of a military procession, vocal performers habited, as a choir, in surplices, and every other testimony of veneration. The whole was followed by the performance of an oratorio in West Wycombe church. The following incantation which was sung at the placing of the urn in the mausoleum, may be a sufficient specimen of this solemn mockery:

> From Earth to Heaven WHITEHEAD'S soul is fled:
> Refulgent glories beam around his head!
> His Muse, concording with resounding strings,
> Gives angels words to praise the King of kings.

His poems were appended to the last edition of Dr. Johnson's collection, and I have not therefore ventured to displace them. Yet it may be doubtful whether any partiality can assign him a very high rank even among versifiers. He was a professed imitator of Pope in his satires, and may be entitled to all the praise which successful imitation deserves. His lines are in general harmonious and correct, and sometimes vigorous, but he owes his popularity chiefly to the personal calumnies so liberally thrown out against men of rank, in the defamation of whom a very active and extensive party was strongly interested. Like Churchill's, therefore, his works were forgotten when the contending parties were removed or reconciled. But he had not the energetic and original genius of Churchill, nor can we find many passages in which the spirit of genuine poetry is discoverable. Of his character as a poet, he was himself

[8] His biographer, above mentioned, calls her "a most amiable lady." She died, however, young.

[9] Hawkins' Life of Dr. Johnson.

very careless, considering it perhaps as only the temporary instrument of his advancement to ease and independence. No persuasions could induce him to collect his works, and they would probably never have been collected, had not the frequent mention of his name in conjunction with those of his political patrons, and the active services of his pen, created a something like permanent reputation, and a desire to collect the various documents by which the history of factions may be illustrated.

POEMS

OF

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

THE

STATE DUNCES:

A SATIRE. INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1739.

I from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state.
SWIFT

WHILE cringing crowds at faithless levees wait,
Fond to be fools of fame, or slaves of state;
And others, studious to increase their store,
Plough the rough ocean for Peruvian ore;
How blest thy fate, whom calmer hours attend,
Peace thy companion, fame thy faithful friend!
While in thy Twick'nham bow'rs, devoid of care
You feast the fancy, and enchant the ear;
Thames gently rolls her silver tide along,
And the charm'd Naiads listen to thy song.
Here, peaceful pass the gentle hours away,
While tuneful science measures out the day!
Here happy bard, as various fancies lead,
You paint the blooming maid, or flow'ry mead!
Sound the rough clangour of tumultuous war,[1]
Or sing the ravish'd tendrils of the fair[2]!
Now melting move the tender tear to flow,
And wake our sighs with Eloisa's woe[3].
But chief, to dullness ever foe decreed,
The apes of science with thy satire bleed[4];
Peers, poets, panders, mingle in the throng,
Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy songs.
Yet vain, O Pope! is all thy sharpest rage,
Still starv'ling Dunces persecute the age;
Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite,
Still tasteless Timons build, and Tibbalds write;
Still Welstead[6] tunes his beer-inspired lays,
And Ralph, in metre, holds forth Stanhope's[5] praise.
Ah! hapless victim to the poet's flame,
While his eulogiums crucify thy fame.
Shall embrio wits thy studious hours engage,
Live in thy labours, and prophane thy page;
While virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy lays,
And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise?
Can Pope be silent, and not grateful lend
One strain to sing the patriot, and the friend,
Who, nobly anxious in his country's cause,
Maintains her honours, and defends her laws?
Could I, my bard, but equal numbers raise,
Then would I sing—for, oh! I burst to praise—
Sing how a Pult'ney[7] charms the list'ning throng,
While senates hang enraptur'd on his tongue;
With Tully's fire how each oration glows;
In Tully's music how each period flows;
Instruct each babe to lisp the patriot's name,
Who in each bosom breathes a Roman flame.
So, when the genius of the Roman age
Stemm'd the strong torrent of tyrannic rage,
In freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd,
And, like a Pult'ney, then a Brutus charm'd.
How blest, while we a British Brutus see,
And all the Roman stands confest in thee!
Equal thy worth, but equal were thy doom,
To save Britannia, as he rescu'd Rome:
He from a Tarquin snatch'd the destin'd prey;
Britannia still laments a Walpole's sway.
Arise, my tuneful bard, nor thus in vain
Let thy Britannia, whom thou lov'st, complain:

[1] Homer. [2] Rape of the Lock.
[3] Eloisa to Abelard. [4] Dunciad.
[5] Epistles.

[6] *Still Welstead, ... And Ralph.*] Two authors, remarkable for nothing so much as the figure they make in the Dunciad, unjustly, on the part of Welstead, who certainly was not a despicable writer. Whitehead was afterwards very intimate with Ralph, whom he frequently met at Bubb Doddington's.—*C.*

[7] Afterwards earl of Bath.

If thou in moanful lays relate her woe,
Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pity flow:
If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
Revenge and fury fire each British swain:
Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
Or burn with rage, or soften into love.
O let Britannia be her poet's care!
And lash the spoiler, while you save the fair.
Lo! where he stands, amidst the servile crew,
Nor blushes stain his cheek with crimson hue;
While dire corruption all around he spreads,
And ev'ry ductile conscience captive leads:
Brib'd by his boons, behold the venal band
Worship the idol they could once command;
So Britain's now, as Judah's sons before,
First raise a golden calf, and then adore.
Let dull Parnassian sons of rhyme no more
Provoke thy satire, and employ thy pow'r;
New objects rise to share an equal fate,
The big, rich, mighty, Dunces of the State.
Shall Ralph, Cooke, Welstead, then engross thy rage,
While courts afford a Hervey, York, or Gage?
Dullness no more roosts only near the sky,
But senates, drawing-rooms, with garrets vie;
Plump peers, and breadless bards, alike are dull;
St. James's and Rag-fair club fool for fool.
Amidst the mighty dull, behold how great
An Appius swells, the Tibbald of the state!
Long had he strove to spread his lawless sway
O'er Britain's sons, and force them to obey;
But, blasted all his blooming hopes, he flies
To vent his woe, and mourn his lost excise.
Pensive he sat, and sigh'd, while round him lay
Loads of dull lumber, all inspir'd by pay:
Here, puny pamphlets, spun from prelates' brains;
There, the smooth jingle of Cooke's lighter strains:
Here, Walsingham's[8] soft lulling opiate spread;
There, gloomy Osborn's[8] quintessence of lead:
With these the statesman strove to ease his care,
To sooth his sorrows, and divert despair:
But long his grief sleep's gentle aid denies;
At length a slumb'rous Briton clos'd his eyes.
Yet vain the healing balm of downy rest,
To chase his woe, or ease his lab'ring breast:
Now frightful forms rise hideous to his view,
More, Strafford, Laud, and all the headless crew;
Daggers and halters boding terrour breeds,
And here a Dudley swings, there Villiers bleeds.
Now goddess Dulness, watchful o'er his fate,
And ever anxious for her child of state;
From couch of down slow rais'd her drowsy head,
Forsook her slumbers, and to Appius sped.
"Awake, my son, awake," the goddess cries,
"Nor longer mourn thy darling lost excise:"
(Here the sad sound unseal'd the statesman's eyes)
"Why slumbers thus my son, opprest with care?
While Dullness rules, say, shall her sons despair?
O'er all I spread my universal sway;
Kings, prelates, peers, and rulers, all obey:
Lo! in the church my mighty pow'r I shew,
In pulpit preach, and slumber in the pew:
The bench and bar alike my influence owns;
Here prate my magpies, and there doze my drones.
In the grave dons, how formal is my mien,
Who rule the gallipots of Warwick-lane:
At court behold me strut in purple pride,
At Hockley roar, and in Crane-court preside.
But chief in thee my mighty pow'r is seen;
'Tis I inspire thy mind, and fill thy mien;
On thee, my child, my duller blessings shed,
And pour my opium o'er thy fav'rite head;
Rais'd thee a ruler of Britannia's fate,
And led thee blund'ring to the helm of state."
Here bow'd the statesman low, and thus addrest:
"O goddess, sole inspirer of my breast!
To gall the British neck with Gallic chain,
Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain;
While Caleb[9], rebel to thy sacred pow'r,
Unveils those eyes which thou hast curtain'd o'er,
Makes Britain's sons my dark designs foresee,
Blast all my schemes, and struggle to be free.
O, had my projects met a milder fate,
How had I reign'd a basha of the state!
How o'er Britannia spread imperial sway!
How taught each free-born Briton to obey!
No smiling freedom then had cheer'd her swains,
But Asia's deserts vy'd with Albion's plains:
Turks, Vandals, Britain! then compar'd with thee,
Had hugg'd their chains, and joy'd that they were free;
While wond'ring nations all around had seen
Me rise a great Mogul, or Mazarin:
Then had I taught Britannia to adore,
Then led her captive to my lawless pow'r.
Methinks, I view her now no more appear
First in the train, and fairest 'midst the fair;
Joyless I see the lovely mourner lie,
Nor glow her cheek, nor sparkle now her eye;
Faded each grace, no smiling feature warm;
Torn all her tresses, blighted ev'ry charm:
Nor teeming plenty now each valley crowns;
Slaves are her sons, and tradeless all her towns.
For this, behold yon peaceful army fed;
For this, on senates see my bounty shed;
For this, what wonders, goddess, have I wrought!
How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought!
What wand'ring maze of error blunder'd through,
And how repair'd old blunders still by new!
Hence the long train of never ending jars,
Of warful peaces, and of peaceful wars,
Each mystic treaty of the mighty store,
Which to explain, demands ten treaties more:
Hence scarecrow navies, floating raree-shows;
And hence Iberia's pride, and Britain's woes.
These wond'rous works, O goddess! have I done,
Works ever worthy Dulness' fav'rite son.
"Lo! on thy sons alone my favours show'r;
None share my bounty that disdain thy pow'r:
Yon feathers, ribbons, titles light as air,
Behold, thy choicest children only share:
Each views the pageant with admiring eyes,
And fondly grasps the visionary prize;
Now proudly spreads his leading-string of state,
And thinks—to be a wretch, is to be great.

[8] Names assumed by writers of two ministerial papers.

[9] Caleb D'Anvers, the name assumed by the writers of the Craftsman.

"But turn, O goddess! turn thine eyes, and view
The darling leaders of thy gloomy crew.
"Full open-mouth'd Newcastle there behold,
Aping a Tully, swell into a scold;
Grievous to mortal ear.—As at the place
Where loud tongu'd virgins vend the scaly race,
Harsh peals of vocal thunder fill the skies,
And stunning sounds in hideous discord rise;
So, when he tries the wond'rous power of noise,
Each hapless ear's a victim to his voice.
[10] How blest, O Cheselden! whose art can mend
Those ears Newcastle was ordain'd to rend.
"See Harrington secure in silence sit;
No empty words betray his want of wit:
If sense in hiding folly is express'd,
O Harrington! thy wisdom stands confess'd.
"To Dullness' sacred cause for ever true,
Thy darling Caledonian, goddess, view;
The pride and glory of thy Scotia's plains,
And faithful leader of her venal swains:
Loaded he moves beneath a servile weight,
The dull laborious packhorse of the state;
Drudges through tracks of infamy for pay,
And hackneys out his conscience by the day:
Yonder behold the busy peerless peer,
With aspect meagre and important air;
His form how gothic, and his looks how sage!
He seems the living Plato of the age.
Blest form! in which alone thy merit's seen,
Since all thy wisdom centers in thy mien!
"Here Egmont, Albemarle, (for senates fit)
And W——, by the wise, in council sit:
Here looby G——n, Gr——m over dull,
By birth a senator, by fate a fool.
"While these, Britannia, watchful o'er thy state,
Maintain thine honours, and direct thy fate,
How shall admiring nations round adore,
Behold thy greatness, tremble at thy pow'r;
New Shebas come, invited by thy fame,
Revere thy wisdom, and extol thy name!
"Lo! to yon bench now, goddess, turn thine eyes,
And view thy sons in solemn dullness rise: [eyes,
All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see
Each form confess thy dull divinity;
True to thy cause behold each trencher'd sage
Increas'd in folly as advanc'd in age:
Here Ch——r, learn'd in mystic prophecy,
Confuting Collins, makes each prophet lie:
Poor Woolston by thy Smallbrook there assail'd;
Jails sure convinc'd him, though the prelate fail'd.
"But chief Pastorius, ever grave and dull,
Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full,
Retails his squibs of science o'er the town,
While charges, past'rals, through each street resound;
These teach a heav'nly Jesus to obey,
While those maintain an earthly Appius' sway.
Thy gospel truth, Pastorius, crost we see,
While God and Mammon's serv'd at once by thee.
"Who wou'd not trim, speak, vote, or conscience pawn,
To lord it o'er a see, and swell in lawn?

If arts like those, O Sherlock, honours claim,
Than thee none merits more the prelate's name:
Wond'ring behold him faithful to his fee,
Prove parliaments dependent to be free;
In senates blunder, flounder and dispute,
For ever reas'ning, never to confute.
Since courts for this their fated gifts decree,
Say, what is reputation to a see?
"Lo! o'er yon flood Hare casts his low'ring eyes,
And wishful sees the rev'rend turrets rise.
While Lambeth opens to thy longing view,
Hapless! the mitre ne'er can bind thy brow:
Though courts should deign the gift, how wond'rous hard
By thy own doctrines still to be debarr'd!
For, if from change [11] such mighty evil springs,
Translations sure, O Hare! are sinful things.
"These rulers see, and nameless numbers more,
O goddess, of thy train the choicest store,
Who ignorance in gravity entrench,
And grace alike the pulpit and the bench.
"Full plac'd and pension'd, see! Horatio stands;
Begrim'd his face, unpurify'd his hands:
To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sense.
How did Horatio Britain's cause advance!
How shine the sloven and buffoon of France!
In senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
Of treaties run the tedious train, throw o'er!
How blunder out whate'er should be conceal'd,
And how keep secret what should be reveal'd!
True child of Dullness! see him, goddess, claim
Pow'r next myself, as next in birth and fame.
"Silence! ye senates, while embibbon'd Younge
Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue!
How sweet the accents play around the ear,
Form'd of smooth periods, and of well-tun'd air!
Leave, gentle Younge, the senate's dry debate,
Nor labour 'midst the labyrinths of state;
Suit thy soft genius to more tender themes,
And sing of cooling shades, and purling streams;
With modern sing-song murder ancient plays [12],
Or warble in sweet ode a Brunswick's praise:
So shall thy strains in purer dullness flow,
And laurels wither on a Cibber's brow.
Say, can the statesman wield the poet's quill,
And quit the senate for Parnassus' Hill?
Since there no venal vote a pension shares,
Nor wants Apollo lords commissioners.
"There W——, and P——, goddess, view,
Firm in thy cause, and to thy Appius true!
Lo! from their labours what reward betides!
One pays my army, one my navy guides.
"To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the fair,
'Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,'
O'er baleful tea with females taught to blame,
And spread a slander o'er a virgin's fame,
Form'd for these softer arts shall Hervey strain
With stubborn politics his tender brain!

[10] William Cheselden, an eminent surgeon.

[11] A noted sermon preached on the 30th of January, on this text, "Woe be unto them that are given to change," &c.

[12] This gentleman, with the assistance of Roome, Concanen, and several others, altered the comedy of the Jovial Crew into a modern ballad opera; which was scarce exhibited on the stage, before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one act.

For ministers laborious pamphlets write,
In senates prattle, and with patriots fight!
Thy fond ambition, pretty youth, give o'er,
Preside at balls, old fashions lost restore;
So shall each toilette in thy cause engage,
And H——ey shine a P——re of the age.
" Behold a star emblazon C——n's coat!
Not that the knight has merit, but a vote.
And here, O goddess, num'rous wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a pension, ribband, or a place.
" To murder science, and my cause defend,
Now shoals of Grub-street garretteers descend;
From schools and desks the writing insects crawl,
Unlade their dullness, and for Appius bawl.
" Lo! to thy darling Osborne turn thine eyes,
See him o'er politics superior rise;
While Caleb feels the venom of his quill;
And wond'ring ministers reward his skill:
Unlearn'd in logic, yet he writes by rule,
And proves himself in syllogism—a fool;
Now flies obedient, war with sense to wage,
And drags th' idea thro' the painful page:
Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again,
Still spins the endless cobweb of his brain:
Charm'd with each line, reviewing what he writ,
Blesses his stars, and wonders at his wit.
" Nor less, O Walsingham, thy worth appears!
Alike in merit, tho' unlike in years:
Ill-fated youth! what stars malignant shed
Their baneful influence o'er thy brainless head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read!
For bread to libel liberty and sense,
And damn thy patron weekly with defence.
Drench'd in the sable flood, O hadst thou still
O'er skins of parchment drove thy venal quill,
At Temple ale-house told an idle tale,
And pawn'd thy credit for a mug of ale;
Unknown to Appius then had been thy name,
Unlac'd thy coat, unsacrific'd his fame;
Nor vast unvended reams would Peele deplore,
As victims destin'd to the common-shore.
" As dunce to dunce in endless numbers breed,
So to Concanen see a Ralph succeed;
A tiny witling of these writing days, [plays.
Full-fam'd for tuneless rhimes, and short-liv'd
Write on, my luckless bard, still unasham'd,
Tho' burnt thy journals, and thy dramas damn'd;
'Tis bread inspires thy politics and lays,
Not thirst of immortality or praise.
" These, goddess, view, the choicest of the train,
While yet unnumber'd dunces still remain;
Deans, critics, lawyers, bards, a motley crew,
To dullness faithful, as to Appius true."

" Enough," the goddess cries, " enough I've seen;
While these support, secure my son shall reign;
Still shalt thou blund'ring rule Britannia's fate,
Still Grub-street hail thee minister of state.

MANNERS;

A SATIRE, 1733.

Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus moribus esto.

JUVENAL.

" WELL—of all plagues which make mankind their sport, [—a court.
Guard me, ye Heav'ns! from that worst plague

'Midst the mad mansions of Moorfields, I'd be
A straw-crown'd monarch, in mock majesty,
Rather than sovereign rule Britannia's fate,
Curs'd with the follies and the farce of state.
Rather in Newgate walls, O! let me dwell,
A doleful tenant of the darkling cell,
Than swell, in palaces, the mighty store
Of fortune's fools, and parasites of pow'r.
Than crowns, ye gods! be any state my doom,
Or any dungeon, but—a drawing-room.
" Thrice happy patriot! whom no courts debase,
No titles lessen, and no stars disgrace.
Still nod the plumage o'er the brainless head;
Still o'er the faithless heart the ribband spread.
Such toys may serve to signalize the tool,
To gild the knave, or garnish out the fool;
While you, with Roman virtue arm'd, disdain
The tinsel trappings and the glitt'ring chain:
Fond of your freedom spurn the venal fee,
And prove he's only great—who dares be free."
Thus sung Philemon in his calm retreat,
Too wise for pow'r, too virtuous to be great.
" But whence this rage at courts?" reply'd his grace,
" Say, is the mighty crime, to be in place?
Is that the deadly sin, mark'd out by Heav'n,
For which no mortal e'er can be forgiv'n?
Must all, all suffer, who in courts engage,
Down from lord steward, to the puny page?
Can courts and places be such sinful things,
The sacred gifts and palaces of kings?"
A place may claim our rev'rence, sir, I own;
But then the man its dignity must crown:
'Tis not the truncheon, or the ermine's pride,
Can screen the coward, or the knave can hide.
Let Stair and *** head our arms and law,
The judge and gen'ral must be view'd with awe:
The villain then would shudder at the bar;
And Spain grow humble at the sound of war.
What courts are sacred, when I tell your grace,
Manners alone must sanctify the place?
Hence only each its proper name receives;
Haywood's a brothel; White's[1] a den of thieves:
Bring whores and thieves to court, you change the scene,
St. James's turns the brothel, and the den.
Who would the courtly chapel holy call,
Tho' the whole bench should consecrate the wall?
While the trim chaplain, conscious of a fee,
Cries out, " My king, I have no God but thee;"
Lifts to the royal seat the asking eye,
And pays to George the tribute of the sky;
Proves sin alone from humble roofs must spring,
Nor can one earthly failing stain a king.
Bishops and kings may consecrate, 'tis true;
Manners alone claim homage as their due.
Without, the court and church are both profane,
Whatever prelate preach, or monarch reign;
Religion's postrum virtue's scaffold grows,
And crowns and mitres are mere raree-shows.
In vain, behold you rev'rend turrets rise,
And Sarum's sacred spire salute the skies!

[1] Dr. Swift says, " that the late earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the English nobility."

If the lawn'd Levite's earthly vote be sold,
And God's free gift retail'd for Mammon gold;
No rev'rence can the proud cathedral claim,
But Henley's shop, and Sherlock's, are the same.
Whence have St. Stephen's walls so hallow'd been?
Whence? From the virtue of his sons within.
But should some guileful serpent, void of grace,
Glide in its bounds, and poison all the place;
Should e'er the sacred voice be set to sale,
And o'er the heart the golden fruit prevail;
The place is alter'd, sir; nor think it strange
To see the senate sink into a change.
Or court, or church, or senate-house, or hall,
Manners alone beam dignity on all.
Without their influence, palaces are cells;
Crane-court[2], a magazine of cockle-shells;
The solemn bench no bosom strikes with awe,
But Westminster's a warehouse of the law.
These honest truths, my lord, deny who can;
Since all allow that "Manners make the man."
Hence only glories to the great belong,
Or peers must mingle with the peasant throng.
Though strung with ribbands, yet behold his grace
Shines but a lacquey in a higher place! [ness
Strip the gay liv'ry from the courtier's back,
What marks the diff'rence 'twixt my lord and Jack?
The same mean, supple, mercenary knave,
The tool of power, and of state the slave:
Alike the vassal heart in each prevails,
And all his lordship boasts is larger vales.
Wealth, manors, titles, may descend, 'tis true;
But ev'ry heir must merit's claim renew.
Who blushes not to see a C—— heir
Turn slave to sound, and languish for a play'r[3]?
What piping, fidling, squeaking, quav'ring, brawling!
What sing-song riot, and what eunuch-squawling!
C——, thy worth all Italy shall own,
A statesman fit, where Nero[4] fill'd the throne.
See poor Lævinus, anxious for renown,
Through the long gallery trace his lineage down,
And claim each hero's visage for his own.
What though in each the self same features shine,
Unless some lineal virtue marks the line,
In vain, alas! he boasts his grandsire's name,
Or hopes to borrow lustre of his fame.
Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous peer
Point 'mong his race our bulwark in the war?
Or in sad English tell how senates hung
On the sweet music of his father's tongue?
Unconscious, though his sires were wise and brave,
Their virtues only find in him a grave.
Not so with Stanhope[5]; see by him sustain'd
Each hoary honour which his sires had gain'd.
To him the virtues of his race appear
The precious portion of five hundred year;
Descended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
Yet holds the talent lost, if unemploy'd.
From hence behold his gen'rous ardour rise,
To swell the sacred stream with fresh supplies:
Abroad, the guardian of his country's cause;
At home, a Tully to defend her laws.
Senates with awe the patriot sounds imbibe,
And bold corruption almost drops the bribe.
Thus added worth to worth, and grace to grace,
He beams new glories back upon his race.
Ask ye, what's honour? I'll the truth impart.
Know, honour, then, is honesty of heart.
To the sweet scenes of social Stow[6] repair,
And search the master's breast,—you'll find it there.
Too proud to grace the sycophant or slave,
It only harbours with the wise and brave;
Ungain'd by titles, places, wealth, or birth;
Learn this, and learn to blush, ye sons of Earth!
Blush to behold this ray of nature made
The victim of a ribband, or cockade.
Ask the proud peer, what's honour? he displays
A purchas'd patent, or the herald's blaze;
Or, if the royal smile his hopes has blest,
Points to the glitt'ring glory on his breast:
Yet, if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the star is but a stain:
For I could whisper in his lordship's ear,
Worth only beams true radiance on the star.
Hence see the garter'd glory dart its rays,
And shine round E—— with redoubled blaze:
Ask ye from whence this flood of lustre's seen?
Why E—— whispers, votes, and saw Turin.
Long Milo reign'd the minion of renown;
Loud his eulogiums echo'd through the town:
Where'er he went, still crowds around him throng,
And hail'd the patriot as he pass'd along.
See the lost peer, unhonour'd now by all,
Steal through the street, or skulk along the Mall;
Applauding sounds no more salute his ear,
But the loud Pæans sunk into a sneer.
Whence, you'll inquire, could spring a change so sad?
Why, the poor man ran military mad; [by
By this mistaken maxim still misled,
That men of honour must be cloth'd in red.
My grandsire wore it, Milo cries—'tis good;
But know, the grandsire stain'd it red with blood.
First 'midst the deathful dangers of the field,
He shone his country's guardian, and its shield;
Taught Danube's stream with Gallic gore to flow;
Hence bloom'd the laurel on the grandsire's brow;
But shall the son expect the wreath to wear,
For the mock triumphs of an Hyde-park war?
Sooner shall Bunhill, Blenheim's glories claim,
Or Billers rival brave Eugene in fame;
Sooner a like reward their labours crown,
Who storm a dunghill, and who sack a town.
Mark our bright youths, how gallant and how gay,
Fresh plum'd and powder'd in review array.
Unspoil'd each feature by the martial scar,
Lo! A—— assumes the god of war; [pay,
Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and
He claims the soldier's name from soldier's play.
This truth, my warrior, treasure in thy breast;
A standing soldier is a standing jest.
When bloody battles dwindle to reviews,
Armies must then descend to puppet-shews;
Where the lac'd log may strut the soldier's part,
Bedeck'd with feather, though unarm'd with heart.

[2] The Royal Society.

[3] That extraordinary instance of the folly, extravagance, and depravity of the English, Farinello.

[4] A Roman emperor remarkable for his passion for music.

[5] The right honourable the earl of Chesterfield.

[6] The seat of the right honourable the lord viscount Cobham.

There are who say, "You lash the sins of men!
Leave, leave to Pope the poignance of the pen;
Hope not the bays shall wreath around thy head;
Fannius may write, but Flaccus will be read."
Shall only one have privilege to blame?
What then, are vice and folly royal game?
Must all be poachers who attempt to kill?
All, but the mighty sovereign of the quill?
Shall Pope, alone, the plenteous harvest have,
And I not glean one straggling fool, or knave?
Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all mankind;
Say, why should honest satire be confin'd?
Though, like th' immortal bard's, my feeble dart
Stains not its feather in the culprit heart;
Yet know, the smallest insect of the wing
The horse may tease, or elephant can sting:
Ev'n I, by chance, some lucky darts may show'r,
And gall some great leviathans of pow'r.

I name not Walpole; you the reason guess;
Mark yon fell harpy hov'ring o'er the press.
Secure the Muse may sport with names of kings;
But ministers, my friend, are dang'rous things.
Who would have Paxton [7] answer what he writ;
Or special juries, judges of his wit?

Pope writes unhurt—but know, 'tis diff'rent quite
To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.
Safe may he dash the statesman in each line;
Those dread his satire, who dare punish mine.

"Turn, turn your satire then," you cry, "to praise."
Why, praise is satire, in these sinful days.
Say, should I make a patriot of sir Bill,
Or swear that G——'s duke has wit at will;
From the gull'd knight could I expect a place,
Or hope to lie a dinner from his grace,
Though a reward be graciously bestow'd
On the soft satire of each birth-day ode?

The good and bad alike with praise are blest;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least:
But conscious vice still courts the cheering ray,
While virtue shines, nor asks the glare of day.
Need I to any, Pult'ney's worth declare?
Or tell him Carteret charms, who has an ear?
Or, Pitt, can thy example be unknown,
While each fond father marks it to his son?

I cannot truckle to a slave in state,
And praise a blockhead's wit, because he's great:
Down, down, ye hungry garretteers, descend,
Call Walpole [8] Burleigh, call him Britain's friend;
Behold the genial ray of gold appear,
And rouse, ye swarms of Grub-street and Rag-fair.

See with what zeal yon tiny insect [9] burns,
And follows queens from palaces to urns:
Though cruel death has clos'd the royal ear,
That flatt'ring fly still buzzes round the bier:
But what avails, since queens no longer live?
Why, kings can read, and kings, you know, may give.

A mitre may repay his heav'nly crown,
And, while he decks her brow, adorn his own.

Let laureat Cibber birth-day sonnets sing,
Or Fanny crawl, an ear-wig on the king:
While one is void of wit, and one of grace,
Why should I envy either's song or place?
I could not flatter, the rich butt to gain;
Nor sink a slave, to rise vice chamberlain.

Perish my verse! whene'er one venal line
Bedaubs a duke, or makes a king divine.
First bid me swear, he's sound who has the plague,
Or Horace rivals Stanhope at the Hague.
What, shall I turn a pander to the throne,
And list with B—ll's [10] to roar for half-a-crown?
Sooner T—r—I shall with Tully vie,
Or W—n—n in senate scorn a lie;
Sooner Iberia tremble for how fate
From M——h's arms, or Ab——n's debate.
Though fawning flatt'ry ne'er shall taint my lays,
Yet know, when virtue calls, I burst to praise.
Behold yon temple [11] rais'd by Cobham's hand,
Sacred to worthies of his native land:
Ages were ransack'd for the wise and great,
Till Barnard came, and made the groupe complete.
Be Barnard there—enliven'd by the voice,
Each busto bow'd, and sanctify'd the choice.

Pointless all satire in these iron times;
Too faint are colours, and too feeble rhymes.
Rise then, gay fancy, future glories bring,
And stretch o'er happier days thy healing wing.
Rapt into thought, lo! I Britannia see
Rising superior o'er the subject sea;
View her gay pendents spread their silken wings,
Big with the fate of empires, and of kings:
The tow'ring barks dance lightly o'er the main,
And roll their thunder thro' the realms of Spain.
Peace, violated maid, they ask no more,
But waft her back triumphant to our shore;
While buxom Plenty, laughing in her train,
Glads ev'ry heart, and crowns the warrior's pain.
On, fancy, on! still stretch the pleasing scene,
And bring fair freedom with her golden reign;
Cheer'd by whose beams ev'n meagre want can smile,
And the poor peasant whistle 'midst his toil.
Such days, what Briton wishes not to see?
And such each Briton, Frederic [12], hopes from thee.

[7] A famous solicitor.

[8] See these two characters compared in the Gazetteers; but, lest none of those papers should have escaped their common fate, see the two characters distinguished in the Craftsman.

[9] Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote, or rather stole, a character of the late queen from Dr. Burnet's character of queen Mary. This pamphlet, however, has been ascribed to lord Hervey.

[10] A noted agent in a mob-regiment, who is employed to reward their venal vociferations, on certain occasions, with half-a-crown each man.

[11] The Temple of British Worthies in the gardens at Stow, in which the lord Cobham has lately erected the busto of sir John Barnard.

[12] The father of George the Third.

THE

GYMNASIAD, OR BOXING MATCH;

A VERY SHORT, BUT VERY CURIOUS EPIC POEM: WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM.

—— Nos hæc novimus esse nihil. MART.

TO THE MOST PUISSANT AND INVINCIBLE

MR. JOHN BROUGHTON.

HAD this dedication been addressed to some reverend prelate, or female court-favourite, to some blundering statesman, or apostate patriot, I should doubtless have lanched into the highest encomiums on public spirit, policy, virtue, piety, &c. and, like the rest of my brother dedicators, had most successfully imposed on their vanity, by ascribing to them qualities they were utterly unacquainted with; by which means I had prudently reaped the reward of a panegyrist from my patron, and, at the same time, secured the reputation of a satirist with the public.

But scorning these base arts, I present the following poem to you, unswayed by either flattery or interest; since your modesty would defend you against the poison of the one, and your known economy prevent an author's expectations of the other. I shall therefore only tell you, what you really are, and leave those (whose patrons are of the higher class) to tell them what they really are not. But such is the depravity of human nature, that every compliment we bestow on another is too apt to be deemed a satire on ourselves; yet surely, while I am praising the strength of your arm, no politician can think it meant as a reflection on the weakness of his head; or, while I am justifying your title to the character of a man, will any modern petit-maitre think it an impeachment of his affinity to that of its mimic counterfeit, a monkey?

Were I to attempt a description of your qualifications, I might justly have recourse to the majesty of Agamemnon, the courage of Achilles, the strength of Ajax, and the wisdom of Ulysses; but, as your own heroic actions afford us the best mirror of your merits, I shall leave the reader to view in that the amazing lustre of a character, a few traits of which only, the following poem was intended to display; and in which, had the ability of the poet equalled the magnanimity of his hero, I doubt not but the Gymnasiad had, like the immortal Iliad, been handed down to the admiration of all posterity.

As your superior merits contributed towards raising you to the dignities you now enjoy, and placed you even as the safe-guard of royalty itself, so I cannot help thinking it happy for the prince, that he is now able to boast one real champion in his service: and what Frenchman would not tremble more at the puissant arm of a Broughton, than at the ceremonious gauntlet of a Dunmack?

I am,
with the most profound respect
to your heroic virtues,
your most devoted,
and most humble servant.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS OF THE POEM.

IT is an old saying, that necessity is the mother of invention: it should seem then that poetry, which is a species of invention, must naturally derive its being from the same origin: hence it will be easy to account for the many flimsy ghost-like apparitions, that every day make their appearance among us; for if it be true, as naturalists observe, that the health and vigour of the mother is necessary to produce the like qualities in the child, what issue can be expected from the womb of so meagre a parent?

But there is another species of poetry, which, instead of owing its birth to the belly, like Minerva springs at once from the head: of this kind are those productions of wit, sense, and spirit, which once born, like the goddess herself, immediately become immortal. It is true, these are a sort of miraculous births, and therefore it is no wonder they should be found so rare among us.—As glory is the noble inspirer of the latter, so hunger is the natural incentive of the former: thus fame and food are the spurs with which every poet mounts his Pegasus; but, as the impetus of the belly is apt to be more cogent than that of the head, so you will ever see the one pricking and goading a tired jade to a hobbling trot, while the other only incites the foaming steed to a majestic capriol.

The gentle reader, it is apprehended, will not long be at a loss to determine, which species the following production ought to be ranked under: but as the parent most unnaturally cast it out as the spurious issue of his brain, and even cruelly denies it the common privilege of his name; struck with the delectable beauty of its features, I could not avoid adopting the little poetic orphan, and by dressing it up with a few notes, &c. present it to the public as perfect as possible.

Had I, in imitation of other great authors, only consulted my interest in the publication of this inimitable piece, (which doubtless will undergo numerous impressions) I might first have sent it into the world naked, then, by the addition of a commentary, notes variorum, prolegomena, and all that, levied a new tax upon the public; and after all, by a sort of modern poetical legerdemain, changing the name of the principal hero, and inserting a few hypercritics of a flattering friend's, have rendered the former editions incorrect, and cozened the curious reader out of a treble consideration for the same work; but however this may suit the tricking arts of a bookseller, it is certainly much below the sublime genius of an author.—I know it will be said, that a man has an equal right to make as much as he can of his wit, as well as of his money: but then it ought to be considered, whether there may not be such a thing as usury in both; and the law having only provided against it in one instance, is, I apprehend, no very moral plea for the practice of it in the other [1].

[1] As this may be thought to be particularly aimed at an author who was lately reported to be dead, and whose loss all lovers of the muses

The judicious reader will easily perceive, that the following poem in all its properties partakes of the epic; such as fighting, speechifying, bullying, ranting, &c. (to say nothing of the moral) and, as many thousand verses are thought necessary to the construction of this kind of poem, it may be objected, that this is too short to be ranked under that class: to which I will only answer, that as conciseness is the last fault a writer is apt to commit, so it is generally the first a reader is willing to forgive; and though it may not be altogether so long, yet I dare say, it will not be found less replete with the true vis poetica, than (not to mention the Iliad, Æneid, &c.) even Leonidas itself.

It may farther be objected, that the characters of our principal heroes are too humble for the grandeur of the epic fable; but the candid reader will be pleased to observe, that they are not here celebrated in their mechanic, but in their heroic capacities, as boxers, who, by the ancients themselves, have ever been esteemed worthy to be immortalized in the noblest works of this nature; of which the Epëus and Euryalus of Homer, and the Entellus and Dares of Virgil, are incontestable authorities. And as those authors were ever careful, that their principal personages (however mean in themselves) should derive their pedigree from some deity, or illustrious hero, so our author has with equal propriety made his spring from Phaëton and Neptune; under which characters he beautifully allegorises their different occupations of watermen and coachmen.—But for my own part, I cannot conceive, that the dignity of the hero's profession is any ways essential to that of the action; for, if the greatest persons are guilty of the meanest actions, why may not the greatest actions be ascribed to the meanest persons?

As the main action of this poem is entirely supported by the principal heroes themselves, it has been maliciously insinuated to be designed, as an unmannerly reflection on a late glorious victory, where, it is pretended, the whole action was achieved without the interposition of the principal heroes at all.—But as the most innocent meanings may by ill minds be wrested to the most wicked purposes, if any such construction should be made, I will venture to affirm, that it must proceed from the factious venom of the reader, and not from any disloyal malignity in our author, who is too well acquainted with the power, ever to arraign the purity of government:

would have the greatest reason to lament; it may not be improper to assure the reader, that it was written, and intended to have been published, before that report, and was only meant as an attack upon the general abuse of this kind.—As to our author himself, he has frequently given public testimonies of his veneration for that great man's genius; nor may it be unentertaining to the reader, to acquaint him with one private instance:—Immediately on hearing the report of Mr. Pope's death, he was heard to break forth in the following exclamation:

Pope dead!—Hush, hush, Report, the slanderous lie;
Fame says he lives—immortals never die.

besides, the poignance of the sword is too prevalent for that of the pen; and who, when there are at present so many thousand unanswerable standing arguments ready to defend, would ever be Quixote enough to attack, either the omnipotence of a prince, or the omniscience of his ministers?

Were I to attempt an analysis of this poem, I could demonstrate that it contains (as much as a piece of so sublime a nature will admit of) all those true standards of wit, humour, raillery, satire, and ridicule, which a late writer has so marvellously discovered; and might, on the part of our author, say with that profound critic,—*Jacta est Alea:* but as the obscurity of a beauty too strongly argues the want of one, so an endeavour to elucidate the merits of the following performance, might be apt to give the reader a disadvantageous impression against it, as it might tacitly imply they were too mysterious to come within the compass of his comprehension. I shall therefore leave them to his more curious observation, and bid him heartily farewell—*Lege & delectare.*

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

THE GYMNASIAD.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE invocation, the proposition, the night before the battle described; the morning opens, and discovers the multitude hasting to the place of action; their various professions, dignities, &c. illustrated; the spectators being seated, the youthful combatants are first introduced; their manner of fighting displayed; to these succeed the champions of a higher degree; their superior abilities marked, some of the most eminent particularly celebrated; mean while, the principal heroes are represented sitting, and ruminating on the approaching combat, when the herald summons them to the lists.

SING, sing, O Muse, the dire contested fray,
And bloody honours of that dreadful day,
When Phaëton's bold son (tremendous name)
Dar'd Neptune's offspring to the lists of fame.
What fury fraught thee with ambition's fire,
Ambition, equal foe to son and sire?

V. 3, 4. *When Phaëton's bold son* } It is usual
Dar'd Neptune's offspring } for poets to call the sons after the names of their fathers; as Agamemnon the son of Atreus, and Achilles the son of Peleus, are frequently termed Pelides and Atrides. Our author would doubtless have followed this laudable example, but he found Broughtonides and Stephensonides, or their contractions, too unmusical for metre, and therefore with wonderful art adopts two poetical parents; which obviates the difficulty, and, at the same time heightens the dignity of his heroes.

BENTLEIDES.

V. 6. *Ambition, equal foe to son and sire!*] It has been maintained by some philosophers, that the passions of the mind are in some measure hereditary, as well as the features of the

One, hapless fell by Jove's æthereal arms,
And one, the Triton's mighty pow'r disarms.
Now all lay hush'd within the folds of night,
And saw in painted dreams th' important fight;
While hopes and fears alternate turn the scales,
And now this hero, and now that prevails;
Blows and imaginary blood survey,
Then waking, watch the slow approach of day;
When, lo! Aurora in her saffron vest
Darts a glad ray, and gilds the ruddy east.
Forth issuing now all ardent seek the place
Sacred to fame, and the athletic race.
As from their hive the clust'ring squadrons pour
O'er fragrant meads, to sip the vernal flow'r;
So from each inn the legal swarms impel,
Of banded seers, and pupils of the quill.
Senates and shambles pour forth all their store,
Mindful of mutton, and of laws no more;
E'en money-bills, uncourtly, now must wait,
And the fat lamb has one more day to bleat.
The highway knight now draws his pistol's load,
Rests his faint steed, and this day franks the road.
Bailiffs, in crowds, neglect the dormant writ,
And give another Sunday to the wit:
He too would hie, but ah! his fortunes frown,
Alas! the fatal passport's—half-a-crown.
Shoals press on shoals, from palace and from cell;
Lords yield the court, and butchers Clerkenwell.
St Giles's natives, never known to fail,
All who have haply 'scap'd th' obdurate jail;
There many a martial son of Tott'nham lies,
Bound in Deveilian bands, a sacrifice
To angry justice, nor must view the prize.
Assembled myriads crowd the circling seats,
High for the combat every bosom beats,
Each bosom partial for its hero bold,
Partial through friendship—or depending gold.
But first, the infant progeny of Mars
Join in the lists, and wage their pigmy wars;
Train'd to the manual fight, and bruiseful toil,
The stop defensive, and gymnastic foil,
With nimble fists their early prowess show,
And mark the future hero in each blow.
To these, the hardy iron race succeed,
All sons of Hockley and fierce Brick-street breed:
Mature in valour, and inur'd to blood,
Dauntless each foe in form terrific stood;
Their callous bodies, frequent in the fray,
Mock'd the fell stroke, nor to its force gave way.
'Mongst these Gloverius, not the last in fame,
And he whose clog delights the beauteous dame;
Nor least thy praise, whose artificial light,
In Dian's absence, gilds the clouds of night.

body. According to this doctrine, our author very beautifully represents the frailty of ambition descending from father to son;—and as original sin may in some sort be accounted for on this system, it is very probable our author had a theological, as well as physical, and moral meaning in this verse.

For the latter part of this note we are obliged to an eminent divine.

V. 21. *legal swarms impel,*] An ingenious critic of my acquaintance objected to this simile, and would by no means admit the comparison between bees and lawyers to be just; one, he said, was an industrious, harmless, and useful species, none of which properties could be affirmed of the other; and therefore he thought the drone, that lives on the plunder of the hive, a more proper archetype. I must confess myself in some measure inclined to subscribe my friend's opinion; but then we must consider, that our author did not intend to describe their qualities, but their number; and in this respect no one, I think, can have any objection to the propriety of the comparison.

V. 24. *and of laws no more;*] The original MS. has it bribes; but, as this might seem to cast an invidious aspersion on a certain assembly, remarkable for their abhorrence of venality; and, at the same time, might subject our publisher to some little inconveniences; I thought it prudent to soften the expression; besides, I think this reading renders our author's thought more natural; for, though we see the most trifling avocations are able to draw off their attention from the public utility, yet nothing is sufficient to divert a steady pursuit of their private emolument.

V. 28. *this day franks the road.*] Our poet here artfully insinuates the dignity of the combat he is about to celebrate, by its being able to prevail on a highwayman to lay aside his business, to become a spectator of it;—and as, on this occasion, he makes him forsake his daily bread, while the senator only neglects the business of the nation, it may be observed, how satirically he gives the preference, in point of disinterestedness, to the highwayman.

V. 37. *There many a martial son,* &c.] The unwary reader may from this passage be apt to conclude, that an amphitheatre is little better than a nursery for the gallows, and that there is a sort of physical connection between boxing and thieving; but although boxing may be a useful ingredient in a thief, yet it does not necessarily make him one. Boxing is the effect, not the cause; and men are not thieves because they are boxers, but boxers because they are thieves. Thus tricking, lying, evasion, with several other such-like cardinal virtues, are a sort of properties pertaining to the practice of the law, as well as to the mercurial profession. But would any one therefore infer, that every lawyer must be a thief? SCHOLIAST.

V. 44. *infant progeny of Mars*] Our author in this description alludes to the Lusus Troja of Virgil,

Incedunt pueri——————
——————Trojæ juventus
——Pugnæque ciunt simulachra sub armis.

V. 51. *Hockley and fierce Brick-street breed*] Two famous athletic seminaries.

V. 57. *And he whose clog,* &c.] Here we are presented with a laudable imitation of the ancient simplicity of manners; for, as Cincinnatus disdained not the homely employment of a ploughman, so we see our hero condescending to the humble occupation of a clog-maker; and this is the more to be admired, as it is one characteristic of modern heroism, to be either above or below any occupation at all.

V. 58. *whose artificial light,*] Various and violent have been the controversies, whether our

While these the combat's direful arts display,
And share the bloody fortunes of the day,
Each hero sat, revolving in his soul
The various means that might his foe controul;
Conquest and glory each proud bosom warms,
When, lo! the herald summons them to arms.

THE GYMNASIAD.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Stephenson enters the lists; a description of his figure; an encomium on his abilities, with respect to the character of a coachman. Broughton advances; his reverend form described; his superior skill in the management of the lighter and wherry displayed; his triumph of the badge celebrated; his speech; his former victories recounted; the preparations for the combat, and the horrour of the spectators.[1]

First, to the fight, advanc'd the charioteer:
High hopes of glory on his brow appear;
Terrour vindictive flashes from his eye,
(To one the fates the visual ray deny;)
Fierce glow'd his looks, which spoke his inward rage;
He leaps the bar, and bounds upon the stage.
The roofs re-eccho with exulting cries,
And all behold him with admiring eyes.
Ill-fated youth! what rash desires could warm
Thy manly heart, to dare the Triton's arm?
Ah! too unequal to these martial deeds,
Though none more skill'd to rule the foaming steeds.
The coursers, still obedient to thy rein,
Now urge their flight, or now their flight restrain.
Had mighty Diomed provok'd the race,
Thou far had'st left the Grecian in disgrace.
Where-e'er you drove, each inn confess'd your sway,
Maids brought the dram, and ostlers flew with hay.
But know, though skill'd to guide the rapid car,
None wages like thy foe the manual war.

Now Neptune's offspring dreadfully serene,
Of size gigantic, and tremendous mien,
Steps forth, and 'midst the fated lists appears;
Rev'rend his form, but yet not worn with years.
To him none equal, in his youthful day,
With feather'd oar to skim the liquid way;
Or through those straits whose waters stun the ear,
The loaded lighter's bulky weight to steer.
Soon as the ring their ancient warrior view'd,
Joy fill'd their hearts, and thund'ring shouts ensu'd;
Loud as when o'er Thamesis' gentle flood,
Superior with the Triton youths he row'd;
While far a-head his winged wherry flew,
Touch'd the glad shore, and claim'd the badge its due.
Then thus indignant he accosts the foe,
(While high disdain sat prideful on his brow:)
"Long has the laurel-wreath victorious spread
Its sacred honours round this hoary head;
The prize of conquest in each doubtful fray,
And dear reward of many a dire-fought day.
Now youth's cold wane the vig'rous pulse has chas'd,
Froze all my blood, and ev'ry nerve unbrac'd;
Now, from these temples shall the spoils be torn,
In scornful triumph by my foe be worn?
What then avail my various deeds in arms,
If this proud crest thy feeble force disarms?
Lost be my glories to recording fame,
When, foil'd by thee, the coward blasts my name!
I, who e'er manhood my young joints had knit,
First taught the fierce Grettonius to submit;
While, drench'd in blood, he prostrate press'd the floor,
And inly groan'd the fatal words—'no more.'
Allenius too, who ev'ry heart dismay'd,

---

[1] *Argument.*] It was doubtless in obedience to custom, and the example of other great poets, that our author has thought proper to prefix an argument to each book, being minded that nothing should be wanting in the usual paraphernalia of works of this kind.—For my own part, I am at a loss to account for the use of them, unless it be to swell a volume, or, like bills of fare, to advertise the reader what he is to expect; that, if it contains nothing likely to suit his taste, he may preserve his appetite for the next course.

V. 6, 7. *He leaps the bar*, &c. / *The roofs re-echo* } See the descriptions of Dares in Virgil.

Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit.

V. 19. *But know, though skill'd*] Here our author inculcates a fine moral, by showing how apt men are to mistake their talents; but were men only to act in their proper spheres, how often should we see the parson in the pew of the peasant, the author in the character of his hawker, or a beau in the livery of his footman! &c.

V. 34. *the badge its due.*] A prize given by Mr. Dogget, to be annually contested on the first of August.—As among the ancients, games and sports were celebrated on mournful as well as joyful events, there has been some controversy, whether our loyal comedian meant the compliment to the setting or rising monarch of that day; but, as the plate has a horse for its device, I am induced to impute it to the latter; and, doubtless, he prudently considered, that, as a living dog is better than a dead lion, the living horse had, at least, an equal title to the same preference.

V. 42. *Froze all my blood,*] See Virgil.

——Sed enim gelidus tardante senecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires.

V. 50. *Fierce Grettonius to submit;*] Gretton, the most famous Athleta in his days, over whom our hero obtained his maiden prize.

V. 53. *Allenius too*, &c.] Vulgarly known by the plebeian name of Pipes, which a learned critic will have to be derived from the art and mystery of pipe-making, in which it is affirmed this hero

Whose blows, like hail, flew rattling round the head
Him oft the ring beheld with weeping eyes,
Stretch'd on the ground, reluctant yield the prize.
Then fell the swain, with whom none e'er could vie
Where Harrow's steeple darts into the sky.
Next the bold youth a bleeding victim lay,
Whose waving curls the barber's art display.
You too this arm's tremendous prowess know;
Rash man, to make this arm again thy foe!"

This said—the heroes for the fight prepare,
Brace their big limbs, and brawny bodies bare.
The sturdy sinews all aghast behold,
And ample shoulders of Atlean mould;
Like Titan's offspring, who 'gainst Heavens trove,
So each, though mortal, seem'd a match for Jove.
Now round the ring a silent horrour reigns,
Speechless each tongue, and bloodless all their veins;
When, lo! the champions give the dreadful sign,
And hand in hand in friendly token join;
Those iron hands, which soon upon the foe
With giant-force must deal the dreadful blow.

THE GYMNASIAD.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

A description of the battle; Stephenson is vanquished; the manner of his body being carried off by his friends; Broughton claims the prize, and takes his final leave of the stage.

Full in the centre now they fix in form,
Eye meeting eye, and arm oppos'd to arm;
With wily feints each other now provoke,
And cautious meditate th' impending stroke.
Th' impatient youth, inspir'd by hopes of fame,
First sped his arm, unfaithful to its aim;
The wary warrior, watchful of his foe,
Bends back, and 'scapes the death-designing blow;
With eering glance it sounded by his ear,
And whizzing, spent its idle force in air.
Then quick advancing on th' unguarded head,
A dreadful show'r of thunderbolts he shed:
As when a whirlwind, from some cavern broke,
With furious blasts assaults the monarch oak,
This way and that its lofty top it bends.
And the fierce storm the crackling branches rends;
So wav'd the head, and now to left and right
Rebounding flies, and crash'd beneath the weight.
Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
Whose fury kindles at the galling smart;
The hero rouses with redoubled rage,
Flies on the foe, and foams upon the stage.
Now grappling, both in close contention join,
Legs lock in legs, and arms in arms entwine:
They sweat, they heave, each tugging nerve they strain;
Both, fix'd as oaks, their sturdy trunks sustain.
At length the chief his wily art display'd,
Pois'd on his hip the hapless youth he laid;
Aloft in air his quiv'ring limbs he throw'd, [load.
Then on the ground down dash'd the pond'rous
So some vast ruin on a mountain's brow,
Which tott'ring hangs, and dreadful nods below,
When the fierce tempest the foundation rends,
Whirl'd though the air with horrid crush descends.

Bold and undaunted up the hero rose,
Fiereer his bosom for the combat glows;
Shame stung his manly heart, and fiery rage
New steel'd each nerve, redoubled war to wage.
Swift to revenge the dire disgrace he flies,
Again suspended on the hip he lies;
Dash'd on the ground, again had fatal fell,
Haply the barrier caught his flying heel;
There fast it hung, th' imprison'd head gave way,
And the strong arm defrauded of its prey.
Vain strove the chief to whirl the mountain o'er;
It slipt—he headlong rattles on the floor.

V. 10. *its idle force in air.*] Virgil

——vires in ventum effudit.——

V. 19. *Like the young lion*] It may be observed, that our author has treated the reader but with one simile throughout the two foregoing books; but, in order to make him ample amends, has given him no less than six in this. Doubtless this was in imitation of Homer, and artfully intended to heighten the dignity of the main action, as well as our admiration, towards the conclusion of his work.—*Finis coronat opus.*

V. 24. *Arms in arms entwine*;] Virgil.

Immiscentque manus manibus, pugnamque lacessunt.

V. 35. *Bold and undaunted*, &c.] Virgil.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus heros,
Acrior ad pugnam redit, & vim suscitat ira.
Tum pudor incendit vires——.

V. 42. *Haply the barrier*, &c.] Our author, like Homer himself, is no less to be admired in the character of an historian than in that of a poet: we see him here faithfully reciting the most minute incidents of the battle, and informing us, that the youthful hero, being on the lock, must again inevitably have come to the ground, had not his heel catched the bar; and that his antagonist, by the violence of his straining, slipt

was an adept.—As he was the *delicium pugnacis generis*, our author, with marvellous judgment, represents the ring weeping at his defeat.

V. 54. *Whose blows, like hail*, &c.] Virgil.

——quam multa grandine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant.——

V. 57. *Then fell the swain*,] Jeoffrey Birch, who, in several encounters, served only to augment the number of our hero's triumphs.

V. 59. *Next the bold youth*] As this champion is still living, and even disputes the palm of manhood with our hero himself, I shall leave him to be the subject of immortality in some future Gymnasiad, should the superiority of his prowess ever justify his title to the *corona pugnea*.

V. 63. *This said*, &c.,] Virgil.

Hæc fatus, duplicem ex humeris rejecit amictum: [tosque
Et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacer-
Exuit.

V. 7, 8. ——*watchful of his foe*
Bends back and 'scapes the death-
designing blow; } Virgil.

——ille. ictum venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.

Around the ring loud peals of thunder rise,
And shouts exultant echo to the skies.
Uplifted now inanimate he seems,
Forth from his nostrils gush the purple streams;
Gasping for breath, and impotent of hand,
The youth beheld his rival stagg'ring stand:
But he, alas! had felt th' unnerving blow,
And gaz'd, unable to assault the foe.
As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
They fight, they foam, then weary'd in the fray,
Aloof retreat, and low'ring stand at bay;
So stood the heroes, and indignant glar'd,
While grim with blood their rueful fronts were smear'd;
Till with returning strength new rage returns,
Again their arms are steel'd, again each bosom burns.
Incessant now their hollow sides they pound,
Loud on each breast the bounding bangs resound;
Their flying fists around the temples glow,
And the jaws crackle with the massy blow.
The raging combat ev'ry eye appals, [falls.
Strokes following strokes, and falls succeeding
Now droop'd the youth, yet, urging all his might,
With feeble arm still vindicates the fight,
Till on the part where heav'd the panting breath,
A fatal blow impress'd the seal of death.
Down dropt the hero, welt'ring in his gore,
And his stretch'd limbs lay quiv'ring on the floor.
So, when a falcon skims the airy way,
Stoops from the clouds, and pounces on his prey;
Dash'd on the earth the feather'd victim lies,
Expands its feeble wings, and, flutt'ring, dies.
His faithful friends their dying hero rear'd,
O'er his broad shoulders dangling hung his head;
Dragging its limbs, they bear the body forth.
Mash'd teeth and clotted blood came issuing from his mouth.
Thus then the victor—"O celestial pow'r!
Who gave this arm to boast one triumph more;
Now grey in glory, let my labours cease,
My blood-stain'd laurel wed the branch of peace;
Lur'd by the lustre of the golden prize,
No more in combat this proud crest shall rise;
To future heroes future deeds belong,
Be mine the theme of some immortal song."
This said—he seiz'd the prize, while round the ring,
High soar'd applause on acclamation's wing.

V. 88. *No more in combat*, &c.] Virgil.

——hic victor cæstus, artemque repono,

HONOUR:

A SATIRE, 1747.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
HOR.

"LOAD, load the pallet, boy!" hark! Hogarth cries,
"Fast as I paint, fresh swarms of fools arise!
Groups rise on groups, and mock the pencil's pow'r,
To catch each new-blown folly of the hour."
While hum'rous Hogarth paints each *silly* dead,
Shall vice triumphant rear its hydra head?
At satire's sov'reign nod disdain to shrink?
New reams of paper, and fresh floods of ink!
On then, my Muse! Herculean labours dare,
And wage with virtue's foes eternal war;
Range through the town in search of ev'ry ill,
And cleanse th' Augean stable with thy quill.
"But what avails the poignance of the song,
Since all," you cry, "still persevere in wrong,
Would courtly crimes to Mulgrave's[1] muse submit?
Or blush'd the monarch though a Wilmot's[2] writ?
Still pandar peers disgrac'd the rooms of state,
Still Cæsar's bed sustain'd a foreign weight;
Slaves worshipp'd still the golden calf of pow'r,
And bishops, bowing, bless'd the scarlet whore.
Shall then thy verse the guilty great reclaim,
Though fraught with Dryden's heav'n-descended flame?
Will harpy Heathcote, from his mould'ring store,
Drag forth one cheering drachma to the poor?
Or Harrington, unfaithful to the seal,
Throw in one suffrage for the public weal?
Pointless all satire, and misplac'd its aim,
To wound the bosom, that's obdur'd to shame:
The callous heart ne'er feels the goad within;
Few dread the censure, who can dare the sin."
Though on the culprit's cheek no blush should glow,
Still let me mark him to mankind a foe;

[1] Translator of Horace's Art of Poetry, and afterwards duke of Buckingham.
[2] Earl of Rochester.

V. 48. *echo to the skies*, &c.] Virgil.

It clamor cœlo——

The learned reader will perceive our author's frequent allusions to Virgil; and whether he intended them as translations or imitations of the Roman poet, must give us pause: but as, in our modern productions, we find imitations are generally nothing more than bad translations, and translations nothing more than bad imitations; it would equally, I suppose, satisfy the gall of the critic, should these unluckily fall within either description.

V. 63. *Incessant now*, &c.] Virgil.

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant:
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, & pectore vastos
Dant sonitus, erratque aures & tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

V. 79. *His faithful friends*] Virgil.

At illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
Ore rejectantem, mistosque in sanguine dentes,
Ducunt ad naves.

Strike but the deer, however slight the wound,
It serves at least to drive him from the sound.
Shall reptile sinners frowning justice fear,
And pageant titles privilege the peer?
So falls the humbler game in common fields,
While the branch'd beast the royal forest shields.
On, Satire, then! pursue thy gen'rous plan,
And wind the vice, regardless of the man.
Rouse, rouse! th' ennobled herd for public sport,
And hunt them through the covert of a court.

Just as the play'r the mimic portrait draws,
All claim a right of censure or applause:
What guards the place-man from an equal fate,
Who mounts but actor on the stage of state?
Subject alike to each man's praise and blame,
Each critic voice the fiat of his fame;
Though to the private some respect we pay,
All public characters are public prey:
Pelham and Garrick, let the verse forbear
What sanctifies the treasurer or play'r.

Great in her laurel'd sages Athens see,
Free flow'd her satire while her sons were free:
Then purpled guilt was dragg'd to public shame,
And each offence stood fragrant with a name;
Polluted ermine no respect could win,
No hallow'd lawn could sanctify a sin;
'Till tyrant pow'r usurp'd a lawless rule:
Then sacred grew the titled knave and fool;
Then penal statutes aw'd the poignant song,
And slaves were taught, that kings could do no wrong.

Guilt still is guilt, to me, in slave or king,
Fetter'd in cells, or garter'd in the ring:
And yet behold how various the reward,
Wild falls a felon, Walpole[3] mounts a lord!
The little knave the law's last tribute pays,
While crowns around the great one's chariot blaze.
Blaze meteors, blaze! to me is still the same
The cart of justice, or the coach of shame.

Say, what's nobility, ye gilded train!
Does nature give it, or can guilt sustain?
Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high?
Or takes the vital stream a richer dye;
What! though a long patrician line ye claim,
Are noble souls entail'd upon a name?
Anstis may ermine out the lordly earth,
Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.

Hence mark the radiance of a Stanhope's star,
And glow-worm glitter of thine, D***r:
Ignoble splendour! that but shines to all,
The humble badge of a court hospital.
Let lofty L**r wave his nodding plume,
Boast all the blushing honours of the loom,
Resplendent bondage no regard can bring,
'Tis Methuen's heart must dignify the string.

Vice levels all, however high or low;
And all the diff'rence but consists in show.
Who asks an alms, or supplicates a place,
Alike is beggar, though in rags or lace:
Alike his country's scandal and its curse,
Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purse;
Thy gamblers, Bridewell, and St. James's bites,
The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks at White's.

"Why will you urge," Eugenio cries, "your fate?
Affords the town no sins but sins of state?
Perches vice only on the court's high hill?
Or yields life's vale no quarry for the quill?"
Manners, like fashions, still from courts descend,
And what the great begin, the vulgar end.
If vicious then the mode, correct it here;
He saves the peasant, who reforms the peer.
What Hounslow knight would stray from honour's path,
If guided by a brother of the Bath?

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue;
Yet most mistake the false one for the true:
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the idol for the saint.
Courted by all, by few the fair is won;
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun;
Naked she flies to merit in distress,
And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.

The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold;
In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold:
The courtier views her, with admiring eyes,
Flutter in ribbons, or in titles rise:
Sir Epicene enjoys her in his plume;
Mead, in the learned wainscot of a room:
By various ways all woo the modest maid;
Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.

Who, smiling, sees not with what various strife
Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life?
To the same end still diff'rent means employs;
This builds a church, a temple that destroys;
Both anxious to obtain a deathless name,
Yet, erring, both mistake report for fame.

Report, though vulture-like the name it bear,
Drags but the carrion carcass through the air;
While fame, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,
And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.
So Richard's[4] name to distant ages borne,
Unhappy Richard still is Britain's scorn:
Be Edward's wafted on fame's eagle wing,
Each patriot mourns the long-departed king;
Yet thine, O Edward! shall to George's[5] yield,
And Dettingen eclipse a Cressy's field.

Through life's wild ocean, who would safely roam,
And bring the golden fleece of glory home,
Must, heedful, shun the barking Scylla's roar,
And fell Charybdis' all-devouring shore;
With steady helm an equal course support,
'Twixt faction's rocks, and quicksands of a court;
By virtue's beacon still direct his aim,
Through honour's channel, to the port of fame.

Yet, on this sea, how all mankind are tost!
For one that's sav'd, what multitudes are lost!
Misguided by ambition's treach'rous light,
Through want of skill, few make the harbour right.

Hence mark what wrecks of virtue, friendship, fame,
For four dead letters added to a name!
Whence dwells such Syren music in a word,
Or sounds not Brutus noble as my lord?
Though crownets, Pult'ney, blazon on thy plate,
Adds the base mark one scruple to its weight?
Though sounds patrician swell thy name, O Sandys!
Stretches one acre thy plebeian lands?

[3] Though the person here meant has indeed paid the debt of nature, yet, as he has left that of justice unsatisfied, the author apprehends that the public are indisputably entitled to the assets of his reputation.

[4] Richard the Second. [5] George the Second.

Say, the proud title meant to plume the son,
Why gain by guilt, what virtue might have won?
Vain shall the son his herald honours trace,
Whose parent peer 's but patriot in disgrace.
Vain, on the solemn head of hoary age,
Totters the mitre, if ambition's rage
To mammon pow'r the hallow'd heart incline,
And titles only mark the priest divine.
Blest race! to whom the golden age remains,
Ease without care, and plenty without pains:
For you the earth unlabour'd treasure yields,
And the rich sheaves spontaneous crown the fields;
No toilsome dews pollute the rev'rend brow,
Each holy hand unharden'd by the plough;
Still burst the sacred garners with their store,
And flails, unceasing, thunder on the floor.
O bounteous Heav'n! yet Heav'n how seldom shares
The titheful tribute of the prelate's pray'rs!
Lost to the stall, in senates still they nod,
And all the monarch steals them from the God:
Thy praises, Brunswick, every breast inspire,
The throne their altar, and the court their choir;
Here earliest incense they devoutly bring,
Here everlasting hallelujah's sing:
Thou! only thou! almighty to—translate,
Thou their great golden deity of state.
Who seeks on merit's stock to graft success,
In vain invokes the ray of pow'r to bless;
The stem, too stubborn for the courtly soil,
With barren branches mocks the virtuous toil.
More pliant plants the royal regions suit,
Where knowledge still is held forbidden fruit;
'Tis these alone the kindly nurture share,
And all Hesperia's golden treasures bear.
Let folly still be fortune's fondling heir,
And science meet a step-dame in the fair.
Let courts, like fortune, disinherit sense,
And take the idiot charge from Providence.
The idiot head the cap and bells may fit,
But how disguise a Lyttelton and Pitt!
O! once-lov'd youths! Britannia's blooming hope,
Fair freedom's twins, and once the theme of Pope;
What wond'ring senates on your accents hung,
Ere flatt'ry's poison chill'd the patriot tongue!
Rome's sacred thunder awes no more the ear;
But Pelham smiles, who trembled once to hear.
Say, whence this change? less galling is the chain,
Though Walpole, Carteret, or a Pelham reign?
If senates still the pois'nous bane imbibe,
And every palm grows callous with the bribe;
If sev'n long years mature the venal voice,
While freedom mourns her long-defrauded choice;
If justice waves o'er fraud a lenient hand,
And the red locust rages through the land.
Sunk in these bonds, to Britain what avails,
Who wields her sword, or balances her scales?
Veer round the compass, change to change succeed,
By every son the mother now must bleed:
Vain all her hosts, on foreign shores array'd,
Though lost by Wentworth, or preserv'd by Wade.
Fleets, once which spread through distant worlds her name!
Now ride inglorious trophies of her shame[6];
While fading laurels shade her drooping head
And mark her Burleighs, Blakes, and Marlbro's dead!
Such were thy sons, O happy isle! of old,
In counsel prudent, and in action bold:
Now view a Pelham puzzling o'er thy fate,
Lost in the maze of a perplex'd debate;
And sage Newcastle, with fraternal skill,
Guard the nice conduct of a nation's quill:
See truncheons trembling in the coward hand,
Though bold rebellion half subdue the land;
While ocean's god, indignant, wrests again
The long-deputed trident of the main[7].
Sleep our last heroes in the silent tomb?
Why springs no future worthies from the womb?
Not nature sure, since nature's still the same,
But education bars the road to fame.
Who hopes for wisdom's crop, must till the soul,
And virtue's early lesson should control:
To the young breast who valour would impart,
Must plant it by example in the heart.
Ere Britain fell to mimic modes a prey,
And took the foreign polish of our day,
Train'd to the martial labours of the field,
Our youth were taught the massy spear to wield;
In halcyon peace, beneath whose downy wings
The merchant smiles, and lab'ring peasant sings,
With civil arts to guard their country's cause,
Direct her counsels, and defend her laws:
Hence a long race of ancient worthies rose,
Adorn'd the land, and triumph'd o'er our foes.
Ye sacred shades! who through th' Elysian grove,
With Rome's fam'd chiefs, and Grecian sages rove,
Blush to behold what arts your offspring grace!
Each fopling heir now marks his sire's disgrace;
An embrio breed! of such a doubtful frame,
You scarce could know the sex but by the name:
Fraught with the native follies of his home,
Torn from the nurse, the babe of mirth must roam;
Through foreign climes exotic vice explore,
And cull each weed, regardless of the flow'r,
Proud of thy spoils, O Italy and France!
The soft enervate strain, and cap'ring dance:
From Sequan's stream, and winding banks of Po,
He comes, ye gods! an all-accomplish'd beau!
Unhumaniz'd in dress, with cheeks so wan!
He mocks God's image in the mimic man;
Great judge of arts! o'er toilettes now presides,
Corrects our fashions, or an opera guides;
From tyrant Handel rends th' imperial bay,
And guards the Magna Charta of—*Sol-fa*.
Sick of a land where virtue dwells no more,
See Liberty prepar'd to quit our shore!
Pruning her pinions, on yon beacon'd height
The goddess stands, and meditates her flight;
Now spreads her wings, unwilling yet to fly,
Again o'er Britain casts a pitying eye;

[6] Alluding to the ever-memorable no-fight in the Mediterranean: as the nation was unluckily the only victim on that occasion, the lenity of our aquarian judicature has, I think, evidently proved, that a court-martial and a martial-court are by no means synonymous terms.

[7] The reader will readily conclude these lines were written before our worthy admirals Anson and Warren had so eminently distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

Loath to depart, methinks I hear her say,
"Why urge me thus, ungrateful isle, away!
For you, I left Achaia's happy plains,
For you resign'd my Romans to their chains;
Here fondly fix'd my last lov'd favourite seat,
And 'midst the mighty nations made thee great:
Why urge me then, ungrateful isle, away!"
Again she, sighing, says, or seems to say.
O Stanhope[8]! skill'd in ev'ry moving art,
That charms the ear, or captivates the heart!
Be your's the task, the goddess to retain,
And call her parent virtue back again;
Improve your pow'r a sinking land to save,
And vindicate the servant from the slave:
O! teach the vassal courtier how to share
The royal favour with the public pray'r:
Like Latium's genius [9] stem thy country's doom,
And, though a Cæsar smile, remember Rome;
With all the patriot dignify the place,
And prove at least one statesman may have grace.

[8] Earl of Chesterfield. [9] Brutus.

AN

EPISTLE

TO DOCTOR THOMSON, 1735.

Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,
Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,
Fidis offendar medicis.——— Hor.

PREFACE.

The reader will perceive, from two or three passages in the following epistle, that it was written some time since; nor indeed would the whole of it have now been thought interesting enough to the public, to have passed the press, had not the physical persecution, carried on against the gentleman[1] to whom it is addressed, provoked the publication. When a body of men, too proud to own their errours, and too prudent to part with their fees, shall (with their legions of understrappers) enter into a conspiracy against a brother practitioner, only for honestly endeavouring to moderate the one, and rectify the other; such a body, our author apprehends, becomes a justifiable object of satire; and only wishes his pen had, on this occasion, a like killing efficacy with theirs.

Why do you ask, "that in this courtly dance,
Of in and out, it ne'er was yet my chance,
To bask beneath a statesman's fost'ring smile,
And share the plunder of the public spoil?"
E'er wants my table the health-chearing meal,
With Banstead mutton crown'd, or Essex veal?
Smokes not from Lincoln meads the stately loin,
Or rosy gammon of Hantonian swine?
From Darkin's roosts the feather'd victims bleed,
And Thames still wafts me ocean's scaly breed.
Though Gallia's vines their costly juice deny,
Still Tajo's [2] banks the jocund glass supply;
Still distant worlds nectareous treasures roll,
And either India sparkles in my bowl;
Or Devon's boughs, or Dorset's bearded fields,
To Britain's arms a British beverage yields.
Rich in these gifts, why should I wish for more?
Why barter conscience for superfluous store?
Or haunt the levee of a purse-proud peer,
To rob poor Fielding of the curule chair[3]?
Let the lean bard, whose belly, void of bread,
Puffs up pierian vapours to his head,
In birth-day odes his flimsy fustian vent,
And torture truth into a compliment;
Wear out the knocker of a great man's door,
Be pimp and poet, furnish rhyme or whore;
Or fetch and carry for some foolish lord,
To sneak—a sitting footman at his board.
If such the arts that captivate the great,
Be yours, ye bards! the sun-shine of a state;
For place or pension prostitute each line;
Make gods of kings, and ministers divine;
Swear St. John's self could neither read nor write,
And Cumberland [4] out-bravoes Mars in fight;
Call Dorset patriot, Willes [5] a legal tool,
Horace [6] a wit, and Dodington a fool.

[1] Dr. Thompson was one of the physicians to Frederick, prince of Wales, in that disorder which ended his life. Upon that occasion, the doctor differed from all the physicians that attended his highness, which brought upon him their most virulent rage and indignation; for the prince dying, the world was inclined to favour doctor Thompson's recommendations. He was an intimate friend of Mr. P. Whitehead, and a favourite with *him* at the prince's-court. He was a man of a peculiar character; but learned, singular, and ingenious.

[2] The Tagus—a principal river of Portugal, famous for golden sands.

Qua Tagus auriferis pallet turbatus arenis.
Sil. xvi. 559.

[3] It is reported, that during the time Mr. Addison was secretary of state, when his old friend and ally Ambrose Phillips applied to him for some preferment, the great man very coolly answered, that "he thought he had already provided for him, by making him justice for Westminster." To which the bard, with some indignation, replied, "though poetry was a trade he could not live by, yet he scorned to owe his subsistence to another, which he ought not to live by."—However great men, in our days, may practise the secretary's prudence, certain it is, the person here pointed at was very far from making a precedent of his brother poet's principles.

[4] It is apprehended, our modern campaigns cannot fail of furnishing the reader with a proper supply for this passage.

[5] Lord high admiral Willes—a title, by which this excellent chief *magistrate* is often distinguished among our marine, for his spirited vindication of the supremacy of the civil flag, and rectifying the martial mistakes of some late naval tribunals.

[6] A certain modern of that name, whose sole pretension to this character (except a little arch

Such be your venal task; whilst, blest with ease,
'Tis mine, to scribble when, and what I please.
"Hold! what you please?" (sir Dudley cries) "my friend,
Say, must my labours never, never end?
Still doom'd 'gainst wicked wit my pen to draw,
Correct each bard by critic rules of law;
'Twixt guilt and shame the legal buckler place,
And guard each courtly culprit from disgrace?
Hard task! should future jurymen inherit
The city-twelve's self-judging British spirit?"
While you, my Thompson! spite of med'cine save,
Mark how the college-peoples every grave!
See Mead transfer estates from sire to son,
And ** bar succession to a throne[8]!
See Shaw scarce leave the passing-bell a fee,
And N**'s set the captive husband free!
Though widow'd Julia giggles in her weed,[9]
Yet who arraigns the doctor for the deed?
O'er life and death all absolute his will,
Right the prescription, whether cure or kill.
Not so,—whose practice is the mind's disease;
His potion must not only cure, but please:
Apply the caustic to the callous heart,
Undone's the doctor, if the patient smart;
Superior pow'rs his mental bill control,
And law corrects the physic of the soul[9].

buffoonery) consists in a truly poetical negligence of his person.

[7] Alluding to the constitutional verdict given on the trial of William Owen, for publishing "The Case of the honourable Alexander Murray, esq."—a pamphlet written by P. Whitehead.

[8] This line furnishes a melancholy memento of the most fatal catastrophe that perhaps ever befel this nation. Among the various tributary verses which flowed on that occasion, our author wrote the following; and which he here takes the liberty to insert, being willing to seize every opportunity, to perpetuate his sense of our public loss, in the death of that truly patriot prince, Frederick.

When Jove, late revolving the state of mankind,
'Mong Britons no traces of virtue could find,
O'er the island, indignant, he stretch'd forth his rod;
Earth trembled, and Ocean acknowledg'd the God.*
Still provok'd by our crimes, Heav'n's vengeance to show, [blow:
Ammon, grasping his bolts, aim'd at Britain the
But pausing—more dreadful, his wrath to evince,
Threw the thunder aside, and sent fate for the prince.

[9] A like correction, with regard to the physic of the body, might prove no bad security for the life and property of the patient, as the faculty are at present accountable to no other power but that of Heaven, for the rectitude of their conduct.—And perhaps no civilized nation can afford such an instance of physical anarchy as ours, where the surgeon is permitted to usurp

* Alluding to the preceding earthquakes, in 1750.

Shall Galen's sons with privilege destroy,
And I not one sound alt'rative employ,
To drive the rank distemper from within?
Or is man's life less precious than his sin?
With palsied hand should justice hold the scale,
And o'er a judge court-complaisance prevail,
Satire's strong dose the malady requires:
I write—when, lo! the bench indignant fires;
Each hoary head erects its load of hair;
Their furs all bristle, and their eye-balls glare;
In rage they roar. "With rev'rend ermine sport!
Seize! seize him, tipstaff!—'Tis contempt of court."
Led by the meteor of a mitre's ray,
If Sion's sons through paths unhallow'd stray,
For courtly rites neglect each rubric rule,
Omit all the saint, and truckle all the tool;
Their maker only in the monarch see,
Nor o'er omit, at Brunswick's name, the knee;
To cure this loyal lethargy of grace,
And rouse to Heav'n again its recreant race,
Say! should the Muse, with one irrev'rend line,
Probe but the mortal part of the divine;
'Tis blasphemy, by ev'ry priest decreed!
No benefit of clergy may I plead;
With every canon pointed at my head,
Alive I'm censur'd, and I'm damn'd when dead.
Lawyer and priest, like doctors, still agree;
'Tis theirs to give advice; 'tis ours, the fee:
To them alone all earthly rule is giv'n,
Diploma'd from St. James's, and from Heav'n.
Yet ills there are, nor bench, nor pulpit reach;
In vain may Ryder charge, or Sherlock preach;
For law too mighty, and too proud for grace,
Lurk in the star, or lord it in a place;
Brood in the sacred circle of a crown,
While fashion wafts their poison through the town:
Hence o'er each village the contagion wings,
And peasants catch the maladies of kings.
When purpled vice shall humble justice awe,
And fashion make it current, spite of law;
What sovereign med'cine can its course reclaim!
What, but the poet's panacea—shame!
Thus wit's great Esculapius[10] once prevail'd,
And satire triumph'd, where the fasces fail'd:
No consul's wreath could lurking folly hide,
No vestal looks secure the guilty bride: [guise,
The poignant verse pierc'd through each fair disAnd made Rome's matrons modest, statesmen wise.
Search all your statutes, sergeant! where's the balm
Can cure the itching of a courtier's palm?
Where the chaste canon, say, thou hallow'd sage,
The virgin's glowing wishes can assuage?
Let but the star his longing lordship see,
What pow'r can set the captive conscience free?
Hang but the sparkling pendant at her ears,
What trembling maid the gen'rous lover fears?

the province of the physician, and the apothecary plumes himself in the perriwig and plunder of both professions.—In a public spirited endeavour to cure this anarchy, and restore a proper discipline in practice, consists a Thompson's empiricism.—Hinc illæ lachrymæ.—

[10] Horatius Flaccus.

When lawless passion seiz'd th' imperial dame[11],
Brothels [12] were only found, to quench the flame;
No routs, or balls, the kind convenience gave,
To lose her virtue, yet her honour save.
In Cupid's rites, now, so improv'd our skill,
Mode find the means, when nature finds the will.
Each rev'rend relict keeps a private pack,
And sturdy stallion with Atlean back;
Where British dames to mystic rites repair,
Nor fail to meet a lurking Clodio there;
In amorous stealths defraud the public stews,
And rob the Drury vestal of her dues; [gown,
Who hapless mourns her last, long-mortgag'd
While Douglass [13] damns the drums of lady Brown.

By names celestial, mortal females call;
Angels they are, but angels in their fall.
One royal phenix [14] yet redeems the race,
And proves, in Britain, beauty may have grace.
Vain shall the Muse the various symptoms find,
When every doctor 's of a diff'rent mind.
In **'s palm, be foul corruption found,
Each court-empiric holds, his grace is sound;
In Sackville's [15] breast let public spirit reign,
Blisters! (they cry) the cause is in his brain;
So, Talbot's want of place is want of sense,
And Dashwood's [16] stubborn virtue, downright insolence.

When ills are thus just what the doctors please,
And the soul's health is held the mind's disease;
Not all thy art, O Horace! had prevail'd;
Here, all thy Roman recipes [17] had fail'd.
Had fate to Flaccus but our days decreed,
What Pollio would admire? what Cæsar read?
Great Maro's [18] self had dy'd an humble swain,
And Terence sought a Lælius now in vain.
Science no more employs the courtier's care,
No muse's voice can charm Northumberland's ear.
The solid vote aërial verse outweighs,
And wins all courtly favour from the bays;
Hence flow alone the sacred gifts of kings,
Staves, truncheons, feathers, mitres, stars, and strings.
Hence cradles, see! with lisping statesmen spawn,
And infant limbs beswaddled in the lawn;
While honest Boyle [19], too impotent for place,
Sets, in meridian glory of disgrace:
Nor all the patriot music of Malone
Can charm a court, like Sackville, or like Stone;
Blest twins of state! whom love and pow'r conjoin,
Like Leda's offspring, made by Jove divine;
Fix'd in Hibernia's hemisphere to rule,
And shed your influence o'er each knave and fool [20].

Whilst the sad summons of a mortar's knell
The rival deeds of each diploma tell;
And death's increasing muster-rolls declare,
That health and Thompson are no longer here;
How shall the Muse this salutation send?
What place enjoys thee? or what happier friend?
Say, if in Eastbury's [21] majestic towers,
Or wrapt in Ashley's [22] amarantine bowers,
By friendship favour'd, and unaw'd by state,
You barter science with the wise and great:
O'er Pelham's politics in judgment sit,
Reform the laws of nations, or of wit;
With attic zest enrich the social bowl,
Crack joke on joke, and mingle soul with soul;
On laughter's wanton wing now frolic sport,
Nor envy Fox [23] the closet of a court.

Lost in this darling luxury of ease,
Alike regardless both of fame and fees,
"Let Shaw" (you cry) "o'er physic sov'reign.
Or W** boast his hecatombs of slain: [reign,
Be mine, to stay some friend's departing breath.
And Child's [24] may take the drudgery of death."

Yet, Thompson! say (whose gift it is to save,
Make sickness smile, and rescue from the grave)
Say, to what end this healing pow'r was meant?
Nor hide the talent, which by Heav'n is lent,
Though envy all her hissing serpents raise,
And join with harpy fraud to blast thy bays:
Shall wan disease in vain demand thy skill,
While health but waits the summons of your quill?
Shall Egypt's plague [25] the virgin cheek invade,
And beauty's wreck not win thee to its aid?
O! stretch a saving hand, and let the fair
Owe all her future triumphs to thy care:
Resume the pen! and be thyself, once more,
What Ratcliff, Friend, and Syd'nham were before
Yet, when reviving patients set you free,
Let Vaughan [26] yield one social hour to me.

[11] Pompeia, consort to Julius Cæsar, whom the young Claudius took an opportunity of seducing at a solemn sacrifice of the Bona Dea.

[12] Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar. Juv.

[13] An infamous, famous bawd.

[14] Princess of Wales, mother of his present majesty George III.

[15] See a proposal for a militia, published by lord Middlesex.

[16] Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards lord Le Despenser, the patron and protector of our author.

[17] Satires. [18] Virgil. [19] Lord Orrery.

[20] As our author lamented the occasion of these lines, so no one more sincerely rejoices to find, that the beam of public spirit is likely to dispel the clouds which had interposed between loyalty and patriotism—A new political star in our days, and which some more eastern magi would do well to follow.

[21] A seat belonging to the right hon. George Dodington.

[22] Another, belonging to lord Middlesex.

[23] Lord Holland.

[24] A coffee-house noted for the resort of our modern Esculapics, where they ply for those patients the apothecary is pleased to consign over to them; and where another appendage to physic (called the undertakers) never fails to attend the physical levee, in order to receive the lucrative news of their joint endeavours.

[25] The small pox, said to have first appeared at Alexandria. See the doctor's treatise on this distemper.

[26] Owen Evan Vaughan, esq; of Bodidris castle; a gentleman, in whose friendship the doctor and our author more particularly pride.

Come then, my friend! if friendship's name can woo,
Come! bring me all I want, that all in you.
If rural scenes have still the pow'r to please,
Flocks, vallies, hills, streams, villas, cots, and trees;
Here all in one harmonious prospect blend,
And landscapes rise, scarce Lambert's [27] art can mend.
Thames, made immortal by her Denham's strains, [plains;
Meand'ring glides through Twick'nham's flow'ry
While royal Richmond's cloud-aspiring wood
Pours all its pendent pomp upon the flood.
By Rome's proud dames let storied Tiber flow,
And all Palladio grace the banks of Po;
Here nature's charms in purer lustre rise,
Nor seek from wanton art her vain supplies.
Lo! Windsor, rev'rend in a length of years,
Like Cybele, her tow'r-crown'd summit rears;
And Hampton's turrets, with majestic pride,
Reflect their glories in the passing tide:
There British Henries gave to Gallia law;
Here bloom'd the laurels of a great Nassau [28].
O! could these scenes one monarch more but please:
No frozen climates, no tempestuous seas,
For Brunswick's weal alarming fears shall bring,
Nor Britain envy meaner courts her king. [see,
Here Campbell's [29] varied shades with wonder
Like Heaven's own Eden, stor'd with every tree;
Each plant with plant in verdant glory vies;
High-tow'ring pines, like Titans, scale the skies;
And Lebanon's rich groves on Hounslow's deserts rise.
But chief—with awful step, O! let us stray,
Where Britain's Orpheus tun'd his sacred lay,
Whose grove enchanted from his numbers grew,
And proves, what once was fabled, now is true.
Here oft the bard with Arbuthnot retir'd;
Here flow'd the verse his healing art inspir'd [30];
Alike thy merit like thy fame should rise,
Could friendship give, what feeble art denies:
Though Pope's immortal verse the gods refuse,
Accept this off'ring from an humbler Muse.
Weak though her flight, yet honest still her strain,
And what no minister could ever gain;
Pleas'd if the grateful tribute of her song,
Thy merit, Thompson! shall one day prolong.
In marshal'd slaves let hungry princes trade,
And Britain's bullion bribe their venal aid [31];
Let brave Boscawen trophied honours gain,
And Anson wield the trident of the main.
Safe, in the harbour of my Twick'nam [32] bower,
From all the wrecks of state, or storms of power;
No wreaths I court, no subsidies I claim,
Too rich for want, too indolent for fame.
Whilst here with vice a bloodless war I wage,
Or lash the follies of a trifling age,
Each gay-plum'd hour, upon its downy wings,
The Hybla freight of rich contentment brings;
Health, rosy handmaid, at my table waits,
And halcyon peace broods watchful o'er my gates.
Here oft, on contemplation's pinions bore,
To Heav'n I mount, and nature's works explore;
Or, led by reason's intellectual clue, [sue;
Through errour's maze, truth's secret steps pur-
View ages past in story's mirror shown, [own:
And make time's mould'ring treasures all my
Or here the Muse now steals me from the throng,
And wraps me in th' enchantment of her song.
Thus flow, and thus for ever flow! my days,
Unaw'd by censure, or unbrib'd by praise;
No friend to faction, and no dupe to zeal;
Foe to all party, but the public weal.
Why then, from every venal bondage free,
Courts have no glitt'ring shackles left for me:
My reasons, Thompson! prithee ask no more;
Take them, as Oxford's Flaccus sung before [33].

"My ease and freedom if for aught I vend,
Would not you cry, to Bedlam, Bedlam, friend!
But to speak out—shall what could ne'er engage
My frailer youth, now captivate in age?
What cares can vex, what terrours frightful be,
To him whose shield is hoary sixty-three [34]?
When life itself so little worth appears,
That ministers can give no hopes, or fears;
Although grown grey within my humbler gate,
I ne'er kiss'd hands, or trod the rooms of state;
Yet not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and blest
With rich convenience, careless of the rest;
What boon more grateful can the gods bestow
On those avow'd their favourite sons below [35]?"

[27] A landscape-painter, much celebrated.

[28] William the Third.

[29] Duke of Argyle, celebrated as a warrior and a statesman.

[30] Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot.

[31] Alluding to a modern kind of military traffic, which consists in the exchange of British gold for German valour; and by which means, it is presumed, our politicians intend the native want of either party shall be reciprocally supplied.

[32] He had a neat villa, in the style of a chateau, on the north side of Twickenham Common, sacred to the muses. It was afterwards inhabited by the lady Bridget Tallmach, daughter of the late lord Northington.

[33] See conclusion of Dr. King's apology.

[34] Though the translator's virtue is not yet secured by this palladium of his grand climacterie, yet he flatters himself he shall at least be able to rival our truly Roman author, in the practice of his heroic indifference, however short he may fall of him in his elegant description of it.

[35] Libera si pretio quantôvis otia vendam,
Cui non insanus videar? Sed apertius audi:
Quæ juvenem, infirmumque animi captare nequibant,
Illa senem capiant? aut quæ terrere pericla
Posse putes hominem, cui climactericus annus
Præsidio est omni majus? cui vita videtur
Haud equidem tanti esse, ut quid caveatve petatve
A regni satrapis, ullaque sit anxius horâ.
Si mihi non dextram tetigisse, aut limina regum
Contigit, & lare sub tenui mea canuit ætas:
Attamen æquo animo, non ullis rebus egenus,
Non inhonoratus vixi: neque gratius usquam
Dii munus dederunt, cui si favisse fatentur.

AN

OCCASIONAL SONG,

AS PERFORMED BY MR. BEARD, IN THE CHARACTER OF A RECRUITING SERJEANT, AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN COVENT-GARDEN, IN THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE FAIR.

In story we're told
How our monarchs of old
O'er France spread their royal domain;
But no annals shall show
Her pride laid so low,
As when brave George the Second did reign,
Brave boys!
As when brave, &c.

Of Roman and Greek
Let Fame no more speak;
Though their arms did the Old world subdue,
Through the nations around
Let her trumpet now sound,
How Britons have conquer'd the New,
Brave boys!
How Britons have, &c.

East, west, north, and south,
Our cannon's loud mouth
Shall the rights of our monarch maintain;
On America's strand
Amherst limits the land,
Boscawen gives law on the main,
Brave boys!
Boscawen gives, &c.

Each fort, and each town,
We still make our own,
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar;
Guardelupe, Senegal,
And Quebec's mighty fall,
Shall prove we've no equal in war,
Brave boys!
Shall prove we've, &c.

Though Conflans did boast
He won'd conquer our coast,
Our thunder soon made monsieur mute;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then pounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an English salute,
Brave boys!
And gave him, &c

At Minden you know
How we frighten'd the foe,
While homeward their army now steals,
"Though," they cry, "British bands
Are too hard for our hands,
Begar! we can beat them in heels,"
Parbleu!
Begar! we, &c.

hilstour heroes from home
o laurels thus roam,
Should the flat-bottom'd boats but appear,
Our militia shall show
No wooden-shoed foe
Can with freemen in battle compare,
Brave boys!
Can with with freemen, &c.

Your fortunes and lives,
Your children and wives,
To defend, 'tis the time now or never:
Then let each volunteer
To the drum-head repair—
King George and old England for ever!
Brave boys!
King George, &c.

SONG,

SUNG BY MR. BEARD IN THE ENTERTAINMENT OF APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

The Sun from the east tips the mountains with gold;
The meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold! [day,
Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the new
And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay.

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport;
The slave of the state hunt the smiles of a court;
No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.
With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chase.
With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name; [fame,
And the practis'd coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the woodlands to roam,
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow our hounds in full cry.

SONG,

SUNG BY MR. BEARD AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS, GOVERNORS, &c. OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

Of trophies and laurels I mean not to sing,
Of Prussia's brave prince, or of Britain's good king: [display,
Here the poor claim my song; then the art I'll
How you all shall be gainers—by giving away.
Derry down.

The cruse of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow:
So here with your purse the like wonder you'll find;
The more you draw out, still—the more left behind.
Derry down.

The prodigal here without danger may spend;
That ne'er can be lavish'd, to Heaven we lend;
And the miser his purse-strings may draw with out pain,
For what miser won't give—when giving is gain?
Derry down.

The gamester, who sits up whole days and whole nights,
To hazard his health and his fortune at White's;
Much more to advantage his bets he may make,
Here, set what he will, he will double his stake.
Derry down.

The fair-one, whose heart the four aces control,
Who sighs for sans-prendre, and dreams of a vole,
Let her here send a tithe of her gains at quadrille,
And she'll ne'er want a friend—in victorious spadille.
Derry down.

Let the merchant, who trades on the perilous sea,
Come here, and insure, if from loss he'd be free;
A policy here from all danger secures,
For safe is the venture—which Heaven insures.
Derry down.

The stock-jobber too may subscribe without fear,
In a fund which for ever a premium must bear;
Where the stock must still rise, and where Scrip will prevail,
Though South-Sea, and India, and Omnium, should fail.
Derry down.

The churchman [1] likewise his advantage may draw,
And here buy a living, in spite of the law—
In Heaven, I mean; then, without any fear.
Let him purchase away—here's no simony here.
Derry down.

Ye rakes[2], who the joys of Hymen disclaim,
And seek, in the ruin of virtue, a fame; [duty,
You may here boast a triumph consistent with
And keep, without guilt, a seraglio of beauty.
Derry down.

If from charity then such advantages flow,
That you still gain the more—the more you bestow; [ease:
Here's the place will afford you rich profit with
When the bason comes round—be as rich as you please.
Derry down.

Then a health to that [3] patron, whose grandeur and store
Yield aid and defence to the sick and the poor;
Whom no courtier can flatter, no patriot can blame,
But, our president's here—or I'd tell you his name.
Derry down.

[1] Additional stanza for the annual feast of the sons of the Clergy

[2] Ditto for the Magdalen Hospital.

[3] The late duke of Devonshire.

FRAGMENT.

When Bacchus, jolly God, invites
To revel in his ev'ning rites,
In vain his altars I surround,
Though with Burgundian incense crown'd:
No charm has wine without the lass;
'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

Whilst all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toast their fav'rite she;
Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers Chloe's name;
And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY LADY POMFRET'S PRESENT OF SOME ANTIQUE STATUES TO OXFORD; THE STREETS WHEREOF WERE FOOLISHLY SAID TO BE PAVED WITH JACOBITES.

If Oxford's stones, as Blaco writes,
And Pitt affirms, are Jacobites,
That bid the court defiance;
How must the danger now increase,
When stones are come from Rome and Greece,
To form a grand alliance!

Yet, sprung from lands of liberty,
These stones can sure no Tories be,
Or friends to the Pretender;
And Pitt himself can ne'er devise,
That Whiggish stones should ever rise
Against our faith's defender.

TO DR. KING.

Oft have I heard, with clam'rous note,
A yelping cur exalt his throat
At Cynthia's silver rays;
So, with the blaze of learning's light,
When you, O King, offend his sight,
The spaniel Blaco bays.

THE

BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

TO FLAVIA.

See! Flavia, see! that flutt'ring thing,
Skim round yon flower with sportive wing,
Yet ne'er its sweet explore;
While, wiser, the industrious bee
Extracts the honey from the tree,
And hives the precious store.

So you, with coy, coquettish art,
Play wanton round your lover's heart,

Insensible and free:
Love's balmy blessing would you try,
No longer sport a Butterfly,
But imitate the Bee.

VERSES

DROPT IN MR. GARRICK'S TEMPLE OF SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE here to Shakespeare[1] Garrick pays
His tributary thanks and praise;
Invokes the animated stone,
To make the poet's mind his own;
That he each character may trace
With humour, dignity, and grace;
And mark, unerring mark, to men,
The rich creation of his pen;
Preferr'd the pray'r—the marble god
Methinks I see, assenting, nod,
And, pointing to his laurell'd brow,
Cry—"Half this wreath to you I owe:
Lost to the stage, and lost to fame;
Murder'd my scenes, scarce known my name;
Sunk in oblivion and disgrace
Among the common, scribbling race,
Unnotic'd long thy Shakespeare lay,
To dulness and to time a prey:
But now I rise, I breathe, I live
In you—my representative!
Again the hero's breast I fire,
Again the tender sigh inspire;
Each side, again, with laughter shake,
And teach the villain-heart to quake;
All this, my son! again I do—
I?—No, my son!—'Tis I, and you."
While thus the grateful statue speaks,
A blush o'erspreads the suppliant's cheeks—
"What!—Half this wreath, wit's mighty chief?—
O grant," he cries, "one single leaf;
That far o'erpays his humble merit,
Who's but the organ of thy spirit."
Phœbus the gen'rous contest heard—
When thus the god address'd the bard:
"Here, take this laurel from my brow,
On him your mortal wreath bestow;—
Each matchless, each the palm shall bear,
In Heav'n the bard, on Earth the play'r."

CUPID BAFFLED.

DIANA, hunting on a day,
Beheld where Cupid sleeping lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his darts she stole away,
And one of her's did close convey
Into the other's stead.

When next the archer through the grove,
In search of prey, did wanton rove,
Aurelia fair he 'spy'd;
Aurelia, who to Damon's pray'r
Disdain'd to lend a tender ear,
And Cupid's pow'r defy'd.

Soon as he ey'd the rebel maid;
"Now know my pow'r!" enrag'd, he said;
Then levell'd at her heart:
Full to the head the shaft he drew;
But harmless to her breast it flew,
For, lo!—'twas Dian's dart.

Exulting, then the fair-one cry'd,
"Fond urchin, lay your bow aside;
Your quiver be unbound:
Would you Aurelia's heart subdue,
Thy play-thing arrows ne'er will do;
Bid Damon give the wound."

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

'TWIXT Death and Schomberg, t'other day,
A contest did arise;
Death swore his prize he'd bear away;
The Doctor, Death defies.

Enrag'd to hear his pow'r defy'd,
Death drew his keenest dart;
But wond'ring saw it glance aside,
And miss the vital part.

AN

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. POWELL, AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN COVENT-GARDEN, ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1767.

AS when the merchant, to increase his store,
For dubious seas, adventr'ous quits the shore;
Still anxious for his freight, he trembling sees
Rocks in each buoy, and tempests in each breeze;
The curling wave to mountain billows swells,
And ev'ry cloud a fancied storm foretells:
Thus rashly lanch'd on this theatric main,
Our all on board, each phantom gives us pain;
The catcall's note seems thunder in our ears,
And ev'ry hiss a hurricane appears;
In journal-squibs we lightning's blast espy,
And meteors blaze in every critic's eye.
Spite of these terrours, still some hopes we view,
Hopes ne'er can fail us—since they're plac'd —in you,
Your breath the gale, our voyage is secure,
And safe the venture which your smiles insure;
Though weak his skill, th' advent'rer must succeed,
Where candour takes th' endeavour for the deed.
For Brentford's state two kings could once suffice;
In our's, behold! four kings of Brentford rise;
All smelling to one nosegay's od'rous savour,
The balmy nosegay of—the public favour.
From hence alone our royal funds we draw,
Your pleasure our support, your will our law.
While such our government, we hope you'll own us;
But should we ever tyrants prove—dethrone us,
Like brother monarchs, who to coax the nation,
Began their reign with some fair proclamation,
We too should talk at least—of reformation;
Declare, that during our imperial sway,
No bard shall mourn his long-neglected play;

[1] The statue of Shakespeare, in the temple dedicated to the bard by Mr. Garrick, in his delightful garden at Hampton, was the work of that able and ingenious master, Roubiliac.

But then the play must have some wit, some spirit,
And we allow'd sole umpires of its merit.
For those deep sages of the judging pit,
Whose taste is too refin'd for modern wit,
From Rome's great theatre we'll cull the piece,
And plant, on Britain's stage, the flow'rs of Greece.
If some there are our British bards can please,
Who taste the ancient wit of ancient days,
Be our's to save, from time's devouring womb,
Their works, and snatch their laurels from the tomb.
For you, ye fair, who sprightlier scenes may chuse,
Where music decks in all her airs the Muse,
Gay opera shall in all its charms dispense,
Yet boast no tuneful triumph over sense;
The nobler bard shall still assert his right,
Nor Handel rob a Shakespeare of his night.
To greet their mortal brethren of our skies,
Here all the gods of pantomime shall rise:
Yet 'midst the pomp and magic of machines,
Some plot may mark the meaning of our scenes;
Scenes which were held, in good king Rich's days,
By sages, no bad epilogues to plays.
If terms like these your suffrage can engage,
To fix our mimic empire of the stage;
Confirm our title in your fair opinions,
And crowd each night to people our dominions.

VERSES

ON CONVERTING THE CHAPEL TO A KITCHEN, AT THE SEAT OF THE LORD DONNERAYLE, CALLED THE GROVE, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

By Ovid, among other wonders, we're told
What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis of old;
How their cot to a temple was conjur'd by Jove,
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.

The lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,
His guests lov'd good prayers much less than good eating;
And possess'd by the devil, as some folks will tell
What was meant for the soul, he assign'd to the belly.

The word was scarce giv'n—when down dropp'd the clock,
And straight was seen fix'd in the form of a jack;
And, shameful to tell! pulpit, benches, and pews,
Form'd cupboards and shelves for plates, sauce-pans, and stews.

Pray'r-books turn'd into platters; nor think it a fable,
A dresser sprung out of the communion table;
Which, instead of the usual repast, bread and wine,
Is stor'd with rich soups, and good English sirloin.

No fire, but what pure devotion could raise,
'Till now, had been known in this temple to blaze:
But, good lord! how the neighbours around did admire,
When a chimney rose up in the room of a spire!

For a Jew many people the master mistook,
Whose Levites were scullions, his high-priest a cook;
And thought he design'd our religion to alter,
When they saw the burnt-offering smoke at the altar.

The bell's solemn sound, that was heard far and near,
And oft rous'd the chaplain unwilling to pray'r,
No more to good sermons now summons the sinner,
But blasphemous rings in—the country to dinner.

When my good lord the bishop had heard the strange story,
How the place was profan'd, that was built to G—'s glory;
Full of zeal he cried out, "Oh, how impious the deed,
To cram Christians with pudding, instead of the creed!"

Then away to the Grove hied the church's protector,
Resolving to give his lay-brother a lecture;
But he scarce had begun, when he saw, plac'd before 'em,
A haunch piping hot from the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

"Troth!" quoth he, "I find no great sin in the plan,
What was useless to God—to make useful to man:
Besides, 'tis a true christian duty, we read,
The poor and the hungry with good things to feed."

Then again on the walls he bestowed consecration,
But reserv'd the full rights of a free visitation:
Thus, 'tis still the Lord's house—only varied the treat,
Now there's meat without grace—where was grace without meat.

VERSES

ON THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S VICTORY AT CULLODEN, IN THE YEAR 1746.

As his worm-eaten volumes old Time tumbled o'er,
To review the great actions that happen'd of yore,
When the names of young Ammon and Cæsar he saw,
He to one oppos'd Churchill—to th' other Nassau;
Then said, with a sigh, "What! has Britain no friend?
"With these must her long race of heroes end?
When straight a loud blast on her trumpet Fame blew,
Which so long had been silent, the sound scarce knew;
But soon in his sight the swift goddess appear'd,
And, half out of breath, cry'd—"News, news—have you heard?—
I yet have one hero to add to your store,
Brave William has conquer'd—Rebellion's no more."
Well pleas'd, in his annals Time set down the name,
Made the record authentic,—and gave it to Fame.

VERSES

INSCRIBED ON A MONUMENT CALLED THE TOMB OF CARE, IN THE GARDEN OF THE LATE JOHN RICH, ESQ. AT COWLEY, IN MIDDLESEX; WHEREON THREE BEAUTIFUL BOYS ARE COVERING A FUNERAL URN WITH A VEIL OF FLOWERS.

Why, busy boys, why thus entwine
The flowery veil around this shrine?
As if, for halcyon days like these,
The sight too solemn were to please;
Mistaken boys, what sight's so fair
To mortals, as the Tomb of Care?
Here let the gloomy tyrant lie;
His urn an altar shall supply,
Sacred to Ease, and social Mirth;
For Care's decease—is Pleasure's birth.

THE EPITAPH

(IN LETTERS OF BRASS, INSERTED BY A FEMALE FIGURE REPRESENTING HISTORY) ON A MARBLE PYRAMID OF THE MONUMENT OF JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLE.

Briton, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
A shrine that claims thy tributary tear!
Silent that tongue admiring senates heard,
Nerveless that arm opposing legions fear'd!
Nor less, O Campbell! thine the pow'r to please,
And give to grandeur all the grace of ease.
Long, from thy life, let kindred heroes trace
Arts which ennoble still the noblest race.—
Others may owe their future fame to me;
I borrow immortality from thee.

Westminster Abbey. P. Whitehead.

VERSES

ON THE NAME, P. WHITEHEAD, SUBSCRIBED TO THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION, BEING REMOVED THENCE SOME TIME AFTER THE MONUMENT WAS ERECTED.

O'er the tombs as pale Envy was hov'ring around,
The manes of each hallow'd hero to wound;
On Argyle's, when she saw only truth was related
Of him, whom alive she most mortally hated,
And finding the record adopted by Fame,
In revenge to the poet—she gnaw'd out his name!

VERSES,

TO MR. BROOKE, ON THE REFUSAL OF A LICENCE TO HIS PLAY OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1739.

While Athens glory'd in her free-born race,
And science flourish'd round her fav'rite place,
The muse unfetter'd trod the Grecian stage;
Free were her pinions, unrestrain'd her rage:
Bold and secure she aim'd the pointed dart,
And pour'd the precept poignant to the heart,
Till dire dominion stretch'd her lawless sway,
And Athens' sons were destin'd to obey:
Then first the stage a licens'd bondage knew,
And tyrants quash'd the scene they fear'd to view:
Fair Freedom's voice no more was heard to charm,
Or Liberty the Attic audience warm.
Then fled the muse, indignant from the shore,
Nor deign'd to dwell where Freedom was no more:
Vain then, alas! she sought Britannia's isle,
Charm'd with her voice, and cheer'd us with a smile.
If Gallic laws her gen'rous flight restrain,
And bind her captive with th' ignoble chain;
Bold and unlicens'd, in Eliza's days,
Free flow'd her numbers, flourish'd fair her bays;
O'er Britain's stage majestic, unconfin'd,
She tun'd her patriot lessons to mankind;
For mighty heroes ransack'd ev'ry age,
Then beam'd them glorious in her Shakespeare's page.
Shakespeare's no more!—lost was the poet's name,
Till thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to fame;
Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,
You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb,
Taught the declining muse again to soar,
And to Britannia give one poet more.
Pleas'd in thy lays we see Gustavus live;
But, O Gustavus! if thou can'st, forgive
Britons, more savage than the tyrant Dane,
Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain,
Degen'rate Briton's, by thy worth dismay'd,
Prophane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade.

SONG.

As Granville's soft numbers tune Myra's just praise,
And Chloe shines lovely in Prior's sweet lays;
So, wou'd Daphne but smile, their example I'd follow,
And, as she looks like Venus, I'd sing like Apollo:
But, alas! while no smiles from the fair-one inspire,
How languid my strains, and how tuneless my lyre!

Go, Zephyrs, salute in soft accents her ear,
And tell how I languish, sigh, pine, and despair;
In gentlest murmurs my passion commend;
But whisper it softly, for fear you offend, [pain;
For sure, O ye winds, ye may tell her my
'Tis Strephon's to suffer, but not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do, [view:
Still something presents the fair nymph to my
If I traverse the garden, the garden still shows
Me her neck in the lily, her lip in the rose:
But with her neither lily nor rose can compare;
Far sweeter's her lip, and her bosom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguish, I steal to the grove,
The spring there presents the fresh bloom of my love;

These verses appeared first in captain Thomson's Life of Whitehead, and perhaps were his own. The Epitaph was written at the request of the duchess.

The nightingale too, with impertinent noise,
Pours forth her sweet strains in my syren's sweet voice: [brings;
Thus the grove and its music her image still
For, like spring she looks fair, like the nightingale sings.

If, forsaking the groves, I fly to the court,
Where beauty and splendour united resort,
Some glimpse of my fair in each charmer I spy,
In Richmond's fair form, or in Brudenel's bright eye; [appear?
But, alas! what wou'd Brudenel or Richmond
Unheeded they'd pass, were my Daphne but there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
And dwell over Horace, or Ovid's sweet strain;
In Lydia, or Chloe, my Daphne I find;
But Chloe was courteous, and Lydia was kind:
Like Lydia, or Chloe, wou'd Daphne but prove,
Like Horace, or Ovid, I'd sing and I'd love.

TO

DR. SCHOMBERG,

OF BATH.

To Schomberg quoth Death, "I your patient will have:" [save."
To Death replied Schomberg, "My patient I'll
Then Death seiz'd his arrow, the doctor his pen,
And each wound the one gave, t'other heal'd it again; [ance;
'Till Death swore he never had met such defi-
Since he and the college had been in alliance.

EPITAPH,

BY MR. GARRICK, ON PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend,
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame:
Whene'er his friends with sharp afflictions bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth, the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—till he died.

D. G.

THE

POEMS

OF

FRANCIS FAWKES, A. M.

Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam? MART.

THE

LIFE OF FRANCIS FAWKES,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

MR. FAWKES was born in Yorkshire about the year 1721. He was educated at Leeds, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Cookson, vicar of that parish: from whence he went to Jesus College, Cambridge, and took his bachelor's degree in 1741, and his master's in 1745.

After being admitted into holy orders, he settled at Bramham in Yorkshire, near the elegant seat of that name belonging to Robert Lane, esq. the beauties of which afforded him the first subject for his muse. He published his Bramham Park in 1745, but without his name. His next publications were the descriptions of May and Winter, from Gawen Douglas; the former in 1752, the latter in 1754: these brought him into considerable notice as a poetical antiquary, and it was hoped that he would have been encouraged to modernise the whole of that author's works.

About the year last mentioned, he removed to the curacy of Croydon in Surrey, where he had an opportunity of courting the notice of archbishop Herring, who resided there at that time, and to whom, among other complimentary verses, he addressed an ode on his grace's recovery, which was printed in Dodsley's collection. These attentions, and his general merit as a scholar, induced the archbishop to collate him, in 1755, to the vicarage of Orpington with St. Mary Cray, in Kent. In 1757, he had occasion to lament his patron's death, in a pathetic elegy styled Aurelius, printed with his grace's sermons in 1763, but previously in our author's volume of poems in 1761; about the same time he married miss Purrier of Leeds.

In April 1774, by the late Dr. Plumptre's favour, he exchanged his vicarage for the rectory of Hayes: this, except the office of chaplain to the princess dowager of Wales, was the only ecclesiastical promotion he obtained.

In 1761, he published by subcription a volume of original poems and translations, by which he got more profit than fame. His subscribers amounted to nearly eight hundred, but no second edition was called for. A few pieces are now added from Mr. Nichols' collection; and from the Poetical Calendar, a periodical selection of fugitive poetry, which he published in conjunction with Mr. Woty, an indifferent poet of that time. In 1767 he published an eclogue, entituled Partridge Shooting, so inferior to his other productions that the omission of it cannot be regretted. He was the editor also of a Family Bible, with notes, in 4to. which is a work of very inconsiderable merit, but to which he probably contributed only his name, a common trick among the retailers of "Complete family Bibles."

His translations of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus and Musæus, appeared in 1760; and his Theocritus, encouraged by another liberal subcription, in 1767. His Apollonius Rhodius, a posthumous publication, completed by the Rev. Mr. Meen of Emanuel College, Cambridge, made its appearance in 1780, when Mr. Fawkes's widow was enabled, by the kindness of the editor, to avail herself of the subscriptions, contributed as usual very liberally. Mr. Fawkes died August 26, 1777.

These scanty materials are taken chiefly from Mr. Nichols's Life of Bowyer, and little can now be added to them. Mr. Fawkes was a man of a social disposition, with much of the imprudence which adheres to it: although a profound classical scholar, and accounted an excellent translator, he was unable to publish any of his works without the previous aid of a subscription; and his Bible was a paultry job, which necessity only could have induced him to undertake. With all his failings, however, it appears that he was held in esteem by many distinguished contemporaries, particularly by Drs. Pearce, Jortin, Johnson, Warton, Plumptre and Askew, who contributed critical assistance to his translation of Theocritus.

As an original poet, much cannot be said in his favour: his powers were confined to occasional slight and encomiastic verses, such as may be produced without great effort, and are supposed to answer every purpose when they have pleased those to whom they were addressed. The Epithalamic ode may perhaps rank higher, if we could forget an obvious endeavour to imitate Dryden and Pope. In the elegy on the death of Dobbin, and one or two other pieces, there is a considerable portion of humour, which is a more legitimate proof of genius than one species of poets are disposed to allow. His principal defects are want of judgment and taste; these, however, are less discoverable in his translations; and it was probably a consciousness of limitted powers which inclined him so much to translation. In this he every where displays a critical knowledge of his author, while his versification is smooth and elegant, and his expression remarkably clear. He was once esteemed the best translator since the days of Pope; a praise which, if now disallowed, it is much that it could in his own time have been bestowed with justice.

POEMS

OF

FRANCIS FAWKES.

BRAMHAM PARK.

TO ROBERT LANE, ESQ.

Quis caneret nymphas? quis humum florentibus herbis
Spargeret? aut viridi fontes induceret umbrâ?
VIRG.

Written in May 1745.

THE PREFACE.

I SHOULD think a preface to this volume absolutely unnecessary, except as it furnishes me with an opportunity of returning my thanks to those gentlemen who have favoured me with their names; and therefore to their candour and indulgence I beg leave to inscribe the following sheets.

Orpington, May 1, 1761.

F. FAWKES.

THE themes of war to bolder bards belong,
Calm scenes of peace invite my humble song.
Lane, whom kind Heav'n has with mild manners grac'd,
And bless'd with true hereditary taste,
Your blooming virtues these light lays demand,
Wrote in the gardens which your grandsire[2] plan'd.
When vernal breezes had the glebe unbound,
And universal verdure cloth'd the ground,
Profusely wild the flowers began to spring,
The trees to blossom, and the birds to sing:
As careless through those groves I took my way,
Where Bramham gives new beauty to the day,
(What time Aurora, rising from the main,
With rosy lustre spangled o'er the plain;)
The sylvan scenes a secret joy inspir'd,
And with soft rapture all my bosom fir'd;
When, lo! my eyes a lovely nymph survey'd,
With modest step advancing through the glade:
Her bloom divine, and sweet attractive grace,
Confess'd the guardian Dryad of the place:
The wind that gave her azure robe to flow,
Reveal'd a bosom white as Alpine snow;
A flowery wreath around her neck she wore,
And in her hand a branch of olive bore[3]:
Adown her shoulders fell her auburn hair,
That loosely wanton'd with the buxom air,
The buxom air ambrosial odours shed,
And sweets immortal breath'd around her head[4].
My eager eyes o'er all her beauties ran,
When thus the guardian of the woods began.
"Thrice happy! whom the fates propitious give
Secure in these sequester'd groves to live, [court,
Where Health, fair goddess, keeps her blooming
And all the nymphs, and all the graces sport:
How beautifully chang'd the scene appears
Within the compass of a thousand years!
Then fierce Bellona drench'd these plains in blood,
Then virtue wander'd in the lonely wood—
But hear! while I mysterious truths disclose,
Whose dire remembrance wakens all my woes.
In ancient days when Alfred[5], sacred name!
(Alfred the first in virtue as in fame)

[1] A fine seat in Yorkshire, belonging to George Fox-Lane, esq.
Robert, lord Bingley.

[3] Paciferæque manu ramum prætendit olivæ.
Virg. Æn. viii. 116.

[4] Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere. Virg. Æn. i. 405.

[5] Alfred. This most accomplished prince began his reign A.D. 872, at a time when the Danes

This barbarous isle with liberal arts refin'd,
Taught wholesome laws, and moraliz'd mankind;
The ruthless Danes o'er all the county ran,
They level'd cities, and they murder'd man:
Nor fields, nor fanes, nor sex, nor age, were free
From fire and sword, from lust and cruelty.
To tend my father's flock was then my care,
And country swains were wont to call me fair.
Not hence far distant I secur'd my charms,
Till rous'd from danger by the din of arms
To a lone cave, with nymphs a chosen few,
Secret I fled, conceal'd from human view;
Secret and safe, till (storm'd the country round)
Our close retreat the fierce barbarians found.
What could we do the furious foe to shun?—
To die seem'd better than to be undone.
Diana, huntress of the woodland shades,
Chaste guardian of the purity of maids,
With silver bows supplied the virgin train,
And manly courage to repel the Dane.
But what, alas! avails the manly heart,
When female force emits the feeble dart?
Though thrice three victims to our vengeance fell,
Though my keen shafts dispatch'd their chief to Hell;
Too soon our fate with anguish we deplor'd,
Doom'd to the slaughter of the conquering sword:
But happy they whose sufferings Heav'n approves;
Heav'n will reward that virtue which it loves.
The queen who makes bright chastity her care,
Thus to almighty Jove preferr'd her prayer;
That we for ever in these shades might rove,
Nymphs of the wood, and guardians of the grove.
Well I remember, as I trembling lay,
Pale, breathless, cold, expiring on the clay,
How by degrees my mortal frame refin'd,
Nor left one earthly particle behind;
In every nerve a pleasing change began,
And through my veins the streams immortal ran:
Soft on my mind ecstatic visions stole,
And heav'n-felt raptures dawn'd upon my soul.
E'er since I guard the groves, the woods, the plain,
Chief Dryad of the tutelary train;
Supremely bless'd where all conspires to please;
War, civil war, alone disturbs my ease.
How did my soul recoil with secret dread,
When bold Northumberland [6] his army led,
Ill-fated Britons, whom he brought from far,
Against his sovereign waging horrid war!
I saw the combat on the neighbouring plain,
A knight victorious, and old Percy slain;
I saw his visage, that with anguish frown'd,
And seem'd in rage to roll its eyes around.

Borne in mock triumph from the fatal field;
The azure [7] lion on the golden shield
Wav'd vainly rampant. But what horrors chill'd
My heaving heart, and through my bosom thrill'd,
When direful discord Britain's sons compell'd
To war on Towton's [8] memorable field.
I see the ranks embattled on the plain,
Torrents of blood, and mountains of the slain;
See kindred hosts with rival rage contend,
Deaf to the names of father, and of friend;
The brother by a brother's sword expires,
And sons are slain by unrelenting sires.
The brook, that flow'd a scanty stream before,
Swell'd to a river red with human gore:
Verbeia [9] then in wild amazement stood,
To see her silver urn distain'd with blood;
Verbeia, erst her waters wont to lead
In peaceful murmurs through the flow'ry mead,
To purge her currents from the crimson stain,
Swift pour'd her waves to mingle with the main.
Oft, as with shining share he ploughs the field [10],
The swain astonish'd finds the massy shield,
On whose broad boss, sad source of various woes,
He views engrav'd the long-disputed rose.
Huge human bones the fruitful furrows hide
Of once-fam'd heroes that in battle died.
Now all dire feuds and curst contentions o'er,
They sleep in peace, and kindle wars no more:
The friend, the foe, the noble and the slave,
Rest undistinguish'd in one common grave.

"But let us now, since genial spring invites,
And lavish nature varies her delights,
Partake the general joy, and sweetly stray,
Where the birds warble, and the waters play;

after several invasions, had entirely over-run the kingdom, whom by his extraordinary valour and conduct he dispossessed of it. *Circa Egberti tempora, anno Christi* 800, *nostra littora primùm infestarunt Dani. Posteà mare cælo miscentes, multos annos per Angliam grassati, urbibus excisis, templis succensis; & agris vastatis, omnia barbarâ immanitate egerunt, verterunt, rapuerunt.*

[6] In the year 1408, the old earl of Northumberland and his army was overthrown on Bramham-Moor by sir Thomas Rooksby, then high-sheriff of Yorkshire, and the *posse comitatûs* the county, and slain in the battle.

The earl Northumberland and the lord Bardolph,
With a great pow'r of English and of Scots,
Are by the sh'riff of Yorkshire overthrown.
Shakespeare's *Hen. IV.*

[7] The arms of Percy are, Or, a lion rampant azure.

[8] A neighbouring village, near which, on the 29th day of March (being Palm Sunday) A. D. 1461, was fought a most remarkable and bloody battle between the houses of York and Lancaster: the number of the Yorkists, headed by Edward, earl of March, amounted to about 40,600 men, the Lancastrians were 60,000. This battle proved decisive in favour of the house of York; and in consequence of it, Edward was, in June 1461, crowned king of England, &c. There were killed in this engagement 36,776 men. The rivulet Cock, adjoining to the field of battle, and the river Wharfe, were for several days, in a very extraordinary manner, discoloured with the blood of the slain. For a circumstantial account of this battle, see *Drake's Eboracum.*

[9] *Verbeia* was the Roman name for the river Wharfe; see an ancient inscription quoted by Camden.

[10] ——— ——— ——— finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.
Virg. Geor. I.

Where Flora decks the dewy dale with flowers,
And beeches twine their branches into bowers,
The warbling birds, the gales that gently blow,
May tune thy reed, and teach the verse to flow."
Thus spoke the nymph with soft alluring grace,
And led me round the flow'r-embroider'd place;
Through every variegated rural scene
Of shady forest, and of meadow green,
Of winding valleys, and of rising hills,
Of mossy fountains and translucent rills;
Where downs, or level lawns expanded wide,
The groves, the garden, and the wood divide;
Where walks by long-extended walks are crost,
And alleys in meandering alleys lost;
The dubious traces intricately run,
And end erroneous where they first begun:
Where Saxon fanes, that in fair order rise,
With elegant simplicity surprise.
Where'er the nymph directs my ravish'd sight,
New scenes appear that give a new delight:
Here spiry firs extend their lengthen'd ranks,
There violets blossom on the sunny banks;
Here horn-beam hedges regularly grow,
There hawthorns whiten, and wild roses blow.
Luxuriant Flora paints the purple plain,
And in the gardens waves the golden grain;
Curl'd round tall tufted trees the woodbine weaves
In fond embrace its tendrils with the leaves:
Sweet-scented shrubs a rich perfume exhale,
And health ambrosial floats on every gale.
From rushy-fringed founts rise sparkling rills
That glide in mazy windings down the hills:
Or under pendent shades of oziers flow,
Dispensing moisture to the plants below:
Now, hid beneath the flowery turf, they pass
Ingulph'd, now sport along the velvet grass,
With many an errour slowly-lingering stray,
And murmuring in their course reluctant roll away;
Thence into lucid lakes profusely fall
Foaming, or form the beautiful canal,
So smooth, so level, that it well might pass
For Cytherea's face-reflecting glass,
(Save when mild zephyrs o'er the surface stray,
Curl the light waves, and on its bosom play)
Yet to the bottom so distinctly clear,
The eye might number every pebble there;
And every fish that quickly-glancing glides,
Sports in the stream, and shows his silver sides.
If through the glades I turn my rapt'ur'd eyes,
What various views, what lovely landscapes rise?
Here a once-hospitable mansion stands
'Midst fruitful plains, and cultivated lands;
There russet heaths, with fields of corn between,
And peaceful cots, and hamlets intervene:
These far-stretch'd views direct me to admire
A tower dismantled, or a lofty spire,
Or farm imbosom'd in some aged wood,
Or lowing herds that crop the flowery food;
Through these, irriguous vales, and lawns appear,
And fleecy flocks, and nimble-footed deer:
Sun-glittering villas, and bright streams are seen,
Gay meads, rough rocks, hoar hills, and forests green:
As when Belinda works, with art divine,
In the rich screen some curious, gay design;
Quick as the fair the nimble needle plies,
Cots, churches, towers, or villages arise;
A varied group of flocks, and herds, and swains,
Groves, fountains, fields, and daisy-painted plains;
At Bramham thus with ravish'd eyes we see
How order strives with sweet variety:
Nature, kind goddess, joins the aid of art
To plan, to form, and finish every part.
But now beneath the beechen shade reclin'd,
Whose tall top trembling dances in the wind,
Fast by the falling of a hoarse cascade,
What glowing transports all my breast invade!
Down channel'd stone collected currents flow,
And steal obliquely through the vale below;
The feather'd songsters on the trees above
Attune their voices to the notes of love,
Notes so melodiously distinct and clear,
They charm my soul, and make it Heav'n to hear.
O! what descriptive eloquence can tell
The woods, and winding walks of Boscobell [1]?
The various vistas, and the grassy glades,
The bowery coverts in sequester'd shades?
Or where the wand'lering eye with pleasure sees
A spacious amphitheatre of trees?
Or where the differing avenues unite,
Conducting to more pompous scenes the sight?
Lo! what high mounds immense divide the moor,
Stretch'd from the southern to the northern shore!
These are but relics of the Roman way,
Where the firm legions march'd in dread array,
Where rode the hero in his iron car,
And big with vengeance roll'd the mighty war:
Here oft the curious coins and urns explore,
Which future Meads and Pembrokes shall adore;
To me more pleasing far yon tranquil dell,
Where Labour, Health, and sweet Contentment dwell;
More pleasing far beside yon aged oaks,
Grotesque and wild, the cottage chimney smokes.
Fair to the view old Ebor's temple stands,
The work of ages, rais'd by holy hands;
How firm the venerable pile appears!
Reverend with age, but not impair'd by years.
O! could I build the Heav'n-directed rhyme,
Strong as thy fabric, as thy tow'rs sublime,
Then would the Muse on bolder pinions rise,
And make thy turrets emulate the skies.
Such are the scenes where woodland nymphs resort,
And such the gardens where the Graces sport:
Would fate this verse to future times prolong,
These scenes should bloom for ever in my song.
Not Tempe's plains so beautiful appear,
Nor flow Castalia's sacred springs so clear;
The Muses, had they known this lov'd retreat,
Had left Parnassus for a nobler seat.
Well may these groves in elegance excel,
When Lane completes what Bingley plann'd so well;
Bids crystal currents sweetly-murmuring flow,
Fair temples rise, and future navies grow.
Here D———n might an idle hour employ,
And those diversions, which he loves, enjoy;

[1] *Boscobell.* A beautiful wood, disposed in an elegant taste, and separated from the gardens by the park.

With wary spaniels furrow'd fields beset,
And close the partridge in the silken net:
Or search the woods, and with unerring aim
With leaden wounds transfix the flying game:
Or with stanch hounds the wily fox pursue,
And trace his footsteps o'er the tainted dew.
With what delight would friendly N—y change
Don's[12] fertile valleys for this ampler range?
And with the music of th' enlivening horn
Cheer the fleet pack, and wake the lingering morn.
But lo! faint Phœbus darts a languid ray,
And gold-edg'd clouds foretel the close of day;
The nymph observant took her airy flight,
And, like a vision, vanish'd from my sight.

[12] *Don.* The river that runs by Doncaster.

A DESCRIPTION OF

CALYPSO AND HER GROTTO.

FROM TELEMACHUS, BOOK 1.

The queen he follow'd as she mov'd along,
Surrounded by her nymphs, a beauteous throng;
But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
She walk'd majestic, and outshone them all:
Thus 'midst a grove the princely oak appears,
And high in air his branching honours rears.
Her radiant beauty charm'd his youthful mind,
Her purple robe that floated in the wind,
And locks bound graceful with a clasp behind:
But her bright eyes, instilling fond desire,
Beam'd sweetness temper'd with celestial fire.
Sage Mentor follow'd, as in thought profound,
And silent fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
And now, conducted by the royal dame,
Soon to the entrance of her grott[1] they came,

[1] Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to see Homer's description of this famous grotto, as it is translated by Mr. Pope from the fifth book of the Odyssey.

Large was the grott, in which the nymph he found,
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd)
She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays:
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grott, a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form;
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
Amaz'd to find within this lonely cell
Nature with all her rural graces dwell.
There no high-polish'd marble they behold,
No storied columns, and no sculptur'd gold;
No speaking busts, no silver richly wrought,
No breathing pictures seem'd inform'd with thought.
The grott, divided into various cells,
Was deck'd with spar, and variegated shells;
The place of tap'stry a young vine supply'd,
And spread her pliant arms on ev'ry side:
Cool zephyrs, though the Sun intensely glow'd,
Breath'd through the place sweet freshness as they flow'd.
O'er amaranthine beds fair fountains stray'd,
And, softly murmuring, in the meadows play'd,
Or in broad basons pour'd the crystal wave,
Where oft the goddess wont her limbs to lave.
Fast by the grott sweet flowers of every hue,
Purpling the lawn, in gay confusion grew.
Here wav'd a wood, all glorious to behold;
Of trees that bloom with vegetable gold;
Whose branches, in eternal blossom, yield
Fragrance delicious as the flowery field,
This wood, impervious to the solar ray,
Crown'd the fair spot, and guarded it from day.
Here birds melodious pour'd the sprightly song;
There torrents thunder'd the rough rocks among,
Down dash'd precipitately from the hills,
Then o'er the level lawn diffus'd their curling rills.
Calypso's grotto crown'd the breezy steep,
From whence appear'd the party-colour'd deep;
Now smooth and even as a mirror seen,
Now vainly wreaking on the rocks its spleen,
Indignant, foaming with tremendous roar,
And in huge mountains rolling to the shore.
More pleasing was the prospect to the plain;
A river, winding through the rich champaign,
Form'd various isles with lines sweet-flowering crown'd,
And cloud-aspiring poplars border'd round.
Among the banks the sportive waters play'd,
And woo'd the lovely islands which they made:
Some swiftly pour'd their crystal currents strong;
Some led their waves with liquid lapse along;
With many an errour lingering seem'd to stray,
As if they wish'd for ever here to stay,
And murmuring in their course reluctant roll'd away.
The distant mountains their hoar heads on high
Upheav'd, and lost their summits in the sky:
Their airy forms fantastic pleas'd the sight,
And fill'd the mind with wonder and delight.
The neighb'ring hills were spread by nature's boon
With vines that hung in many a fair festoon;
Whose swelling grapes in richest purple dy'd,
The leaves attempted, but in vain, to hide:
So lov'd the generous vine to flourish here,
It bent beneath the plenty of the year.
Here purple figs with luscious juice overflow'd,
With deepen'd red the full pomegranate glow'd;
The peaceful olive spread her branches round,
And every tree, with verdant honours crown'd,
Whose fruit the taste, whose flower the eye might cheer,
And seem'd to make a new Elysium here.

Cambridge, 1758.

EPITHALAMIC ODE.

INTENDED FOR MUSIC.

Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula. HOR.

Clad in flow'r-embroider'd veil,
Hail, auspicious morning, hail!
When in Hymen's holy bands,
Blooming Emily, the fair,
And Eugenio, happy pair!
Chang'd their hearts, and join'd their hands.
Virgin coldness then relented,
Like the snow before the Sun,
Then sweet Emily consented,
Not unwilling, to be won.

AIR.

Ye sons of harmony, prepare
Your hymns to greet this happy pair:
Let the sweet notes, distinctly clear,
In soft divisions melt upon the ear,
Such as may all the tender passions move,
Sooth the rapt soul, and be the food of love.

RECITATIVE.

Hark! the mighty queen of sound
Wakes each instrument around,
The merry pipe, the mellow-breathing lute,
The warbling lyre, the love-lamenting lute:
Now the light fantastic measure
Ravishes our ears with pleasure;
Now the trumpets loud and shrill,
From yon river-circled hill,
With manly notes our hearts inspire,
And emulate the golden lyre;
While the majestic, deep-mouth'd organs blow
In lengthen'd strains magnificently slow,
Divinely sweet, and delicately strong;
Till gently dying by degrees,
Like the last murmurs of the breeze,
Expires the soft-attenuated song:
And at the close of each mellifluous lay,
This verse is sung in honour of the day.

CHORUS.

Happy they as gods above
Whom Hymen binds in wreaths of love!
Love's pure flame itself endears,
And brightens with the length of years:
Love contents the humble state,
And show'rs down blessings on the great,
Sooths desires that wildly roll,
And calms the tempests of the soul.

RECITATIVE.

But, lo! sweet Emily, the fair,
And Eugenio, happy pair!
With placid look and graceful mien,
Appear advancing o'er the green:
Mark well the youth's love-darting eye,
Soft-beaming with expressive joy,
To view the object of his wishes near,
Mild as the gentlest season of the year,
Blooming as health, and fresh as early day,
Fair, sweet, and bright as all the flowers of May.
And as, intent upon her charms,
Eugenio woos the damsel to his arms,
Her cheeks vermilion'd with a lovely blush,
Glow like twin roses on the verdant bush
While thus, methinks, I hear him say,
"Come, my fair one, come away;
Let us fleeting time improve
In the chaste joys of wedded love:
I see propitious Hymen stand,
His torch bright-blazing in his hand,
To light us to the genial bed
By the decent Graces spread,
Where the rosy-finger'd Hours
Scatter never-fading flowers.
Love admits not of delay,
Haste, my fair one, haste away."
And you, Heav'n-favour'd pair,
Who now the purest pleasures share,
In happy union may you long enjoy
Those heart-felt blandishments that never cloy;
And may kind Heav'n the full abundance pour
Of nuptial blessings in a fruitful shower;
Crown all our wishes with a beauteous race,
That may your bright accomplishments inherit,
The mother's mildness, loveliness, and grace,
The father's honest heart, and sense, and generous spirit.
Like two pure springs whose gentle rills unite,
Long may your stream of life serenely glide,
Through verdant vales, and meadows of delight,
Where flow'rs unnumber'd, deck'd in beauty's pride,
Blow on the blissful banks, and bloom on either side.
May no rude tempest discompose
Your course of quiet as it flows,
No clouded care, no chilling fear,
Nor anxious murmur hover there;
But mildest zephyrs on the surface play,
And waft each light disquietude away:
Till after all the winding journey past,
You mingle with eternity at last.
That tranquil sea, where sorrows are no more,
No storm-vext billows lash the peaceful shore:
There in Heav'n's bliss embosom'd, may you prove
The height of endless happiness and love.

THE DEATH OF THE LARK.

1738.

The golden Sun, emerging from the main,
Beams a blue lustre on the dewy plain;
Elate with joy all creatures hail his rise,
That haunt the forest, or that skim the skies,
Gay-blooming flow'rs their various charms renew,
A breathing fragrance, or a lovely hue:
Sweet pipes the shepherd, the fair morn to greet,
To his stout team the ploughman whistles sweet.
All nature smiles around. On airy wing
The lark, harmonious herald of the spring,
Rises aloft to breath his mattins loud
On the bright bosom of some fleecy cloud.
Ah! little conscious that he dies to day,
He sports his hour in innocence away,
And from the treble of his tuneful throat
Pours the sof. strain, or trills the sprightly note;

Or calls his mate, and as he sweetly sings,
Soars in the sun-beam, wavering on his wings.
The ruthless fowler, with unerring aim,
Points the dire tube—forth streams the sudden flame:
Swift in hoarse thunder flies the leaden wound,
The rigid rocks return the murdering sound;
The strains unfinish'd with the warbler die,
Float into air, and vanish in the sky.
Thus oft, fond man, rejoicing in his might,
Sports in the sunshine of serene delight;
Fate comes unseen, and snaps the thin spun thread,
He dies, and sleeps forgotten with the dead.

THE SPARROW.

FROM CATULLUS. 1738.

All ye gentle powers above,
Venus, and thou god of love;
All ye gentle souls below,
That can melt at others woe;
Lesbia's loss with tears deplore,
Lesbia's sparrow is no more;
Late she wont her bird to prize
Dearer than her own bright eyes.
Sweet it was and lovely too,
And its mistress well it knew.
Nectar from her lips it sipt,
Here it hopt, and there it skipt:
Oft it wanton'd in the air,
Chirping only to the fair:
Oft it lull'd its head to rest
On the pillow of her breast.
Now, alas! it chirps no more;
All its blandishments are o'er:
Death has summon'd it to go
Pensive to the shades below;
Dismal regions! from whose bourn
No pale travellers return.
Death! relentless to destroy
All that's form'd for love or joy!
Joy is vanish'd, love is fled,
For my Lesbia's sparrow's dead.
Lo, the beauteous nymph appears
Languishingly drown'd in tears!

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

September, 1739.

Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.
JOB, xiv. 2.

Short and precarious is the life of man;
The line seems fathomless, but proves a span;
A youth of follies, an old-age of sorrow;
Like flowers to day we bloom, we die to morrow.
Say then, what specious reasons can we give,
And why this longing, fond desire to live?
Blind as we are to what the Lord ordains,
We stretch our troubles, and prolong our pains.
But you, blest genius, dear departed shade,
Now wear a chaplet that shall never fade;
Now sit exalted in those realms of rest
Where virtue reigns, and innocence is blest,
Relentless death's inevitable doom
Untimely wrapt you in the silent tomb,
Ere the first tender down o'erspread your chin,
A stranger yet to sorrow, and to sin.
As some sweet rose-bud, that has just begun
To ope its damask beauties in the sun,
Crop by a virgin's hand, remains confest
A sweeter rose-bud in her balmy breast:
Thus the fair youth, when Heav'n requir'd his breath,
Sunk, sweetly smiling, in the arms of death;
For endless joys exchanging endless strife,
And bloom'd renew'd in everlasting life.

AN

EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN YORKSHIRE.

Happy the Briton, whom indulgent fate
Has fix'd securely in the middle state,
The golden mean, where joys for ever flow,
Nor riches raise too high, nor wants depress too low;
Stranger to faction, in his calm retreat,
Far from the noise of cities, and the great,
His days, like streams that feed the vivid grass,
And give fair flowers to flourish as they pass,
Waving their way, in sacred silence flow,
And scarcely breath a murmur as they go.
No hopes, nor fears his steady mind can rack,
No schemes of state, or politics perplex:
Whate'er propitious Providence has sent
He holds sufficient, and himself content.
Though no proud columns grace his marble hall,
Nor Claude nor Guido animate the wall;
Blest who with sweet security can find,
In health of body, and in peace of mind,
His easy moments pass without offence
In the still joys of rural innocence.
Such was the life our ancestors admir'd,
And thus illustrious from the world retir'd:
Thus to the woodland shades my friend repairs
With the lov'd partner of his joys and cares,
Whose social temper can his griefs allay,
And smile each light anxiety away:
In cheerful converse sweetly form'd to please,
With wit goodnatur'd, and polite with ease:
Blest with plain prudence, ignorant of art,
Her native goodness wins upon your heart.
Not fond of state, nor eager of control,
Her face reflects the beauties of her soul,
Such charms still bloom when youth shall fade away,
And the brief roses of the face decay.
O! would propitious Heav'n fulfil my prayer,
(The bliss of man is Providence's care)
Such be the tranquil tenour of my life,
And such the virtues of my future wife;
With her in calm, domestic leisure free,
Let me possess serene obscurity;
In acts of meek benevolence delight,
And to the widow recompense her mite. [fold.
Thus far from the crowds, not thoughtless of my
With reading, musing, writing, and a friend,

May silent pleasures every hour delude
In sweet oblivion of solicitude.

Cambridge, 1741.

ON A LADY'S SINGING, AND PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD.

"Say, Zephyr, what music enchants the gay plains?
As soft and as sweet as the nightingale's strains;
My heart it goes pitapatee with a bound,
And gently transported beats time to the sound.

"O say, is it Sappho that touches the strings?
And some song of the Syrens' you bear on your wings?"
Said Zephyr, and whisper'd distinctly the lays,
"'Tis Belinda that sings, and Belinda that plays."

Ah! swains, if you value your freedom, beware, [fair;
You hear her sweet voice, and I know that she's
She's fair and inconstant; and thus with her art,
She will ravish your ears to inveigle your heart.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE.

Obiit 30° Aug. A. D. 1743. Ætat. 83.

Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.
LUCR.

As 'midst the stars the cheering lamp of light,
In Heav'n's high concave eminently bright,
First tips the mountains with a golden ray,
Then gradual streams effulgency of day,
Till more serenely, with a mild decline,
Regretted sinks, in other worlds to shine:
Thus from the world, an age of honour past,
Pride of the present, glory of the last,
Retir'd great Uxbridge to the blest abode,
To live for ever with the saints of God;
There in celestial lustre to appear,
And share the wages of his labours here.
When the last trump shall rouse the dead that sleep,
Entomb'd in earth, or buried in the deep;
When worlds dissolving on that awful day,
And all the elements shall melt away;
When every word shall be in judgment brought,
Weigh'd every action, canvass'd every thought,
Then shall thy alms in sweet memorial rise,
More grateful than the incens'd sacrifice:
The gladden'd widow's blessing shall be heard,
And prayers in fervency of soul preferr'd. [vey
The Lord shall bless thee, and well pleas'd sur-
The tears of orphans[1] wip'd by thee away.
What! but a virtue resolutely just,
Firm to its purpose, steady to its trust,
The full persuasion, and the true delight
Of having acted by the rules of right,
Could to thy soul a conscious calm impart,
When Death severe approach'd, and shook his dreadful dart,
'Twas this thy faith confirm'd, thy joy refin'd,
And spoke sweet solace to thy troubled mind;
This turn'd to silent peace each rising dread,
And sooth'd the terrours of the dying bed.
May we like thee in piety excel,
Believe as stedfastly, and act as well;
Cleave to the good and from the bad depart,
And wear the scriptures written in our heart;[2]
Then shall we live, like thee, serenely gay,
And every moment calmly pass away:
And when this transitory life is o'er,
And all these earthly vanities no more,
Shall go where perfect peace is only found,
And streams of pleasure flow, an everlasting round.

September 3, 1743.

[1] His lordship gave 2000 l. to the Foundling Hospital; 1000 l. to St. George's, Hyde-Park Corner; and near another 1000 l. to the neighbouring parishes where he lived.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF UXBRIDGE.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE EARL, HER HUSBAND.

Cease, cease illustrious partner of his bed,
O! cease the tributary tear to shed:
Mourn not for him whom God has given to die
From earthly vanities to heavenly joy;
These are the greatest honours we can give,
To mark his ways, and as he liv'd to live.
Still bloom in goodness as you bloom'd before;
Heaven asks but this, and saints can do no more:
Exert each virtue of the Christian mind,
And still continue friend of human kind.
Be this your chief delight, for 'tis the best,
With ready alms to succour the distress'd;
To clothe the naked and the hungry feed,
Nor pass a day without some gracious deed.
These acts are grateful to Jehovah's eye,
For these the poor shall bless you ere they die:
These hide our sins, these purchase solid gain,
And these shall bring you to your Lord again.

September 6, 1743.

TO LAURA, 1742.

With generous wishes let me greet your ear,
Wishes which Laura may with safety hear.
May all the blessings to your portion fall,
The wise can want, for you deserve them all:
Soft joy, sweet ease, and ever-blooming health,
Calmness of mind, and competence of wealth;
Whate'er th' Almighty Father can bestow,
To crown the happiness of man below,
And when with all those virtues, all those charms,
You deign to bless some happy husband's arms;

[2] It is remarkable that his lordship could repeat, *memoriter*, all the Gospels, the Psalms, and other considerable parts of the Old and New Testament.

May he in every manly grace excel,
To glad the virgin who deserves so well:
Bless'd with plain sense, with native humour gay,
To rule with prudence, and with pride obey;
To kindness fashion'd, with mild temper fraught,
And form'd, if possible, without a fault.
Long may ye live, of mutual love possess'd,
Like streams uniting, in each other bless'd;
Till Death shall gently call you hence away
From life's vain business to the realms of day;
May Death unfelt the common summons give,
And both, like righteous Enoch, cease to live;
Cease from a life beset with cares and pain,
And in eternal glories meet again.

SONG TO LAURA, ABSENT.

January, 1745.

Come, Laura, joy of rural swains,
O! come, and bless our cheerless plains;
The skies still drooping mourn in showers,
No meadows bloom with bright-ey'd flowers,
No daisies spring, no beeches bud,
No linnets warble in the wood;
Cold winter checks with blasts severe
The early-dawning of the year.
Come, lovely Laura, haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees;
Where-e'er you walk the daisies spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing;
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer;
O! haste, and make us happy here.

A NOSEGAY FOR LAURA.

July 1745.

Come, ye fair, ambrosial flowers,
Leave your beds, and leave your bowers,
Blooming, beautiful, and rare,
Form a posy for my fair;
Fair, and bright, and blooming be,
Meet for such a nymph as she.
Let the young vermilion rose
A becoming blush disclose;
Such as Laura's cheeks display,
When she steals my heart away.
Add carnation's varied hue,
Moisten'd with the morning dew:
To the woodbine's fragrance join
Sprigs of snow-white jessamine.
Add no more; already I
Shall, alas! with envy die,
Thus to see my rival blest,
Sweetly dying on her breast.

TO LAURA, ABSENT.

November 1745.

If you ever heard my prayer,
Hear it now, indulgent fair;
Let your swain no longer mourn,
But return, my fair, return.
Lo! tempestuous winter near
Stains the evening of the year;
Gloomy clouds obscure the day,
Nature ceases to be gay;
The sweet tenants of the grove
Warble no soft tales of love:
Rise, my fair, and bring with thee
Joy for all, but love for me.
Where are all those blooming flowers
That adorn'd my rural bowers?
Dappled pinks, and violets blue,
And the tulip's gaudy hue,
Lillies white, and roses red?
All are wither'd, all are dead:
Yes—they hasten'd to decay,
When my Laura went away;
When she comes, again they'll rise,
Blooming where she points her eyes.
Hark! I hear a sound from far,
Clanking arms, the din of war,
Dreadful music to my ear!
All was peace when you was here.
Now rebellion shakes the land,
Murder waves her bloody hand;
High in air their banners fly,
Dreadful tumults rend the sky:
Rise, my fair, and bring with thee
Softer, sweeter, harmony;
All my doubts and fears remove,
Give me freedom, give me love;
Discord when you come will cease,
And in my bosom all be peace.

TO HIS GRACE

DR. THOMAS HERRING,

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, ON HIS SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

June 25, 1753.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque
Lætus intersis populo Britanno. Hor.

While rosy health abounds in every breeze,
Smiles in the flowers, and blossoms in the trees,
Matures the fields, and in the fountain flows,
Breathes through all life, and in all nature glows;
Why droops Aurelius by sharp pains oppress,
Whose danger saddens every virtuous breast?
Enough, enough has Heav'n's afflicting hand
With arms and earthquakes terrified the land:
On foreign plains has stream'd the British blood,
And British heroes perish'd in the flood:
Frederic, alas! the kingdom's justest pride,
Fair in the bloom of all his virtues, died.
Ah! generous master of the candid mind,
Light of the world, and friend of human kind,
Leave us not cause our sorrows to renew,
Nor fear the falling of the state in you.
I see, I see conspicious how you stood,
And dauntless crush'd rebellion in the bud;
With Ciceronian energy divine,
Dashing the plots of fraudful Catiline.

Your righteous zeal the brave Brigantes warm'd,
Silent they heard; approv'd, united, arm'd.
Ye gales, that on the downs of Surry stray,
Sleep on the Mole[1], or on the Vandal[1] play,
From every flower medicinal that springs,
Waft balmy fragrance with your temperate wings,
The grace, the glory of the church restore,
And save the friend, the father of the poor.
And lo! our prayers, with fervency prefer'd,
Rise sweet as incense, and by Heav'n are heard:
The genial season, with refreshing rains,
Bright-beaming mornings, health-exhaling plains,
And pure etherial gales, conspire to heal
Our public father, for the public weal.
Oh! by kind Providence to Britain given,
Long may you live, and late revisit Heaven;
Continue still to bless us with your stay,
Nor wish for Heav'n till we have learnt the way.
So by your pattern shall our years be spent
In sweet tranquillity, and gay content;
So shall we rise immortal from the dust,
And gain the blissful kingdoms of the just.

TO MRS. HERRING.

WITH FOUR ODES ON THE SEASONS.

SINCE your goodness poetical tribute demands,
Permit the four seasons to kiss your fair hands:
And if in right colours your virtues I view,
The seasons, dear madam, are emblems of you.
In the gentle Spring's delicate flow'rets I trace
The beams of your eyes, and the bloom of your face:
The bright glowing ardour of Summer I find
Express'd in your friendly, benevolent mind:
As bountiful Autumn with plenty is crown'd,
Thus calm you distribute your blessings around:
But with you how shall I cold Winter compare?
Your wit is as piercing and keen as the air:
Thus you furnish with emblems whenever I sing
Of Winter, or Autumn, or Summer, or Spring.

A VERNAL ODE,

SENT TO HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

March 12, 1754.

BRIGHT god of day, whose genial power
Revives the buried seed;
That spreads with foilage every bower,
With verdure every mead;
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
Diffusing mildness through the sky;
Give the soft season to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with rosy dews, and salutary rains.

[1] Two rivers in Surry, thus described by Mr. Pope:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears,
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood.

Enough has Winter's hand severe
Chastis'd this dreary coast,
And chill'd the tender dawning year
With desolating frost:
Give but thy vital beams to play,
These ice-wrought scenes will melt away;
And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming hours
Will wake the drowsy Spring, the Spring awake the flowers.

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
On Zephyr's wings descend,
And scatter pleasures, as she flies,
Where Surry's downs extend:
There Herring wooes her friendly power;
There may she all her roses shower;
To heal that shepherd all her balms employ,
So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

The grateful seasons, circling fast,
Reviving suns restore,
But life's short spring is quickly past,
And blooms, alas! no more;
Then let us, ere by sure decays
We reach the winter of our days,
In virtue emulate the bless'd above,
And like the Spring display benevolence and love.

ODE TO SUMMER.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF CAMBRIDGE.

HAIL, gentle Summer, to this isle!
Where Nature's fairest beauties smile,
And breathe in every plain;
'Tis thine to bid each flower display,
And open to the eye of day
The glories of its reign.

While yon few sheep enjoy the breeze,
That softly dies upon the trees,
And rest beneath the shade;
This pipe, which Damon gave, shall raise
Its rural notes to sing thy praise,
And ask the Muse's aid.

Diana's ear shall catch the sound,
And all the nymphs that sport around
The vale, or upland lawn;
The nymphs, that o'er the mountain's brow
Pursue the lightly-bounding roe,
Or chase the flying fawn.

Ev'n now, perchance, some cool retreat
Defends the lovely train from heat,
And Phœbus' noontide beam;
Perchance they twine the flowery crown
On beds of roses, soft as down,
Beside the winding stream.

Delightful season! every mead
With thy fair robe of plenty spread,
To thee that plenty owes;
The laughing fields with joy declare,
And whisper all in reason's ear,
From whence that plenty flows.

Happy the man whose vessel glides
Safe and unhurt by passion's tides,
Nor courts the gusts of praise!
He sails with even, steady pace,
While virtue's full-blown beauties grace
The summer of his days.

AN AUTUMNAL ODE.

TO MR. HAYMAN, THE PAINTER.

October 1754.

YET once more, glorious god of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O let me warbling court thy stay
To gild the fading scene!
Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
Bright Summer to perfection bring,
The cold inclemency of Winter cheer,
And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the year.

Ere yet the russet foliage fall,
I'll climb the mountain's brow,
My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
To view the scene below:
How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold! [tween
How mix'd the many chequer'd shades be-
The tawny, mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green!

How splendid all the sky! how still!
How mild the dying gale!
How soft the whispers of the rill
That winds along the vale!
So tranquil Nature's works appear,
It seems the Sabbath of the year:
As if, the Summer's labour past, she chose
This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Such is of well-spent life the time,
When busy days are past;
Man, verging gradual from his prime,
Meets sacred peace at last:
His flowery Spring of pleasures o'er,
And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
He gains pacific Autumn, mild and bland,
And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's palsy'd hand.

For yet a while, a little while,
Involv'd in wintry gloom,
And lo! another spring shall smile,
A spring eternal bloom:
Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
In the bright mansions of the blest,
Where due rewards on virtue are bestow'd,
And reap the golden fruits of what his autumn sow'd.

ODE ON WINTER.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF CAMBRIDGE.

FROM mountains of eternal snow,
And Zembla's dreary plains;
Where the bleak winds for ever blow,
And frost for ever reigns;

Lo! Winter comes, in fogs array'd,
With ice and spangled dews;
To dews, and fogs, and storms, be paid
The tribute of the Muse.

Each flowery carpet Nature spread
Is vanish'd from the eye;
Where'er unhappy lovers tread,
No Philomel is nigh.

(For well I ween her plaintive note
Can soothing ease impart;
The little warblings of her throat
Relieve the wounded heart.)

No blushing rose unfolds its bloom,
No tender lilies blow,
To scent the air with rich perfume,
Or grace Lucinda's brow.

Th' indulgent Father who protects
The wretched and the poor;
With the same gracious care directs
The sparrow to our door.

Dark, scowling tempests rend the skies
And clouds obscure the day;
His genial warmth the Sun denies,
And sheds a fainter ray.

Yet blame we not the troubled air,
Or seek defects to find;
For Power Omnipotent is there,
And walks upon the wind.

Hail every pair whom love unites
In wedlock's pleasing ties;
That endless source of pure delights,
That blessing to the wise!

Though yon pale orb no warmth bestows,
And storms united meet;
The flame of love and friendship glows
With unextinguish'd heat.

AN ODE

TO HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THANKS to the generous hand that plac'd me here,
Fast by the fountains of the silver Cray,
Who leading to the Thames his tribute clear,
Through the still valley winds his secret way.

Yet from his lowly bed with transport sees
In fair exposure noblest villas rise,
Hamlets embosom'd deep in antient trees,
And spires that point with reverence to the skies.

O lovely dale! luxuriant with delight!
O woodland hills! that gently rising swell;
O streams! whose murmurs soft repose invite;
Where peace and joy and rich abundance dwell:

How shall my slender reed your praise resound
In numbers worthy of the polish'd ear?
What powers of strong expression can be found
To thank the generous hand that plac'd me here:

That gave each requisite of blissful life;
Sweet leisure in sequester'd shades of Kent,
The softening virtues of a faithful wife,
And competence well sorted with content?

For these, if I forget my patron's praise,
While bright ideas dance upon my mind,
Ne'er may these eyes behold auspicious days,
May friends prove faithless, and the Muse unkind.

May 1756.

AURELIUS:

AN ELEGY.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HERRING, D.D. LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Quicquid ex illo amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, famâ rerum. TACIT. Vit. Agric.

FAST by the fountains of the silver Cray[1]
Encircled deep with weeping willows round,
O! let me sorrowing pass the pensive day,
And wake my reed to many a plaintive sound.

For good Aurelius (now alas! no more)
Sighs follow sighs, and tears to tears succeed;
Him shall the Muse in tenderest notes deplore,
For oft he tun'd to melody my reed.

How was I late by his indulgence blest,
Cheer'd with his smiles, and by his precepts taught!
My fancy deem'd him some angelic guest,
Some Heaven-sent guide, with blissful tidings fraught.

Mild was his aspect, full of truth and grace,
Temper'd with dignity and lively sense;
Sweetness and candour beam'd upon his face,
Emblems of love and large benevolence.

Yet never useless slept those virtues fair,
Nor languish'd unexerted in the mind;
Secret as thought, yet unconfin'd as air,
He dealt his bounties out to all mankind.

How will the poor, alas! now truly poor,
Bewail their generous benefactor dead?
Who daily, from his hospitable door,
The naked cloth'd, and gave the hungry bread.

To sick and orphans duly sent relief,
Was feet and eyes to cripples and the blind,
Sooth'd all the suffering family of grief,
And pour'd sweet balsam on the wounded mind.

How will the nation their lost guardian mourn?
Lo! pale-ey'd Science fix'd in grief appears;
The drooping Arts, reclining on his urn,
Lament, and every Muse dissolves in tears.

Genius of Britain! search the kingdom round,
Ere yet the strict inquiry be too late;
What bold, unblemish'd patriot can be found[2],
To rouse the virtues of a languid state?

With freedom's voice to wake the slumbering age,
To cheer fair merit, prowess to advance,
Dauntless to rise, and scourge with generous rage
The high-plum'd pride and perfidy of France.

Alas! no longer burns the glorious flame:
The patriot passion animates no more;
But, like the whirling eddy, some low aim
Absorbs alike the great, the rich, the poor.

Not so, when wise Aurelius o'er the north
Shed the mild influence of his pastoral care,
The madness of rebellion issuing forth,
He stemm'd the torrent of the rising war.

Behold him! with his country's weal inspir'd,
Before the martial sons of Ebor stand,
Fair in the robe of eloquence attir'd,
In act to speak, he waves the graceful hand:

Silent as evening, lo! the listening throng,
While from his lips the glowing periods fall,
Drink sweet persuasion streaming from his tongue,
And the firm chain of concord binds them all.

As some large river, gentle, strong, and deep,
Winds his smooth volumes o'er the wide campaign,
Then forceful flows, and with resistless sweep,
Rolls, in his strength collected, to the main:

Thus the good prelate, in his country's cause,
Pour'd the full tide of eloquence along;
As erst Tyrtæus gain'd divine applause,
Who fir'd the Spartans with heroic song.

But when religious truths his bosom warm'd,
Faith, hope, repentance, and eternal love,
With such pathetic energy he charm'd,
He rais'd our souls to Paradise above.

The holy city's adamantine gate
On golden hinge he open'd to our view;
Unravell'd every path, perplex'd and strait,
And gave to willing minds the safe-conducting clew.

For God's Messiah was his chosen guide;
And well the sacred lore he understood,
And well the precept, sent from Heaven, apply'd,
"For evil meekly recompensing good."

Thus mild, thus humble, in the highest state,
The "one thing needful" was his sole regard;
Belov'd, and blamelesss he prolong'd his date
By acts of goodness, which themselves reward.

To him the bed of sickness gave no pain;
For, trusting only in th' Almighty King,
He look'd on dissolution as his gain;
No terrours had the grave, and death no sting.

Ah! Muse, forbear that last sad scene to draw—
This homage, due to virtue, let me pay,
These heart-sprung tears, inspir'd by filial awe,
These numbers warbled to the silver Cray.

May, 1757.

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[1] A river in Kent.

[2] This poem was wrote in 1757.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

Ah, fatal hour!—we must at last resign—
Farewel, great hero of the Brunswick line!
For valour much, for virtue more renown'd,
With wisdom honour'd, and with glory crown'd.
'Twas thy bless'd lot a happy reign to close,
And die serene, triumphant o'er thy foes;
To see the faithless, vain insulting Gaul,
Like proud Goliath, nodding to his fall;
In chains the sons of tyranny to bind,
And vindicate the rights of human kind.
No brighter crown than Britain's God could give
To grace the monarch, till he ceas'd to live;
Then gave him, to reward his virtuous strife,
A heavenly kingdom, and a crown of life.

October 26, 1760.

TO HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY ON HIS ACCESSION.

Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto. VIRG.

When now the sad solemnity is o'er,
And death-denouncing bells are heard no more,
Nor pausing cannon in loud notes declare
A nation's grief, and rend the troubled air;
Deign, mighty prince, these gentler sounds to hear:
Oh! were they worthy of the sovereign's ear,
The Muse should greet Britannia's blissful isle,
Where crown'd with liberty the graces smile;
Where the pleas'd halcyon builds her tranquil nest,
No storms disturb her, and no wars molest:
For still fair peace and plenty here remain'd,
While George, the venerable monarch, reign'd.
One generation pass'd secure away,
"Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;"
Now cold in death the much-lov'd hero lies,
His soul unbodied seeks her native skies:
The living laurels which his temples crown'd
Strike root, and shade his funeral pile around.
As when the Sun, bright ruler of the year,
Through glowing Cancer rolls his golden sphere,
He gains new vigour as his orb declines,
And at the goal with double lustre shines:
In splendour thus great George's reign surpast,
Bright beam'd each year, but brightest far the last:
Where-ever waves could roll, or breezes blow,
His fleet pour'd ruin on the faithless foe: [hurl'd,
France saw, appall'd, the dreadful vengeance
And own'd him monarch of her western world.
But now, alas! see pale Britannia mourn,
And all her sons lamenting o'er his urn.
Thus when Vespasian died, imperial Rome
With copious tears bedew'd the patriot's tomb;
But soon o'er sorrow bright-ey'd joy prevail'd,
When Titus her lov'd emperor she hail'd;
Titus, a blessing to the world design'd,
The darling and delight of human-kind.
With joy, great prince, your happy subjects view
A better Titus now reviv'd in you;
Of gentler nature, and of nobler blood,
Whose only study is your people's good:
For you (so truly is your heart benign)
To heathen virtues christian graces join.
O may Heaven's providence around you wait,
And bless you with a longer, happier date;
Then will your virtue all its powers display,
And noble deeds distinguish every day;
Joys unallay'd will sweetly fill your breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest;
Then will the rage of rancorous discord cease,
The drooping arts revive, and all the world have peace.

November 15, 1760.

A PARODY ON A PASSAGE IN MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

Beneath a beech's bowery shade
Damon in musing mood was laid,
A brook soft-dimpling by his side,
Thus echo, as he sung, reply'd:

"Sweet is the breath of rosy morn,
Soft melody the sky-lark trills,
Bright are the dew-drops on the thorn,
Fresh are the zephyrs on the hills,
Pure are the fountains in the vale below,
And fair the flowers that on their borders blow:
Yet neither breath of roseate morn,
Nor wild notes which the sky-lark trills,
Nor dew-drops glittering on the thorn,
Nor the fresh zephyrs of the hills,
Nor streams that musically-murmuring flow,
Nor flowers that on their mossy margins grow,
Can any joy suggest
But to the temper'd breast,
Where virtue's animating ray
Illumines every golden day,
Beams on the mind, and makes all nature gay."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Father of all, whose throne illumines Heaven,
All honour to thy holy name be given.
Thy gracious kingdom come: thy righteous will
Let men on Earth as saints in Heaven fulfil.
Give us this day the bread by which we live:
As we our debtors, thou our debts forgive.
Let not temptation lead us into woe:
Keep us from sin, and our infernal foe.
For thy supreme dominion we adore;
Thy power, thy glory, is for evermore.
Amen.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

SAMUEL, BOOK II. CHAPTER I.

The flow'r of Israel withers on the plain;
How are the mighty on the mountains slain!

In Gath, ah! never this dishonour name,
Nor in the streets of Askelon proclaim;
Lest the sad tidings of our country's woe
Cause triumph to the daughters of the foe.
May Heav'n, Gilboa, on thy heights ne'er pour
The dew refreshing, or the fruitful shower;
Ne'er may thy furrows give the golden seed,
Nor from thy folds the fleecy victims bleed:
There mighty men through fear their shields resign'd,
The shield of Saul was basely left behind.
Thy bow, O Jonathan, oft strew'd the plain
With carcasses of valiant heroes slain;
Thy sword, O Saul, ne'er left its sheath in vain.
Blest pair! whom love with sweetest concord tied,
Whom glory join'd, and death cou'd not divide.
Dreadful through all the war they mov'd along,
Swift as the eagle, as the lion strong. [drest
Weep, weep for Saul, ye maids, whose bounty
Israel's fair daughters in the scarlet vest;
Who gave you gold and pearls your robes to deck,
And rings and jewels for your hands and neck.
Thy prowess, much lov'd Jonathan, prov'd vain;
How are the mighty on the mountains slain!
To me, O Jonathan, for ever dear,
Thy fate, alas! demands th' eternal tear:
Where can such faith, such piety be found?
Such pleasing converse with firm friendship bound?
Thy love was wondrous, soothing all my care,
Passing the fond affection of the fair.
How are the mighty on the mountains slain!
And all the instruments of battle vain!

THE PICTURE OF OLD-AGE,

PARAPHRASED FROM THE SEVEN FIRST VERSES OF THE TWELFTH CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES.

My son, attentive hear the voice of truth;
Remember thy Creator in thy youth,
Ere days of pale adversity appear,
And age and sorrow fill the gloomy year,
When wearied with vexation thou shalt say,
"No rest by night I know, no joy by day;"
Ere the bright soul's enlighten'd pow'rs wax frail,
Ere reason, memory, and fancy fail,
But care succeeds to care, and pain to pain,
As clouds urge clouds, returning after rain:
Ere yet the arms unnerv'd and feeble grow,
The weak legs tremble, and the loose knees bow;
Ere yet the grinding of the teeth is o'er,
And the dim eyes behold the Sun no more;
Ere yet the pallid lips forget to speak,
The gums are toothless, and the voice is weak;
Restless he rises when the lark he hears,
Yet sweetest music fails to charm his ears.
A stone, or hillock, turns his giddy brain,
Appall'd with fear he totters o'er the plain;
And as the almond-tree white flow'rs displays,
His head grows hoary with the length of days;
As leanness in the grasshopper prevails,
So shrinks his body, and his stomach fails;
Doom'd to the grave his last long home to go,
The mourners march along with solemn woe:
Ere yet life's silver cord be snapt in twain,
Ere broke the golden bowl that holds the brain,
Ere broke the pitcher at the fountful heart,
Or life's wheel shiver'd, and the soul depart,
Then shall the dust to native earth be given,
The soul shall soar sublime, and wing its way to Heaven.

A GOOD WIFE.

FROM PROVERBS, Chapter xxxi.

More precious far than rubies, who can find
A wife embellished with a virtuous mind:
In her securely, as his better part,
Her happy husband cheerful rests his heart:
With such a lovely partner of his toil
His goods increase without the need of spoil.
Bless'd in the friendship of his faithful wife,
He steers through all vicissitudes of life.
Well pleas'd she labours, nor disdains to cull
The textile flax, or weave the twisted wool.
Rich as the merchant ships that crowd the strands,
She reaps the harvest of remotest lands.
Early she rises ere bright Phœbus shines,
And to her damsels separate tasks assigns:
Refresh'd with food her hinds renew their toil,
And cheerful haste to cultivate the soil.
If to her farm some field contiguous lies,
With care she views it, and with prudence buys;
And with the gains which Heaven to wisdom grants,
A vineyard of delicious grapes she plants.
Inur'd to toils she strength and sweetness joins,
Strength is the graceful girdle of her loins.
With joy her goodly merchandise she views,
And oft till morn her pleasing work pursues.
The spindle twirls obedient to her tread,
Round rolls the wheel, and spins the ductile thread.
Benignant from her ever-open door [thread.
She feeds the hungry, and relieves the poor.
Nor frost nor snow her family molest,
For all her household are in scarlet drest.
Resplendent robes are by her husband worn,
Her limbs fine purple and rich silks adorn:
For wisdom fam'd, for probity renown'd,
He sits in council with bright honour crown'd.
To weave rich girdles is her softer care, [wear.
Which merchants buy, and mighty monarchs
With strength and honour she herself arrays,
And joy will bless her in the latter days.
Wise are her words, her sense divinely strong,
For kindness is the tenour of her tongue.
Fair rule and order in her mansion dwell,
She eats with temperance what she earns so well.
Rich in good works her children call her blest,
And thus her husband speaks his inmost breast:
"To Eve's fair daughters various virtues fall,
But thou, lov'd charmer, hast excell'd them all."
Smiles oft are fraudful, beauty soon decays,
But the good woman shall inherit praise.
To her, O grateful, sweet requital give!
Her name, her honour shall for ever live.

NATHAN'S PARABLE.

II. SAMUEL, *Chap.* xii.

To Israel's king thus spoke the holy seer:
"O mighty monarch, fam'd for wisdom, hear
While to my lord a tale of woe I tell:
Two men, O king, in one fair city dwell;
The one is friendless, and exceeding poor,
The other rich, and boastful of his store:
Large herds of oxen in his pastures feed,
And flocks unnumber'd whiten every mead.
The poor man's stock was only one ewe-lamb
Of snowy fleece, wean'd lately from its dam;
He bought it with what treasure he could spare,
Ev'n all his wealth, and 'twas his only care;
Nurs'd by his hand, and with his children bred,
With them it wanton'd, and with them it fed;
Of his own mess it eat without control,
And drank the beverage of his milky bowl;
Then lightly-sportful skipt, and, tir'd with play,
Dear as a daughter in his bosom lay.
A traveller of no ignoble fame,
By chance conducted, to the rich man came;
Yet from his herds he could not spare an ox
To treat him, nor a wether from his flocks,
But took by cruel force, and kill'd and drest
The poor man's lamb to feed his pamper'd guest."
The monarch paus'd—then made this stern reply
Incens'd: "I swear by God that rules the sky,
The man that did this thing shall surely die:
The lamb fourfold he likewise shall restore,
To recompense the friendless and the poor:
Because his heart no soft compassion felt,
At other's woe unknowing how to melt."
"Thou art the man," reply'd the holy seer,
"Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, hear:
A king thou art, anointed at my call,
O'er Israel; and I rescued thee from Saul;
And gave thee all thy master's servants lives,
His large possessions, and his numerous wives:
Was that too little? Could'st thou more require?
I would have given thee all thy heart's desire.
Then wherefore didst thou God's commandment
Committing this great evil in his sight? [slight,
Lo! thou hast robb'd Uriah of his wife,
Defil'd his bed, and then destroy'd his life,
Hast slain him with the adversary's sword:
Now therefore hear the judgment of the Lord,
And lock this awful sentence in thy heart;
'The sword shall never from thy house depart,
For thou hast robb'd Uriah of his wife,
Defil'd his bed, and then destroy'd his life.'
Thus saith the Lord, nor thou his words despise,
The power of evil in thy house shall rise,
Lo! I will take thy wives before thine eyes;
Thy concubines shall be in triumph led,
The Sun shall see them in thy neighbour's bed:
Thou didst it secret—this thing shall be done
Before all Israel, and before the Sun."
Aghast, convict the mighty monarch stood,
And from his eyes stream'd sorrow in a flood;
And while a sigh repentant heav'd his breast,
He thus the anguish of his soul exprest: [sword,
"Thy words are sharper than the two-edg'd
For I, alas! have sinn'd against the Lord."
Stung with remorse he mourn'd his past offence
With bitter tears, and heart-sprung penitence.
The seer then sooth'd him with this calm reply;
"Thy sin is pardon'd, and thou shall not die."
Thus may we clearly see each secret sin,
Warn'd by the faithful monitor within:
Thus may we, blest with bounteous grace from Heaven,
Like Judah's king repent, and be forgiven.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH.

LEND, O ye princes, to my song an ear,
Ye mighty rulers of the nations, hear,
While to the Lord the notes of praise I sing,
To Israel's God, the everlasting king.
When from aerial Seir, in dread array,
From Edom when th' Almighty took his way,
"On Cherub, and on Cherubim he rode," [God;
The trembling Earth proclaim'd th' approach of
The heavens dissolv'd, the clouds in copious rains [plains:
Pour'd their black stores, and delug'd all the
The rent rocks shiver'd on that awful day,
And mountains melted like soft wax away.
In Shamgar's days, in Jael's hapless reign,
How were the princes, and the people slain?
When Sisera, terrific with his hosts,
Pour'd dire destruction on pale Judah's coasts;
The cities no inhabitants contain'd;
The public ways unoccupied remain'd;
The travellers through dreary deserts stray'd,
Or pensive wander'd in the lonely glade,
Till, sent by Heaven, I, Deborah, arose
To rule and rescue Israel from their foes.
Those patriot warriors of immortal fame,
Who sav'd their country all my favour claim:
Ye judges, speak, ye shepherd swains, rehearse
Jehovah's praise in never-dying verse.
Awake, awake; raise, Deborah, thy voice,
And in loud numbers bid the lyre rejoice:
Raise to the Lord of Heaven thy grateful song,
Who gave the weak dominion o'er the strong.
The tribes of Israel sent their mighty men,
That wield the falchion, or that guide the pen.
Gilead, Oh shame! by fountful Jordan lay,
Dan in his ships, and Asher in his bay:
Their bleating flocks (ignoble care!) withheld
The tribes of Reuben from the tented field:
But chiefs intrepid to the conflict came,
Heroes that fought for empire and for fame:
In Taanach where Megiddo's streams are roll'd,
There fought the monarchs resolutely bold.
Heav'n's thunders to our foes destruction wrought,
The stars 'gainst Sisera conspiring fought.
The river Kishon swept away the slain,
Kishon, that antient river, to the main.
For ever bless'd be Jael's honour'd name!
For ever written in the rolls of fame!
He ask'd refreshment from the limpid ware,
The milky beverage to the chief she gave:
He drank, he slept extended on the floor,
She smote the warrior, and he wak'd no more:
Low at her feet he bow'd his nail-pierc'd head;
Low at her feet he bow'd, he fell, he lay down dead.
The hero's mother, anxious for his stay,
Thus, fondly sighing, chid his long delay:

"What hopes, what fears my tortur'd bosom feels!
Alas! why linger thus his chariot-wheels?
Some captive maid, distinguish'd for her charms,
Perchance detains the conqueror in her arms:
Perchance his mules, rich laden from afar,
Move slowly with the plunder of the war."
Ah, wretched mother! all thy hopes are vain,
Thy son, alas! lies breathless on the plain,
Vanquish'd by Israel's sons, and by a woman slain.

EPITAPHS.

Oh let your once-lov'd friend inscribe the stone,
And, with domestic sorrows, mix his own!
POPE.

ON A VERY GOOD WOMAN.

COULD marble know what virtue's buried here,
This monument would scarce refuse a tear,
But mourn, so early snatch'd from mortal life,
The tenderest parent, and the dearest wife,
Bless'd with sweet temper, and of soul so even,
She seem'd a copy of the saints in Heaven.

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

WHO DIED A. D. 1743, ÆTAT. 15.
IN A CHURCH IN CHESHIRE.

WHEN age, all patient, and without regret,
Lies down in peace, and pays the general debt,
'Tis weakness most unmanly to deplore
The death of those who relish life no more.
But when fair youth, that every promise gave,
Sheds his sweet blossom in the blasting grave,
All eyes o'erflow with many a streaming tear,
And each sad bosom heaves the sigh sincere.

ON A WORTHY FRIEND

WHO WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN THE SISTER ARTS OF MUSIC AND PAINTING.

OH born in liberal studies to excel,
Thou friendly, candid, virtuous mind, farewel!
To speak thy praise all eloquence is faint,
Except the style's expressive as thy paint:
Unless th' enliven'd numbers sweetly flow,
As when thy music gave the soul to glow:
Unless the Muses polish every line,
And draw the good man with a warmth divine,
Serenely pious, with the gentlest mind,
Through life contented, and in death resign'd.

ON THE REV. MR. COOKSON,

VICAR OF LEEDS.

WRAPT in cold clay beneath this marble lies
What once was generous, eloquent, and wise;
A genius form'd in every light to shine,
A well bred scholar, and a sage divine;
An orator in every art refin'd,
To teach, to animate and mend mankind:
The wise and good approv'd the life he led,
And, as they lov'd him living, mourn him dead.
1747.

ON MRS. FOUNTAYNE,

DAUGHTER OF THOMAS WHICHCOT, ESQ. AND WIFE TO THE DEAN OF YORK; WHO DIED IN CHILD-BED, JULY 1750. ÆTAT. 19.

IF e'er thy bosom swell'd with grief sincere,
View this sad shrine, and pour the pitying tear:
Here Fountayne lies, in whom all charms combin'd,
All that e'er grac'd, or dignified her kind.
Farewel, bright pattern of unblemish'd youth,
Of mildest merit, modesty, and truth!
Death snatch'd thy sweetness in the genial hour,
Just when thy stem put forth its infant flower:
Still blooms the tender flower; as oft we see
Fair branches budding from the lifeless tree.

ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

WHO DIED FOR LOVE.

IF modest merit ever claim'd thy tear,
Behold this monument, and shed it here:
Here every blooming virtue beam'd in one,
The friend, the lover, and the duteous son.
Bless'd youth! whose bosom nature form'd to glow
With purest flame the heart of man can know,
Go, where bright angels heavenly raptures prove,
And melt in visions of seraphic love.
1751.

ON JAMES FOX, ESQ.

1754.

PEACE to the noblest, most ingenuous mind,
In wisdom's philosophic school refin'd,
The friend of man; to pride alone a foe;
Whose heart humane would melt at others woe.
Oft has he made the breast of anguish gay,
And sigh'd, like Titus, when he lost a day.
All vice he lash'd, or in the rich or great,
But prais'd mild merit in the meanest state.
Calm and serene in virtue's paths he trod,
Lov'd mercy, and walk'd humbly with his God.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS, PARTRIDGES, AND SNUFF.

I'VE sent you, dear Nanny, a basket of stuff,
Some books, and some birds, with a paper of snuff:

The present is trifling, yet still you will find
Some food for the body as well as the mind.
To tell you their uses there is not much need—
The birds you will roast, and the books you may read,
And as for the paper of snuff, I suppose
You are very well satisfied that's for your nose.
My respects to all friends, as a favour I ask it;
And I hope you'll remember to send back the basket.

September 1744.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DOBBIN, THE BUTTERWOMAN'S HORSE.

THE death of faithful Dobbin I deplore;
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.
The cruel Fates have snapt his vital thread,
And gammer Jolt bewails old Dobbin dead.
From stony Cudham down to watery Cray,
This honest horse brought butter every day,
Fresh butter meet to mix with nicest rolls,
And sometimes eggs, and sometimes geese and fowls;
And though this horse to stand had ne'er a leg,
He never dropt a goose, or broke an egg.
Ye maids of Cray, your butter'd rolls deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.

Oft did the 'squire that keeps the great hall-house,
Invite the willing vicar to a goose;
For goose could make his kindred Muse aspire
From earth to air, from water to the fire;
But now, alas! his towering spirit's fled,
His muse is founder'd, for poor Dobbin's dead.
Last Friday was a luckless day, I wot,
For Friday last lean Dobbin went to pot;
No drinks could cherish, no prescriptions save;
In C——n's hounds he found a living grave:
Weep all, and all (except sad dogs) deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.

Sculk, Reynard, sculk in the securest grounds,
Now Dobbin hunts thee in the shape of hounds:
Late sure but slow he march'd as foot could fall,
Sure to march slow whene'er he march'd at all;
Now fleeter than the pinions of the wind,
He leaves the huntsmen, and the hunt behind,
Pursues thee o'er the hills, and down the steep,
Through the rough copse, wide woods, and waters deep,
Along th' unbounded plain, along the lea,
But has no pullet, and no goose for thee.
Ye dogs, ye foxes, howl for Dobbin dead,
Nor thou, O Muse, disdain the tear to shed;
Ye maids of Cray, your butter'd rolls deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A COBLER AND A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

YE sable sweepers, and ye coblers all,
Sons of the chimney, masters of the stall,
Whether ye deal in smearing soot, or leather,
Hail to the day that joins your trades together.
Huzza, my jolly coblers! and huzza,
My sable sweepers! Hail the joyous day.

Immortal fame, O coblers, ye derive
From Crispin, a good cobler when alive,
Who kept his stall at Hockley in the Hole,
With nut-brown beer encouraging his soul:
A bonnet blue he wore upon his head,
His nose was copper, and his jerkin red;
For conjurer and astrologer he past,
And mended understandings to his last.
Huzza, my jolly coblers! and huzza,
My sable sweepers! Hail the joyous day.

Sly Jobson, though he never learn'd in France,
Not only mended shoes, but taught to dance;
So when he'd worn his pupils' soles quite out,
With leading of the booby bears about,
He soon repair'd the damage with his awl,
And brought convenient custom to his stall.
Huzza, my jolly coblers! and huzza,
My sable sweepers! Hail the joyous day.

Nor less distinguish'd is your noble line,
Ye sweepers, sprung from pedigree divine!
Your ancient ancestor, whose name was Smut,
Work'd at the forge, with Vulcan, in his hut.
Once as the limping god was hammering out
Those tongs that pinch'd the Devil by the snout,
Smut chanc'd to jest upon his awkward frame,
Which chaf'd the bickering blacksmith into flame;
He hurl'd his hammer at the joker's head,
Which sure had left him on the pavement dead,
But Smut was nimble, and, to shun the stroke,
Sheer up the chimney went, like wreaths of smoke;
Happy to find so snug a hole to creep in,
And since that time he took to chimney-sweeping.
Huzza, my jolly sweepers! hail the day!
My jolly coblers! roar aloud huzza.

And you, meet couple, memorable match,
May live with comfort in your cot of thatch;
While venal members sell their venal friends,
The cobler brings all soles to serve his ends.
And as the fair miss Dame sate smiling,
To see the gold come pattering through the tiling,
Our sweeper joys to see the chimney drop her
Meat, drink, and clothing, in a shower of copper.
Huzza, my jolly coblers! and huzza,
My sable sweepers! Hail the joyous day.

THE SMOKING DOCTOR'S SOLILOQUY OVER HIS PIPE.

Dulce tubo, genitos haurire & reddere fumos.

EMERGING awful through a cloud of smoke,
The tall lean doctor snapt his box and spoke:

"Though scorn'd by fribbles all bedaub'd with snuff,
I value not their censures of a puff,
Who, if kind Heav'n had furnish'd 'em with brains,
Would into pipes convert their taper canes,
Be sick that nauseous nostril-dust to see,
And substitute tobacco for rappee.
I less regard the rage of female railings—
Some ladies have their waters, and their failings:
Though when grey prudence comes, and youth is past,
They'll learn to smoke (or I am deceiv'd) at last!
Peace to the beaux, and every scented belle,
Who cry 'Tobacco has an odious smell:'
To men of sense I speak, and own with pleasure,
That smoking sooths my studies and my leisure;
It aids my eyes, inspires my mind to think,
And is a calm companion when I drink.
At home how sweetly does a pipe engage
My sense to relish Tully's moral page!
Or Homer's Heaven-aspiring Muse divine,
And puffing measure each sonorous line!
But if to Tom's I stray to read the Daily,
Or at the tavern spend my evening gaily,
My pipe still adds, as the mild minutes pass,
Charms to the toast, and flavour to the glass.
Blest Indian leaf! what raptures I inhale
From each light breath of thy ambrosial gale!
Thou giv'st the soldier courage, to the hind
Repose, to captives sacred peace of mind;
Can'st wealth on merchants, state on kings bestow,
And to physicians only art a foe.
Thou sav'st, when pestilence spreads far and wide,
From that dread plague, and every plague beside.
Though by thy fumes the teeth are blacken'd o'er,
Thy ashes scour them whiter than before
O with abundant riches amply blest,
He, who can buy one ounce of Freeman's best!
If in this fob my well-fill'd box I feel,
In that my short pipe, touchwood, flint, and steel,
Gold I regard not, I can live without;
I carry every requisite about.
Whether my stomach calls for drink or meat,
Whether the cold affects me, or the heat,
The weed of India answers the demand,
And is the pleasing remedy at hand.
O noblest proof of nature's genial power!
O weed more precious than the choicest flower!
Thy vapours bland through every state engage,
Charm us when young, and solace us in age;
Adorn when fortune showers her golden store,
And breathe kind comfort when she smiles no more:
Tranquil at home they lull with sweet content,
Abroad they give us no impediment;
But, mild associates, tend us night and day,
And if we travel cheer us on our way;
In town or country soft repose incite,
And puff us up with exquisite delight.'

[1] In allusion to that fine passage in Tully. Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

WOMAN:

A BALLAD.

BEING A CONTRAST TO "THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME I'M FALSE TO MY LASS."

No longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the fair;
I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-bellied Bacchus, and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
For though there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine;
Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my fancy inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire;
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore;
These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage,
'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;
But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

Let the men of all nations, but Italy, prove
The blessings that wait upon beauty and love:
But in boosing, alas! one unfortunate bout
Will rob us of vigour, and leave us the gout.

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
"The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I,"
From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-bellied bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you'll look when your bottle is dry!
Sweet pleasure from woman still flows like a spring,
Nay the Stoics must own it—She is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford,
For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
But woman for ever gives transport to man,
And I'll stand by the ladies as long as I can.

THE BROWN JUG:

A SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF HIERONYMUS AMALTHEUS.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the Vale)
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boosing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease
In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,

His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug, [ale,
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

FROM BOURNE.

Of all the spectacles to mend the sight
Devis'd by art for viewing objects right,
Those are most useful, which the prudent place
High on the handle of the human face.
Some on the temples fix 'em, I suppose,
Lest they should seem to snuffle through the nose:
Some in one hand the single-convex hold,
But these are prigs asham'd of being old.
None are in news or politics so wise,
As he whose nose is saddled with his eyes;
And if the taper tube regale his snout,
There's nought so secret but he'll smell it out.
Should gammer Gurton leave these helps at home,
To church with Bible 'tis in vain to come;
The plainest sermon is the most perplext,
Unless with care she double down the text.
Lo! how the parish clerk, with many a hum,
By turns now fits 'em to his nose or thumb,
Methodically regular, as need
By turns requires him, or to sing, or read:
His thumb then held them, if report says true,
When on the lovely lass he leer'd askew;
With snow-white bosom bare, sweet-slumbering in her pew.[1]
Those who see dimly may their eyes restore
By adding two to what they had before;
And he who would be deem'd profoundly wise
Must carry in his head, and in his pocket—eyes.

THE STAGE COACH.

FROM THE SAME.

To pay my duty to sweet Mrs. Page,
A place was taken in the Stamford stage.
Our coachman Dick, the shades of night to shun,
Had yok'd his horses long before the Sun:
Disturb'd I start; and drowsy all the while,
Rise to be jolted may a weary mile;
On both sides squeez'd, how highly was I bless'd!
Between two plump old women to be press'd!
A corporal fierce, a nurse and child that cried,
And a fat landlord fill'd the other side. [load
Scarce dawns the morning, ere the cumberous
Rolls roughly-rumbling o'er the rugged road.
One old wife coughs, and wheezes in my ears,
Loud scolds the other, and the corporal swears;
Sour, unconcocted breath escapes my host,
The squawling child returns his milk and toast:
Ye gods! if such the pleasures of the stage,
I chuse to walk and visit Mrs. Page.

[1] Alluding to a picture of Hogarth's, which very humourously describes a slumbering congregation.

ΔΩΡΟΝ ΑΔΩΡΟΝ.
THANK YOU FOR NOTHING.

FROM THE SAME.

When cloudless skies, or Spring's soft season fair,
Calls forth the citizens to take the air;
The landlord kindly asks his guests to dine
On well-corn'd beef, or pork's high-relish'd chine:
The season'd fraud succeeds, and soon or late
A shoal of gudgeons gobble up the bait.
The savoury viands make them thirst the more,
Creating drought, and swelling out the score.
My landlord, faith! is not so kind, I think;
He gives his victuals, but he sells his drink.

AN EULOGY
ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. HALIFAX.

Behold the regions of the Heavens survey'd!
And this fair system in the balance weigh'd;
Behold the law which (when in ruin hurl'd
God out of Chaos call'd the beauteous world)
Th' Almighty fix'd, when all things good he saw!
Behold the chaste, inviolable law!
Before us now new scenes unfolded lie,
And Heav'n appears expanded to the eye;
Th' illumin'd mind now sees distinctly clear
What power impels each planetary sphere.
Thron'd in the centre glows the king of day,
And rules all nature with unbounded sway;
Through the vast void his subject planets run,
Whirl'd in their orbits by the regal Sun.
What course the dire tremendous comets steer
We know, nor wonder at their prone career;
Why silver Phœbe, meek-ey'd queen of night,
Now slackens, now precipitates her flight;
Why, scan'd by no astronomers of yore,
She yielded not to calculation's power;
Why the nodes' motions retrograde we call,
And why the apsides progressional.
Hence too we learn, with what proportion'd force
The Moon impels, erroneous in her course,
The refluent main: as waves on waves succeed,
On the bleak beach they toss the sea-green weed,
Now bare the dangers of th' engulphing sand,
Now swelling high roll foaming on the strand.
What puzzling schoolmen sought so long in vain,
See cloud-dispelling Mathesis explain!
O highly blest, to whom kind fate has given
Minds to expatiate in the fields of Heaven!
All doubts are clear'd, all errours done away,
And truth breaks on them in a blaze of day.
Awake, ye sons of men, arise! exclude
Far from your breasts all low solicitude;
Learn hence the mind's etherial powers to trace,
Exalted high above the brutal race.
Ev'n those fam'd chiefs who human life refin'd
By wholesome laws, the fathers of mankind;

Or they who first societies immur'd
In cities, and from violence secur'd;
They who with Ceres' gifts the nations blest,
Or from the grape delicious nectar prest;
They who first taught the hieroglyphic style
On smooth papyrus †, native plant of Nile,
(For literary elements renown'd)
And made the eye an arbiter of sound:
All these, though men of deathless fame, we find
Have less advanc'd the good of human-kind:
Their schemes were founded on a narrower plan,
Replete with few emoluments to man.
But now, admitted guests in Heav'n, we rove
Free and familiar in the realms above;
The wonders hidden deep in Earth below,
And nature's laws, before conceal'd, we know.
Lend, lend your aid, ye bright superior powers,
That live embosom'd in Elysian bowers,
Lend your sweet voice to warble Newton's praise,
Who search'd out truth through all her mystic maze,
Newton, by every favouring Muse inspir'd,
With all Apollo's radiations fir'd:
Newton, that reach'd th' insuperable line,
The nice barrier 'twixt human and divine.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN,

WHO NEVER WENT OUT OF THE SUBURBS OF VERONA.

Blest who, content with what the country yields,
Lives in his own hereditary fields;
Who can with pleasure his past life behold;
Whose roof paternal saw him young and old;
And as he tells his long adventures o'er,
A stick supports him where he crawl'd before;
Who ne'er was tempted from his farm to fly,
And drink new streams beneath a foreign sky:
No merchant, he, solicitous of gain, [main:
Dreads not the storms that lash the sounding
Nor soldier, fears the summons to the war;
Nor the hoarse clamours of the noisy bar.
Unskill'd in business, to the world unknown,
He ne'er beheld the next contiguous town;
Yet nobler objects to his views are given,
Fair flowery fields, and star-embellish'd Heaven.
He marks no change of consuls, but computes
Alternate seasons by alternate fruits;
Maturing autumns store of apples bring,
And flowerets are the luxury of spring.
His farm that catches first the Sun's bright ray,
Sees the last lustre of his beams decay:
The passing hours erected columns show,
And are his landmarks and his dials too.
Yon spreading oak a little twig he knew,
And the whole grove in his remembrance grew.
Verona's walls remote as India seem;
Benacus is th' Arabian Gulph to him.
Yet health three ages lengthens out his span,
And grandsons hail the vigorous old man.
Let others vainly sail from shore to shore,
Their joys are fewer, and their labours more.

† An Egyptian plant, growing in the marshy places near the banks of the Nile, on the leaves of which the antients used to write.

ARCHIMEDES'S SPHERE:

FROM CLAUDIAN.

Jove saw the Heav'ns in glassy sphere exprest,
And smiling, thus the pow'rs above address:
"At what bold tasks will man's presumption aim!
In this small globe he mocks the worldly frame.
Lo! from my work the rival artist draws
The heavenly motions, and great Nature's laws.
Each star includes an animating soul,
And beauteous order regulates the whole.
Through the bright zodiac yearly rolls the Sun,
And mimic moons each month their courses run.
Audacious Art thus lifts her crest on high,
And deems she sways the empire of the sky.
Salmoneus once fictitious lightning hurl'd:
But here behold a counterfeited world!"

ON MENANDER.

IMITATED FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM IN THE ANTHOLOGIA.

On thy sweet lips the bees in clusters hung,
And dropp'd Hyblæan honey on thy tongue:
For thee the Muses pluck'd Pierian flowers;
The Graces woo'd thee in sequester'd bowers.
Ages to come shall celebrate thy name,
And Athens gather glory from thy fame.

FRAGMENTS OF MENANDER:

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, with Menander's fire.

POPE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MENANDER.

Menander was born at Athens, the third year of the 109th Olympiad, 344 years before Christ, and exhibited his first comedy, according to Meursius, the third of the 114th Olympiad, that is 324 years before our Saviour's time, being then only twenty years of age. His introduction of the new comedy in a short time spread his fame over the world; and his friendship was courted by the kings of Egypt and Macedon. Of his works, which amounted to upwards of an hundred comedies, only a few fragments now remain. Terence borrowed several plays from him; and it is from the character of the Roman, that most men now judge of the merit of the Grecian author. We find the old masters of rhetoric recommending his works as the true standard of beauty, containing every grace of public speaking. Quintilian declares, that a careful imitation of Menander only will satisfy all the rules he has laid down in his institutions. It is in Menander that he would have his orator search for a copiousness of invention, for a happy elegance of expression, and especially for an universal genius, able to accommodate itself naturally to all persons, things, and affections.

His wonderful talent at expressing nature, in every condition, and under every circumstance of life, has always made the noblest part of his character, which gave occasion to Aristophanes the grammarian to ask this genteel question; Ὦ Μενανδρε, και Βιε, Ποτερος αρ ὑμων ποτερον επιμιμησατο? O Menander and Nature, which of you have imitated the other? Julius Cæsar has left us the noblest, as well as the justest praise of Menander's works, when addressing himself in a compliment to Terence, he calls him, Dimidiate Menander, Half-Menander. He died in the third year of the 122nd Olympiad, 292 years before Christ, being fifty-two years of age.

WORSHIP DUE TO THE DEITY.

SERVE then the great first cause whence nature springs,
Th' almighty Sire, th' eternal King of kings;
Who gave us being, and who gives us food,
Lord of all life, and author of all good.

Page 48.

SUBMISSION.

FIGHT not with God, nor thwart his wiser will,
(Contending serves to aggravate an ill,)
But bravely bear those ills he's pleas'd to send;
Why should we blame the laws we cannot mend?

Page 70.

THE ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

WHOE'ER approaches to the Lord of all,
And with his offerings desolates the stall;
Who brings an hundred bulls with garlands drest;
The purple mantle, or the golden vest,
Or ivory figures richly wrought around,
Or curious images with emeralds crown'd;
And hopes with these God's favour to obtain,
His thoughts are foolish, and his hopes are vain,
He, only he may trust his pray'rs will rise,
And Heav'n accept his grateful sacrifice,
Who leads beneficent a virtuous life;
Who wrongs no virgin, who corrupts no wife;
No robber he, no murderer of mankind,
No miser, servant to the sordid mind.
Dare to be just, my Pamphilus, disdain
The smallest trifle for the greatest gain:
For God is nigh thee, and his purer sight
In acts of goodness only takes delight:
He feeds the labourer for his honest toil,
And heaps his substance as he turns the soil.
To him then humbly pay the rites divine,
And not in garments, but in goodness shine.
Guiltless of conscience thou may'st safely sleep,
Though thunder bellow through the boundless deep,

Page 268.

*** The figures at the bottom of each fragment refer to the page in Le-Clerc's edition, where the original is to be found.

THE MISERIES OF OLD-AGE.[1]

HIM, Parmeno, I deem the happiest man,
Who having once survey'd great Nature's plan,
This beauteous system, this stupendous frame,
Soon to that place retires from whence he came.
This common Sun, the stars, the streams that flow,
The clouds that darken, and the fires that glow;
These shall be always present to thy view,
Whether thou liv'st an hundred years, or few;
And nobler works, or wrought with better skill,
None ever yet beheld, or ever will.
This life on Earth, these scenes to man assign'd,
Suppose a mighty concourse of mankind,
Where all contrive to trifle time away
In business, bustle, villany, or play:
If first this inn you quit, a transient guest,
You'll pay but little, and you'll fare the best:
Go then equipt, nor fear the stroke of fate,
You'll travel free from envy and from hate.
But lingering guests, who longer being crave,
Must sink at last with sorrow to the grave:
For antient men experience wants and woes
From friends departing or surviving foes.

[1] The late ingenious and learned I. Hawkins Browne, esq. has translated and interwoven this fine fragment into his excellent poem *De Animi Immortalitate*, book the first.

Quocirca ille mihi felix vixisse videtur,
Qui postquam aspexit mundi solenne theatrum
Æquo animo, hunc solem, et terras, mare, nubila, et ignem;
Protinus unde abiit, satur ut conviva remigrat.
Nempe hæc, seu centum vivendo conteris annos,
Seu paucos numeras, eadem redeuntia cernes;
Hisque nihil melius, nihil atque recentius unquam
Omne adeo in terris agitur quod tempus, habeto
Ut commune forum; peregre vel euntibus amplum
Hospitium, temerè fluitans ubi vita moratur,
Mille inter nugas jactata, negotia mille.
Qui prior abscedit, portum prior occupat; Eja!
Collige vela citus, ne fortè viatica desint.
Quid cessas? subeunt morbique et acerba tuorum
Funera, et insidiis circùm undique septa senectus.

Perhaps the reader will not be displeased to see Mr. Soame Jennyn's stranslation of the above passage quoted from Mr. Browne's *Immortality*.

To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.
Is life a hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay,
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away:
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then! no farther lanch into the main:
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continued woe:
The wretched privilege daily to deplore
The funerals of our friends, who go before:
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.

Dodsley's Collection, vol. vi.

He dies not well, who bending into age,
Droops under years, and tottering quits the stage.

Page 184.

VIRTUE ONLY IS NOBILITY.

Cease, if you love me, mother, cease to trace
Our long extraction to an antient race;
'Tis theirs alone who boast no inbred worth
To found their claim of honour on their birth,
And strive their want of virtue to supply
With glory borrow'd from old ancestry.
That all had ancestors the proof you give,
When you admit, that all have liv'd, or live:
If thousands find it difficult to trace [place)
(Through lack of friends, or luckless change of
In whose pure veins their streams of kindred ran,
Are they less noble than the few that can?
The poorest tenant of the Libyan wild,
Whose life is pure, whose thoughts are undefil'd,
In titled ranks may claim the first degree,
For *virtue only* is nobility.

Page 240.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOLD.

An ancient sage[1], which some perhaps think odd,
Asserts that every element's a god;
A god this earth, where vivid verdure grows;
A god the fire that burns, the breeze that blows;
The silver streams that thro' the vallies stray,
The stars that shine by night, the Sun by day.
But I this plain, this certain maxim hold,
"There's no propitious deity but gold:"
Safe in thy house this splendid god inshrine,
And all the blessings of the world are thine;
The grand retinue, and the burnish'd plate,
The pompous villa, and the menial great;
Gold can buy friends, or soften rigid laws,
And bias every witness to your cause:
Spare not expense—give largely, and 'tis odds
But mighty gold will bribe the very gods.

Page 249.

THE MISERY AND FOLLY OF MAN.

Lord of creation, man—come, all things see
Exceed in happiness and wisdom thee,
Behold yon ass, to whom thy partial race
Gives in the world of life the lowest place:
Thou call'st him wretched, and I grant him so,
But not from self his pitied sufferings flow;
Beneath stern nature's load the wretch may groan,
Yet wisely still adds nothing of his own:
But man, alas! besides his natural share,
Makes half those evils he repines to bear.
Does any sneeze[2]? grief turns the hearers pale;
We burn with anger if the world should rail:
Unlucky dreams with terrour fill the soul;
We tremble at the hooting of an owl:
By contests, prejudices, pride, and law,
Unnumber'd evils on ourselves we draw.

Page 244.

[1] Epicharmus.

[2] Sneezing was sometimes reckoned an ill omen.

MAN UNHAPPY, COMPARED WITH OTHER CREATURES.

If to my choice indulgent Heav'n would give,
This life worn out, another life to life,
And say, "Partake what form delights thee best,
Be man again, again with reason blest;
Assume the horse's strength, the sheep's warm coat,
Bark in the dog, or wanton in the goat;
For this is fate's immutable decree,
And one more being is reserv'd for thee:"
To bounteous Heav'n I'd thus prefer my prayer;
"O let not reason's lamp be lighted here!
Make me not man; his only-partial race
Holds vice in credit, virtue in disgrace.
The steed victorious in the rapid course
Eats food more dainty than the sluggish horse;
Is there a dog, distinguish'd for his smell?
No common dog will ever fare so well:
The gallant cock that boasts heroic blood,
Rakes not in dirty dunghills for his food;
And should he strut among the feather'd crew,
Each conscious brother pays him honour due.
Man, tho' of each accomplishment possest,
Renown'd for valour, and with virtue blest,
Gains from the heedless world no due regard,
His worth no praise, his valour no reward:
While fawning flatterers bask in fortune's ray,
Knaves that detract, and villains that betray.
'Tis better far thro' any form to pass,
To crawl a reptile, or to drudge an ass,
Than see base miscreants, guilt's abandon'd crew,
Enjoy those honours that are virtue's due."

Page 248.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

To know the origin from whence you came,
And the frail fashion of this human frame,
Pause o'er those monuments with pensive eye,
Where purpled tyrants, proud oppressors lie;
All who could boast wealth, wisdom, beauty, birth,
Here meet, and mingle with one common earth:
Yet these no bright accomplishments could save
From fate's dread sentence to the gloomy grave:
There while you read the frailty of your frame,
Learn from what vile original you came.

Page 276.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

How sweet and pleasant to a man endued
With moral goodness, is deep solitude?
Pensive to rove, not meditating harm,
And live in affluence at his country farm.
For in large cities where the many bide,
Self-cankering envy dwells, and high-blown pride
There lull'd in all the luxury of ease,
They live at large, licentious as they please;
Yet soon these pleasures pall, and quick decay,
Like the light blaze that crackling dies away.

Page 178.

SORROW FAMILIAR TO ALL MEN.

Sure sorrows are to human-kind ally'd:
They reign where Fortune pours her golden tide;

Besiege the son of glory's splendid door,
Grow grey and old together with the poor.
Page 104.

GOOD AND EVIL BLENDED.

No good in life the race of men can see,
Spring from one root, as branches from the tree;
But near the good we find the evil still,
And frequent good arises out of ill.
Page 156.

CONTENT.

Mixt with all good full many ills we find,
But no one bliss to gratify the mind;
If more of good than ill the gods have given,
Pleas'd let us bless the bounteous hand of Heaven.
Page 30.

BANISH CARE.

Whate'er offends thee, care, or grief, or strife,
Drive far away beyond the verge of life:
For here, alas! we little time posses,
And every sorrow makes that little less.
Page 158.

TEMPLE OF REASON.

Where'er the sacred rays of reason shine,
There dwells the god that utters truths divine.
Page 22.

THE MAN OF REASON.

In human nature nothing can excel
The man that regulates and reasons well;
To show good sense and order in a thing,
Denotes the chief, the counsellor, the king:
These noble virtues nothing can exceed,
The man of reason is a man indeed.
Page 90.

GOODSENSE.

Blest are the wealthy who abound in sense,
Which gives a noble sanction to expense:
This, this should be the son of fortune's care,
The weight of wealth with equal mind to bear;
For riches oft deprave the human will,
And turn the bias of the mind to ill.
Page 120.

A GOOD NAME.

In every state the good protection claim,
For the best passport is an honest name.
Page 134.

PATIENCE.

Him I esteem most virtuous of mankind,
Who bears offences with a patient mind.
Page 32.

MAN BLIND TO FUTURE EVENTS.

Say not, O man! for it becomes thee not,
This evil shall not happen to my lot.
Page 56.

FRIENDSHIP.

As gold more splendid from the fire appears,
Thus friendship brightens by the length of years.
Page 272.

TYRANTS UNHAPPY.

Ah! dreadful state of soul-consuming woe,
Which tyrants, proud oppressors, undergo!
Not all their power, nor riches, can bestow
One heart-felt pleasure which the meanest know.
What torments then must curse their guilty hours
Who live immur'd in citadels and towers?
Who think, mistrustful of their menial band,
Each slave conceals a dagger in his hand!
Such chastisements the gods for those ordain
Who uncontrol'd despotically reign.
Page 24.

THE POOR SHOULD NOT BE OPPRESSED.

Who dares with wrongs the needy to pursue,
Is base, nor base alone, but foolish too.
What thoughtless pride to spurn that humble state,
Which chance may make his own unpitied fate!
Though now he boasts his heaps of golden store,
Soon may those fail, and he be rich no more;
The streams of fortune, never at a stay,
Oft change their course, and quickly glide away.
Page 34.

RICHES.

What can be weigh'd with riches in the scale?
They screen all vices with a golden veil.
Page 30.

RICH AND POOR EQUALLY UNHAPPY.

The rich all happy I was wont to hold,
Who never paid large usury for gold.
"Those sons of fortune never sigh" (I said)
"Nor toss with anguish on their weary bed
But soft dissolving into balmy sleep,
Indulge sweet slumbers, while the needy weep."
But now the great and opulent, I see,
Lament their lots, and mourn as well as we.
Page 104.

FORTUNE BLIND.

This sacred truth print deeply on thy mind;
Fortune, and Fortune's votaries are blind.
Page 28.

EVIL COMPANY CONTAGIOUS.

LET not false arguments thy reason blind,
For evil converse taints the virtuous mind[1].
Page 78.

IMPUDENCE.

HE stands in impudence without a peer,
Who scorns to blush, and knows not how to fear.
Page 6.

IMPORTUNATE ADVICE.

WHEN well ourselves, we boast the doctor's skill,
And give advice to others that are ill[2].
Page 16.

THE DANGERS OF MATRIMONY.

A. WHILE prudence guides, change not, at any rate,
A life of freedom for the married state:
I ventur'd once to play that desperate game,
And therefore warn you, not to do the same.
B. The counsel may be sage which you advance;
But I'm resolv'd to take the common chance.
A. Mild gales attend that voyage of your life,
And waft you safely thro' the sea of strife:
Not the dire Libyan, or Ægæan sea,
Where out of thirty ships scarce perish three;
But that, where daring fools most dearly pay,
Where all that sail are surely cast away.
Page 22.

THE COMFORTS OF MATRIMONY.

You judge quite wrong to think your fortune hard;
Life's troubles, not its blessings, you regard:
Believe me, friend; the race of man can know
No earthly comfort, unallay'd with woe.
Much plague, no doubt, attends a sumptuous wife,
She's the sure torment of her husband's life.
Yet ev'n from her some benefits accrue. [too:
She brings him sons, she brings him daughters
When ill, her care administers relief,
When fortune frowns, she solaces his grief:
When age or sickness, brings him to his end,
She decently inters him, like a friend.
Think, think on this when slight vexations tease;
The mighty charm will set your heart at ease:
But if you let wild sorrow thus prevail,
And place no comforts in the other scale;
Not weighing gain with loss, nor good with ill,
Still you must murmur, and be wretched still.
Page 122.

THE RICH AND YOUNG SHOULD MARRY.

THOSE that are rich, and in the bloom of life,
May wed and prove the comforts of a wife;
But who postpone the bliss till past their prime,
Must pay large interest for neglect of time.
Page 84.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

WHY for her children should the wife express
More fond affection, and the husband less?
The reason, if I rightly judge, is this,
She knows them her's, and he but thinks them his.
Page 236.

NURSE MYRTILA.

ROUSE but old Myrtila, the nurse, and give her
The least occasion, and she'll talk for ever:
With far less art and ease you may restrain
The sounding cymbals of Dodona's fane,
(Which, if but touch'd, the holy augur hears
The live-long day remurmur'd in his ears)
Than still this chattering crone who with her tales
Torments the weary night as soon as evening fails.

The learned reader will find the original of this fragment in Dr. Bentley's Emendations of Menander, page 16, printed at Cambridge, in the year 1713.

POWER OF MUSIC.

MUSIC has charms the savage breast to move,
And songs are Syrens that invite to love.
Page 84.

THE STRICTLY-RIGHTEOUS FIELD.

SURE never swain with anxious labour till'd
A more religious, or a juster field:
Abundant tribute to the gods it pays
In ivy, flowers, and honorary bays:
If I sow barely, to a single grain,
It justly brings the quantity again.
Page 32.

LOVE OMNIPOTENT.

'GAINST love's unerring arts there's no defence,
They wound the blockhead, and the man of sense.
Page 14.

KNOW OTHERS.

"KNOW thou thyself," was always said of old,
A maxim not quite absolute I hold;
It had been better far, you must allow,
And more our interest, "Other men to know."
Page 86.

[1] St. Paul has copied this sentence from Menander, Φθειρουσιν ηθη χρησθ' ομιλιαι κακαι, which are the very words of our author.—Evil communications corrupt good manners. 1 Cor. 15. 33.

[2] Facile omnes cum volemus ægrotis consilia damus. TER.

IGNIS FATUUS[1].

Gramineos infra campos, penetralia Floræ
Purpureis opibus redolentia, fumeus aër
Caligat; varios hic tellus ubere partu
Flammarum ponit fœtus, et pinguia venis
Nutrimenta fovet, genitalia semina rerum.
Quæ postquam matris dudum sopita silenti
Incubûere sinu, quoties Titanius ardor
Sævit in æstivas luces, patefacta sub auras
Reddit humus; pars æthereâ regione viarum
Expatiatur ovans; levitas sua sufficit alas.
Pars ignava tenet terræ confinia, sese
Insinuans inter nocturnos undique rores.
Et jam, seu calidis pugnent humentia, vîres
Sive bitumineæ rapiant incendia, flamma
Exilit, et vivos imitatur ludicra motus.

Aspice! cùm rebus nox abstulit atra colorem,
Fusus ad irriguas ripas micat igneus humor,
Mobilitate vigens, et eundo flumina verrit
Summa levis, liquidisque sororibus oscula libat.
Jam varios meditans excursus ocyus Euro
Ardet abire fugâ per inane volatile lumen.
Stare loco nescit, saliensque per omnia puncto
Temporis itque reditque vagans sine corpore vita.
Hinc sæpe, obscœnos iterat dum noctua cantus,
Nigrantes inter tenebras prope limina Divûm
Tristibus insultat lux importuna sepulchris.
Ægros huc gressus si fortè advertat anus quæ,
Igneolos cernit lemures, simulachraque mille
Horret inops animi, stolidi figmenta timoris.
Jamque adeo latè fabellam spargit anilem
Fama volans, trepidat mentes ignobile vulgus.
Scilicet hic animæ tenues, defunctaque vitâ
Corpora, subsiliunt obscurâ nocte per umbram.
Seu Libitina fero visu sua regna pererrat,
Et tumulos numerans lugubres, horrida quassat
Funebres tædas & formidabile lumen.

Quin & mille dolos volvens sub pectore flamma
Avia pervolitat, quam cæcâ nocte viator
Deprensus sectatur ovans; quid cogitet ignis
Nescius heu! Fax ante volans per opaca locorum
Errabunda regit vestigia, perfida tandem
Deferit immersum stagno squalente colonum
Eructantem iras, hirsutaque colla madentem.

Talem flumineæ quondam risêre sorores
Pana Deum Arcadiæ, taciti Ladonis ad amnem;
Scilicet hic nymphamcaptans juvenile micantem,
Oscula dum peteret, mediis effusus in undis
Virgine pro tenerâ fœdam complectitur ulvam.

Ast ubi jam Phœbi radiis Aurora rubescit
Pulchrior, & stellis facies obtusa videtur,
Purpureo superâta die, caput abdit imago,
Et procul in tenues it vita minutula ventos.

Haud secus ignaros duxit Cartesius olim
Philosophos, rapiens deserta per ardua cœcæ
Naturæ; demum Newtonus luce coruscans
Eoâ, mundique sagax arcana tueri,
Materiam pepulit subtilem, egitque sub umbras.

Cantabr. in comitiis prioribus, 1730-1.

[1] This elegant copy of verses was written, as an academical exercise, by my worthy friend, and former tutor, the rev. Richard Oakley, M. A. late fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

WILL WITH A WISP.

Deep in the silence of the grassy plains,
Where Flora, drest in purple beauty reigns,
Ambrosial queen of flowerets sweet and fair;
Impregnated with vapours the thick air
Grows stagnant: here at frequent births trans-
Profuse, the living particles of fire, [pire,
Which, from her lap, the Earth prolific flings,
The genial seeds, and origin of things:
These, long time ripening, oft as Titan's ray
Bright-burning blazes on the summer's day,
At length, emerging from the soil, repair,
And sport, capricious, in the fields of air:
Some, lightly mounting in th' etherial sky,
Expatiate freely, and in meteors fly: [sue,
Some, near the ground their vagrant course pur-
And blend delusion with the nightly dew:
For whether from the strife of moist and dry,
Or from bitumen fiery sparkles fly,
A sudden flame the mingling vapours give,
Which seems, to mortal eyes, to move and live.
Lo! when the beauteous landscape fades in night,
In some irriguous valley, glimmering bright,
The false flame dances, or with quivering glare,
Skims on the bosom of the winding stream,
Sports with the Naiads, and in wanton play,
Kisses the sisters of the watery way.
Now through the void the vain excursive light,
Fleet as the wind, precipitates its flight,
Unfix'd and volatile with instant bound
'Tis here, 'tis there, and roves the country round.
Oft as the darkling owl renews her song,
In lone church-yards it gleams, the moon-
graves among.
Should some old hag slow hobbling hither tend,
She spies, no doubt, the fiery-flaming fiend;
To her mind's eye a thousand ghosts appear,
The foolish apparitions of her fear.
Then all around tremendous tales are spread,
And the weak vulgar stand appall'd with dread;
For here they deem, depriv'd the golden light,
That spirits wander in the gloom of night;
Or that pale Proserpine, fierce-visag'd, comes
To number all the melancholy tombs,
And dreadful, as she frowns, the deadly dame
Shakes her dire torches tipt with livid flame.

Oft o'er the dreary waste, or boundless plain,
This bright deception leads the nightly swain;
Thoughtless of harm he plods the forest o'er,
Where never wanderer bent his way before,
At length, deluded by the fickle fire,
He sinks absorpt in bogs, and flounces in the
mire.

Thus once, where Ladon rolls his silent tide,
Laugh'd the fair Naiads at th' Arcadian guide;
A blooming nymph he saw, admir'd, caress,
And when he strove to clasp her to his breast,
Plung'd in the waves among the watery weeds
He lost the virgin, and embrac'd the reeds.

But when the rosy morn her blush displays,
And all the splendour of the stars decays,
The light fantastic phantoms cease to glare,
Lost in the day, and flit in empty air.

Descartes thus, great Nature's wanderings
Fallacious led philosophy aside, [guide,
'Till Newton rose, in orient beauty bright, [light,
He rose, and brought the world's dark days to
Then subtile matter saw, and vanish'd at his
sight.

DATUR MUNDORUM PLURALITAS.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

Unde labor novus hic menti? Quæ cura quie-
Sollicitat, rapiensque extra confinia terræ, [tam
Cœlestes sine more jubet volitare per ignes?
Scilicet impatiens angusto hoc orbe teneri,
Fontenelle, tuos audax imitarier ausus
Gestio, & insolitas spirant præcordia flammas.

Fallor, an ipse venit? Delapsus ab æthere summo
Pegason urget eques, laterique flagellifer instat:
Me vocat; & duris desiste laboribus, inquit,
"Me duce, carpe viam faciłem, tibi singula clarè
Expediam, tibi cernere erit, quos sidera nôrunt,
Indigenas, cultusque virûm, moresque docebo."
Nec mora, pennipedem conscendo jussus, ovansque [orum
(Quanquam animus secum volvens exempla pri-
Bellerophonteæ pallet dispendia famæ)
Post equitem sedeo, liquidumque per aëra labor.
—Mercurium petimus primùm: dux talibus in-
"Aspicias vanæ malesana negotia gentis, [fit:
Quam mens destituit Titane exusta propinquo.
Stramineis viden'? Hic velatus tempora sertis
Emicat, & solos reges crepat atque tetrarchas.
Ille suam carbone Chloen depingit amator
Infelix, ægram rudia indigestaque mentem
Carmina demulcent, indoctaque tibia musas.
En! sedet incomptus crines barbataque menta
Astrologus, nova qui venatur sidera, solus
Semper in obscuro penetrali; multaque muros
Linea nigrantes, & multa triangula pingunt.
Ecce! sed interea curru flammante propinquat
Titan.—Clamo, O me! gelidâ sub rupe, sub umbâ
Siste precor: tantos nequeo perferre calores."

Pegason inde tuo genius felicior astro
Appulit, alma Venus. Spirant quam molliter auræ!
Ridet ager, frugum facilis, lasciva florum
Nutrix; non Euri ruit hic per dulcia Tempe
Vis fera, non Boreæ: sed blandior aura Favoni,
Lenis agens tremulo nutantes vertice sylvas,
Usque fovet teneros, quos usque resuscitat, ig-
Hic lætis animata sonis saltatio vivit: [nes.
Hic jam voce ciet cantum, jam pectine, dulces
Musica docta modos: pulchræ longo ordine nymphæ
Cestivas ducunt choreas, dilecta juventus
Fertatim stipant comites: latè halat amomo
Omne nemus, varioque æterni veris odore:
Cura procul: circumvolitant risusque jocique:
Atque amor est, quodcunque vides. Venus ipsa volentes
Imperio regit indigenas, hic innuba Phœbe,
Innuba Pallas amet, cupiant servire Catones.

A VOYAGE TO THE PLANETS.

Whence this new ardor? whence this rage to trace [space?
New worlds that roll through ether's boundless
Snatch'd from the confines of this orb of clay,
With emulation fir'd I wing my way,
Where Fontenelle first saw the planets roll,
And all the god tumultuous shakes my soul.
Yes, yes, he comes! and through the sun-bright skies [cries,
Drives foaming Pegasus; "Cease, cease," he
"All meaner tasks; 'tis thine with me to soar,
And visit kingdoms unexplor'd before;
While I succinctly show each various race,
The manners, and the genius of the place."
I (though my mind with lively horrour fraught,
Thinks on Bellerophon, and dreads the thought)
Mount quick behind; the winged courser flies,
And cleaves the azure of the liquid skies.
First Mercury, swift circling round the Sun,
We reach, when thus my friendly guide begun:
"Mark well the genius of this fiery place,
The wild amusements of the brainsick race,
Whose minds the beams of Titan, too intense,
Affect with frenzy, and distract the sense.
A monarch here gives subject princes law
A mighty monarch, with a crown of straw.
Here the lone lover, on the cieling bare,
With charcoal paints his Chloe heav'nly fair;
In sadly-soothing strain rude notes he sings,
Or grates harsh discord from the jarring strings.
Lo; an astrologer, with filth besmear'd,
Rough and neglected, with a length of beard,
Pores round his cell for undiscover'd stars,
And decks the wall with triangles and squares.
Lo!—But the radiant car of Phœbus nigh
Glows with red ardour, and inflames the sky—
Oh! waft me, hide me in some cool retreat;
I droop, I sicken with the fervent heat,"
Thence to that milder orb we wing our way,
Where Venus governs with an easy sway.
Soft breathes the air; fair Flora paints the ground,
And fruitful Ceres deals her gifts around.
This blissful Tempe no rough blasts molest,
Of blustering Boreas, or the baleful east;
But gentle Zephyrs o'er the woodlands stray,
Court the tall trees, and round the branches play,
Their genial gales dispensing as they flow,
To fan those passions which they teach to glow.
Here the gay youth in measur'd steps advance,
While sprightly music animates the dance;
Here the soft sounds of melody inspire
Sighs to the song, and languors to the lyre:
Fair nymphs and amorous swains, a lovely band,
Blend in the dance, light-bounding hand in hand.
From every grove the buxom Zephyrs bring
The rich ambrosia of eternal spring.
Care dwells not here, their pleasures to destroy,
But laughter, jest, and universal joy:
All, all is love; for Venus reigns confest
The sole sultana of each captive breast:
Cold Cynthia here would Cupid's victim prove,
Or the chaste daughter of imperial Jove,
And rigid Cato be the slave of love.

Jamque datum molimur iter, sedesque beatas
Multa gemens linquo; & lugubre rubentia Martis
Alva, ubi sanguineæ dominantur in omnia rixæ,
Advehimur, ferro riget horrida turba, geritque
Spiculaque, gladiosque, ferosque in bella dolones.
Pro choreâ, & dulci modulamine, Pyrrhicus illis
Saltus, & horribiles placet ære cière sonores.
Hic conjux viduata viro longo effera luctu
Flet noctum, solumque torum sterilesque Hymenæos
Deplorans, lacerat crines, & pectora plangit:
Necquicquam—sponsus ni fortè appareat, hospes
Heu! brevis, in somnis, & ludicra fallat imago.
Immemor ille tori interea ruit acer in hostem:
Horrendum strepit armorum fragor undique campis;
Atque immortales durant in sæcula pugnæ.

Hinc Jovis immensum delati accedimus orbem.
Illic mille locis exercet sæva tyrannus
Imperia in totidem servos, totidemque rebelles:
Sed brevis exercet: parat illi fata veneno
Perjurus, populosque premit novus ipse tyrannus.
Hi decies pacem figunt pretio atque refigunt:
Tum demum arma parant: longe lateque cohortes
Extenduntur agris; simul æquora tota teguntur
Classibus, & ficti celebrantur utrinque triumphi.
Fœdera mox ineunt nunquam violanda: brevique
Belli iterum simulachra cient! referuntur in alClasses, pacificoque replentur milite campi.
Filius hic patri meditatur, sponsa marito,
Servus hero insidias. Has leges scilicet illis
Imposuit natura locis, quo tempore patrem
Jupiter ipse suum solio detrusit avito.
Inde venena viris, perjuria, munera, fraudes,
Suadet opum sitis, & regnandi dira cupido.

Saturni tandem nos illætabilis ora
Accipit: ignavum pecus hic per opaca locorum
Pinguescunt de more, gravi torpentque veterno.
Vivitur in specubus: quis enim tam sedulus, arces
Qui struat ingentes, operosaque mœnia condat?
Idem omnes stupor altus habet, sub pectore fixus.
Non studia ambitiosa Jovis, variosve labores
Mercurii, non Martis opus, non Cypridа nôrunt.
Post obitum, ut perhibent, sedes glomerantur in istas
Qui longam nullas vitam excoluêre per artes;
Sed Cerere & Baccho pleni, somnoque sepulti
Cunctarum duxêre æterna oblivia rerum. Frum,
Non avium auditur cantus, non murmur aquaMugitusve boum, aut pecorum balatus in agris:
Nudos non decorant segetes, non gramina campos.
Sylva, usquam si sylva, latet sub monte nivali,
Et canet viduata comis: hic noctua tantùm
Glisque habitat, bufoque & eum testudine, talpa.
Flumina dum tardè subterlabentia terras

Now through the destin'd fields of air we fly
And leave those happy mansions with a sigh:
Thence the dire coast we reach, the dreary plains, [reigns:
Where Mars, grim god, and bloody Discord
The host in arms embattled sternly stands,
The sword, the dart, the dagger in their hands.
Here no fair nymphs to silver sounds advance,
But buskin'd heroes form the Pyrrhic dance.
And brazen trumpets, terrible from far,
With martial music fire the soul to war.
Here mourns the lovely bride her husband fled,
The sterile nuptials, the deserted bed,
Sighs the long nights, and, frantic with despair,
Beats her soft breast, and rends her flowing hair:
In vain she sighs, in vain dissolves in tears—
In sleep, perchance, the warrior lord appears,
A fleeting form that glides before her sight,
A momentary vision of the night.
Mean while, regardless of her tender woe,
The hardy husband rushes on the foe:
Harsh sounds of war through regions distant rage,
And fights immortal last from age to age.
Hence through the boundless void we nimbly move,
And reach the wide-extended plains of Jove.
Here the stern tyrant sways an iron rod;
A thousand vassals tremble at his nod.
How short the period of a tyrant's date!
The poisonous phial speeds the work of fate:
Scarce is the proud, imperious tyrant dead,
But, lo! a second lords it in his stead.
Here peace, as common merchandize is sold,
Heav'n's first, best blessing, for pernicious gold:
War soon succeeds, the sturdy squadrons stand
Wide o'er the fields, a formidable band:
With numerous fleets they crowd the groaning main,
And triumph for the victories they feign:
Again in strict alliances unite,
Till Discord raise the phantom of a fight;
Again they sail; again the troops prepare
Their falchions for the mockery of war.
The son inhuman seeks his father's life,
The slave his master's, and her lord's the wife.
With vengeance thus their kindling bosoms fire,
Since Jove usurp'd the sceptre of his sire.
Hence poisons, bribes, frauds, perjuries, betrayi
And thirst of gold, and avarice of sway.
At length we land, vast fields of ether cross,
On Saturn's cold, uncomfortable coast;
In dismal gloom here drones inactive lull
The lazy hours, lethargically dull.
In caves they live; were sluggards ever known
To raise a citadel, or build a town?
The same deep stupor, through the lifeless whole,
Chills in the breast, and freezes in the soul.
These never know th' ambitious schemes of Jove,
Their breasts not fire-fraught Mercury can move,
Mars cannot spur to war, nor Venus woo to love.
Here rove those souls, 'tis said, when life departs,
Who left uncultivated useful arts;
But stupify'd with plenty and repose,
Dreamt out long life in one continued doze!
No feather'd songsters, with sweet-warbled strains
Attune to melting melody the plains,
No flocks, no herds here feed in pastures wide,
No fountains musically-murmuring glide,
Th' ungenial waste no tender herbage yields,
No harvests wave luxuriant in the fields.

Pigram undam volvunt, & sola papavera pascunt:
Quorum lentus odor, lethæaque pocula somnos
Suadent perpetuos, circumfusæque tenebræ.

Horrendo visu obstupui: quin Pegason ipsum
Defecère animi; sensit dux, terque flagello
Insonuit clarùm, terque alta voce morantem
Increpuit: secat ille cito pede lævia campi
Ætherei, terræque secundâ allabitur aurâ.

Cantabr. in Comitiis prioribus, 1740-1.

MATERIES GAUDET VI INERTIÆ.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

Vervecum in patria, quâ latè Belgica squalent
Arva inarata, palus horrenda voragine crebrâ
Ante oculos jacet; haud illic impune viator,
Per tenebras iter instituat; tremit undique tellus
Sub pedibus malefida, vapores undique densos
Sudat humus, nebulisque amicitur tristibus herba.
Huc fato infelix si quando agiteris iniquo,
Et tutò in medium liceat penetrare, videbis
Attonitus, nigrâ de nube emergere templum,
Templum ingens, immane, altum penetrale Stuporis.
Plumbea stat turris, plumbum sinuatur in arcus,
Et solido limosa tument fundamina plumbo.
Hanc pia Materies Divo ædem extruxit inerti,
Stultitiæ impulsu—quid enim? Lethargica semper
Sponte suâ nihil aggreditur, dormitat in horas,
Et, sine vi, nullo gaudet Dea languida motu.
Hic ea monstra habitant, quæ olim sub luminis auras
Materies peperit somno patre, lividus iste
Zoilus, & Bavio non impar Mævius; audax
Spinoza, & Pyrrho, cumque Hobbesio Epicurus.
Ast omnes valeat quæ musa referre! frequentes
Usque adeo videas hebetes properare?—nec adfert
Quidquam opis Anglorum doctæ vicinia gentis.
Sic quondam, ut perhibent, stupuit Bæotica tellus
Vicinâ licet Antycirâ, nihil inde salutis,
Nil tulit hellebori Zephyrus, cum sæpe per æquor
Felicem ad Lesbon levibus volitaverit alis,
Indigenæ mellita ferens suspiria Floræ.

Porticus illa vides? Gothicis suffulta columnis,
Templi aditus, quàm laxa patet! custodia qualis
Ante fores! quatuor formæ sua tollere miris
Ora modis! en! torva tuens stat limine in ipso,
Personam Logices induta, Sophistica, denis
Cincta Categoriis; matrem quæ maxima natu
Filia Materiem agnoscit—quantum instar in ipsâ est!

The woods, if woods there be, lie leafless, low
Beneath bleak mountains of eternal snow.
Dull animals inhabit this abode,
The owl, mole, dormouse, tortoise, and the toad.
Dull rivers roll within their channels deep,
And only feed the poppy as they creep:
Whose stagnant fumes, and dozing draughts invite
Perpetual slumbers in perpetual night.
Aghast I stood, the drowsy vapours lull
My soul in gloom, ev'n Pegasus grew dull.
My guide observ'd, and thrice he urg'd his speed,
Thrice the loud lash resounded from the steed,
Fir'd at the strokes, he flies with slacken'd rein
Swift o'er the level of the liquid plain,
Glides with the gentle gale, and lights on earth again.

THE TEMPLE OF DULNESS.

Deep in the bosom of Batavian plains,
Where wethers fatten, and where dulness reigns,
Full many a fen infests the putrid shore,
And many a gulph the melancholy moor.
Let not the stranger in these regions stay,
Dark is the sky and perilous the way;
Beneath his steps the quivering turfs resound,
Dense fogs exhale, and dwell upon the ground.
Here should you rove, by Fate's severe command,
You'll see, within the centre of the land,
The fane of Dulness, of prodigious size,
Emerging from a sable cloud arise.
A leaden tower upheaves its heavy head,
Large leaden arches press the slimy bed,
The soft soil swells beneath the load of lead.
Old Matter here erected this abode,
At Folly's impulse, to the slothful god.
Here the majestic drone delights to stay,
Slumbering the dull, inactive hours away;
Here still, unless by foreign force impreat,
She holds the sceptre of eternal rest.
Their habitation here those monsters keep,
Whom Matter father'd on the god of Sleep:
Here Zoilus, with cankering envy pale,
Here Mævius bids his brother Bavius, hail;
Bold atheist leaders head their senseless mobs,
Spinoza, Pyro, Epicurus, Hobbes.
How can the Muse recount the numerous crew
Of frequent duaces crowding on the view?
Nor can learn'd Albion's sun that burns so bright,
Illuminate the realms involv'd in night.
Bœotia thus remain'd, in days of yore,
Senseless and stupid, tho' the neighbouring shore
Afforded salutary hellebore:
No cure exhal'd from Zephyr's buxom breeze,
That gently brush'd the bosom of the seas,
As oft to Lesbian fields he wing'd his way.
Fanning fair Flora, and in airy play
Breath'd balmy sighs, that melt the soul away.
Behold that portico! how vast, how wide!
The pillars Gothic, wrought with barbarous pride:
Four monstrous shapes before the portal wait,
Of horrid aspect, centuries to the gate:
Lo! in the entrance, with disdainful eye,
In Logick's dark disguise, stands Sophistry:
Her very front would common sense confound,
Encompass'd with ten categories round:

Grande caput, tenues oculi, cutis arida produnt
Fallacem: rete una manus tenet, altera fustem.
Vestis arachneis sordet circumdata telis,
Queis gaudet labyrinthæos Dea callida nodos.
Aspicias jam funereo gradientem incessu—
Quàm lentè cœlo Saturni volvitur astrum:
Quàm lentè saltaverunt post Orphea montes:
Quàm lentè, Oxonii, solennis pondera cænæ
Gestant tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

Proxima deinde tenet loca sorte insana Mathesis, [capillos,
Nuda pedes, chlamydem discincta, incompta
Immemor externi, punctoque innixa reclinat.
Ante pedes vario insriptam diagrammate arenam
Cernas, rectis curva, atque intertexta rotunda
Schemata quadratis—queis scilicet abdita rerum
Pandere se jactat solam, doctasque sorores
Fastidit, propriæque nihil non arrogat arti.
Illam olim, duce Neutono, dum tendit ad astra,
Ætheriasque domos superûm, indignata volantem [scens
Turba mathematicûm retrahit, pœnasque repo-
Detinet in terris, nugisque exercet ineptis.

Tertia Microphile, proles furtiva parentis
Divinæ! produxit enim commixta furenti
Diva viro Physicæ—muscas & papiliones
Lustrat inexpletùm, collumque & tempora rident
Floribus, & fungis, totâque propagine veris.
Rara oculis nugarum avidis animalia quærit
Omne genus, seu serpit humi, seu ludit in undis,
Seu volitans tremulis liquidum secat aëra pennis.
O! ubi littoribus nostris felicior aura
Polypon appulerit, quanto cava templa Stuporis
Mugitu concussa trement, reboabit & ingens
Pulsa palus! Plausu excipiet Dea blanda secundo
Microphile ante omnes; jam non crocodilon adorat! [ardet,
Non bombyx, chonchæve juvant: sed Polypon
Solum Polypon ardet,—& ecce! faceta feraci
Falce novos creat assiduè, pascitque creatos,
Ah! modo dilectis pascit nova gaudia muscis.

Quartam Materies peperit conjuncta Stupori,
Nomen Atheia illi, monstrum cui lumen ademptum,
Atque aures; cui sensus abest, sed mille trisulcæ
Ore micant linguæ, refugas quibus inficit auras.

She from Old Matter, the great mother came,
By birth the eldest—and how like the dame!
Her shrivel'd skin, small eyes, enormous pate,
Denote her shrewd, and subtle in debate:
This hand a net, and that sustains a club,
T'entangle her antagonist, or drub.
The spider's toils, all o'er her garment spread,
Imply the mazy errours of her head.
Behold her marching with funereal pace,
Slow as old Saturn through prodigious space,
Slow as the mighty mountains mov'd along,
When Orpheus rais'd the lyre-attended song:
Slow as at Oxford, on some gaudy day,
Fat beadles, in magnificent array,
With big round bellies bear the ponderous treat
And heavily lag on, with the vast load of meat.
Next her, mad Mathesis; her feet all bare,
Ungirt, untrimm'd, with loose neglected hair:
No foreign object can her thoughts disjoint;
Reclin'd she sits, and ponders o'er a point
Before her, lo! inscrib'd upon the ground
Strange diagrams th' astonish'd sight confound,
Right lines and curves, with figures square and
round.
With these the monster, arrogant and vain,
Boasts that she can all mysteries explain,
And treats the sacred sisters with disdain,
She, when great Newton sought his kindred skies,
Sprung high in air, and strove with him to rise,
In vain—the mathematic mob restrains
Her flight, indignant, and on Earth detains;
E'er since she dwells intent on useless schemes,
Unmeaning problems, and deliberate dreams.
Microphile is station'd next in place,
The spurious issue of celestial race;
From heavenly Physice she took her birth,
Her sire a madman of the sons of Earth;
On flies she pores with keen, unwearied sight,
And moths and butterflies, her dear delight;
Around her neck hang dangling on a string
The fungous tribe, with all the flowers of spring.
With greedy eyes she'll search the world to find
Insects and reptiles rare of every kind;
Whether along the lap of Earth they stray,
Or nimbly sportive in the waters play,
Or through the light expanse of ether fly,
And on light wing float wavering in the sky.
Ye gales, that gently breathe upon our shore,
O! let the polypus be wafted o'er;
How will the hollow dome of Dulness ring!
With what loud joy receive the wonderous thing!
Applause will rend the skies, and all around
The quivering quagmires bellow back the sound!
How will Microphile her joy attest,
And glow with warmer raptures than the rest!
No longer shall the crocodile excel,
Nor weaving worm, nor variegated shell;
The polypus shall novelties inspire,
The polypus, her only fond desire.
Lo! by the wounds of her creating knife,
New polypusses wriggle into life,
Fast as the reptiles rise, she feeds with store
Of once rare flies, but now esteem'd no more.
The fourth dire shape from mother Matter
Dulness her sire, and Atheism her name; [came,
In her no glimpse of sacred Sense appears,
Depriv'd of eyes, and destitute of ears:
And yet she brandishes a thousand tongues,
And blasts the world with air-infecting lungs.

Hanc stupor ipse parens odit, vicina nefandos
Horret sylva sonos, neque surda repercutit Echo.
Mendacem natura redarguit ipsa, Deumque
Et cœlum, & terræ, veraciaque Astra fatentur.
Se simul agglomerans surgit chorus omnis aquarum,
Et puro sublimè sonat grave fulmen olympo.

Fonte ortus Lethæo, ipsus ad ostia templi,
Ire soporifero tendit cum murmure rivus,
Huc potum Stolidos Deus evocat agmine magno:
Crebri adsunt, largisque sitim restinguere gaudent [stupendo.
Haustibus, atque iterant calices, certantque
"Me, me etiam," clamo, occurrens;—sed vellicat aurem
Calliope, nocuasque vetat contingere lymphas

Curs'd by her sire, her very words are wounds,
No grove re-echoes the detested sounds.
Whate'er she speaks all nature proves a lye,
Earth, Heaven, and stars proclaim a Deity:
The congregated waves in mountains driven
Roar in grand chorus to the lord of Heaven;
Through skies serene the pealing thunders roll,
Loudly pronounce the god, and shake the sounding pole.
A river, murmuring from Lethæan source,
Full to the fane directs its sleepy course;
The Power of Dulness, leaning on the brink,
Here calls the multitude of fools to drink.
Swarming they crowd to stupify the skull,
With frequent cups contending to be dull.
"Me, let me taste the sacred stream," (I cry'd),
With out-stretch'd arm—the Muse my boon deny'd,
And sav'd me from the sense-intoxicating tide.

MUTUA ŒSCITATIONUM PROPAGATIO SOLVI POTEST MECHANICÆ

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

Momus, scurra procax superûm, quo tempora Pallas
Exiluit cerebro Jovis, est pro more jocatus
Nescio quid stultum de partu: excanduit irâ
Jupiter, asper, acerba tuens; "et tu quoque, dixit,
Garrule, concipies, fœtumque ex ore profundes:"
Haud mora, jamque supinus in aulâ extenditur ingens
Derisor; dubiâ velantur lumina nocte;
Stertit hians immane;—e naso Gallica clangunt
Classica, Germanique simul sermonis amaror,

Edita vix tandem est monstrum Polychasmia, proles
Tanto digna parente, aviæque simillima Nocti.
Illa oculos tentat nequicquam aperire, veterno
Torpida, & horrendo vultum distorta cachinno.
Æmulus hanc Jovis aspiciens, qui fictile vulgûs
Fecerat infelix, imitarier arte Prometheus
Audet—nec flammis opus est cœlestibus: auræ
Tres Stygiæ flatus, nigræ tria pocula Lethes
Miscet, & inuptæ suspiria longa puellæ,
His adipem suis & guttur conjungit aselli,
Tensaque cum gemitu somnisque sequacibus ora.
Sic etiam in terris dea, quæ mortalibus ægris
Ferret opem, inque hebetes dominarier apta, creata est.
Nonne vides, ut præcipiti petit oppida cursu
Rustica plebs, stipatque forûm? sublime tribunal
Armigerique equitesque premunt, de more parati
Justitiæ lances proferre fideliter æquas,
Grande capillitium induti, frontemque minacem,
Non temerè attoniti caupones, turbaque furum
Aufugiunt, gravidæque timent trucia ora puellæ.
At mox fida comes Polychasmia, matutinis
Quæ se miscuerat poc'lis Cerealibus, ipsum
Judicis in cerebrum scandit—jamque unus & Cœperunt longas in hiatum dnecre voces: [alter
Donec per cunctos dea jam solenne, profundum
Sparserit Hum—nutant taciti, tum brachia magno
Extendunt nisu, patulis & faucibus hiscunt.

MECHANICAL SOLUTION OF THE *PROPAGATION OF YAWNING.*

When Pallas issued from the brain of Jove,
Momus, the mimic of the gods above,
In his mock mood impertinently spoke,
About the birth, some low, ridiculous joke:
Jove, sternly frowning, glow'd with vengeful ire,
And thus indignant said th' almighty sire;
"Loquacious slave, that laugh'st without a cause,
Thou shalt conceive, and bring forth at thy jaws."
He spoke—stretch'd in the hall the mimic lies,
Supinely dull, thick vapours dim his eyes:
And as his jaws a horrid chasm disclose,
The Gallic trumpet sounded from his nose;
Harsh was the strain, and horrible to hear,
Like German jargon grating on the ear.
At length was Polychasmia brought to light,
Like her strange sire, and grandmother, Old Night.
Her eyes to open oft in vain she try'd,
Lock'd were the lids, her mouth distended wide.
Her when Prometheus happen'd to survey
(Rival of Jove, that made mankind of clay)
He dar'd to emulate the wonderous frame,
Nor sought assistance from celestial flame.
To three Lethæan cups he learn'd to mix
Deep sighs of virgins, with three blasts from Styx,
The bray of asses, with the grunt of boar,
The sleep-preceding groan, and hideous snore.
Thus took the goddess her mirac'lous birth,
Helpful to all the muzzy sons of Earth.
Behold! the motley multitude from far
Haste to the town, and crowd the clam'rous bar.
The prest bench groans with many a squire and knight,
Who weigh out justice, and distribute right:
Severe they seem, and formidably big,
With awful aspect and tremendous wig.
The pale delinquent pays averse his fine,
And the fat landlord trembles for his sign.
Poor, pilfering villains skulk aloof dismay'd,
And conscious terrours seize the pregnant maid.
Soon Polychasmia, who was always near,
Full fraught with morning cups of humming beer,
Steals to his worship's brain; thence quickly ran
Prodigious yawnings, catch'd from man to man:

Intereà legum caupones jurgia miscent,
Queis nil rhetoricæ est, nisi copia major hiandi:
Vocibus ambiguis certant, nugasque strophasque
Alternis jaculantur, & irascuntur amicè,
Donantque accipiuntque stuporis missile plumbum.
Vos, Fanatica turba, nequit pia Musa tacere.
Majoremne aliunde potest dilucere rictum?
Ascendit gravis Orator, miserâque loquelâ
Expromit thesin; in partes quam deinde minutas
Distrahit, ut connectat, & explicat obscurando:
Spargitur hue! pigris verborum somnus ab alis,
Grex circùm gemit, & plausum declarat hiando.

Silent they nod, and with laborious strain
Stretch out their arms, then listless yawn again:
For all the flowers of rhetoric they can boast,
Amidst their wranglings, is to gape the most;
Ambiguous quirks, and friendly wrath they vent,
And give and take the leaden argument.
Ye too, Fanatics, never shall escape,
The faithful Muse; for who so widely gape?
Mounted on high, with serious care perplext,
The miserable preacher takes his text;
Then into parts minute, with wondrous pains,
Divides, connects, disjoints, obscures, explains:
While from his lips lean periods lingering creep,
And not one meaning interrupts their sleep,
The drowsy hearers stretch their weary jaws,
Add groan to groan, and yawn a loud applause.

Nec vos, qui falsò matrem jactatis Hygeian,
Patremque Hippocratem, taceam—Polychasmia, vestros
Agnosco natos: tumidas sine pondere voces
In vulgum eructant; emuncto quisque bacillum
Applicat auratum naso, graviterque facetus
Totum se in vultum cogit, medicamina pandens—
Rusticus haurit amara, atque insanabile dormit;
Nec sensus revocare queant fomenta, nec herbæ,
Non ars, non miræ magicus sonus Abracadabræ.

The quacks of physic next provoke my ire,
Who falsely boast Hippocrates their sire:
Goddess! thy sons I ken—verbose and loud,
They feed with windy puffs the gaping crowd.
With look important, critical, and vain,
Each to his nose applies the gilded cane;
Each as he nods, and ponders o'er the case,
Gravely collects himself into his face,
Explains his med'cines—which the rustic boys
Drinks the dire draught, and of the doctor dies;
No pills, no potions can to life restore;
Abracadabra, necromantic power!
Can charm, and conjure up from death no more.

Ante alios summa es, Polychasmia, cura sophistæ:
Ille Tui cæcas vires, causamque latentem
Sedulus exquirit—quo scilicet impete fauces
Invitæ disjungantur; quo vortice aquosæ
Particulæ fluitent, comitesque ut fulminis imbres,
Cum strepitu erumpant; ut deinde vaporet ocellos
Materies subtilis; ut in cutis insinuet se
Retia; tum, si forte datur contingere nervos
Concordes, cunctorum ora expanduntur hiulca.
Sic ubi, Phœbe pater, sumis chelyn, harmoniamque
Abstrusam in chordis simul elicis, altera, siquam
Æqualis tenor aptavit, tremit æmula cantûs,
Memnoniamque imitata lyram sine pollicis ictu
Divinum resonat proprio modulamine carmen.
Me quoque, mene tuum tetigisti, ingrata, poetam?
Hei mihi! totus hio tibi jam stupefactus, in ipso
Parnasso captus longè longèque remotas
Prospecto Musas, sitioque, ut Tantalus alter,
Castalias situs inter aquas, inhiantis ab ore
Nectarei fugiunt latices—hos Popius urnâ
Excipit undanti, & fontem sibe vendicat omnem.

The Sophs, great goddess, are thy darling care,
Who hunt out questions intricately rare;
Explore what secret spring, what hidden cause,
Distends with hideous chasm th' unwilling jaws,
How watery particles with wonderous power
Burst into sound, like thunder with a shower:
How subtile matter, exquisitely thin,
Pervades the curious net-work of the skin,
Affects th' accordant nerves—all eyes are drown'd
In drowsy vapours, and the yawn goes round.
When Phœbus thus his flying fingers flings
Across the chords, and sweeps the quivering strings;
If e'er a lyre at unison remain,
Trembling it swells, and emulates the strain:
Thus Memnon's harp, in ancient times renown'd,
Express'd, untouch'd, sweet-modulated sound.
But oh! ungrateful! to thy own true bard,
Is this, O goddess! this my just reward?
Thy drowsy dews upon my head distil,
Just at the entrance of th' Aonian hill;
Listless I yawn, unactive, and supine,
And at vast distance view the sacred Nine:
Wishful I view Castalia's streams, accurst,
Like Tantalus, with unextinguish'd thirst;
The waters fly my lips, my claim disown—
Pope drinks them deeply, they are all his own.

Haud aliter Socium esuriens Sizator edacem
Dum videt, appositusque cibus frustratur hiantem,
Dentibus infrendens nequicquam lumine torvo
Sæpius exprobrat; nequicquam brachia tendit
Sedulus officiosa, dapes removere paratus.
Olli nunquam exempta fames, quin frusta suprema
Devoret, & peritura immani ingurgitet ore:
Tum demum jubet auferri; nudata capaci
Ossa sonant, lugubre sonant catino.

Thus the lank Sizar views, with gaze aghast,
The harpy-tutor at his noon's repast;
In vain his teeth he grinds—oft checks a sigh,
And darts a silent censure from his eye:
Now he prepares, officious, to convey
The lessening relics of the meal away—
In vain, no morsel 'scapes the greedy jaw,
All, all is gorg'd in magisterial maw;
Till at the last observant of his word,
The lamentable waiter clears the board,
And inly-murmuring miserably groans,
To see the empty dish, and hear the rattling bones.

A DESCRIPTION OF MAY,

FROM GAWIN DOUGLAS, BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

Hic ver purpureum; varios hoc flumina circum
Fundit humus flores. VIRG.

TO WILLIAM DIXON, ESQ.

WHILE at your Loversal, secure retreat,
Far from the vain, the busy, and the great,
Retirement's calm, yet useful arts you know,
Bid buildings rise, and future navies grow;
Or, by the sacred thirst of learning led,
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead,
Worthies of old, who life by arts refin'd,
Taught wholesome laws, and humaniz'd mankind:
Can my friend listen to this flowery lay,
Where splendid Douglas paints the blooming May?
If aught these lines thy candid ear engage,
The Muse shall learn to moralise the page,
Give modest merit the reward that's due,
And place the interests of mankind in view,
Form tender minds by virtue's better lore,
And teach old infidels to doubt no more.
To thee this verse belongs; and may it prove
An earnest of my gratitude and love.

THE PREFACE.

THE following poem of Gawin Douglas is prefixed to the XIIth book of his translation of Virgil's Æneis, and entitled, "Ane singular lernit Prologe of the discription of May;" and is now publish'd, as a proof, that the muses had visited Great Britain, and the flowers of poetry began to bloom 250 years ago. It may also serve as an instance, that the lowland Scotch language and the English, at that time were nearly the same. Chaucer and Douglas may be look'd upon as the two bright stars that illumined England and Scotland, after a dark interval of dulness, a long night of ignorance and superstition, and foretold the return of day, and the revival of learning.

This description of May is extremely picturesque and elegant, and esteemed to be one of the most splendid descriptions of that month that has appeared in print; which is all the apology I shall make for having given it a more modern dress.

The old Scotch is printed exactly after the Edinburgh edition, which was published in the year 1710.

SOME ACCOUNT OF GAWIN DOUGLAS.

GAWIN DOUGLAS, bishop of Dunkeld, was nobly descended, being a son of the illustrious family of Angus. His father was Archibald, the sixth earl of Angus: he married Elizabeth, daughter to Robert Boyd, (who was chancellor and one of the governors of the kingdom of Scotland, A. D. 1468) by whom he had issue four sons, George, William, Gawin, and Archibald. The two eldest, with two hundred gentleman of the name of Douglas, were killed in the battle of Flodden.

Our author was born the latter end of the year 1474, or the beginning of 1475. Great care was taken of his education, and he was early instructed in the liberal arts and sciences. When he had completed his studies in his own country, he went abroad, that he might farther improve himself by conversation with great and learned men, and observations on the laws and customs of other countries. Upon his return to Scotland, he was advanced to be provost of the collegiate church of St. Giles in Edinburgh, and rector of Heriot church, some few miles distant from it. In this station he continued several years, behaving himself as became his holy character, noble birth, and liberal education. After the battle of Flodden many ecclesiastical dignities became vacant; among which was the abbacy of Aberbrothock, one of the most considerable in the kingdom. The queen mother, who was then regent, and shortly after married to the earl of Angus, our author's nephew, presented him to it; and soon after to the archbishopric of St. Andrews. But he met with so great opposition in this affair, that neither the royal authority, nor the influence of his noble relations, nor his own unexceptionable merit, were able to procure him peaceable possession: for Andrew Forman (bishop of Murray, and archbishop of Bourges in France) by the interest he had in the court of Rome, and the duke of Albany, obtained a bull from the pope for that dignity, and was accordingly acknowledged as archbishop by most of the clergy of the see. Mr. Douglas, reflecting on the scandals which arose from such unworthy contests, and preferring the honour of a Christian, and peaceable disposition to his temporal interest and greatness, wholly laid aside his pretensions to that see. But the bishopric of Dunkeld becoming vacant, in January 1515, the queen advanced him to it; and afterwards, by the intercession of Henry III. king of England, obtained a bull in his favour from pope Leo X. Notwithstanding his right was founded on the royal and papal authority, yet he could not obtain consecration for a considerable time, because of a powerful competitor; for Andrew Stuart, prebendary of Craig, and brother to the earl of Athole, had got himself nominated bishop by such of the chapter as were present; and his title was supported by all the enemies of the queen and her husband the earl of Angus, particularly the duke of Albany, who returning to Scotland in May 1515, was declared regent. In the first session of parliament after the governor's arrival, Mr. Douglas was accused, on some groundless pretext or other, of acting contrary to the laws of the nation, was pronounced guilty, and committed to the castle of St. Andrews, and imprisoned upwards of a year, till the governor was reconciled to the queen and the

earl of Angus: then he was set at liberty, received into the favour of the regent, and consecrated bishop at Glasgow. Notwithstanding, his troubles were not yet at an end; for his old antagonist, Andrew Stuart, had possessed himself of the palace of Dunkeld, and seemed resolved to defend it against the bishop by force of arms: however, at last it was yielded up, without any bloodshed; which was very acceptable to the good bishop, who was of a gentle and merciful disposition, and always regulated himself by the excellent laws of the Christian religion.

Being at last put in peaceable possession of his office, he resolved to give himself wholly to the faithful discharge of his duty: but the interest of his country would not permit him long to satisfy his own inclinations; for he was pitched upon to attend the duke of Albany into France, to renew the antient league between the two nations: however, he soon returned to Edinburgh, with a joyful account of the confirmation of the league; and thence repaired to his diocese, and applied himself to the duties of his function.

But several unhappy divisions being soon after fomented in Scotland, and the bishop of Dunkeld perceiving the violent aversion which the court had conceived against the family of Angus, and the danger he was exposed to on that account, resolved to retire into England till the storm was blown over. This happened a a time when the king of England had just declared war against the Scots: which gave his enemies at home, who were the prevailing party at court, an opportunity to endeavour his ruin. A proclamation wa soon issued out against him, he was declared an enemy to his country, the revenues of his bishopric were sequestered, and all correspondence with him was forbid.

Soon after his coming to London, it pleased God to put an end to the persecutions of his enemies, by taking him to himself. Most authors agree that he died of the plague, which then raged in the city, in April 1522, about the forty-eighth year of his age. He was buried in the hospital-church of the Savoy, on the left side of the tomb-stone of Thomas Halsay, bishop of Leighlin in Ireland, In Weever's antient monuments, we find this inscription for them both. Hic jacet Tho. Halsay Leighlinen. Episcopus, in Basilica St. Petri Romæ nationis Anglicorum Pænitentiarius, summæ probitatis vir, qui hoc solum post se reliquit; vixit, dum vixit, bene. Cui. lævus. conditur. Gawinus. Douglas Scotus. Dunkelden. Præsul. Patria. sua. exul. 1552.

Such was the fate of this great genius and good man; for whose elogy, as a poet, I shall refer the reader to his works, which are very eloquent in his praise; and out of several testimonies of eminent men that might be produced in his favour, shall only transcribe this passage from Hume's History of the Douglasses, p. 220:

"G. Douglas left behind him great approbation of his virtues, and love of his person, in the hearts of all good men; for besides the nobility of his birth, the dignity and comeliness of his personage, he was learned, temperate, and of singular moderation of mind; and in those turbulent times had always carried himself aloof from the factions of the nobility equally, and with a mind to make peace, and not to stir up parties."

His chief works are, his translation of Virgil's Æneis,, the Palace of Honour, a Poem, Aureæ narrationes, Comœdiæ aliquot sacræ, & de rebus Scoticis Liber.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

HIS SINGULAR LERNIT PROLOUG OF THE DESCRIPTION OF MAY.

Dionea, nycht hird, and wache of day,
The sternes chasit of the heuin away,
Dame Cynthia doun rolling in the seye,
And Venus loist the bewte of hir eye,
Fleand eschámet within Cyllenius caue,
Mars umbedrew from all his grundin glaue,
Nor frawart Saturne from his mortall spere
Durst langare in the firmament appere,
Bot stal abak zound in his regioun far,
Behind the circulate warld of Jupiter;
Nyctimene effrayit of the lycht
Went under couert, for gone was the nycht;
As fresche Aurora, to mychty Tithone spous,
Ischit of her safferon bed and euyr bous,
In crammesy clede and granit violate,
With sanguyne cape, and seluage purpurate,
Unschet the wyndois of hir large hall,
Spred all with rosis, and full of balme riall,

A DESCRIPTION OF MAY.

BY GAWIN DOUGLAS, BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

MODERNIZED.

Venus, bright beam of night, and watch of day
Had chas'd the lingering stars of Heaven away,
Driven to the deep pale Cynthia from the sky,
And lost herself the beauty of her eye;
With Mercury she sought the secret shade,
And Mars withdrew, for all his burning blade;
Nor gloomy Saturn, rolling in his sphere,
Durst longer in the firmament appear,
But vanish'd far from ken of mortals, far
Beyond great Jupiter's imperial star.
The screech-owl, startled at the dawning light,
Wing'd to her bower her solitary flight:
For fresh Aurora, Tithon's splendid spouse,
Rose from her saffron bed, and left her ivory house;
Her violet robe was stain'd with crimson hue,
The cape vermilion, and the border blue;
Her hands the windows of her hall unbarr'd,
Spread all with roses, and perfum'd with nard:

And eik the heuinly portis christallyne
Upwarpis brade, the warlde till illumyne;
The twynkling stremouris of the orient
Sched pourpour sprayngis with gold and asure
Persand the sabil barmkin nocturnall, [ment,
Bet down the skyes cloudy mantil wall;
Eous the stede, with ruby hammys rede,
Abufe the seyis liftis furth his hede,
Of culloure sore, and sume dele broune as bery,
For to alichtin and glad our emispery,
The flambe out brastin at the neiss thirlis,
So fast Phaeton [1] with the quihip him quhirlis,
To roll Apollo his faderis goldin chare,
That schroudith all the heuynnys and the are;
Quhil schortlie with the blesand torche of day,
Abulzeit in his lemand freche array,
Furth of his palice riall ischit Phebus,
With goldin croun and visage glorius,
Crisp haris, bricht as chrissolite or thopas,
For quhais hew mycht nane behald his face
The fyrie sparkis brasting from his ene,
To purge the are, and gilt the tendir grene,
Defoundand from his sege etheriall
Glade influent aspectis celicall,
Before his regal hie magnificence
Mysty vapoure vpspringand sweet as sence,
In smoky soppis of donk dewis wak,
With hailsum stous onerheiland the slak,
The auriate phanis of his trone souerane
With glitterand glance ouerspred the octiane,
The large fludis lemand all of licht,
Bot with ene blenk of his supernale sicht;
For to behald it was ane glore to se,
The stabyllyt wyndys, and the calmyt se,
The soft sessoun, the firmament serene,
The loune illuminate are, and firth amene,
The siluer scalit fyschis on the grete, [flete,
Ouer thowrt clere stremes sprinkilland for the
With fynnys schinand broun as synopare,
And chesal talis, steurand here and thare;
The new cullour alichting all the landis
Forgane the stanryis schene, and berial strandis:
Quhil the reflex of the diurnal bemes
The bene bonkis kest full of variant glemes:
And lusty Flora did hir blomes sprede
Under the fete of Phebus sulzeart stede:
The swardit soyll enbrodit with selkouth hewis,
Woid and forest obumbrate with the bewis,
Quhais blysful branchis porturate on the ground
With schaddois schene shew rochis rubicund,
Towris, turettis, kirnalis, and pynnakillis hie
Of kirkis, castellis, and ilk faire ciete,
Stude payntit, euery fane, phioll and stage
Apoun the plane ground, by their awin umbrage:
Of Eolus north blastis hauand na drede,
The sulze spred hir brade bosum on brede,
Zephyrus confortabill inspiratioun
For tyll ressaue law in hir barne adoun:
The cornis croppis, and the bere new brerde
Wyth gladesum garmont reuesting the erd;
So thyk the plantis sprang in euery pete,
The feildis ferlyis of their fructuous flete;
Byssy dame Ceres, and proude Priapus
Reiosing of the planis plentuous,

[1] This confusion of Phœbus and Phaeton is an errour which several old English writers have fallen into.

The crystal gates of Heaven expanded wide
Pour'd streams of splendour in an ample tide:
The beaming orient beauteous to behold,
Shed purple rays, and azure mix'd with gold,
Dispersing with all-penetrating light
The solid gloom of cloud-envelop'd night.
The Sun's gay coursers, in their harness red,
Above the billowy ocean's boundless bed
Rais'd high their heads, impetuous in career,
To give the light, and glad our hemisphere.
So fast they scour'd, that from their nostrils came
A cloud of smoke, and streams of living flame.
Fir'd by the whirling whip their round to run,
And roll the golden chariot of the Sun.
While shortly with the blazing torch of day,
Forth from his royal hall in fresh array,
Sprung Phœbus, by his flaming mantle known;
His glorious visage, and his golden crown;
His glossy locks were as the topaz bright,
His radiance beam'd intolerable light;
His eye-balls sparkled with celestial sheen,
To purge the air, and gild the tender green,
Diffusing from the brightness of his brow,
Ethierial mildness on the world below.
Before the king of day thin vapours rose,
Like clouds of incense, and as sweet as those,
(The dewy tribute which the meads exhale)
Curling they rose, and hover'd o'er the vale.
The golden splendour of his glorious beams
Glanc'd on the floods, and glitter'd in the streams,
And all the ocean shone serenely bright,
With the first glimpse of his supernal sight.
How calm! how still! how pleasing to behold
The sea's broad bosom where no billows roll'd!
The season soft, the firmament serene,
Th' illumin'd landscape, and the watry scene!
Where sportive fish display'd their silver pride,
Quick glancing on the surface of the tide,
By russet fins impell'd from shore to shore,
Their tail the rudder, and their fin the oar.
New lustre gilded all the rising lands,
The stony hillocks, and the beryl strands;
While the reflection of the glowing beams,
Play'd on the banks in variegated gleams.
Where-e'er Apollo's radiant coursers went,
Sprung flowers unnumber'd of delicious scent;
Earth's flourish'd carpet various hues display'd,
And wood and forest wore a fuller shade. [green,
Whose beauteous branches, chequer'd on the
Imbrown'd the rigid rocks that rose between:
Tow'rs, battlements, and castles huge and high,
Turrets, and spires that mingle with the sky,
And every dome, and pinnacle, and fane,
By their own shade stood figur'd on the plain.
The glebe, now fearless of the north's keen air,
To buxom Zephyr spread her bosom bare,
With genial warmth her fertile lap to cheer,
And fill her with the plenty of the year.
Fresh springing corn enlivened all the scene,
And cloth'd the country with a robe of green:
And plants so numerous opened to the view,
The fields rejoicing wonder'd how they grew.
With joy the goddess of the golden grain,
And proud Priapus ey'd the pregnant plain;

Plennyst so plesand, and maist propirly,
By nature nurissit wounder tendirly,
Plennast so plesand, and maist propirly
By nature nurissit wounder tendirly,
On the fertyl skyrt tappis of the ground
Strekand on brede under the cyrkil round:
The varyant vesture of the venust vale
Schrowdis the scherand fur, and euery fale
[2] Ouerfrett with fulzeis and fyguris ful dyuers,
The pray bysprent with spryng and sproutis dyspers,
For callour humours on the dewy nycht,
Rendryng sum place the gyrs pylis thare licht,
Als fer as catal the lang somerys day
Had in thare pasture ete and gnyp away:
And blyssfull blossomys in the blomyt zard
Submittis thare hedys in the zoung sonnys safgard:
Iue leuis rank ouerspred the barmkyn wall,
The blomit hauthorne cled his pykis all,
Furth of fresche burgeouns the wyne grapis zing
Endlang the trazileys dyd on twistis hing,
The loukit buttouns on the gemyt treis
Ouerspredand leuis of naturis tapestryis.
Soft gresy verdoure eftir balmy schouris.
On curland stalkis smyland to thare flowris:
Behaldand thame sa mony divers hew
Sum piers, sum pale, sum burnet, and sum blew,
Sum gres, sum gowlis, sum purpure, sum sanguane,
Blanchis or broun, fauch zallow mony ane,
Sum heuinly colourit in celestial gre,
Sum watty hewit as the haw wally se,
And sum departe in freklis rede and quhyte,
Sum brieht as gold with aureate leuis lyte.
The dasy did on brede hir erowned smale,
And euery flour unlappit in the dale,
In battil gers burgeouns, the banwart wyld,
The clauir, catclukе, and the cammomylde;
The flourdelyce furth sprede his heuynly hew,
Floure damas, and columbe blak and blew,
Sere downis smal on dentilioun sprang,
The zoung grene blomit strabery leus amang,
Gimp jereflouris [3] thareon leuis unschet,
Fresche prymrois, and the pourpour violet,
The rois knoppis, tetand furth thare hede,
Gan chyp, and kyth thare vernale lippis rede.
Crysp skarlet leuis sum scheddand baith attanis;
[4] Kest fragrant smelamyd fra goldin granis,
Heuinlie lyllyis, with lokkerand toppis quhyte,
Opynnit and schew thare istis redemyte,

Where fruitful Nature wak'd her genial power,
And rear'd, and foster'd every herb and flower:
The fair creation swell'd upon the eye;
Earth was their bed, their canopy the sky.
A varied verdure rob'd the vales around,
And spread luxuriant o'er the furrow'd ground:
And flowery weeds, that grew profuse between
The barley-lands, diversified the scene.
The silver springs, that thro' the meadows flow'd
In many a rill, fertility bestow'd;
And where the humid night's restoring dew
Dropt on the ground the bladed herbage grew,
As fast as cattle the long summer's day
Had crept the grassy sustenance away.
A bloom diffusive o'er the gardens run,
Confiding in the safeguard of the Sun:
Wreath'd ivy mantled round the lofty tower;
And hawthorn-hedges whiten'd into flower.
The fresh-form'd grapes in little clusters hung;
Close to their props the curling tendrils clung.
The buds, that swell'd in gems on every tree,
Burst into folinge, nature's tapestry.
Lo! by soft zephyrs wak'd, and gentle showers,
On bending stalks smile voluntary flowers,
Trick'd off in vast variety of hue,
Some red, pale, purple, yellow, brown or blue;
Some brightly ting'd in Heaven's etherial sun,
And some cerulean like the watry main,
Some crimson-colour'd fairly fleckt with white,
Some gold that gaily glitter'd in the light.
The daisy did its coronet unveil,
And every flower unfolded in the dale;
Rank sprung salubrious herbs, and every weed,
And clover bloom'd luxuriant in the mead:
The flow'r-de-luce abroad its beauty spread,
And columbine advanc'd his purple head:
From dandelion flew the seeded down; [own,
And strawb'ry beds bore wild weeds, not their
Carnations glow'd in gaily-mingled hue;
Pale was the primrose, and the violet blue.
Its velvet lips the bashful rose began
To show, and catch the kisses of the Sun;
Some fuller blown their crimson honours shed;
Sweet smelt the golden chives that grac'd their head.
Queen of the field, in milkwhite mantle drest,
The lovely lilly wav'd her curling crest.

[2] It is evident our author intends to describe two distinct things, viz. cornfields, and meadows or pasture-lands, the former in the three first lines, *the varyant vesture*, &c.——— is plainly arable, and the *fulzeis and fyguris full dyuers*, are the various leaves and flowers of the weeds growing among the corn, and making a piece of embroidery. And here the description of cornfields ends, and that of pasture-lands begins at, *the pray bysprent*, &c. *pray*, not as the glossary to G. Douglas says, *corruptedly for spray*, but formed from the Lat. *pratum* and *sprynge and sproutis*, rising springs, from the Ital. *spruzzare, spruzzolare aspergere.*

[3] Probably Gawin Douglas wrote *thare awin*. Vide ver. 72. *thare qwin umbrage.*

[4] It is observable, that Gawin Douglas never once mentions the scent of flowers till he comes to the rose, and never at all the scent of any particular flower, except the rose; not even of the lilly; for I take it, the words, from *thare sylyk croppis*, are meant to describe the flowers in general; and the balmy vapour to be the same with the *fresche liquor*, and the *dulce humouris Quhareof the beis wrocht thare hony swete*, an exhalation distinct from that which causes the scent; and *redolent odour*, is general; for he certainly meant to close his description of the vegetable world, (and he does it nobly) by one universal cloud of fragrance from all nature.

The balmy vapour from thare sylkyn croppis
Distilland halesum sugurat hony droppis,
And sylver schakeris gan fra leuis hing,
With chrystal spraygis on the verdure zing:
The plane pouderit with semelie seitis sound,
Bedyit ful of dewy peirlys round;
So that ilk burgeon, syon, herbe, or floure,
Wox all embalmit of the fresche liquour,
And baithit hait did in dulce humouris flete,
Quhareof the beis wrocht thare hony swete,
Be mychty Phebus operationis,
In sappy subtell exhalationis,
Forgane the cummyn of this prynce potent,
Redolent odour up from the rutis sprent,
Halesum of smel as ony fyne potioun,
Must, myr, aloyes, or confectioun.
Ane paradise it semyt to draw nere
Their gaizeard gardingis, and eik grene herbere:
Mayst amyabil waxis the emerant medis.
Swannis souchis throw out the respand redis,
Ouer all the lochis and the fludis gray,
Sersand by kynd ane place quhare they suld lay
Phebus[5] rede foule his curale creist can stere,
Oft strekand furth his hekkil crawand clere
Amyd the wortis, and the rutis gent.
Pickand hys mete in alayis quhare he went,
His wyffis Toppa and Partolet hym by,
As bird al tyme that hantis bygamy;
The paynit powne paysand with plumys gym,
Kest up his tale and proud plesand quhile rym,
Ischrowdit in his fedderane bricht and schene,
Schapand the prent of Argois hundreth ene;
Amang the bronys of the olyne twistis,
Sere smale floulis, wirkand crafty nestis,
Endlang the hedgeis thik, and on rank akis
Ilk bird reiosand with thare mirthful makis:
In corneris and clere fenesteris of glas
Full besely Arachne weuand was,
To kayt hyr nettisand hyr wobbis sle,
Tharewith to cauch the litil mige or fle:
Vnder the bewis bene in lufely valis,
Within fermance and parkis clois of palis,
The bustuous bukkis rakis furth on raw,
Heirdis of hertis throw the thyck wod schaw,
The zoung fownys followand the dun days,
Kiddis skippand throw ronnys eftir rais,
In lesuris and on leyis litil lammes
Full tait and trig socht bletand to thare dammes.

On salt stremes wolk Dorida and Thetis,
By ryuand strandis, nymphs and naiades,
Sic as we clepe wenschis and damyssellis,
In gersy grauis wanderand by spring wellis,
Of blomed branchis and flouris quhyt and rede
Plettand their lusty chaplettis for thare hede:
Sum sang ring sangis, dancis, ledis, and roundis,
With voeis schil, quhil all the dale resoundis;
And thochtfu' luffaris rownyis to and fro,
To leis thare pane, and plene thare joly wo,

From every flower ambrosial sweets distill'd,
Ambrosial sweets the ambient ether fill'd,
Dew-drops like diamonds hung on every tree,
And sprinkled silvery lustre o'er the lea:
And all the verdurous herbage of the ground
Was deck'd with pearls which cast a splendour round.

The flowers, the buds, and every plant that grew,
Sipt the fresh fragrance of the morning dew:
In every plant the liquid nectar flow'd,
In every bud, and every flower that blow'd;
Here rov'd the busy bees without control,
Robb'd the sweet bloom, and suck'd its balmy soul.
To greet the god, from Earth's fair bosom flow'd
All nature's incense in a fragrant cloud,
More grateful far than those gross fumes impart
Which torturing fires extract by chemic art.
Like Paradise appear'd each blissful scene
Of purple gardens, and enclosures green,
Of bloomy hedges, and of waving woods,
Of flowery meads, and rushy-fringed floods:
Where silver swans, with snowy pride elate,
Their tall necks mantling, sail'd along in state,
By instinct taught their ozier nests to make
On the dank margin of the lucid lake.
Brisk chanticleer wav'd high his coral crest,
And crowing clapt his pinions to his breast;
With orient heel he lightly spurn'd the ground,
And chuck'd for joy at every corn he found;
And as he strutted on in gallant pride,
Two wives obsequious waited at his side;
For cocks, that couple with their nearest kin,
Hold bygamy a pardonable sin.
The peacock proudly pac'd upon the plain,
And like a circle bent his gaudy train,
Where vivid colours brightly-beaming strove;
He seem'd beneath a canopy to move:
His starry plumes reflected various dyes,
Resembling Argus with his hundred eyes.
Where leafy branches form'd a secret shade
The painted birds their cunning fabrics made,
Or on the oak, or implicated thorn,
And wanton'd in the beauty of the morn.
Her wary stand the watchful spider took
In the glass window, or some gloomy nook,
There wove her web, in filmy texture sly,
To captivate the little gnat, or fly,
Beneath the trees that screen the lovely vale,
Within the limits of the fencing pale,
March nimble-footed deer in rank array'd,
Or seek the shelter of the green-wood shade:
Young kids, light skipping, and the timorous fawns
Brush thro' the copse, and bound along the lawns:
While in fresh pastures or on fallows gray
Lambs nibble in the wantonness of play.

Emerging from their coral-paven cave
Thetis and Doris walk upon the wave,
But stream presiding nymphs, and naiads trim,
By the clear current, or the fountain's brim,
Such as we name our gentle maids that rove
By water swelling in the grassy grove,
Culling green boughs, and bells, and flowerets fair,
And weaving garlands for their golden hair;
Some sweetly sing, some lead the festive round;
The distant dales re-echoe to the sound:

[5] That Milton had his eye upon this passage, is plain from his describing the swan, the cock, and peacock, in the order and with several of the attributes, that our author has given them. Vid. b. 7. v. 438, &c.

Eftir thare gise, now singand, now in sorrow,
With hertis pensiue, the lang someris morrow:
Sum ballettis list endite of his lady,
Sum feuis in hope, and sum alluterly
Disparit is, and sa quyte out of grace,
Hys purgarory he fyndis in euery place.

*** new curage kitillis all gentil hertis,
Seand throw kynd ilk thing spryngis and reuertis:
Dame naturis menstralis on that uthyr parte,
Thare blissful bay intonyng euery arte,
To bete thare amouris of thare nychtis bale,
The merle, the mauys, and the nychtingale,
With mirry notis myrthfully furth brist,
Enforsing thaym quha mieht do clink it best:
The kewschot croudis and pykkis on the ryse,
The stirling changis diuers steuymys nyse,
The sparrow chirmis in the wallis clyft,
Goldspink and lintquhite fordynnand the lyft,
The gukkow galis, and so quhitteris the quale,
Quhil ryveris reirdit, schawis, and euery dale,
And tendir twistis tremblit on the treis,
For birdis sang, and bemyng of the beis,
In werblis dulce of heuinlie armonyis,
The larkis loude releischand in the skyis,
Louis thare lege with tonys curious;
Bayth to dame Natur, and the fresche Venus,
Rendring hie laudis in thare obseruance,
Quhais suggourit throttis made glade hartis dance
And al smal foulis singis on the spray;
Welcum the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
Welcum fosterare of tendir herbis grene,
Welcum quhikkynnar of flurist flouris schene,
Welcum support of euery rute and vane,
Welcum confort of al kind frute and grane,
Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere,
Welcum maister and reulare of the zere,
Welcum welefare of husbandis at the plewis,
Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis,
Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis,
Welcum the lyffe of eury thing that spredis,
Welcum storare of all kynd bestial,
Welcum be thy brieht bemes gladand al.

GAWIN DOUGLAS,

HIS ELOQUENT DISCRIPTION OF WYNTER, WYTH HYS GRETE STORMES AND TEMPESTIS.

As bricht Phebus schene souerane heuinnis E.
The opposit held of his chymes hie,
Clere schynand bemes, and goldin suneris hew
In lattoun cullour altering all of new,
Kything no signe of heit be his vissage,
So nere approchit he his wynter stage
Reddy he was to enter the thrid morne
In cludy sykes under Capricorne:
All thoucht he be the lampe and hert of heuin,
Forfeblit wox his lemand gilty leuin,
And thoughtful lovers to the winds complain,
To mitigate the madness of their pain;
Now warbling madrigals so light and gay,
Now pale and pensive the long summer's day;
Some write in high heroics to the fair,
Some live in hope, and some thro' sad despair
In every place a purgatory find;
Such is the moody genius of their mind.
All gentle hearts confess the quickening spring,
For May invigorates every living thing.
Hark! how the merry minstrels of the grove
Devote the day to melody and love;
The ouzle shrill, that haunts the thorny dale,
The mellow thrush, the love-lorn nightingale;
Their little breasts with emulation swell,
And sweetly strive in singing to excell.
In the thick forest feeds the cooing dove;
The starling whistles various notes of love:
The sparrow chirps, the clefted walls among;
To the sweet wildness of the linnet's song,
To the harsh cuckoo, and the twittering quail
Resounds the wood, the river, and the vale;
And tender twigs, all trembling on the trees,
Dance to the murmuring music of the bees.
Upspring the airy larks, shrill voic'd and loud,
And breathe their mattins from a morning cloud
To greet glad Nature, and the god of day,
And flowery Venus, blooming queen of May;
The songs of praise their tuneful breasts employ,
Charm every ear, and wrap the soul in joy.
Thus sung the sweet musicians on the spray;
"Welcome, thou lord of light, and lamp of day,
Welcome to tender herbs, and myrtle bowers,
Welcome to plants, and odour-breathing flowers;
Welcome to every root upon the plain,
Welcome to gardens, and the golden grain:
Welcome to birds that build upon the breer,
Welcome, great lord and ruler of the year:
Welcome, thou source of universal good,
Of buds to boughs, and beauty to the wood:
Welcome, bright Phœbus, whose prolific power
In every meadow spreads out every flower;
Where-e'er thy beams in mild effulgence play,
Kind Nature smiles, and all the world is gay."

A DESCRIPTION OF WINTER,

FROM GAWIN DOUGLAS, BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

Bruma recurrit iners. Hor.

To the Memory of my late ingenious and learned Friend, and Schoolmaster, the Rev. John Lister, A. M. The following Poem is, with just Sense of Gratitude, inscribed.

Now had fair Phœbus, Heav'n's illustrious eye
Enter'd the wintery regions of the sky;
Like burnish'd gold no longer beam'd his sphere,
So faded was the colour of the year:
Just at the period of his annual course,
All faint and feeble grew his vital force,
Prepar'd to enter, the succeeding morn,
The dark domain of clouded Capricorn:
For tho' he sheds sweet influence from on high,
Lamp of the world, and glory of the sky,

Throw the declynying of his large round spere.

The frosty regioun ryngis of the zere,

The tyme and sessoun bitter, cauld and pale,
The schort dayis, that clerkis clepe Brumale:
Quhen brym blastis of the northyn art
Ouerquhelmyt had Neptunus in his cart,
And all to schaik the leuys of the treis,
The rageand stormes ourwelterand wally seis,
Ryueris ran rede on spate with wattir broun,
And burnis harlis all thare bankis doun,
And landbirst rumbland rudely with sic bere,
Sa loud neuir rummyst wyld lyoun nor bere;
Fludis monstouris, sic as mereswynis and q̃ thalis
For the tempest law in the deep deualis:
Mars occident retrogade in his spere,
Pronocand stryffe, regnit as lord that zere.
Rany Orioun with his stormy face
Bywanit oft the schipman by hys race:
Frawart Saturne, chil of complexioun,
Throw quhais aspect darth and infectioun
Bene causit oft and mortall pestilence,
When progressiue the greis of his ascence:
And lusty Hebe Junois dochter gay,
Stude spulzete of hir office and array:
The sole ysowpit in to wattir wak,
The firmament ouercast with cludis blak:
The ground fadit, and fauch wox al the feildis,
Mountane toppis slekit with snaw quer heildis:
On raggit rolkis of hard hask quhyn stane,
With frosyn frontis cald clynty clewis schane:
Bewty was loist, and barrand schew the landis,
With frostis hare ouerfret the feildis standis.
Sere birtir bubbis and the schoutis snell
Semyt on the swarde in similitude of hell,
Reducing to our mynde in euery stede
Gonsty schaddois of eild and grisly dede:
Thik drumly skuggis dirkinnit so the heuin,
Dym skyis oft furth warpit fereful leuin,
Flaggis of fyre, and mony felloun flaw,
Scharp soppis of sleit, and of the synppand snaw:
The dolly dikis war al donk and wate,
The law valis flodderit all wyth spate,
The plane stretis and eury hie way
Full of fluschis, dubbis, myre and cley,
Laggerit leyis wallowit fernis schew,
Broun muris kythit thare wyssinyt mossy hew,
Bank, bray and boddum blanschit wox and bare;
For gourl weddir growit beistis hare,
The wynd maid waif the rede wede on the dyk.
Bedowin in bonkis depe was euery sike:
Ouer craggis and the frontis of rochis sere
Hang grete yse schokkillis lang as ony spere:
The grund stude barrane widderit, dosk, and gray,
Herbis, flouris, and gerssis wallowit away:
Woddis, forestis with naket bewis blout
Stude stripit of thare wede in euery hout:
Sa bustouslie Boreas his bugill blew,
The dere full derne doun in the dalis drew:
Small birdis flokand throw thik ronnys thrang,
In chirmynge, and with cheping changit thare sang,
Sekand hidlis and hirnys thame to hyde
Fra fereful thuddis of the tempestuus tyde:
The wattir lynnys rowtis, and euery lynd
Quhislit and brayit of the souchand wynd:

Pure labouraris and byssy husband men
Went weet and wery draglit in the fen:

In weeping Winter, when his orb declines,
Languid he looks, and wan and watry shines.
Now reign'd the power of keen congealing frost,
When all the beauty of the year is lost;
The Brumal season, bitter, cold, and pale, [vail.
When short dull days, and sounding storms pre-
The wild north wind, tremendous from afar,
O'erwhelm'd imperial Neptune in his carr,
Their scatter'd honours from the forests tore,
And dash'd the mad waves headlong on the shore.
Fierce, foaming rivers, swell'd with torrents brown,
Hurl'd all their banks precipitately down;
Loud roar'd the thunder of the raging floods,
Loud as gaunt lions bellowing shake the woods.
Th' unwieldy monsters which the deeps contain,
Sought safety at the bottom of the main.
Strife-stirring Mars, regressive in his sphere,
Sustain'd the cold dominions of the year;
And black Orion dimm'd the face of day,
Leading the luckless mariner astray.
Saturn, whose boding aspect, chill and wan,
Frowns in dread vengeance on the race of man,
Denouncing dearth, and desolating pest,
Held high his course progressive in the east;
And blooming Hebe, Juno's daughter gay,
Was ravish'd of her beautiful array.
Incessant rains had drench'd the floated ground,
And clouds o'ercast the firmament around:
White shone the hills involv'd in silver snow,
But brown and barren were the vales below:
On firm foundations of eternal stone
High rugged rocks in frosty splendour shone;
The hoary fields no vivid verdure wore,
Frost warpt the world, and beauty was no more.
Wide-wasting winds that chill'd the dreary day,
And seemed to threaten Nature with decay,
Reminded man, at every baleful breath,
Of wintry age, and all-subduing death.
Horrific gloom deform'd the turbid air,
And livid lightning shot a dismal glare:
Above pale meteors gleam'd, and all below
Was one bleak scene of drizzling sleet and snow.
The hollow ditches, swell'd with sudden rains,
Pour'd a black deluge on the lowland plains,
And every road receiv'd the sordid flood,
Swam with the swell, or stiffen'd into mud.
Fern on the fallows wither'd as it grew,
And brown heaths bore a mossy-colour'd hue;
Bare were the bottoms, and the high hills hoar;
The drooping cattle moan'd upon the moor;
The red weed waver'd on the breezy dike;
Rills in deep channels murmuring roll'd oblique.
From horrid rocks, that lour'd upon the coast,
Hung icy spears, the beauteous work of frost.
Dun was the soil and steril, and decay'd
Was every flower, and every tender blade;
And every wood and wilderness around
Diffus'd their wither'd honours on the ground.
So stoutly Boreas his loud bugle blew,
Down to the dales the trembling deer withdrew:
To thorny thickets flock'd the feather'd throng,
And pensive plied their melancholy song,
Or to the shelter of the forest driven,
Escap'd the windy turbulence of Heaven.
Down the rough rock dash'd torrents with harsh sound
Rush'd, and impetuous shook the country round,
The trees, that o'er the mountain's top reclin'd:
Wav'd their high heads, and murmur'd to the wind.

The cilly schepe and thare litill hird gromes
Lurkis vnder lye of bankis, woddis and bromes:
Ann vtheris dantit greter beistial,
Within thare stabill sesit in the stall,
Sic as mulis, hors, oxin or ky,
Fed tuskit baris, and fat swyne in sty,
Sustenit war be mannis gouernance
On hervist, and on someris puruiance:
Widequhare with sors so Eolus schoutis schill
In this congelit seasoun scharp and chill,
The callour are penetratiue and pure
Dasing the blude in euery creature,
Maid seik warme stouis and bene fyris hote,
In doubil garmont cled and wylecote,
With mychty drink, and metis confortiue,
Aganis the sterne wynter for to striue.
Recreate wele and by the chymnay bekit,
At euin be tyme doun in ane bed me strekit;
Warpit my hede, kest on claithis thyrnfald,
For to expell the perrelius persand cald:
I cresit me, syne bownit for to slepe:
Quhare lemand throw the glas I did take kepe
Latonia the lang irksum nycht
Hir subtell blenkis sched and watry lycht,
Full hie vp quhirlit in hir regioun,
Till Phebus right in opposicioun,
Into the crab hir propir mansioun draw,
Haldand the hicht althocht the son went law:
The hornyt byrd quhilk we clepe the nicht oule,
Within hir cauerne hard I schout and zoule,
Laithely of forme, with crukit camscho beik,
Ugsum to here was hir wylde lrische skreik.
The wyld geis eik claking by nychtis tyde
Attour the ciete fleand hard I glyde.
On slummer I slade full sone, and slepyt sound,
Quhill the horisont upwart can rebound:
Phebus crounit bird, the nyehtis orlagere,
Clappin his wingis thryis had crawin clere:
Approching nere the greking of the day,
Within my bed I walkynyt quhare I lay,
Sa fast declynnys Cynthia the mone,
And kayis keklys on the rufe abone:
Palamedes birdis crowpand in the sky,
Fleand on randoun, schapin lyk ane Y;
And as ane trumpit rang thare vocis soun,
Quhais cryis bene pronosticacioun
Of wyndy blastis and ventositeis.
Fast by my chalmer on hie wisnit treis
The sary gled quhisslis with mony ane pew,
Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew;
Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,
Syne blissit me, and in my wedis dicht;
Ane schot wyndo unschet ane litel on char,
Persanyt the mornyng bla, wan and har,
Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are,
The sulze stiche, hasard, rouch and hare;
Branchis brattlyng, and blaiknyt schew the brayis,
With hirstis harsk of waggand wyndil strayis,
The dew droppis congelit on stibbil and rynd,
And scharp hailstanys mortfundyit of kynd,
Hoppand on the thak and on the causay by:
The schote I closit, and drew inwart in hy,
Cheuerand for cald, the sessoun was sa snell,
Schupe with nait flambis to fleme the fresing fell.

Industrious peasants, toil-enduring men,
Went wet and weary, draggled in the fen:
Beneath the wild broom, or the shelving steep,
Securely skulk'd the shepherd and his sheep;
But household animals which man had bred,
Enjoy'd warm cover, or in stables fed:
The mule, the horse, the ox, and brindled boar,
And liv'd at large on summer's golden store.
The hollow-howling winds, and frost intense,
Benumb'd man's vigour, and congeal'd the sense;
And loudly told him what his wants require,
A double garment, and bright-burning fire,
And generous wine, and comfortable cheer,
To guard against the rigour of the year.
Warm from the hearth, and plentifully fed,
With early eve I press'd my downy bed,
And of soft covering added many a fold
To dissipate the penetrating cold;
Then, duly cross'd, prepar'd for balmy sleep,
When through the glass I saw pale Cynthia peep
Her silver orb display'd a watery light,
And faintly glimmer'd all the livelong night;
She calmly sailing through th' etherial way,
Full orb'd, oppos'd the glorious lamp of day,
And reach'd the sign where Cancer's kingdom glow,
Thron'd in her zenith, tho' the Sun was low
In boding note, within her darksome bower,
Where crawling ivy clasps yon antient tower,
I heard the solitary owl complain,
Saddening dread midnight with her hideous strain
While clamourous wild-geese in long trains
With lazy pinions fann'd the liquid sky;
Lull'd by the drowsy din in sleep I lay,
Till from the east pale gleam'd the dubious day;
Till chanticleer his merry notes begun,
Thrice clapt his wings, and call'd the lingering Sun
Rous'd by his orisons from sweet repose,
I shook off slumbers as the morning rose;
The morning rose, but shed a languid light,
And down in ocean sunk the queen of night.
Then jack-daws chatter'd on the chimney high;
And cranes renewed their voyage thro' the sky:
Whose piercing clamours sounded in my ear,
Presage of wintery winds and tempests gathering near.
Perch'd on a tree that nigh my chamber grew,
The kite began her lamentable pew,
Whereby the dawning of the day I knew;
Then call'd for lights, and Heav'n with pray'r
And wrapt my cold limbs in the warmest vest,
And thro' the window half-way opening saw
The melancholy morning bleak and raw;
Thick clouds envelop'd all the mountains round,
And rough and rigid was the hoary ground;
The bare boughs clashing rattled to the blast,
And tall grass trembled as the wild wind past.
Like pendent pearls, on every shrub that grew
And every stubble, hung the frozen dew;
And hail-stones pattering from the chilling sky
Hopt on the thatch, and on the causeway by.
Aghast, the joyless season to behold,
My teeth all chattering with the piercing cold,
I clos'd the casement, and retir'd in haste
To quell with cheering blaze the horrour-breathing blast.

GLOSSARY TO
MAY AND WINTER.

ABAK, back, behind
Abulzeit, dressed, cloathed.
Affrayit, afraid,
Akis, oaks.
Als, as.
Amene, pleasant, [Lat. *amænus.*]
Art, the northern constellation, from *arctos*, *ursa.*
Attanis, at once.
Attour, *q. d.* out over, beyond.
Awin, own.
Baris, boars.
Barmkin, rampart, fortification.
Batil, thick, rank.
Bekit, basked, warmed.
Bene, pleasant, from the Latin, *bonus.*
Bere, barley; also roar, noise.
Bla, livid.
Blaiknyt, blacken'd.
Blanchit, blanched, bleached.
Blenk, a blink, a view.
Blout, bare.
Bot, but.
Bownit, prepared.
Brade, broad. *Brede* ibid. *On brede*, abroad.
Bratflyng, clashing.
Bray, side of a hill, bank of a river.
Brerde, new sprung.
Bronys, branches.
Brym, fierce.
Bubbis, blasts,
Burgeouns, buds, young sprigs.
Burnis, brooks.
Bustuous, huge, fierce.
Bysprent, besprinkled.
Bywauit, made to wander.
Callour, fresh, cool.
Camscho, crooked, distorted, [Lat. *camurus.*]
Catcluke, the name of an herb.
Chesal, chisel, or shaped like a chisel.
Chirmyng, chirping.
Chymes, buildings or houses.
Clewis, cliffs, rocks.
Clois, cloyster.
Clynty, flinty.
Crammesy, crimson, [Fr. *cramoisi*]
Croude, to coo like a dove.
Crowping, the noise made by cranes.
Dantit, subdued, tamed.
Dasing, congealing, benumming.
Days, does.
Dede, death.
Defoundand, pouring down, diffusing.
Derne, lonely, solitary.
Devalis, descended.
Dolly, doleful, [*Lat. dolor.*]
Drumly, foggy.
Dubbis, pools of water.
Eild, old-age.
Elrische, hideous.
Emerant, green, verdant.
Embrode, embroidered.
Endlang, along.
Era, the earth.
Exchamist, ashamed.
Fale, turf.

Fauch, grey coloured, or rather reddish, fallow.
Fenesteris, windows, [Lat. *fenestra.*]
Ferlie, to wonder.
Flaggis, flashes.
Flaw, blast, wind, [Lat. *flatus.*]
Fleand, flying, fleeing.
Fleme, to drive away.
Flete, flow, product.
Flodderit, overflowed.
Fludis, floods.
Fordynnand, echoing, resounding.
Forgane, against, also over against.
Frawart, froward.
Fructuous, fruitful.
Fulzeis, leaves, [Fr. *Feuille*, Lat. *Folium*].
Galis, makes a noise like a cuckow.
Galzeard, cheerful, pretty.
Gent, genteel, spruce.
Gers, grass, gyrs, ibid.
Gilty, gilded, golden.
Glave, a sword, [Fr. *glaive*, Lat. *gladium.*]
Gled, a glead, kite.
Gnyp, to crop or browze.
Gousty, ghastly.
Gowlis, red *gules* from the Fr.
Granit, having grains, forked, scarlet, or crimson.
Gravis, groves.
Gre, degree. *Gres*, gray.
Greking, peep of day.
Grete, sand, or gravel in rivers.
Grundin, grinded, sharpened.
Gum, vapour.
Hammys, a collar for horses.
Hant, to frequent, use. [Fr. *hanter*]
Har, sharp, nipping, *Hare*, hoary.
Harsk, harsh, rough.
Hasard, grey.
Haw, blueish, cerulean.
Hekkil, a heckle, comb.
Hidlis, hiding places.
Hird, shepherd, Ang. Sax.
Hirnys, holes, corners.
Hirstis, bare and hard parts of hills.
Hout, a holt, wood.
Hy, haste.
Ischit, issued, came out.
Kayis, jackdaws.
Keklys, cackled, giggled.
Kepe, notice.
Kirnailis, battlements, parapets.
Kitillis, tickles, moves. [Lat. *titillare.*]
Kowschot, a ring-dove, or wild pigeon.
Kyth, to show, make appear.
Laggerit, bemired.
Laithely, loathsome.
Landbirst, the breaking down of banks by the violence of floods.
Lattoun, a mixt metal, here sig. pallid.
Law, low.
Leis, to lose; *Leese*, 1 Kings, Ch. xviii. ver. 5. in the same sense.
Lemand, blazing, shining.
Lesuris, pastures, glades.
Leuin, lightning, light.
Leuys, leaves.
Leyis, leas, untilled ground.
Lochis, lakes.
Lockkerand, curling.
Louis, praise.

Loukit, locked up, enclosed.
Loune, calm.
Lusty, vigorous.
Lye, or *Le*, a shelter.
Lyft, the firmament.
Lynd, the linden-tree.
Lynnys, cataracts.
Mavys, a thrush.
Ment, mixed, mingled together.
Merle, an ouzle, blackbird. [Lat. *merula*.]
Mereswynis, sea-swine, porci marini.
Mortfundyit, deadly, cold.
Neis thirlis, nostrils.
Obumbrate, shaded over.
Octiane, the ocean.
Orlagere, a clock, [Lat. *horologium*.]
Ouerfrett, overspread, embellished.
Ouerheidland, covering over.
Ouerwelterand, overturning.
Peirs, sky-coloured.
Pete, a clod, or clod of earth.
Phanis, not *fanes* or *ensigns*, (as the *Glossary* interprets it) but appearance or splendour, from the Gr. φαινω ostendo, splendeo.
Phioll, a cupola.
Plene, to complain.
Powne, a peacock.
Pray, a meadow. [Lat. *pratum*.]
Pure, poor.
Puruiance, provision.
Pylis, hairs, or tops of grass.
Quha, who—*Quhais*, whose.
Quhalis, whales.
Quhile, a wheel.
Quhin, stone, hard stone.
Quhip, a whip.
Rais, roes.
Rak, fog, mist.
Rakis on raw, march in order.
Redemyte, decked, beautiful.
Reirdit, resounded.
Releischand, mounting up.
Rendrying, restoring.
Respand, the rustling of reeds.
Ressaue, to receive.
Revertis, returns.
Revesting, clothing.
Ronnys, brambles, briars.
Rummyst, rumbled, roared.
Rym, the circle of a wheel.
Ryng, reign.
Ryse, bulrushes, may signify shrubs or bushes.
Sary, sorry, sad.
Schaik, to shake.
Schaw, a wood, forest, or grove.
Schene, shining.
Scherand, cleaving.
Schill, shrill.
Schote, shutter of a window.
Schoutis, shouts.
Schroudith, covers over.
Schupe, prepar'd.
Sege, seat. [Fr. *siege*.]
Selkouth, strange, uncommon.
Semelie, seemly.
Sence, incense.
Sere, several, likewise sore, violent.
Sesit, rested.
Seye, sea.
Sic, such.
Sike, a rivulet.
Skuggis, shades.
Slak, a bottom or valley.
Slekit, smooth.
Snell, piercing, sharp.
Snyppand, nipping.
Sole, soil. [Lat. *solum*.]
Soppis, showers, clouds.
Sore, sorrel, chesnut.
Souch, to make a noise.
Spate, foam, froth.
Sprayngis, rays, streaks of different colours.
Sprinkilland, gliding swiftly.
Spulzeit, spoiled, robbed.
Stabyillt, settled, calm
Stanryis, the shore.
Stede, place.
Sternes, stars.
Steuynnis, notes, sounds.
Storare, restorer.
Stouis, vapours, exhalations.
Stourand, stirring.
Strandis, strands,———sometimes signifies rivulets.
Strekit, stretched.
Sulze, the soil, ground.
Sulzeart, bright, glittering.
Sum dele, somewhat, a little.
Swarde, the surface of the ground.
Syne, then, afterwards.
Syon, a scion, or young shoot.
Tait, tight.
Tetand, putting forth.
Thareon, their own.
Thoucht, though.
Thrang, in crowds.
Thrid, third.
Thuddis, blasts.
Till, to, unto.
Trazileys, props, or supporters of vines.
Umbedrew, withdrew.
Unschet, opened.
Upwarpis, thrown up.
Uthyr, other.
Wak, moist, watry.
Wallowit, withered.
Wally, wavy, billowy.
Warpit, threw.
Widequhare, far and near.
Wissinyt, decayed, dried.
Wobbis, webbs.
Wortis, herbs, plants.
Wylecote, a jacket next the shirt, a fly coat.
Wyndilstrayis, windlestraws, tall grass.
Yseschokkillis, icicles.
Ysewpit, drenched, sopt.
Zallow, yellow.
Zard, yard, garden.
Zere, year.
Zing, young.
Zoule, howl.
Zound, yonder, farther off.

PART OF SAT. VI. BOOK II. OF HORACE, TRANSLATED.

BEGINNING AT, PERDITUR HÆC INTER MISERO LUX, NON SINE VOTIS, &c.

Consum'd in trifles, thus the golden day
Steals, not without this ardent wish, away;
When shall I see my peaceful country farm,
My fancy when with antient authors charm?
Or, lull'd to sleep, the cares of life elude
In sweet oblivion of solicitude?
O, for those beans which my own fields provide!
Deem'd by Pythagoras to man allied;
The savoury pulse serv'd up in platters nice,
And herbs high-relish'd with the bacon slice?
O, tranquil nights in pleasing converse spent,
Ambrosial suppers that might gods content!
When with my chosen friends (delicious treat!)
Before the household deities we eat;
The slaves themselves regale on choicest meat.
Free from mad laws we sit reclin'd at ease,
And drink as much, or little, as we please.
Some quaff large bumpers that expand the soul,
And some grow mellow with a moderate bowl.
We never talk of this man's house or vill,
Or whether Lepos dances well or ill:
But of those duties which ourselves we owe,
And which 'tis quite a scandal not to know:
As whether wealth or virtue can impart
The truest pleasure to the human heart:
What should direct us in our choice of friends,
Their own pure merit, or our private ends:
What we may deem, if rightly understood,
Man's sovereign bliss, his chief, his only good.
Mean-time my friend, old Cervius, never fails
To cheer our converse with his pithy tales:
Praise but Arellius, or his ill-got store,
His fable thus begins: "In days of yore
A country mouse within his homely cave
A treat to one of note, a courtier, gave;
A good plain mouse our host, who lov'd to spare
Those heaps of forage he had glean'd with care;
Yet on occasion would his soul unbend,
And feast with hospitality his friend:
He brought wild oats and vetches from his hoard;
Dried grapes and scraps of bacon grac'd the board:
In hopes, no doubt, by such a various treat,
To tempt the dainty traveller to eat.
Squat on fresh chaff, the master of the feast
Left all the choicest viands for his guest,
Nor one nice morsel for himself would spare,
But gnaw'd coarse grain, or nibbled at a tare.
At length their slender dinner finish'd quite,
Thus to the rustic spoke the mouse polite:
"'How can my friend a wretched being drag
On the bleak summit of this airy crag?
Say, do you still prefer this barbarous den
To polish'd cities, savages to men?
Come, come with me, nor longer here abide,
I'll be your friend, your comrade, and your guide.
Since all must die that draw this vital breath,
Nor great nor small can shun the shafts of death,
'Tis ours to sport in pleasures while we may:
For ever mindful of life's little day.' [mouse,
"These weighty reasons sway'd the country
And light of heart he sallied from his house.
Resolv'd to travel with this courtly spark,
And gain the city when securely dark.
"Now midnight hover'd o'er this earthly ball,
When our small gentry reach'd a stately hall,
Where brightly glowing, stain'd with Tyrian dye,
On ivory couches richest carpets lie;
And in large baskets, rang'd along the floor,
The rich collation of the night before.
On purple bed the courtier plac'd his guest,
And with choice cates prolong'd the grateful feast;
He carv'd, he serv'd, as much as mouse could do,
And was his waiter, and his taster too.
Joy seiz'd the rustic as at ease he lay:
This happy change had made him wondrous gay—
When lo! the doors burst open in a trice,
And at their banquet terrified the mice:
They start, they tremble, in a deadly fright,
And round the room precipitate their flight;
The high-roof'd room with hideous cries resound:
Of baying mastiffs, and loud-bellowing hounds
Then thus the rustic in the courtier's ear;
'Adieu! kind sir! I thank you for your cheer:
Safe in my cell your state I envy not;
Tares be my food, and liberty my lot!'"

A PARODY ON THE CITY AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

A country vicar in his homely house,
Pleas'd with his lot, and happy in his spouse,
With simple diet, at his humble board,
Once entertain'd the chaplain of a lord;—
He gave him (all he could) a little fish,
With sauce of oysters, in no silver dish;
And, for the craving stomach's sure relief,
The glory of Old England, rare roast-beef,
Horse-raddish and potatoes, Ireland's pride;
A pudding too the prudent dame supplied:
Their cheering beverage was a pint of port
(Tho' small the quantum) of the better sort;
But plenty of good beer, both small and stout,
With wine of elder to prevent the gout.
The vicar hop'd, by such a various treat,
To tempt his scarf-embellish'd friend to eat;
With nicest bits provok'd his guest to dine,
He carv'd the haddock, and he serv'd the wine:
Content his own sharp stomach to regale
With plain, substantial roast meat, and mild ale.
Our courtly chaplain, as we may suppose,
At such old-fashion'd commons curl'd his nose;
He tried in vain to piddle, and, in brief,
Pish'd at the pudding, and declin'd the beef;—
At length, their homely dinner finish'd quite,
Thus to the vicar spoke the priest polite:
"How can my brother in this paltry town
Live undistinguish'd, to the world unknown?
And not exalt your towering genius higher,
Than here to herd with country clown—or squire;
Stunn'd with the discord of hoarse cawing rooks,
The roar of winds, the dissonance of brooks,
Which discontented through the valley stray,
Plaintive and murmuring at their long delay.
Come, come with me, nor longer here abide;
You've friends in town, and I will be your guide:
Soon great preferment to your share will fall,
A good fat living, or perhaps—a stall."

These weighty reasons sway'd the vicar's mind—
To town he hied, but left his wife behind:—
Next levee-day he waited on his grace,
With hundreds more, who bow'd to get a place;
Shov'd in the crowd, he stood amaz'd to see
Lords who to Baal bent the supple knee,
And doctors sage he could not but admire,
Who stoop'd profoundly low—to rise the higher.
So much of ermine, lace, beaus, bishops, young and old,
'Twas like a cloud of sable edg'd with gold:
By turns his grace the servile train addrest,
Pleas'd with a smile, or in a whisper blest.
Sick of the scene, the vicar sought the door,
Determin'd never to see London more;
But, as his friend had pleas'd the hour to fix,
First went to dinner to my lord's at six;—
He knock'd—was usher'd to the room of state,
(My lord abroad) and dinner serv'd in plate;
Which, though it seem'd but common soup and hash,
Was really callipee and callipash,
(The relics of the gaudy day before)
What Indians eat, and Englishmen adore;
With bright champaign the courtier crown'd the feast,
Sooth'd his own pride, and gratified his guest
All this conspir'd our Stoic to controul,
And warpt the steady purpose of his soul—
When lo! the cry of fire creates amaze—
"The next house, Lady Riot's, in a blaze"—
Aghast the vicar stood, in wild affright,
Then briefly thus addres'd the priest polite:
"Adieu, my friend—your state I envy not—
Beef, liberty, and safety be my lot".

HORACE, EPIST. V. BOOK I. IMITATED.

TO JOHN HAWKESWORTH, ESQ.

If you dear sir, will deign to pass a day
In the fair vale of Orpington and Cray,
And live for once as humble vicars do;
On Thursday let me see you here by two.
Expect no niceties my plates to foul,
But Bansted mutton, and a barn-door fowl,
My friends with generous liquors I regale,
Good port, old hock, or, if they like it, ale;
But if of richer wine you chuse a quart,
Why bring, and drink it here—with all my heart.
Plain is my furniture, as is my treat,
For 'tis my best ambition, to be neat.
Leave then all sordid views, and hopes of gain,
To mortals miserable, mad, or vain;
Put the last polish to th' historic page,
And cease awhile to moralize the age.
By your sweet converse cheer'd, the live-long day
Will pass unnotic'd like the stream, away.
Why should kind Providence abundance give,
If we, like niggards, can't afford to live?
The wretched miser, poor 'midst heaps of pelf,
To cram his heir, most madly starves himself—
So will not I—give me good wine and ease,
And let all misers call me fool that please.
What cannot wine?—it opens all the soul;
Faint hope grows brilliant o'er the sparkling bowl:
Wine's generous spirit makes the coward brave,
Gives ease to kings, and freedom to the slave:
Bemus'd in wine the bard his duns forgets,
And drinks serene oblivion to his debts:
Wine drives all cares, and anguish from the heart,
And dubs us connoisseurs of every art:
Whom does not wine with eloquence inspire?
The bousey beggar struts into a squire.
This you well know —— to me belongs to mind,
That neatness with frugality be join'd;
That no intruding blab, with itching ears,
Darken my doors, who tells whate'er he hears;
Two D—s, each a poet, with mé dine,
Your friends, and decent C—n, a divine:
There's room for more—so to complete the band,
Your wife will bring fair Innocence [1] in hand.
Should Cave want copy, let the teaser wait,
While you steal secret through the garden gate.

A PASSAGE FROM PETRONIUS,

TRANSLATED.

Fallen are thy locks! for woeful winter hoar
Has stolen thy bloom, and beauty is no more!
Thy temples mourn their shady honours shorn,
Parch'd like the fallow destitute of corn.
Fallacious gods! whose blessings thus betray;
What first ye give us, first ye take away.
Thou, late exulting in thy golden hair,
As bright as Phœbus, or as Cynthia fair,
Now view'st, alas! thy forehead smooth and plain
As the round furgus, daughter of the rain:
Smooth as the surface of well polish'd brass,
And fly'st with fear each laughter-loving lass:
Death hastes amain—thy wretched fate deplore—
Fallen are thy locks, and beauty is no more.

AGAINST LIFE.

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

What tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals chuse through human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind;
To till the fields, gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrours sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store,
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live:
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

FOR LIFE

FROM THE GREEK OF METRODORUS.

Mankind may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Through every road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war:

[1] The name of a very agreeable young lady.

At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind;
All-beauteous nature decks the plain,
And merchants plough for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store,
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage,
And venerable hairs old-age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

ON OCCASION OF THE PEACE.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descends. POPE.

Adieu the horrours of destructive war,
And mad Bellona in her iron car!
But welcome to our smiling fields again,
Sweet Peace! attended with thy jocund train,
Truth, Virtue, Freedom, that can never cloy,
And all the pleasing family of Joy. [plan'd,
Those schemes pursued, which Pitt so wisely
Conquest has shower'd her blessings on the land;
And Britain's sons more laurels have obtain'd,
Than all her Henries, or her Edwards gain'd:
George saw with joy the peaceful period given,
And bow'd obedient to the will of Heaven:
Awful he rose to bid dissention cease,
And all the warring world was calm'd to peace;
"Thus did the roaring waves their rage compose.
When the great father of the floods arose."
Then came Astrea mild, our isle to bless,
Fair queen of virtue, and of happiness!
Then came our troops in fighting fields renown'd,
And mark'd with many an honourable wound.
The tender fair one, long by fears opprest,
Now feels soft raptures rising in her breast,
The blooming hero of her heart to view,
And hear him bid the dangerous camp adieu.
The widow'd bride, that long on grief had fed,
And bath'd with weeping the deserted bed,
Glad that the tumults of the war are o'er,
That terrour, rage, and rapine are no more,
Greets her rough lord, secure from hostile harms,
And hopes an age of pleasure in his arms:
While he, with pompous eloquence, recites
Dire scenes of castles, storm'd and desperate fights;
Or tells how Wolfe the free-born Britons led,
How Granby conquer'd and the household fled;
She, to the pleasing dreadful tale intent,
Now smiles, now trembles, for the great event.
O curst Ambition, foe to human good,
Pregnant with woe, and prodigal of blood!
Thou fruitful source, whence streams of sorrow
What devastations to thy guilt we owe! [flow,
Where-e'er thy fury riots, all around
Confusion, havoc, and dread deaths abound:
Where Ceres flourish'd, and gay Flora smil'd,
Behold a barren, solitary wild!
To stately cedars thorns and briars succeed,
And in the garden spreads the noxious weed;
Where cattle pastured late, the purple plain,
Sad scene of horrour! teems with heroes slain;
Where the proud palace rear'd its haughty head,
Deep in the dust, see! crumbling columns spread;
See gallant Britons in the field expire,
Towns turn'd to ashes, fanes involv'd in fire!
These deeds the guilt of rash Ambition tell,
And bloody Discord, furious fiend of Hell!
Ye baneful sisters, with your frantic crew,
Hence speed your flight, and take your last adieu,
Eternal wars in barbarous worlds to wage;
There vent your inextinguishable rage.
But come, fair Peace, and be the nation's bride,
And let thy sister Plenty grace thy side,
O come! and with thy placid presence cheer
Our drooping hearts, and stay for ever here.
Now be the shrill, strife-stirring trumpet mute;
Now let us listen to the softer lute:
The shepherd now his numerous flocks shall feed,
Where war relentless doom'd the brave to bleed;
On ruin'd ramparts shall the hawthorn flower,
And mantling ivy clasp the nodding tower,
Unusual harvests wave along the dale,
And the bent sickle o'er the sword prevail.
No more shall states with rival rage contend,
But arts their empire o'er the world extend;
Ingenious arts, that humanize the mind,
And give the brightest polish to mankind!
Then shall our chiefs in breathing marble stand,
And life seem starting from the sculptor's hand;
Then lovely nymphs in living picture rise,
The fairest faces, and the brightest eyes:
There polish'd Lane[1] no loss of beauty fears;
Her charms, still mellowing with revolving years,
Shall, ev'n on canvas, youthful hearts engage,
And warm the cold indifference of age:
Then the firm arch shall stem the roaring tide,
And join those countries which the streams divide;
Then villas rise of true palladian proof,
And the proud palace rear its ample roof;
Then statelier temples to the skies ascend,
Where mix'd with nobles mighty kings may bend,
Where poverty may send her sighs to Heaven,
And guilt return, repent, and be forgiven.
Such are the fruits which sacred peace imparts,
Sweet nurse of liberty and learned arts!
These she restores—O! that she could restore
Life to those Britons who now breathe no more,
Who in th' embattled field undaunted stood,
And greatly perish'd in their country's good;
Or who, by rage of angry tempests tost,
In whirlpools of the whelming main were lost.
Ye honour'd shades of chiefs untimely slain!
Whose bones lie scatter'd on some foreign plain;
That now perchance by lonely hind are seen
In glittering armour gliding o'er the green;
Ye! that beneath the cold cerulean wave
Have made the watery element your grave,
Whose wandering spirits haunt the winding shore,
Or ride on whirlwinds while the billows roar,
With kind protection still our isle defend,
(If souls unbodied can protection lend)
Still o'er the king your shadowy pinions spread,
And in the day of danger shield his head;

[1] The hon. Mrs. Lane, daughter of the right hon. lord chancellor Henley, and wife to the hon. Mr. Lane.

Your bright examples shall our pattern be,
To make us valiant, and to keep us free.

Dec. 1762.

ON A COUNTRY VICAR

CARRYING HIS WIFE BEHIND HIM, TO VISIT HIS PARISHIONERS. BY MR. ——, OF BRAZEN NOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

In southern climes there lies a village,
Where oft the vicar, fond to pillage,
Sallies with gun aloft on shoulder,
(Orlando's self could ne'er look bolder)
With which, well ramm'd with proper cartridge,
He knocks down apples, or a partridge;
And whilst o'er all his neighbours' ground,
Striding, he throws his eyes around,
Surveying, with a look most blithe,
The growing riches of his tithe,
Minds not the game for which he's beating;
But, to prevent his flock from cheating,
Looks in each yard with jealous eye,
With care examines every stye,
Numbers the cows, observes their udders,
And at the dread of losing shudders.
"His composition's low; the butter
From so much milk"—he can but mutter.
He counts the poultry, large and fine,
"Forty and five, then four are mine."
But when the vernal season came,
And took him from pursuit of game,
A sudden thought of his condition
Indue'd him to an expedition;
An expedition of great moment,
Which sing I must, let what will come on 't.
Scratching his head one day in strong sort,
Then turning short upon his consort,
"My joy," quoth he, "now things are dearish,
To make some visits in the parish
I think can never be amiss;
As for my reason, it is this:
Some farms, you know, lie very distant,
At which I seldom am a vis't'ant;
And, now the shooting season's over,
Cannot so readily discover
If any sharp or filching wight
Should cheat us of our lawful right;
Nor have we any means to hear how
Soon they expect a sow to farrow.
Besides, my dearest, should they cheat us,
We shall get something when they treat us;
And save at home the spit and pot;
A penny sav'd 's a penny got."
While thus, with all his oratory,
He labour'd through the pleasing story;
Ma'am by his side was all attention,
Delighted with his good invention;
Admir'd, and prais'd, then seal'd his bliss
With joyous matrimonial kiss.
And soon the loving pair agreed
By this same system to proceed;
And through the parish, with their how d'ye,
Go to each gaffer and each goody.
'Twas then resolv'd, that first of all
They pay a visit at E—t hall;
And William 's order'd, to save trouble,
To get a steed that carries double.
A neighbour's palfry, small and pretty,
Is borrow'd for the use of Kitty.
All things provided, out they stalk;
Poor Dobbin wishes them at York;
Then mount and sally in great state,
William before, behind them Kate;
When thus he entertains his spouse
With observations on each house,
Each field and orchard, as they ride,
Looking and pointing on each side;
Remarking whence his profits rise,
And where he gets the best supplies.
"That house is manag'd ill, my dear,
It scarce affords a pig a year:
This orchard 's good, but, were it wider,
'Twould yield a hogshead of good cider."
With joy he shows where turnips grew,
And tells what profits thence accrue;
But looks with envy on each stubble,
That nothing pays for vicar's trouble.
Pleas'd, she admires the lambkins play,
And loves them—when she 's told they pay.
Suppose them now arriv'd; my dame
Runs out, inquiring how they came;
Welcomes them in, and after all her
Forms are gone through, she shews her parlour.
"Pray, madam, take a dram; the weather,
Is cold and damp, and I have either
Good rum or brandy, plain or cherry;
A glass will make you warm and merry."
Next on the board the tea-things rattle,
And introduce a world of prattle.
"Your china's pretty, I declare;
'Tis pity 'tis such brittle ware."—
"Your tea is to your mind, I hope"—
"Exceeding good"—"Pray one more cup."
"Your toast is very nice; I've eat
Till I'm asham'd."—"Another bit:
The butter, ma'am, is fresh and sweet,
Although I say 't, that should not say 't."
After removing all the clutter
Of china, tea, and toast and butter,
Pipes and tobacco come, and beer
Preserv'd through many a rolling year;
And currant-wine, and punch, fit liquor
To elevate the heart of vicar.
At loo the ladies take a game,
All but my notable old dame;
She has no time to seat her crupper,
She 's so intent on getting supper.
At length it comes, a spare-rib, large
Enough to cover a small barge;
Or for (the simile to drag on)
A tilt for any carrier's waggon;
Attended by a brace of chicken,
But twelve months old, for lady's picking:
A link of sausages, that seem
A boom design'd for some strong stream.
"Your chicks are very fine,"—"You flatter;
I wish they were a little fatter.
But I have two shut up, design'd
For you ma'am."—"You're extremely kind."—
"And soon (my sow is very big)
I hope to send you a fat pig."
(The vicar inward smil'd, to see
His scheme succeed so happily.)
And last an apple-pye appear'd,
In earthen bowl, with custar'd smear'd.
The cloth remov'd, the chearful glass
Begins to circulate apace;

The landlord, waxing brisk and mellow,
Becomes a hearty jovial fellow;
And now with liquor grown full ripe,
"Parson, you shall take t' other pipe."—
"We must not stay; 'tis late, Sir."—"No"—
"Well, one half pipe, and then we go."
The pipe and liquor out, they start,
And homeward speed, with joyful heart.
He triumphs in his good success;
And she applauds his nice finesse.

THE VICAR'S REPLY.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

Rhymes! bless me! doggrel, I suppose,
Penn'd by some son of Brazen Nose;
Some starveling bard, or curate thin,
Whose bones have elbow'd out his skin;
And jogg'd him to provoke his Muse
An honest vicar to abuse,
Because he looks a little sleek,
With belly fair, and rosy cheek,
Which never but in men abound
Of easy minds, and bodies sound.
This vicar lives so blithe and happy,
With daily roast-meat, and ale nappy;
With dogs to hunt, and steeds to ride,
And wife that ambles at his side;
Who loves no hurries, routs, nor din,
But gently chucks her husband's chin.
These blessings, altogether met,
Have put lean curate in a pet,
As meagre wine is apt to fret.
And so this bard ecclesiastic
One day presum'd in Hudibrastic,
One day in Lent, un-eating time,
To prick his genius into rhyme;
The wind fresh blowing from the south,
And Indian vapours from his mouth:
For smoking aids this dry divine;
Puff follows puff, and line succeeds on line.
His lines by puffs he 's wont to measure;
He rhymes for drink, and puffs for pleasure.
And as he labours for a joke,
Out comes a puff, that ends in smoke.
Lo! swelling into thought he sits;
Wrapt in the rage of rhyming fits;
Fits which are seldom known to fail,
When full blown up with bottled ale.
But puffy cider 's better still,
It always works his doggrel mill;
By which, 'tis plain to all mankind,
His mill for verses goes by wind.
Encourag'd thus with bouncing liquor,
He points his wit against the vicar;
Then grows satiric on his wife,
The very meekest thing in life;
And next on cunning-looking Kitty,
And calls her palfry, not her,—pretty.
But why, sad poet, should you fall
On the good woman of E.—t Hall?
Because you did not taste her supper,
You hit her hard upon her crupper.
Next time that I and spouse ride double,
To save your Muse, and you too, trouble;
And keep my horse from being hit
With any of your waggish wit;
I'll take you in my hand along,
And thus prevent some idle song;
Cram you with custard till you choke:
And fill with punch, and not with smoke.
Mean while, to prove my honest heart,
Step down direct, and take a quart.

TO DR. REDMAN,

WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A HARE, AND PROMISED TO SUP WITH HIM. BY THE REV. DR. COWPER[1].

Qui leporem mittis contingis cuncta lepore;
Condiat O leporem, te veniente, lepos!
Digna etenim, Redmanne, Jove est lepidissima cœna,
Quæ sic tota tua est et lepus atque lepos.

IMITATED BY MR. FAWKES.

A HARE you in season presented to us, [puss:
And with fine Attic salt you will season your
'Tis a jovial treat—worthy Jove, I declare,
For the sauce and the supper will suit to a hair.

[1] John, eldest son of judge Cowper, rector of Berkhamsted, Herts, patentee for making out commissions of bankruptcy, one of K. George the Second's chaplains, and afterwards dean of Durham.

THE

POEMS

OF

EDWARD LOVIBOND, ESQ.

THE

LIFE OF EDWARD LOVIBOND,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE life of Mr. Lovibond appears to have afforded no subject for biography. Those who knew him best have declined the opportunity which the publication of his works afforded them to say something of the author. All they have been pleased to communicate is, that "he was a gentleman of fortune, who passed the greater part of his years in the neighbourhood of Hampton in Middlesex, where he lived greatly beloved by those who best knew him. He was an admirable scholar, of very amiable manners, and of universal benevolence, of which all his writings bear strong testimony. The little pieces which compose this volume were chiefly written on such incidents as occasionally arose in those societies of intimate acquaintance which he most frequented. After his death, which happened in 1775, his poems being dispersed in the hands of different friends, to whom they had been given by himself, many people expressed to his only brother, Anthony Lovibond Collins, esq. a wish to have them collected together, and preserved. This gentleman, equally zealous for the reputation of a brother he affectionately loved, hath put into the editor's hands those pieces he hath selected for that purpose."

Of a man of so many virtues, and so greatly beloved, the public might reasonably have expected a more detailed account. His father, I am told, was a director of the East India Company, and died in the year 1737, leaving him probably that fortune on which he was enabled to pass his days in the quiet enjoyment of the pleasures of rural life. He died September 27, 1775, at his house at Hampton, but the register of that parish is silent on his interment. I have been informed, also, that he was married, and not very happily.

When the World was began by Edward Moore, and his many noble and learned contributors, Mr. Lovibond furnished five papers; Nos. 93 and 94 contain some

just remarks on the danger of extremes, and the impediments to conversation. In Nos. 132 and 134 he opposes the common erroneous notions on the subject of Providence with considerable force of argument, and concludes with some ironical remarks not ill applied. In No. 82 he first published the Tears of Old May Day, the most favourite of all his poems. The thoughts are peculiarly ingenious and happy, yet it may be questioned whether it is not exceeded by his Mulberry Tree, in which the distinguishing features of Johnson's and Garrick's characters are admirably hit off, the frivolous enthusiasm of the one, and the solid and steady veneration of the other for our immortal bard, are depicted with exquisite humour. Julia's printed letter appears to have been a favourite with the author. There are some bursts of genuine passion, and some tenderness displayed occasionally, but it wants simplicity. It was probably suggested by Pope's Eloisa, and must suffer in proportion as it reminds us of that inimitable effort. His lines on Rural Sports, are both poetical and moral, and contain some interesting pictures sweetly persuasive to a humane treatment of the brute creation.

His love verses, some of which are demi-platonic, are tender and sprightly. The Miss K—P— was Miss Kitty Phillips, a relation of a family now ennobled by the title of Milford.

The tale of the Hitchin Convent, the lines To a young Lady a very good Actress, the Verses to Mr. Wooddeson, and those on converting that gentleman's house into a poor-house, are all distinguished by original turns of thought. His pieces were generally circulated in private, as he had not the common ambition of an author, and was contented to please those whom he intended to please: yet he never attempted any subject which he did not illustrate by novelty of manner, and upon the whole may be considered as among the most successful of that class who are rather *amateurs*, than professional poets.

POEMS

OF

EDWARD LOVIBOND.

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD LOVIBOND, ESQ.

BY MISS G———

Ah! what avails—that once the Muses crown'd
Thy head with laurels, and thy temples bound!
That in that polish'd mind bright genius shone,
That letter'd science mark'd it for her own!
Cold *is* that breast that breath'd celestial fire!
Mute is that tongue, and mute that tuneful lyre!
O could my Muse but emulate thy lays,
Immortal numbers should record thy praise,
Redeem thy virtues from oblivion's sleep,
And o'er thy urn bid distant ages weep!—
Yet though no laureat flowers bestrew thy hearse,
Nor pompous sounds exalts the glowing verse,
Sublimer truth inspires this humbler strain,
Bids love lament, and friendship here complain:
Bids o'er thy tomb the Muse her sorrows shed,
And weep her genius, number'd with the dead!—

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the first poem in this collection was thirty-one years ago introduced to the public in a paper of The World, and written on a very remarkable event in our history, viz. the reforming our style or calendar to the general usage of the rest of Europe; the paper explanatory of the subject being also written by Mr. Lovibond, it was judged proper to let it still precede it in this collection.

THE WORLD.

NUMBER LXXXII.

July 25th, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is a received opinion amongst politicians, that the spirit of liberty can never be too active under a constitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would desire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preserved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it, when perverted to countenance party violence, and opposition to the most innocent measures of the legislature. The clamour against the alteration of the style seemed to be one of these instances. The alarm was given, and the most fatal consequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered strength in its course, and received a tincture from the remains of superstition still prevailing in the counties most remote from town. I knew several worthy gentlemen in the west, who lived many months under the daily apprehension of some dreadful visitation from pestilence or famine. The vulgar were almost every where persuaded that Nature gave evident tokens of her disapproving these innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing stars were seen to appear upon this occasion; or that armies were observed to be encountering in the skies: people probably concluding that the great men who pretend to controul the Sun in his course, would assume equal authority over the inferior constellations, and not suffer any aerial militia to assemble themselves in opposition to ministerial proceedings.

The objection to this regulation, as favouring a custom established among papists, was not heard indeed with the same regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legislature from passing a bill of the same nature: yet many a president of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of transubstantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again in Smithfield before the conclusion of the year. This popular clamour has at last happily subsided, and shared the general fate of those opinions which derive their support from imagination, not reason.

In the present happy disposition of the nation the author of the following verses may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal personage, without seeming to strengthen the faction of real parties; without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen; or bringing a scandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publisher of a libel against the state. This ideal personage is no other than Old May-day, the only apparent sufferer from the present regulation. Her situation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow; since the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herself by at least eleven days.

I am, sir,
your most obedient servant,
E. L.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heav'n's ambrosial dews were bright,
And am'rous Zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came.
The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn.
Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite,
Brush the light dew-drops [1] from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's [2] wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;
Nor fresh blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.

No more the May-pole's verdant height around
To valour's games th' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabers' sprightlier sound
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
"O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cry'd.

"Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

"Then, when at Heav'n's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angel's call'd it May.

"Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The Sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting planets in their courses sung.

"For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchantress wake;
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

"No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied
Three sister Seasons danc'd th' eternal green,
And Spring's retiring softness gently vy'd
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

"Too soon, when man prophan'd the blessings giv'n,
And vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native Heav'n
I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage:

"Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beam,
While sounding billows from the ocean roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams.
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

"Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the watry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis [3] sunk beneath the main.

"No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

"No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd
Yet oft' descending to the languid Earth,
With quickning pow'rs the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

"And ev'ry echo caught my rapture'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame.
Show'r'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

"But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denny'd,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

"Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

"O say what yet untasted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentle reign?
Do lillies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

[1] Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

[2] The plate garlands of London.

[3] See Plato.

"Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

"Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
When Silence listens at the midnight hour.

"Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

"With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
With blushes, harb'ring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the Spring's encrease.

"Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By Europe's laws, and senates' stern commands?
Ungen'rous Europe, let me fly the soil,
And waft my treasures to a grateful land:

"Again revive on Asia's drooping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embow'ring shades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

"Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

"Then Britain"—here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue supprest:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, she sought relief,
And tears, and silent anguish told the rest.

DEDICATION

TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON, OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES, AND THE LADIES OF HIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

O thou who sit'st in academic schools,
Less teaching than inspiring ancient art,
Thy own example nobler than your rules,
Thy blameless life best lesson for the heart.

And ye, who dwell in peaceful groves around,
Whose voice, whose verse enchants, harmonious maids!
Who mix the lyre with harps of Cambrian sound;
A mournful Muse, ah! shelter in your shades!

Nor you she rivals nor such magic strain
As rescu'd Eloise from oblivion's sleep:
Enough, if one, the meekest of your train,
Poor Julia! cries,—and turns aside to weep!—

JULIA'S PRINTED LETTER TO LORD ———.

—And dar'st thou then, insulting lord, demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?
Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen
Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men.
To one, and one alone, again impart
The soft effusions of a melting heart!—
No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,
And print false kisses, dream't sincere in vain;
No more thy eyes with sweet surprise pursue,
Love's secret mysteries there unveil'd to you.
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—
Hear it in public characters relate
An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate!
Yes, public let it stand;—to warn the maid
From her that fell, less vanquish'd, than betray'd:
Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate other's treasons, not her own:
A race of shame in honour's paths to run,
Still virtue's follower, yet by vice undone;
Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs.
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs;
Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general view,
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
What vice would perpetrate and fraud disguise,
I come to blaze it to a nation's eyes;
I come—ah! wretch, thy swelling rage controul.
"Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—
True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis love that pleads!—
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!—
Enough to honour, and revenge be given,
This truth reserve for conscience and for Heaven!"
Talk'st thou, ingrate, of friendship's holy powers?
What binds the tiger and the lamb be ours!
This cold, this frozen bosom, can'st thou dream
Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?
What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to prove
Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou can'st not love—
Remember thee!—repeat that sound again!—
My heart applauding echoes to the strain;
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live!—
Still swell my rage—uncheck'd by time, or fate,
Nor waken memory but to kindle hate!—
Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,
Hear conscience call, while flatt'ring passions sleep!—
Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim
To love's indulgence and to virtuous fame!
Where harbour Honour, Justice, Faith, and Truth,
Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught my youth:
How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best
Should build its mansion in a noble breast?
How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine
That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,
Boast not, deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;
Easy the traitor wines an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:

Not by superiour wiles, successful proves,
But fond credulity in her that loves.—
Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Britain's peer,
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—
His fraud in Virtue's fairest likeness paint,
And hide his nobleness in base constraint.
What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!
What wealth, what honours from illustrious sires!
Can Virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
Shall annals mark a village-maid's disgrace?
Ev'n the sad secret, to thyself confin'd,
Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek,
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
And spirits flutter on the verge of life,
When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,
And eyes throw faint accusing beams to Heav'n,
Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress,
Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast;
Explain to her, from others hide my care,
Thought nature's weakness, and not love's despair,
The sprightly youth in gloomy languor pine,
My portion misery, yet not triumph thine—
Ah! whence derives thy sex its barbarous powers
To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours?
Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,
A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die?—
Where sprightly morn on downy pinions rose,
And evening lull'd me to a deep repose?
Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,
The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.
Ah! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,
Essay on me thy fatal arts to please?
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud wealth, and greatness to thy arms!
How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize had fann'd thy fickle flame?
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind?
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—
Chang'd but her object, passion's willing slave,
Nor felt a wound to fester to the grave—
Oh! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,
But half reluctant, heard thy vows explain'd,
This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not complain'd—
But ah, with tears and crouded sighs to sue
False passion's dress in colours meant for true;
Artful assume confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,
Steal their sweet language that no words impart,
And give me back an image of my heart,
This, this was treachery, fated best to share
Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—
Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of pity's voice and beauty's sighs,
"That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,
And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love."—
No—'tis the villian's plea, his poor pretence,
To seize a trembling prey, that wants defence,
No—'tis the base sensation cowards feel;
The wretch that trembles at the brave man's steel,
Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears [tears;
That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and
That helpless sex, by Nature's voice addrest
To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,
Protection pleads in vain—th' ungenerous slave
Insults the virtue he was born to save.—
What! shall the lightest promise lips can frame
Bind man to man in honour's sacred chain!
And oaths to us not sanctify th' accord,
Not Heav'n attested, and Heav'n's awful lord!
Why various laws for beings form'd the same!
Equal from one indulgent hand we came,
For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,
With manly vigour temp'ring female grace,
Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain
Your solitary pleasures sullen reign;
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store,
How sweet ambition slumbers gorg'd with gore!
'Tis our's th' unsocial passions to controul,
Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul,
From wealth, from power's delusive, restless dreams
To lure your fancy to diviner themes.—
Confess at length your fancied rights you draw
From force superior, and not Nature's law,
Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,
By native gentleness, not man we fail;
With brave revenge a tyrant's blood to spill
Possessing all the power—we want the will.
Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Not lurks in fraudful thickets from the day;
While man, with snares to cheat, with toils to perplex,
Weakens already weak too soft a sex;
In law's, in custom's, fashion's fetters binds,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,
Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart
First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—
Are these reflections then that love inspires!
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?
From whose example could I dream to find
A claim to curse, perhaps to wrong mankind!
Ah! long I strove to burst th' enchanting tie,
And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die;
Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,
And ey'd the ocean where my wealth was lost!
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain—
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true;
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,
I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom? ah! whither should I flee,
Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee!
On whom but you my fainting breast repose?
With whom but you deposit all its woes?
To whom but you explain its stifled groan?
And live for whom, but love and you alone?
What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal?—but his that gave the wound?—
O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind!
Lost to itself, to virtue, human kind! [wide
From Earth, from Heaven, a meteor flaming
Link'd to no system, to no world allied;
A blank of Nature, vanish'd every thought
That Nature, reason, that experience taught,

Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,
Where love alone can fill the mighty void:
That love on unreturning pinions flown
We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—
From one ador'd and once adoring, dream
Of friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold esteem
(Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,
Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,
More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,
Plead for a look, a momentary glance,
A letter, token—on destruction's brink
We catch the feeble plank of hope, and sink.—
In those dread moments, when the hov'ring flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,
Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dry'd my eyes, with your's again to stream;
When treach'rous tears your venial faults confess'd,
And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,
Sighs I return'd, and echoed groan for groan;
Your self reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.
Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,
If prompt to pardon, nor forget its wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self, deserting to his side;
Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its Heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care;
To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,
And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains;
Too just the rights another claims to steal,
Too good its feelings to wish virtue feel,
Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—
I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface;
That cold, insensible, thy soul appears
To virtue's smiles, to virtue's very tears;
But ah! an heart whose tenderness you knew,
That offer'd Heaven, but second vows to you,
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjur'd, heard you swear;
Was this an heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind?
Was this an heart?—O shame of honour, truth,
Of blushing candour, and ingenuous youth!
What means thy pity? what can it restore?
The grave, that yawns till general doom's no more,
As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,
Rock'd on the lap of innocence and peace,
As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,
And smooth the traces by affliction made:
Flames, once extinguish'd, virtue's lamp divine,
And visits honour, a deserted shrine?
No, wretch, too long on passion's ocean tost,
Not Heaven itself restores the good you lost;
The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,
A fiend pursues thee that an angel seem'd;
Impassive to the touch of reason's ray
His fairy phantom melts in clouds away;
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,
The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!
Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,
To blend in dreadful union love and hate;
Chiding the present moment's slumb'ring haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past;
Like me condemn th' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, and retain the love.
Yes, Love! ev'n now in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy power.
The Sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds
In browner horrours than when veil'd in clouds,
The Moon, faint light that melancholy throws,
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose,
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And vallies laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, Love, whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own.
O thou of generous passions purest, best!
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,
Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,
And aching vision drank thy lovely light,
A new creation brightened to my view,
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew,
New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious rose,
And beat sweet unison to others' woes,
Slumb'ring no more a Lethe's lazy flood,
In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,
No longer now to partial streams confin'd,
Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind,
No more concentering in itself the blaze
The soul diffus'd benevolence's rays,
Kindled on Earth, pursued th' etherial road,
In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—
Yes, Love, thy star of generous influence cheers
Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears.
What? if a tyrant's blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,
Converts to poison what for life was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native Heaven,
Still love victorious triumphs, still confest
The noblest transport that can warm the breast;
Yes, traitor, yes, my heart to nature true,
Adores the passion and detests but you.

ON REBUILDING COMBE-NEVILLE,

NEAR KINGSTON, SURREY, ONCE THE SEAT OF THE FAMOUS KING-MAKING EARL OF WARWICK, AND LATE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF HARVEY.

YE modern domes that rise elate
O'er yonder prostrate walls,
In vain your hope to match the state
Of Neville's ancient halls.

Dread mansion! on thy Gothic tower
Were regal standards rais'd;
The rose of York, white virgin flower,
Or red Lancaster's blaz'd.

Warwick, high chief, whose awful word
Or shook, or fix'd the throne,
Spread here his hospitable board,
Or warr'd in tilts alone.

When Combe her garter'd knights beheld
On barbed steeds advance,
Where ladies crown'd the tented field,
And love inspir'd the lance.

Historic heralds here array'd
Fair acts in gorgeous style,
But heroes toils were best repay'd
By bashful beauty's smile.—

So flourish'd Combe, and flourish'd long
With lords of bounteous soul;
Her walls still echoed to the song,
And mirth still drain'd her bowl.

And still her courts with footsteps meek
The fainting traveller prest,
Still misery flush'd her faded cheek
At Harvey's genial feast.—

Lov'd seat, how oft, in childish ease,
Along thy woods I stray'd,
Now vent'rous climb'd embow'ring trees,
Now sported in their shade.

Along thy hills the chase I led
With echoing hounds and horns,
And left for thee my downy bed,
Unplanted yet with thorns.

Now, languid with the noontide beams,
Explor'd thy precious springs [1]
That proudly flow [2], like Susa's streams,
To temper cups for kings.

But soon, inspir'd with nobler powers,
I sought thy awful grove;
There frequent sooth'd my evening hours,
That best deceiver, love.

Each smiling joy was there, that springs
In life's delicious prime;
There young ambition plum'd his wings,
And mock'd the flight of time.—

There patriot passions fir'd my breast
With freedom's glowing themes,
And virtue's image rose confest
In bright Platonic dreams.—

Ah me! my dreams of harmless youth
No more thy walks invade,
The charm is broke by sober truth,
Thy fairy visions fade.—

No more unstain'd with fear or guilt
Such hours of rapture smile,
Each airy fabric fancy built
Is vanish'd as thy pile!—

ON LADY POMFRET'S

PRESENTING THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD WITH HER COLLECTION OF STATUES.

Welcome again the reign of ancient arts!
Welcome fair modern days from Gothic night,
Though late, emerging, sun of science hail!
Whose glorious rays enlightened Greece and Rome,
Illustrious nations! Their's was empire's seat,
Their's virtue, freedom, each enchanting grace;
Sculpture with them to bright perfection rose,
Sculpture, whose bold Promethean hand informed
The stubborn mass with life—in fretted gold
Or yielding marble, to the raptur'd eye
Display'd the shining conclave of the skies,
And chiefs and sages gave the passions form,
And virtue shape corporeal: taught by her
The obedient brass dissolv'd;
In love's soft fires thy winning charms she stole,
Thou mild retreating Medicean fair.
She mark'd the flowing Dryads lighter step,
The panting bosom, garments flowing loose,
And wanton tresses waving to the wind.—
Again by Pomfret's generous care, these scenes
Of ancient fame revisit learning's seats,
Their old abode. O reverence learning's sons
Ye beauteous arts! for know, by learning's smiles
Ye grew immortal—Know, however fair
Sculpture and Painting, fairer Poetry,
Your eldest sister, from the Aonian mount,
Imagination's fruitful realm, supply'd
The rich *material* of your lovely soil.
Her fairy forms, poetic fancy first
Peopled the hills, and vales, and fabled caves
With shapes celestial, and by fountain side
Saw fauns with wanton satyrs lead the dance
With meek-ey'd naïads; saw your Cyprian queen
Ascending from the ocean's wave;
Poetic fancy in Maonian song
Pictur'd immortal Jove, ere Phidias' hands
Sublime with all his thunders form'd the god.
Here then uniting with your kindred art,
Majestic Grecian sculpture deign to dwell,
Here shadss of Academe again invite,
Athenian philosophic shades, and here
Ye Roman forms, a nobler Tyber flores.
Come, Pomfret, come, of rich munificence
Partake the fame, though candid blushes rise,
And modest virtues shun the blaze of day.
Pomfret, not all thy honours, splendid train,
Not the bright coronet that binds thy brow,
Not all thy lovely offspring, radiant queens
On beauty's throne, shall consecrate thy name
Like science, boasting in thy genial beam
Increasing stores: in these embowering shades
Stands the fair tablet of eternal fame;
There memory's adamantine pen records
Her sons; but each illustrious female's name
In golden characters engrav'd, defies
Envy and Time, superior to their rage.—
Pomfret shall live, the generous Pomfret join'd
With Caroline, and martial Edward's queen,
And great Eliza, regal names, like thee
Smiling on arts and learning's sons they reign'd.
And see where Westmorland adorns the train
Of learning's princely patrons! Lo, I see
A new pantheon rise as that of old
Famous, nor founded by ignobler hands;
Though thine, Agrippa, sway'd the helm of
I see enshrin'd majestic awful forms, [Rome
Chiefs, legislators, patriots, beauties, gods,
Not him by superstitious fears ador'd
With barbarous sacrifice and frantic zeal,
Yet not uncelebrated nor unsung, for oft
Thou, slumb'ring Cupid, with inverted torch
Betokening mildest fires, shall hear the sighs

[1] Hampton-Court palace is supplied with water from the springs on Combe Hills.

[2] "There Susa by Choapes' amber stream,
The drink of none but kings."
MILTON.

Of virtuous, love-sick youths. You too shall reign,
Celestial Venus, though with chaster rites,
Address with vows from purer votaries heard.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

The Sun wakes joound—all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds'
Whose levell'd thunder frightens Morn's repose?
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havock loose the reins,
A general groan the general anguish speaks,
The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
—I call in vain—they gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize;
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground;
And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's power,
Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Thou the morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
Vigil to fasts, and penitence, and prayer*.

Must fatal wars of human avarice wage
For milder conflicts, love their palm design'd?
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival reason's rage
Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are these your sovereign joys, creation's lords?
Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathising chords
For concord, order, for th' harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood!
Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven revere!
Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breath this evening gale
Uninjur'd and uninjuring nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
Come, pen the fold, and count the stock's increase!

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
Or see the panting spaniel try the fields
While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind control;
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

* Shrove Tuesday.

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
Of evil fled and all creation blest?

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
The turkey strut with valour's red pretence,
And duck row on with waddling honest gait,
And goose mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect in simple pride
Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call,
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
That each may taste the bounty meant for all.

You bashful songsters with retorted eye
Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly,
A son of freedom claiming nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,
Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense,
And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
Let Heaven's best joy be thine, Benevolence.

While flocks soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath,
Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
Than screams of terrour and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
For not their fury, a consuming flood,
Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
Eager on man, a noble chase, they start;
Now from a brother's side the dagger draw,
Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See as they reach ambition's purple fruits
Their reeking hands in nation's carnage died!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
With scorpion conscience lash himself the last!
See, festering in the bosom where they sprung,
The fury passions that laid nature waste!

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
Revenging nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee;
Each being's bliss consummates general good.

ODE TO CAPTIVITY.

WRITTEN IN THE LAST WAR.

O STERN Captivity! from Albion's land
Far, far, avert the terrours of thy rod!
O wave not o'er her fields thy flaming brand!
O crush not Freedom, fairest child of God!—
Bring not from thy Gallic shore
Thy galling fetters, groaning oar!
Bring not hither Virtue's bane,
Thy sister Superstition's train!
O spare from sanguine rites the silver floods!
Nor haunt with shapes obscene our unpolluted woods!—

Is yet too weak, rapacious power, thy throne?
While the chain'd continent thy vassal waits,
The Rhine, the Danube, and the sounding Rhone,
Proclaim thy triumphs through an hundred states.
See Valentia's smiling vales
Courted for thee by ocean's gales!
Through yawning vaults [1] on Tagus' streams,
Thine revenge's dagger gleams:
Thy fury bursts on Rome's devoted head,
In vain the Scipios liv'd, the Decii, Cato bled!
Be these thy bounds—whose laws with monarchs reign,
To this fair isle how impotent thy hate!
Where Pitt, so righteous Heaven and George ordain,
In wisdom guides the thunder of the state.
That thunder shook on Afric's shore,[2]
The howling wild where lions roar;
In western worlds [3] its awful powers
Sunk astonish'd Bourbon's towers;
That thunder sounding o'er the Celtic main,
Roll'd to Lutetia's walls along the affrighted Seine.

Daughters of Albion! strew his paths with flowers,
O wake for him the lute's harmonious chord!
His name be echoed in your festal bowers,
Who guards Britannia from a foreign lord!
Happy fair, who seated far
From haughty conquerors, barbarous war,
Have heard alone in tragic songs
Of cities storm'd and virgins' wrongs,
There felt the daughters, parents, consorts groan,
And wept historic woes, unpractis'd in your own!

Have you not heard how Sion's daughters mourn'd
Their prostate land?—how Greece her victims tore
From flaming altars?—captive queens they turn'd
From Troy reluctant—on the sea-beat shore
Their eyes to Heaven were roll'd in vain,
Their eyes—for not the victor's chain
Indulg'd thy privilege, Despair!
Their hands to rend their flowing hair;
Behind them Troy a smoking ruin lies,
Before lie unknown seas, and black incumbent skies.

"Ye gales [4]!" they cried, "ye cruel eastern gales!
Adverse to Troy, conspiring with the foe,
That eager stretch the victor's swelling sails,
To what unfriendly regions will ye blow?
Shall we serve on Doric plains?
Or where in Pithia Pyrrhus reigns?
Shall Echo catch our captive tales?
Joyless in the sprightly vales
Apidanus thy beauteous current laves,
Say, shall we sit and dream of Simois' fairer waves?

"Shall Delos, sacred Delos, hear our woes?
Where when Latona's offspring sprung to birth,
The palm spontaneous, and the laurel rose,
O Dian, Dian, on thy hallowed earth;
With Delian maids, a spotless band,
At virtue's altar shall we stand
And hail thy name with choral joy
Invok'd in vain for falling Troy?
Thy shafts victorious shall our songs proclaim,
When not an arrow fled to spare thy votaries shame.

"To Athens, art's fair empire, shall we roam?
There for some haughty mistress ply the loom
With daring fancy paint avenging Jove,
His forked lightnings flaming through the gloom,
To blast the bold Titanian race:
Or deaf to nature, must we trace
In mournful shades our hapless war?
What art, dread Pallas, to thy car,
Shall yoke th' immortal steeds? what colours tell
By thine, by Pyrrhus' lance, how lofty Ilion fell?

"Yes, cruel gods, our bleeding country falls,
Her chiefs are slain—see brothers, sires expire!
Ah see, exulting o'er her prostrate walls,
The victor's fury, and devouring fire!
Asia's haughty genius broke,
Bows the neck to Europe's yoke,
Chains are all our portion now,
No festal wreaths shall bind our brow,
Nor Hymen's torches light the bridal day:
O Death, and black Despair, behold your destin'd prey!"

[1] The late conspiracy against the Portuguese government was planned amid the ruins of that unfortunate capital.

[2] Senegal. [3] Louisbourg.

[4] An imitation of the first chorus in the Hecuba of Euripides.

IMITATION FROM OSSIAN'S POEMS

LATELY PUBLISHED BY THE TITLE OF FINGAL, &c.

BROWN Autumn nods upon the mountain's head,
The dark mist gathers; howling winds assail
The blighted desert; on its mineral bed
Dark rolls the river through the sullen vale.
On the hill's dejected scene
The blasted ash alone is seen,
That marks the grave where Connal sleeps;
Gather'd into mould'ring heaps
From the whirlwind's giddy round,
Its leaves bestrew the hallowed ground.
Across the musing hunter's lonesome way
Flit melancholy ghosts, that chill the dawn of day.

Connal, thou slumber'st there, the great, the good! [trace?
Thy long-fam'd ancestors what tongue can
Firm, as the oak on rocky heights, they stood;
Planted as firm on glory's ample base.
Rooted in their native clime,
Brav'd alike devouring time,
Full of honours, full of age,
That lofty oak the winter's rage
Rent from the promontory's brow,
And death has laid the mighty low.
The mountains mourn their consecrated tree;
His country Connal mourns:—what son shall rival thee?

Here was the din of arms, and here o'erthrown
The valiant!—mournful are thy wars, Fingal;
The caverns echo'd to the dying groan,
The fatal fields beheld the victor fall;
Tall amidst the host, as hills
Above their vales and subject rills,
His arm, a tempest lowering high,
His sword, a beam of summers sky,
His eyes, a fiery furnace, glare,
His voice that shook th' astonish'd war,
Was thunder's sound: he smote the trembling foes,
As sportive infant's staff the bearded thistle mows.

Onward to meet this hero, like a storm,
A cloudy storm, the mighty Dargo came;
As mountain caves, where dusky meteors form,
His hollow eye-balls flash'd a livid flame.
And now they join'd, and now they wield
Their clashing steel—resounds the field:
Crimora heard the loud alarms,
Rinval's daughter, bright in arms,
Her hands the bow victorious bear,
Luxuriant wav'd her auburn hair;
Connal, her life, her love, in beauty's pride,
She follow'd to the war, and fought by Connal's side.

In wild despair, at Connal's foe she drew
The fatal string, impatient flew the dart;
Ah hapless maid!—with erring course it flew;
The shaft stood trembling in her lover's heart:
He fell—so falls by thunder's shock
From ocean's cliffs the rifted rock,
That falls and ploughs the groaning strand
He fell by love's unwilling hand,
Hapless maid! from eve to day,
Connal, my love; the breathless clay
My love, she calls—now roll her frantic eyes—
—Now bends them sad to earth—she sinks, she faints, she dies.—

Together rest in Earth's parental womb,
Her fairest offspring; mournful in the vale
I sit, while, issuing from the moss-grown tomb,
Your once-lov'd voices seem to swell the gale.—
Pensive Memory wakes her powers,
Oft recals your smiling hours
Of fleeting life, that wont to move
On downy wings of youth and love;
The smiling hours no more return;
—All is hush'd—your silent urn
The mountain covers with its awful shade,
Far from the haunts of men in pathless desert laid.

ODE TO YOUTH.

Youth, ah stay, prolong delight,
Close thy pinions stretch'd for flight!
Youth, disdaining silver hairs,
Autumn's frowns and Winter's cares,
Dwell'st thou but in dimple sleek,
In vernal smiles and Summer's cheek?
On Spring's ambrosial lap thy hands unfold,
They blossom fresh with hope, and all they touch is gold.

Graver years come sailing by:
Hark! they call me as they fly;
Quit, they cry, for nobler themes,
Statesman, quit thy boyish dreams!
Tune to crowds thy pliant voice,
Or flatter thrones, the nobler choice!
Deserting virtue, yet assume her state;
Thy smiles, that dwell with love, ah! wed them now to hate.

Or in victory's purple plain
Triumph thou on hills of slain!
While the virgin rends her hair,
Childless sires demand their heir,
Timid orphans kneel and weep:
Or, where the unsunn'd treasures sleep,
Sit brooding o'er thy cave in grim repose.
There mock at human joys, there mock at human woes.

Years away! too dear I prize
Fancy's haunts, her vales, her skies;
Come, ye gales that swell the flowers,
Wake my soul's expanding powers;
Come, by streams embow'r'd in wood,
Celestial forms, the fair, the good!
With moral charms associate vernal joys!
Pure nature's pleasures these—the rest are fashion's toys.

Come, while years reprove in vain,
Youth, with me, and rapture reign!
Sculpture, painting, meet my eyes,
Glowing still with young surprise!
Never to the virgin's lute
This ear be deaf, this voice be mute!
Come, beauty, cause of anguish, heal its smart,
—Now temperate measures beat, unalter'd else my heart.

Still my soul, for ever young,
Speak thyself divinely sprung!
Wing'd for Heaven, embracing Earth,
Link'd to all of mortal birth,
Brute or man, in social chain
Still link'd to all, who suffer pain.
Pursue the eternal law!—one power above
Connects, pervades the whole—that power divine is love.

TO THE THAMES.

Nearer to my grove, O Thames!
Lead along thy sultry streams,
Summer fires the stagnant air,
Come and cool thy bosom there!
Trees shall shelter, Zephyrs play,
Odours court thy smiling stay;

There the lily lifts her head,
Fairest child of Nature's bed.
Oh! Thames, my promise all was vain:
Autumnal storms, autumnal rain
Have spoil'd that fragrance, stript those shades,
Hapless flower! that lily fades.—
What? if chance, sweet evening ray,
Or western gale of vernal day,
Momentary bloom renews,
Heavy with unfertile dews
It bends again, and seems to cry,
"Gale and sunshine, come not nigh!
Why reclaim from winter's power
This wither'd stalk, no more a flower!"
Such a flower, my youthful prime,
Chill'd by rigour, sapp'd by time,
Shrinks beneath the clouded storm:
What? if Beauty's beaming form,
And Cambrian virgin's vocal air
Expand to smiles my brow of care:
That beam withdrawn, that melting sound,
The dews of death hang heavier round,
No more to spring, to bloom, to be,
I bow to fate and Heaven's decree.
Come then, Cambrian virgin, come,
With all thy music seek my tomb,
With all thy grace, thy modest state,
With all thy virtues, known too late!
Come, a little moment spare
From pious rites and filial care!
Give my tomb—no heart-felt sigh,
No tear convulsing pity's eye!
Gifts oft too endearing name
For you to grant, for me to claim;
But bring the song—whose healing sounds
Were balm to all my festering wounds.
Bring the lyre—by music's power
My soul entranc'd shall wait the hour,
The dread majestic hour of doom, [gloom,
When through the grave, and through the
Heaven shall burst in floods of day:
Dazzled with so fierce a ray,
My aching eyes shall turn to view
Its milder beams reflect from you.

TO MISS K——P——.

Gentle Kitty, take the lyre
Thy magic hands alone inspire!
But wake not once such swelling chords
As rouse ambition's stormy lords,
Nor airs that jocund tabors play
To dancing youth in shades of May,
Nor songs that shake old Picton's towers,
When feast and music blend their powers!
But notes of mildest accent call,
Of plaintive touch and dying fall;
Notes, to which thy hand, thy tongue,
Thy every tender power is strung.—
Cambrian maid, repeat that strain!
Sooth my widow'd bosom's pain!
Its passions own thy melting tones;
Sighs succeed to bursting groans;
Soft and softer still they flow,
Breathing more of love than woe;
Glistening in my eye appears
A tenderer dew than bitter tears;
Springing hope despair beguiles,
And sadness softens into smiles.

I quit thy lyre—but still the train
Of sweet sensations warms my brain.
What? though social joy and love
Forget to haunt my sullen grove:
Though there my soul, a stagnant flood,
Nor flows its own, or others good,
Emblem of yon faded flower,
That, chill'd by frost, expands no more:
The dreary scene yet sometimes closes
When sleep inspires, on beds of roses,
Such dear delusions; fairy charms
As fancy dreams in virtue's arms.
For see, a gracious form is near!
She comes to dry my falling tear.
One pious hand in pity spread
Supports my else unsheltered head;
The other waves to chase away
The spectres haunting all my day:
She calls—above, below, around
Sweet fragrance breathes, sweet voices sound—
Such a balm to wounded minds,
Gentle Kitty, slumber finds;
Such a change is misery's due—
—Who wakes to grief should dream of you.

TO MISS K——P——.

Ah! bow to music, bow my lays
To beauty's noblest art!
To reach the bosom mine the praise,
But thine to melt the heart.

'Tis mine to close affliction's wounds,
To brighten pleasure's eye:
But thine, by sweet dissolving sounds,
To make it bliss to die.

My notes but kindle cold desire,
Ah! what you feel for me!
Diviner passions thine inspire,
Ah! what I feel for thee!

Associate then thy voice, thy touch,
O wed to mine thy powers!
Be such at least, nor blush at such
Connubial union our's!

TO MISS K——P——.

Why, Kitty, with that tender air,
Those eyes to earth inclin'd,
Those timid blushes, why despair
Of empire o'er mankind?

Ah! know, that beauty's surest arms
Are candour, softness, ease,
Your sweet distrust of pleasing charms
Is half the charm to please.—

Respect your own harmonious art!
For love securest wounds,
Securest takes th' imprison'd heart
Entranc'd by magic sounds!

If flowers of fiction's growth you cull
This wreath that truth bestows;
Survey around your attick wall
Each pencill'd form [1] that glows.

[1] Drawings from antique statues.

And ask the youths! why heavenly fair
'Their tenderest vows inspires?
If Juno's more than regal air,
Or fierce Minerva's fires?

'Tis bashful Venus they prefer
Retiring from the view,
And, what their lips address to her,
Their bosoms feel for you.

TO MISS K—— P——.

Your bosom's sweet treasures thus ever disclose!
For believe my ingenuous confession,
The veil meant to hide them but only bestows
A softness transcending expression.

"Good Heaven!" cries Kitty, "what language I hear!
Have I trespass'd on chastity's laws?
Is my tucker's clear muslin indecently clear?
Is it no sattin apron, but gauze?"

Ah no!—not the least swelling charm is descried
Thro' the tucker, too bashfully decent;
And your apron hides all that short aprons can hide,
From the fashion of Eve to the present.

The veil, too transparent to hinder the sight,
Is what modesty throws on your mind:
That veil only shades, with a tenderer light,
All the feminine graces behind.

TO MISS K—— P——.

Si un arbre avoit du sentiment, il se plairoit à voir celui qui le cultive se reposer sous son ombrage, respirer le parfum de ses fleurs, gouter la douceur de ses fruits: Je suis cet arbre, cultivé par vous, & la Nature m' a donné une ame. MARMONTEL.

Amid thy native mountains, Cambrian fair,
Were some lone plant supported by thy care,
Sav'd from the blast, from winter's chilling powers,
In vernal suns, in vernal shades and showers,
By thee reviving: did the favoured tree
Exist, and blossom and mature by thee:
To that selected plant did Heaven dispense,
With vegetable life, a nobler sense:
Would it not bless thy virtues, gentle maid?
Would it not woo thy beauties to its shade?
Bid all its buds in rich luxuriance shoot,
To crown thy summer with autumnal fruit,
Spread all its leaves, a pillow to thy rest,
Give all its flowers to languish on thy breast,
Reject the tendrils of th' uxorious vine,
And stretch its longing arms to circle thine?
Yes; in creation's intellectual reign,
Where life, sense, reason, with progressive chain,
Dividing, blending, form th' harmonious whole:
—That plant am I, distinguish'd by a soul.

TO MISS K—— P——,

WITH ANSON'S VOYAGE.

Rapt'r'd traveller, cease the tales
Of Tinian's lawns, Fernandes' vales;
Of isles, concentering Nature's charms,
Lapt in peaceful Ocean's arms;
Of that Hesperian world, which lies
Beneath the smile of southern skies,
Where Zephyr waves unflagging wings,
Where Albion's summers, Latian springs
Join thy autumns, smiling France,
And lead along th' eternal dance!
These enchanting scenes, and all
That wake to form at fancy's call,
And all the sportive pencil traces,
Are feeble types of living graces.
Of moral charms, that mental throne
Unclouded beauty calls her own.
Where all the Sun's meridian blaze
Is twilight gloom to virtue's rays.
There with richer blended sweets
Wedded Spring her Autumn meets;
There Fernandes' brighter shore,
There a purer Chili's ore,
Fruits and flowers are there combin'd
In fairer Tinian—Kitty's mind.

THE COMPLAINT OF CAMBRIA.

TO MISS K—— P——, SETTING TO MUSIC, AND SINGING ENGLISH VERSES.

DONE INTO ENGLISH FROM THE WELCH ORIGINAL.

Degenerate maid, no longer ours!
Can Saxon ditties suit thy lyre?
Accents untun'd, that breathe no powers
To melt the soul, or kindle martial fire?
It ill becomes thee to combine
Such hostile airs with notes divine,
In Cambrian shades, the Druids' hallow'd bounds,
Whose infant voice has lisp'd the liquid Celtic sounds.

Revere thy Cambria's flowing tongue!
Though high-born Hoel's lips are dumb,
Cadwallo's harp no more is strung,
And silence sits on soft Lluellyn's tomb:
Yet songs of British bards remain
That, wedded to thy vocal strain,
Would swell melodious on the mountain breeze,
And roll on Milford's wave to distant echoing seas.—

O sing thy sires in genuine strains!
When Rome's resistless arm prevail'd,
When Edward delug'd all my plains *,
And all the music of my mountains fail'd;
When all her flames rebellion spread,
Firmly they stood—O sing the dead!
The theme majestic to the lyre belongs,
To Picton's lofty walls, and Cambrian virgins songs.

* Edward I. put to death all the Welch bards.

ON A PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR,

OF TWO IMPRESSIONS FROM A FINE ANTIQUE SEAL OF THE HEAD OF ALEXANDER; THE ONE BY LADY P ———, ON PAPER; THE OTHER BY MISS J ——— P ———, IN WAX.

Fair sculpture of Ammon's young graces!
My lady with whim shall we tax?
On paper who marks thy faint traces,
Which Stella stamps lively in wax?

Of their hearts they make mutual confession:
That, cold to emotions once felt,
The mother's scarce yields to impression—
—The daughter's can soften and melt.

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE

MONUMENT IN ARCADIA.

O you, that dwell where shepherds reign,
Arcadian youths, Arcadian maids,
To pastoral pipe who danc'd the plain,
Why pensive now beneath the shades?

"Approach her virgin tomb," they cry,
"Behold the verse inscrib'd above,
'Once too in Arcady was I,—'
Behold what dreams are life and love!"

ON THE SAME.

Sweet Arcady, where shepherds reign,
Your simple youths, your simple maids,
With pastoral dance still cheer the plain,
Their pastoral pipe still charms the shades:

This only song still meets our ear,
It swells the breeze, it fills the grove;
What joys so sweet as Nature's here?
What joy of Nature sweet as love?

HITCHIN CONVENT.

A TALE.

Where Hitch's gentle current glides,
An ancient convent stands,
Sacred to prayer and holy rites
Ordain'd by pious hands.

Here monks of saintly Benedict
Their nightly vigils kept,
And lofty anthems shook the choir
At hours when mortals slept.

But Harry's wide reforming hand
That sacred order wounded;
He spoke—from forth their hallow'd walls
The friars fled confounded.

Then wicked laymen ent'ring in,
Those cloisters fair prophan'd;
Now riot loud usurps the seat
Where bright devotion reign'd.

Ev'n to the chapel's sacred roof,
Its echoing vaults along,
Resounds the flute, and sprightly dance,
And hymeneal song.

Yet fame reports, that monkish shades
At midnight never fail
To haunt the mansions once their own,
And tread its cloisters pale.

One night, more prying than the rest,
It chanc'd a friar came,
And enter'd where on beds of down
Repos'd each gentle dame.

Here, softening midnight's raven gloom,
Lay R———e, blushing maid;
There, wrapt in folds of cypress lawn,
Her virtuous aunt was laid.

He stopp'd, he gaz'd, to wild conceits
His roving fancy run,
He took the aunt for prioress,
And R———e for a nun,

It hap'd that R———'s capuchin,
Across the couch display'd,
To deem her sister of the veil,
The holy sire betray'd.

Accosting then the youthful fair,
His raptur'd accents broke;
Amazement chill'd the waking nymph;
She trembled as he spoke.

"Hail halcyon days! Hail holy nun!
This wondrous change explain:
Again religion lights her lamp,
Reviews these walls again.

"For ever blest the power that check't
Reformists' wild disorders,
Restor'd again the church's lands.
Reviv'd our sacred orders.

"To monks indeed, from Edward's days,
Belong'd this chaste foundation;
Yet sister nuns may answer too
The founder's good donation.

"Ah! well thy virgin vows are heard:
For man were never given
Those charms, reserv'd to nobler ends,
Thou spotless spouse of Heaven!

"Yet speak what cause from morning mass
Thy ling'ring steps delays:
Haste to the deep-mouth'd organ's peal
To join thy vocal praise.

"Awake thy abbess sisters all;
At Mary's holy shrine,
With bended knees and suppliant eyes
Approach, thou nun divine!"—

"No Nun am I," recov'ring cried
The nymph; "No nun, I say,
Nor nun will be, unless this fright
Should turn my locks to grey.

"'Tis true, at church I seldom fail
When aunt or uncle leads;
Yet never rise by four o'clock
To tell my morning beads.

"No mortal lover yet, I vow,
My virgin heart has fixt,
But yet I bear the creatures talk
Without a grate betwixt.

"To Heav'n my eyes are often cast
(From Heav'n their light began)
Yet deign sometimes to view on Earth
It's image stampt on man.

"Ah me! I fear in borrow'd shape
Thou com'st, a base deceiver;
Perhaps the devil, to tempt the faith
Of orthodox believer.

"For once my hand, at masquerade,
A reverend friar prest;
His form as thine, but holier sounds
The ravish'd saint addrest.

"He told me vows no more were made
To senseless stone and wood;
But adoration paid alone
To saints of flesh and blood,

"That rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes,
And tresses like the morn,
Were given to bless the present age,
And light the age unborn:

"That maids, by whose obdurate pride
The hapless lover fell,
Were doom'd to never-dying toils
Of leading apes in Hell.

"'Respect the first command,' (he cried,)
'It's sacred laws fulfil,
And well observe the precept given
To Moses,—Do not kill.'

"Thus spoke, ah yet I hear him speak!
My soul's sublime physician;
Then get thee hence, thy doctrines vile
Would sink me to perdition."

She ceas'd—the monk in shades of night
Confus'dly fled away,
And superstition's clouds dissolv'd
In sense, and beauty's ray.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

A VERY GOOD ACTRESS.

Powerful is beauty, when to mortal seats
From Heaven descends the heaven-created good,
When fancy's glance the fairy phantom meets,
Nymph of the shade, or Naiad of the flood.

So blooms Celena, daughter of the skies,
Queen of the joys romantic rapture dreams,
Her cheeks are summer's damask rose, her eyes
Steal their quick lustre from the morning's beams.

Her airy neck the shining tresses shade;
In every wanton curl a Cupid dwells:
To these, distrusting in the Graces' aid,
She joins the mighty charms of magic spells.

Man, hapless man, in vain destruction flies,
With wily arts th' enchantress nymph pursues;
To varying forms, as varying lovers rise,
Shifts the bright Iris of a thousand hues.

Behold th' austere divine, oppress by years,
Colics, and bulk, and tithes engend'red care;
The sound of woman grates his aching ears,
Of other woman than a scripture fair.

Sudden she comes a Deborah bright in arms,
Or wears the pastoral Rachel's ancient mien;
And now, as glow gay-flushing eastern charms,
He sighs like David's son for Sheba's queen.

To Change the China trader speeds his pace,
Nor heeds the chilly North's unripening dames;
'Tis her's with twinkling eyes, and lengthen'd face,
And pigmy foot, to wake forgotten flames.

She oft, in likeness of th' Egyptian Crone,
Too well inform'd; relates to wand'ring swains
Their amorous plaints preferr'd to her alone:
Her own relentless breast too well explains.

See, at the manor's hospitable board,
Enters a sire, by infant age rever'd;
From shorten'd tube exhaling fumes afford
The incense bland that clouds his forky beard.

Conundrums quaint, and puns of jocund kind,
With rural ditties, warm th' elated 'squire,
Yet oft sensations quicken in his mind,
Other than ale and jocund puns inspire.

The forms where bloated Dropsy holds her seat,
He views, unconscious of magicians' guiles,
Nor deems a jaundic'd visage lov'd retreat
Of graces, young desires, and dimpled smiles.

Now o'er the portal of an antique hall
A Grecian form the rapt'ur'd patriot awes,
The hoary bust and brow severe recall
Lycurgus, founder of majestic laws.

Awhile entranc'd, he dreams of old renown,
And freedom's triumph in Platean fields,
Then turns—relaxing sees the furrow'd frown,
To melting airs the soften'd marble yields.

I see the lips as breathing life, he cries,
On icy cheeks carnation blooms display'd,
The pensive orbs are pleasure-beaming eyes
And Sparta's lawgiver a blushing maid.

There, at the curtains of the shudd'ring youth,
Stiff, melancholy, pale, a spectre stands,
Some love-lorn virgin's shade—O! injur'd truth,
Deserted phantom, and ye plighted hands,

He scarce had utter'd—from his frantic gaze
The vision fades—succeeds a flood of light.
O friendly shadows, veil him, as the blaze
Of beauty's sun emerging from the night.

Here end thy triumphs, nymph of potent charms,
The laurel'd bard is Heaven's immortal care;
Him nor illusion's spell nor philter harms,
Nor music floating on the magic air.

The myrtle wand this arm imperial bears,
Reluctant ghosts and stubborn elves obey:
Its virtuous touch the midnight fairy fears,
And shapes that wanton in Aurora's ray.

I ceas'd; the virgin came in native grace,
With native smiles that strengthen beauty's chain;
O vain the confidence of mortal race! [chain:
My laurel'd head and myrtle wand are vain.

Again wild raptures, kindling passions rise,
As once in Andover's autumnal grove,
When looks that spoke, and eloquence of sighs,
Told the soft mandate of another's love.

TO AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY.

IN THE MANNER OF WALLER.

O nymph! than blest Pandora honour'd more,
What gods to grace thee lavish all their store!

We see thy form in awful beauty move,
At once repelling and inviting love;
We see thy mind each bright perfection reach
That genius kindles, and the Graces teach:
Pallas to form that matchless mind, conspires
With wisdom's coolness, temp'ring fancy's fires;
Here, as in Eden's blissful garden, shoot
The tree of knowledge and forbidden fruit.

ADDRESS TO THE THAMES.

O Thames! thy clear majestic stream
Shall ever flow my rapture'd theme;
Not because Augusta's pride
Builds her greatness on thy tide,
Courted by worlds in other oceans found:
Not because proud Cliefden laves
His pendent beeches in thy waves!
Not because thy limpid rills
Reflect on Hampton's towers, or Richmond's hills;
Or Cooper's mountain, by the Muses crown'd,
Or catch the blaze from Windsor's beaming star,
Sacred to patriot chiefs, the boast of peace and war.

Nor yet because thy current loves
The haunt of academic groves;
And still with ling'ring fond delay
Through Egham's vales delights to stray,
Once scene of freedom's claims, heroic cares:
But hail thee, Thames! while o'er thy meads
Eliza with Louisa leads
Each winning grace of love and youth,
Ingenuous forms, fair candour and fair truth:
Oh! fan their evening walk with mildest airs;
So Gallic spoils shall crowd thy wealthy side,
And commerce swell her stores with each revolving tide.

TO MRS. B——,

READING JULIA WITH TEARS, DURING A HARD FROST.

What, though descending as the dews of morn,
On misery's sighs your tear of virtue waits;
Forget the fallen Julia! you were born
For heart-expanding joys and smiling fates.

To sooth with social pleasures human cares,
To call the Muse to Thames' frozen glades,
To wake the slumb'ring spring with vernal airs,
And plant an Eden in December's shades;

To deck, like Eve [1], with soft officious haste,
Your banquet, worthiest of her angel guest;
Amid the flowers that crown the fair repast
A flower yourself, the fairest of the feast.

There the great Giver for his bounties given
Your grateful consort blessing, blesses too
The sweet dispenser of the gifts of Heaven,
In wonder's silent prayer he blesses you:

Your infants there reflecting round the board,
Maternal graces while his eye approves;
One tear to rapture give!—then sit ador'd
The gentle mother of the smiles and loves.

[1] See Milton's Paradise Lost, Book v. from line 303.

TO LADY F——,

ON HER MARRIAGE.

Though to Hymen's gay season belong
Light airs, and the raptures of youth;
Yet listen to one sober song;
O listen, fair Stella, to truth.

Farewell to the triumphs of beauty,
To the soft serenade at your bower,
To the lover's idolatrous duty,
To his vigils in midnight's still hour.

To your frowns darting amorous anguish,
To your smiles chasing every care,
To the power of your eyes lively languish,
To each glance waking hope or despair.

Farewell to soft bards, that in Heaven
Dipt the pencil to picture your praise,
And blended the colours of even,
With morning's gay opening rays:

They no longer on Thames shall proclaim you
A Naiad new sprung from the flood,
Nor to Bushy's soft echoes shall name you
Bright Dian, the queen of the wood.

Farewell to love's various season,
Smiling days hung with tempests and night;
But welcome the reign of fair reason,
O! welcome securer delight.

O! welcome, in nature's own dress,
Purest pleasures of gentler kind;
O! welcome the power to bless,
To redeem fortune's wrongs on mankind.

Be a goddess indeed, while you borrow
From plenty's unlimited store,
To gild the wan aspect of sorrow,
To cheer the meek eyes of the poor.

When your virtues shall mix with the skies,
When your beauty, bright phenix, decays;
In your image new graces shall rise,
And enlighten posterity's days.

Future ages shall trace every air;
Every virtue deriv'd to your blood
Shall remember that Stella was fair,
Shall remember that Stella was good.

SONG.

No gaudy Rubens ever dare
With flaunting genius, rosy loves,
To crowd the scene, in sunshine's glare,
Exposing her the Muse approves.

Let, chaste Poussin, thy shaded stream
Reflect her pensive, tender air;
Let evening veil with sober beam,
In bashful night the bashful fair.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER PASSING THROUGH FINDON, SUSSEX, 1768. ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. WOODDESON,[1] OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES.

Wooddeson! these eyes have seen thy natal earth;
Thy Findon, sloping from the southern downs,
Have blest the roof ennobled by thy birth,
And tufted valley, where no ocean frowns.

Thou wert not born to plough the neighbouring main,
Or plant thy greatness near ambition's throne,
Or count unnumber'd fleeces on thy plain:
—The Muses lov'd and nurs'd thee for their own!

And twin'd thy temples here with wreaths of worth,
And fenc'd thy childhood from the blights of morn,
And taught enchanting song, and sent thee forth
To stretch the blessing to an age unborn:

Best blessing!—what is pride's unwieldy state?
What awkward wealth from Indian oceans given?
What monarchs nodding under empires' weight,
If science smile not with a ray from Heaven?

Witness yon ruins, Arundel's high tower,
And Bramber, now the bird of night's resort!
Your proud possessors reign'd in barbarous power;
The war their business, and the chase their sport;

Till there a minstrel, to the feast preferr'd,
With Cambrian harp, in Gothic numbers charm'd,
Enlighten'd chiefs grew virtuous as they heard—
—The sun of science in its morning warm'd.—

How glorious, when it blaz'd in Milton's light,
And Shakespear's flame, to full meridian day!
Yet smile, fair beam! though sloping from that height,
Gild our mild evening with a setting ray.

[1] The author of these poems had been educated under this gentleman, for whom he ever retained the most affectionate regard. Mr. Wooddeson was, in truth, one of those amiable beings whom none could know without loving.—To the abilities of an excellent scholar was united a mind so candid, so patient, so replete with universal benevolence, that it glowed in every action.—His life was an honour to himself, to religion, to human nature.—He preserved to his death such a simplicity of manners as is rarely to be met with.—He judged of the world by the standard of his own virtuous heart; and few men who had seen such length of days ever left it so little acquainted with it.

TO A LADY.

The simple swain, where Zembla's snows
Are bound in frozen chains,
Where scarce a smile the Sun bestows
To warm the sullen plains;

Not once conceives that Sun to rise
With kinder, brighter ray,
Nor southern vales, Hesperian skies,
To bask in smiling day.

As weak my thoughts respecting thee:
Must thou, my better sun,
Because but smiling cold on me,
Be therefore warm to none?

STANZAS.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
MILTON.

The bird of midnight swell'd her throat,
The virgins listen'd round
To sorrow's deeply-warbled note,
To sweet but solemn sound:

When soon the lark ascending high,
In sun-beams idly play'd;
As soon to greet him, see, they fly—
One pensive virgin stay'd.

She stay'd to hear the mourner sing;
The rest, to nature true,
The flutter of the gayer wing
The vacant song pursue.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO OBJECTED TO SUP WITH A PARTY OF BOTH SEXES THAT MET AT A COFFEE-HOUSE.

O far from Caroline, so soft a maid,
Be cruel coyness, pride, and cold disdain!
Who now of man, the monster man, afraid,
Flies the gay circle of the social train.

Away vain fears! away suspicious dreams,
From beauty, virtue, tenderness, and truth;
From eyes that dawn with wisdom's mildest beams,
From harmless smiles that wait on gentle youth.

Far other years and other nymphs befit
The prudish form, and high forbidding brow:
With others dwell, or frowns or scornful wit,
With nymphs less innocent, less fair than thou:

With her, whose youth, of virtue's mild control
Impatient, rush'd on wanton wild desires;
Now prayer or scandal cheers the gloomy soul
That pines in secret with forbidden fires:

Or her that triumph'd in her lover's sighs,
As round their brows the willow garlands bend;
She now dejected, now deserted lies,
Without a lover, and without a friend!

Another fate is youthful virtue's share:
Come with the graces, gentle maid, along;
Come, fairest thou among the young and fair,
To lead the dance, or join the virgins' song,

Come listen to the tale that youths complain,
To thousand vows, in amorous sighs addrest;
Propitious listen to the raptur'd strain.
When chaste majestic passions swell the breast.

Too long exterior charms of radiant eyes,
And blushing cheeks, the captive sense control;
Thy forms, fair harmony, too long we prize,
Forget the fairer, more harmonious soul.

Too long the lovers for an empty fair
At heedless ease inglorious arts advance;
Enough for them to deck the flowing hair,
Or flutter gaudy with the pride of France.

From worth with beauty nobler lessons taught,
Each youth that languishes, his flame shall prove
By generous action or heroic thought,
And merit fame by arts that merit love.

Shall once again the Grecian lyre be strung,
Restoring Hymen's mild Arcadian reign?
Shall patriot eloquence instruct the tongue,
And spoils be gather'd from the martial plain?

O! far unlike to such celestial flame
The passion kindled from impure desires;
Fatal to friends, to fortune, and to fame,
The momentary flash in night expires.

Love's lambent fire that beams from virtue's rays,
Each sordid passion as it burns, refin'd,
Still bright and brighter with benignant blaze
Embraces friends, a country, humankind.

A DREAM.

With bridal cake beneath her head,
As Jenny prest her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she swore
To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the beau,
The squire, the captain trips;
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd,
And fancy play'd her farce on)
That, soft reclin'd in elbow-chair,
She kist a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but, O rash Muse! forbear,
Nor virgins dreams pursue;
Yet blest above the gods is he
Who proves such visions true.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

A TALE.

For London's rich city, two Staffordshire swains,
Hight Johnson, hight Garrick, forsaking their plains,
Reach'd Shakespeare's own Stratford, where flows [by his tomb
An Avon, as proudly as Tyber by Rome.
Now Garrick, (sweet imp too of Nature was he,)
Would climb and would eat from his mulberry-tree;
Yet as Johnson, less frolic, was taller, was older,
He reach'd the first boughs by the help of his shoulder; [weather,
Where, shelter'd from famine, from bailiffs, and
Bards, critics, and players sat crowded together
Who devour'd in their reach, all the fruit they could meet,
The good, bad, indifferent, the bitter and sweet:
But Garrick climb'd high to a plentiful crop,
Then, Heavens! what vagaries he play'd on the top! [tip:
How, now on the loose twigs, and now on the
He stood on his head, and then bolted upright
All features, all shapes, and all passions he tried,
He danc'd, and he strutted, he laugh'd, and he cried, [sobb'
He presented his face, and he show'd his back
The noble, the vulgar, flock'd round him to see
What feats he perform'd in the mulberry-tree:
He repeated the pastime, then open'd to speak,
But Johnson below mutter'd strophes of Greek,
While Garrick proclaim'd—such a plant never grew,
So foster'd by sun-shine, by soil, and by dew,
The palm-trees of Delos, Phœnicia's sweet grove,
The oaks of Dodona, though hallow'd by Jove,
With all that antiquity shows to surpass us,
Compar'd to this tree, were mere shrubs of Parnassus. [Ida,
Not the beeches of Mantua, where Tityrus was
Not all Vallombrosa produc'd such a shade,
That the myrtles of France, like the laws of the schools,
Were fit only for rods to whip genius to rule;
That to Stratford's old mulberry, fairest and best,
The cedars of Eden must bow their proud crest:
Then the fruit—like the loaf in the Tub's pleasant tale. [table
That was fish, flesh, and custard, good claret, and
It compris'd every flavour, was all, and was each,
Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and peach; [pickle,
Nay, he swore, and his audience believ'd what he
That under his touch it grew apples of gold.—
Now he paus'd!—then recounted its virtues again— [grain:
'Twas a wood for all use, bottom, top, bark, and
It would saw into seats for an audience in full pit,
Into benches for judges, episcopal pulpits;
Into chairs for philosophers, thrones too for kings,
Serve the highest of purposes, lowest of things;
Make brooms to mount witches, make May-poles for May-days,
And boxes, and ink-stands, for wits and the ladies.—
His speech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their superiors, [riors
By Johnson stopt short.—who his mighty posteriors
Applied to the trunk—like a Sampson, his haunches [and shook branches!
Shook the roots, shook the summit, shook stem,
All was tremour and shock!—now descended in showers [blighted flowers!
Wither'd leaves, wither'd limbs, blighted fruits,
The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,
Who held by weak branches, and let go the strong;
E'en Garrick had dropt with a borgh that was rotten,
But he leapt to a sound, and the slip was forgotten.
Now the plant's close recesses lay open to day,
While Johnson exclaim'd, stalking stately away,

"Here's rubbish enough, till my homeward return,
For children to gather, old women to burn;
Not practis'd to labour, my sides are too sore,
Till another fit season, to shake you down more.
What future materials for pruning, and cropping,
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping, and topping! [tree,
Yet mistake me not, rabble! this tree's a good
Does honour, dame Nature, to Britain and thee;
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,
Makes a noble dessert, where the dinner's roast-beef!"

TO A LADY.

Yes; wedlock's sweet bands were too blest, in her lover
If virtue her likeness could find,
What Plato [1] has fabled, could Julia recover
Her lost other half, from mankind.

What joy to receive all the good you impart,
Thy cares on another recline,
Another's fond bosom, and feel that his heart
Beats all the same measures with thine!

The features, the virtues of both, in your race,
How sweet the confusion, enjoy!
Yet more of thyself in the daughter still trace,
And more of thy lord in the boy.

Such bliss rivals Heaven—yet what grief, what disgrace,
Were riot's low follower thy lot, [chase,
Were he whose loud pleasures are wine and the
All love's silent pleasures forgot!

What misery to hear, without daring reply,
All folly, all insolence speaks;
Still calling the tear of reproach to thy eye,
The flush of disdain to thy cheeks!

Would soft macaronies have judgment to prize,
Whom arts and whom virtues adorn,
Who learnt every virtue and art to despise,
Where Catos and Scipios were born?

Would wealth's drowsy heir, without spark of Heaven's fire,
Enshrin'd in his dulness completely,
Awake to the charmer, her voice and her lyre,
Ah! charm they though ever so sweetly?

But what with the gamester, ah! what were thy fate,
What fortune's caprices thy share! [fate,
To sleep upon down under canopied state,
To wake on the straw of despair!

The timid free-thinker, that only defies
Those bolts which his Maker can throw;
Would he, when blaspheming the Lord of the skies,
Yet rev'rence his image below?

Would slaves to a court, or to faction's banditti,
Thy temperate spirits approve;
So proud in their chains of the court and the city,
Disdaining no chains, but of love?

[1] Plato's fable is, that man and woman originally were one being, divided afterwards by Jupiter for their punishment; that each part, in perpetual search of the other, never recovers happiness till their reunion.

O! mild as the Zephyr, like Zephyr that throws
Its sweets on the sweet-breathing May;
But not on the lap of cold winter bestows,
What winter will never repay.

So turn thee from folly's cold aspect, ah! turn
From vice's hard bosom away;
The wise and the virtuous thy sweets will return,
As warm and as grateful as May.

ON A VERY FINE LADY.

Fine B——— observes no other rules
Than those the coterie prize;
She thinks, whilst lords continue fools,
'Tis vulgar to be wise:

Thinks rudeness wit in noble dames,
Adultery, love polite;
That ducal stars shoot brighter flames
Than all the host of light.

Yet sages own that greatness throws
A grace on Spencer's charms;
On Hagley's verse, on Stanhope's prose,
And gilded Marlborough's arms.

For titles here their rev'rence ends,
In general wisdom thinks
The higher grandeur's scale ascends,
The lower Nature's sinks.

ON AN ASIATIC LADY.

O you who sail on India's wealthy wave,
Of gems and gold who spoil the radiant east;
What oceans, say, what isles of fragrance gave
This fairer treasure to the joyful west?
What banks of Ganges, and what balmy skies
Saw the first infant dawn of those unclouded eyes?

By easy arts while Europe's beauties reign,
Roll the blue languish of their humid eye;
Rule willing slaves, who court and kiss the chain,
Self-vanquish'd, helpless to resist or fly;
Less yielding souls confess this eastern fair,
And lightning melts the heart that milder fires would spare.

Of gods, enamour'd with a mortal dame,
Let Grecian story tell—the gifts display
That deck'd Cassandra, and each honoured name
Lov'd by the god, who guides the golden day:
See! Asia triumphs in a brighter scene;
A nobler Phœbus woos her summer's smiling queen.

Sublimer sense, and sprightlier wit to please,
That Phœbus gave; he gave the voice and lyre,
That warble sweeter than the spicy breeze,
He gave what charms meridian suns inspire;
What precious rays from light's pure fountain stream,
What warm the diamond's blaze and ruby's flaming beam.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER DRESS.

An envious robe! to frustrate Heaven's intent,
Concealing beauty from the eye of day;
Beauty to man by gracious Nature sent
To cheer the wand'rer on his lonesome way.

One pow'r who wak'd Aurora's smiling light
Gave skies their azure, and gave vales their green,
Form'd the quick sense for wonder and delight,
Made eyes to see, and Laura to be seen.

Curs'd be th' eclipse that plunges morn in night,
And jealous clouds that shade the landscape's scene;
On envious robes severer curses light,
That veil the beauties of my summer's queen!

Ah Laura! cruel Laura! why constrain,
In art's fantastic drapery, Nature's ease?
Why, form'd to empire, empire's arts disdain?
Why, born for pleasure, still refuse to please?

Nor yet these folds on folds, this load of dress,
Shall bar approaches to poetic love;
No—where the graces sport in sweet recess,
'Tis fancy, bold intruder's joy to rove.

Fancy, pursuing where my Laura flies,
With wanton gales forbidden charms reveals,
Betrays her slumbers, and with eager eyes
The panting breast, devouring, dreams it feels.

Fancy indulgent to her votary's prayer,
Shows where, sequester'd from the sultry beam,
The limpid wave but ill conceal'd the fair,
With virgins sporting in her Ganges' stream.

TO THE SAME.

Ah Laura! while graces and songs,
While smiles, winning smiles you impart;
Indulgence but nurses desire,
I sigh for that treasure, your heart.

Yes, take, too presumptuous, she cries,
All that virtue can wish to receive;
Yes, take all that virtue can grant,
A heart I had never to give.

The maid of the north, like the lake,
That sleeps by her peaceable cot,
Too languishing lives but for one,
Forgetting the world, and forgot.

But born where my Ganges expands,
To no partial channels confin'd,
Unfix'd to no object, I flow
With innocent smiles on mankind.

Our Asia's bright dames, like their sun,
Cheer all with benevolent reign,
Coy moons, Europe's daughters, but light
A single disconsolate swain.

ON READING THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

Ah! Dorimant, victim to love,
Too fatally caught in his wiles,
Can you in fair Laura approve
Those diffusive, those general smiles?

If inconstancy dwells with that fire
Which the Sun-beams of Asia impart
Can a daughter of Europe desire
To change with your Laura a heart?

No!—happier the temp'rate mind,
Which, fix'd to one object alone,
To one tender passion confin'd,
Breathes no wishes, no sighs, but for one.

Such bliss has the maid of the plain,
Tho' secluded she lives in a cot;
Yet, rich in the love of her swain,
She's contented, and blesses her lot.

Ah! say, if deserving thy heart,
The too undistinguishing fair,
Who to thousands can raptures impart,
And the raptures of thousands can share!

Ah! say, does she merit those lays!
Those lays which true passion define!
No—unworthy the fair of thy praise,
Who can listen to any but thine.

REPLY TO MISS G——.

Sappho, while your Muse of fire,
Listening to the vocal spheres,
Sits and tempers to her lyre
Airs divine for mortal ears:

Viewing higher orbs that glow,
Ever constant, ever true,
Still she dreams to find below
Perfect forms, as Heaven and you.

Blame not Asia's fair, who glances
Random smiles in heedless ease,
Shifts at will her wayward fancies.
Pleasing all, whom all can please;

Blame her not—no envied treasure
Is the tender, feeling heart,
Bosoms quick to keener pleasure
Beat alas! as quick to smart.

Who with eyes that ever languish,
Still to deserts sighs alone?
Who consumes her youth in anguish
—She who keeps an heart for one.

Tender love repaid with treason,
Fortune's frowns, parental power,
Blast her in the vernal season,
Bend her, unsupported flower.

Happier she, with pliant nature
Fleeting, fickle as the wind;
She, who proving one a traitor,
Turns to meet another kind.

Blame her not—with Asian rovers
What can Asia's fair pursue?
What? but lessons taught by lovers,
Like the traitor, treacherous too.

Why should faith, obsequious duty,
Sooth an eastern tyrant's scorn?
Who but rifles joyless beauty
Steals the honey, leaves the thorn.

Sadness sits by Ganges' fountains;
How can echo cheer the vale?
What repeat from fragrant mountains!
What but grief and horrour's tale?

What but shrieks of wild despair?
What but shouts that murder sleep?
There the struggling, fainting fair;
There—but see my Sappho weep!

Change the strain!—this mournful measure
Melts, oppresses virtuous hearts—
Sappho, wake thy lyre of pleasure!
Sing of Europe's happier arts!

Sing of all the mingled blessing
Reason, tempering passion, knows;
All the transport of possessing
Unpluck'd beauty's willing rose!

Sing of that refin'd sensation
Mutual melting bosoms prove,
Souls exchang'd, sweet emanation,
Separate being lost in love!

Rapture's tears, voluptuous stream!
Languor stealing sorrow's sighs!
Sing of love—thyself the theme!
Sing of love—thyself the prize!

SONG.

Hang my lyre upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn;
Or, along the foamy billow
Float the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Sprightly sounds no more it raises,
Such as Laura's smiles approve;
Laura scorns her poet's praises,
Calls his artless friendship love:

Calls it love, that spurning duty,
Spurning Nature's chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen virtue's sighs.

Call it love, no more profaning
Truth with dark suspicion's wound;
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love—that name is given,
Angels, to your purest flames:
Such a love as merits Heaven,
Heaven's divinest image claims.

LAURA'S ANSWER.

BY MISS G———.

Soon be thy lyre to winds consign'd,
Or hurl'd beneath the raging deep,
For while such strains seduce my mind,
How shall my heart its purpose keep?

Thy artful lays, which artless seem,
With too much fondness I approve;
Ah! write no more on such a theme,
Or Laura's friendship—ends in love.

TO MISS G———.

Ah leave, you cry, the harp unstrung,
For fortune shifts her fickle wind:
Resume thy lyre, on willows hung,
To sing the fair, no longer kind.

No—nearer view my alter'd state,
For fear too high, for hope too low;
Beneath the victor's joyful fate,
Yet far above the captive's woe.

The charms of sense no more beguile,
On reason's lap I lay me down:
If claiming now no beauties' smile,
Appears it just to meet their frown?

Light insects they, of gaudy hues,
Admire the glare of youthful day,
Still bathe in morn's, not evening's dews,
From shades of autumn fleet away.

Behold their train of captains, beaux!
Disdain my breast, disdain to sigh!
To these the fair, the rivals those,
The son of Jove's be my reply:

"Ah why desert th' Olympic games?
Aspire to victory!" Philip cries:
"I come," young Ammon fierce exclaims,
"If kings my rivals, thrones the prize."

Yes, letter'd maid! my soul approve,
The seat no more of vain desires:
Extinguish'd there the flame of love,
Extinguish'd there ambition's fires!

To save from vice, from folly save,
What aid can beauty, power afford?
Unworthy love to call thee slave,
Unworthy crowds to call thee lord!

Pure reason, yes; pure truth—but why,
Ah why! rebellious heart declare,
With flattering pulse and stifled sigh,
That other tenants harbour there?

Go—tranquil Hope, by turns to dwell,
Expelling reason pleasure's court,
Expelling passion wisdom's cell:
Go—reason's, passion's mutual sport.

Vain dreamer!—rather both revere,
But neither's sole dominion own:
When Heaven assign'd to each their sphere,
It never meant excluding one:

Excluding which?—objections wait
On vain pretensions either forms;
Alike to life's salubrious state
Ye both are fatal—calms and storms.

TO LAURA,

ON HER RECEIVING A MYSTERIOUS LETTER FROM A METHODIST DIVINE.

The doctor wakes early—half drest in his cassoc,
He steals from his consort to write;
She sleeps—and sweet Heaven is invok'd from his hassoc,
To lengthen the trance of her night.

Now he writes to the fair, with what fervour he paints
Heaven's glory concern'd in her fame;
How he raves upon grace, and the union of saints
Idolatry, raptures, and flame?

Equivocal priest, lay solemnity by,
Deceiver thyself, or deceiv'd!
When you kneel to the idol of beauty, and sigh,
Are your ardours for Heaven believ'd?

Will the heart that is kindled from passions below
Ascend in pure spirit above?
Ah! analyse better, as blended they glow
The flames of religion and love.

Quit the teacher, my fair one, and listen to me,
A doctor less grave and severe!
Who eternity's joys for the virtuous can see
Consistent with happiness here.

Still reverence, I preach, those endearing relations
Of daughter, of parent, of wife:
Yet I blame not your relish for slighter sensations
That sweeten the medicine of life.

Know, the virtue it cherishes Heaven will reward,
But attend to no blasphemous tales,
That the blaze of the Deity shines unimpair'd,
Though human infirmity fails.

Know your God as he is, wise, good, beyond measure,
No tyrant in horrours array'd,
But a father, who smiles on the innocent pleasure
Of amiable creatures he made!

Still please, and pursue his benevolent ends,
Still enrapture the heart and the ear!
I can swear for myself, and believe for my friends,
Our morals improve as we hear.

If the passions are waken'd by harmony's charm,
Their breezes waft health to the mind,
What our reason but labours, vain toil! to disarm,
By virtue and song are refin'd.

Ah! listen to me, in whose natural school
Religion leads truth by the hand!
Who regulates faith by a mystical rule,
But builds his foundation on sand!

By the winds of unreconcil'd principles driven,
Still fluctuates the methodist's plan;
Now he wishes you chaste for the glory of Heaven,
Now frail—for the pleasure of man.

TO THE SAME.

ON POLITICS.

From moments so precious to life,
All politics, Laura, remove;
Ruby lips must not animate strife,
But breathe the sweet language of love.

What is party?—a zeal without science,
A bubble of popular fame,
In nature and virtue's defiance,
'Tis reason enslav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madness, or fashion,
Where knaves only guess what they mean;
'Tis a cloak to conceal private passion,
To indulge, with applause, private spleen.

Can I, plac'd by my Laura, inquire,
If poison or claret put out
Our Churchill's satyrical fire,
If Wilkes lives with ears or without?

When you vary your charms with your patches
To me 'tis a weightier affair,
Than who writes the northern dispatches,
Or sits in the president's chair.

When, by nature and art form'd to please,
You sing, and you talk, and you laugh,
Can I forfeit such raptures as these,
To dream of the chamberlain's staff?

Secure under Brunswick and Heaven,
I trust the state vessel shall ride:
To Bute let the rudder be given,
Or Pitt be permitted to guide.

At Almack's, when the turtle's well drest,
Must I know the cook's country, or starve?
And when George gives us liberty's feast,
Not taste 'till Newcastle shall carve?

Yet think not that wildly I range,
With no sober system in view;
My notions are fix'd, though they change,
Applied to Great Britain and you.

There, I reverence our bright constitution,
Not heeding what calumny raves,
Yet wish for a new revolution,
Should rulers treat subjects as slaves.

Here, the doctrine of boundless dominion,
Of boundless obedience is mine;
Ah! my fair, to cure schism in opinion,
Confess non-resistance is thine.

TO LAURA.

FAREWELL TO THE ROSE.

Go rose—in gaudy gardens wilt thou bloom,
Far from the silent vale of peace and love?
On fluttering insects lavish waste perfume,
Or deck the fickle wreath that folly wore?

And yet the fragrance of thy evening hour,
Ambrosial odours, yet to me refuse?
To me, who pay thy sweets, ungrateful flower!
With rich returns of incense from the Muse!

Who but the Muse transplants thee, short-liv'd
From mortal regions to celestial seats?
By memory's fountain, where thy buds disclose
Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.

SONG TO * * * *.

What! bid me seek another fair
In untry'd paths of female wiles?
And posies weave of other hair,
And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah no! my dying lips shall close,
Unalter'd love, as faith professing;
Nor praising him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing,
My last address to Heav'n is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

ON MEN BEING DEPRIVED, FROM CUSTOM AND DELICACY, OF ENJOYING SOCIAL FRIENDSHIP WITH THE FAIR SEX.

Had soft Aspasia's sex been man,
What friendship's holy chains
Had link'd our beings, fortune's plan,
Our pleasures and our pains?

Alike our ruder, milder sports,
Our studies too the same,
Companions both in shades and courts,
In paths of love or fame.

By bright collision, patriot beams
Had flush'd from soul to soul,
And war had seen, in union's streams,
Our tide of glory roll.

There fate, that strikes the noblest breast,
Had surely reverenc'd thine;
The thirsty lance I then had blest
For only wounding mine.

But ah! my sweeter downy hours,
Had I been chang'd, not you;
What tranquil joys, if kinder powers
Had made me woman too!

Made each the other's softer care,
One table then had fed,
One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,
Ah do not blush!—one bed.

Both *sitting* at one busy loom
In nature's vernal bow'r,
Had rivall'd nature's vernal bloom,
Creating both one flow'r.

Both screen'd from summer's sultry view,
In shades by haunted stream,
Had own'd the moral vision true
That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wisdom, couch'd in mystic rhyme,
Yet bending o'er the brook,
Had gathered morals more sublime
From great creation's book;

And felt our mixing souls refine
In purer wisdom's ray,
The being virtue's friend and thine
Had clear'd our mists away.

My morning incense, ev'ning pray'r,
With thine, had soar'd above,
With thine ascending sweeter there
On wings of song and love.

Vain dreams! for custom's laws, combin'd
With virtue's stern decree,
Divide the beings nature join'd,
Divide my fair from me.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

FAINTING AT THE NEWS OF HER FRIEND'S MISFORTUNES.

Ah! maid too gentle, while thy tears deplore
The virtuous exile on a foreign shore,
Thy pulse forgets to beat, thy cheek to glow,
Dim the bright eye, fix'd monument of woe,
Lost every function, vanish'd every sense:
Is this thy lot, divine benevolence?
Approach no more, such bitter anguish, near
So soft a bosom; flow alone the tear,
That dew of Heaven, O maid! to Heaven allied,
Thy great Redeemer shed for man and died.
Good angels mourn creation's glories lost,
And mourning please, resemble him the most;
Flow then thy tear, ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
For bliss to others, sweeter bliss to thee!
With pity's pangs her dear sensations feel;
The shaft that wounds thee, drops a balm to heal.
Thy soul expanding, like a vernal flower,
Shall glow the brighter in affliction's shower
For every tear to suff'ring virtue given,
Itself approving, and approv'd by Heaven.
Weep then, but weep another's fate alone;
Let smiles be still attendant on thy own.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

How blest is he whom nature's gentle hand
Has snatch'd from human life and human woes,
Ev'n in his childish days, ere yet he knew
Or sin, or pain, or youthful passion's force!
In earth's soft lap, beneath the flowery turf,
His peaceful ashes sleep; to Heaven ascends
Th' unspotted soul, declar'd by voice divine
A guest well pleasing—Then no longer mourn,
Thou drooping parent, nor bewail him lost—
In life's first bloom, when infant reason dawn'd,
And the young mind, unfolding every power,
Gave promise fair of manhood, transport fill'd
The mother's bosom, pondering every word
And action there. She now lamenting loud
Deplores him, from her vain embraces torn
By unrelenting fate, and fierce disease;
Like eastern storms that blast the opening year.

TO MISS N——M,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTON.

Lovely N——m! rise, and see
Modest morn resemble thee!
Ocean smiles with your repose,
Come to seas, where Venus rose!
Bathing, Dr. Pool observes,
Braces all the optic nerves.
"Heavens," she cries, "what idle whim!
Youthful eyes are seldom dim;
Mine can mark the distant sail,
Or lowing herds in Sussex' vale;
Scarce a spire or cottage smoke,
Or cloud embracing mountain oak;
An object scarce of land or sea
Rises unperceiv'd by me."
True—but eyes that distant roam,
Frequent fail for scenes at home.
Let example make me clearer,
Place yourself at Shergold's mirror!
Every mild reflected grace,
That angel form, that angel face,
A world of wonders all can view,
Envy only blind and—you.

TO THE MRS'S R——S,

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

No, gentle ladies!—he on Brighton's flood,
Who deck'd with N——'s name a feeble page;
For you, the guardians of the fair and good,
Has arm'd no bitter stings of Satan's rage.

On impious necks the Muse of vengeance treads,
For shameless folly dips her shafts in gall;
While, droping odours on your virtuous heads,
The dews of praise, a precious ointment, fall.

Your N——m's mind in every virtue grew,
In every grace, beneath your sweet control;
In genuine lustre were preserved by you
Her polish'd form, reflecting all the soul.

Her candid smiles, unconscious of their worth,
Her blush of nature without other dye!
You taught her modest eyes to love the Earth,
Or soar in flaming rapture to the sky.

Her, the best gift of Heaven, its gracious love
Permitted to your guidance—come and share
The joy of virtuous souls, whose toils improve
The talents trusted to their fruitful care[1].

Come, faithful servants—hear a voice proclaim
Your hymn of triumph—'tis no song of mine;
'Tis Heaven that calls you to partake your fame
With God the giver, and this gift divine.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Here Charles lay shelter'd, from this desert shore
He lanch'd the bark, and brav'd the tempest's roar;
He trusted here the faith of simple swains,
And ocean, friendlier than the Worcester plains[2].
No beauteous forms, as now adorn'd it then,
The downs were pathless, without haunt of men.
One shepherd wander'd on the lonely hill,
One village-maid explor'd the distant rill.
But mark the glittering scenes succeeding these;
See peopled all the shores, and healing seas;
Yet, friend to Britain, flows alike the wave
With India's treasures, and defrauds the grave.
Had fate now plac'd him on this fairy land,
The thoughtless Charles had linger'd on the strand,
Nor danger chill'd, nor high ambition fir'd
That wanton bosom, by the loves inspir'd:
His languid sails the monarch here had furl'd,
Had gain'd a N——n's smile, and lost the world.

TO MISS G——.

FROM BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

Come, Stella, let us climb the heights
Where purer spirits flow,
And upward point our mental flights,
And mock the scenes below.

And turn no more the giddy rounds
Of pleasure's wanton chace,
But range beyond material bounds,
Eternity, and space!—

Come, read in ocean's ample page,
Explain the cause that guides,
That bridles now, and now to rage
Precipitates the tides.

In glory see the planets roll,
Their laws, their measure, scan,
Nor there confin'd, explore the soul,
And liberty, and man!

On soaring pinions let us shoot,
Like him, the bird of Jove!
—"What waste," she cries, "in such pursuit,
An age of life and love!

"With eagle flight and eagle view
Let Newton sail the sky!
But what am I? or what are you,
Philosopher?—a fly:

"Vain insect! now aloft he springs
To drink the liquid light,
And quenches now his flagging wings
In angry seas and night.

"Ah fool! to quit his reptile state
Amid fresh dews and flowers!
Be his the justly purchas'd fate,
The sober lesson ours.

"From clouds descending, let us try
What humbler regions give!
Let others soar to fall and die!
'Tis ours to creep, and live."

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING VERSES.

BY MISS G——.

No more let science tempt thy searching eye
Beyond the bounds prescrib'd to mortal sight;
No more advent'rous mount the lofty skies,
And daring, penetrate the realms of light.

With humble mind go trace thy Maker's hand
In every smiling valley, fertile plain;
Adore his bounty in the cultur'd land,
Revere his wisdom in the stormy main!

Nor thoughtless view the vast tremendous sea,
Whose course impetuous power divine restrains;
Whose rushing tide, control'd by Heaven's decree,
Forbears to violate the flow'ry plains.

Nor yet confine to these thy wand'ring sight,
While splendid gems the face of Heav'n adorn;
Nor heedless view the radiant lamps of night,
Nor heedless view the Sun that gilds the morn.

But turn with praise to Him who reigns above,
Supreme o'er works that speak almighty power;
O! turn a grateful bosom breathing love,
And learn the noblest lesson—to adore.

[1] Matthew xxv.

[2] Charles the IId. after the battle of Worcester, escaped to France in a fishing-boat, from Brighthelmstone.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Go, mournful spirit, wing thy dreary way,
Leave a lov'd mansion, leave the cheerful day;
A naked wanderer on the winter's wind,
Ah leave, reluctant, youth and strength behind!
Not long a wanderer, to that happier shore
Be Heaven thy guide, where mourning is no more!
In purer mansions, in a form divine,
Immortal youth, immortal joy, be thine!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

O you, who mark what flowrets gay,
What gales, what odours breathing near,
What sheltering shades from summer's ray
Allure my spring to linger here:

Yet see me quit this margin green,
Yet see me deaf to pleasure's call,
Explore the thirsty haunts of men,
Yet see my bounty flow for all.

O learn of me—no partial rill,
No slumbering selfish pool be you;
But social laws alike fulfil;
O flow for all creation too!

ON THE CONVERTING THE LATE MR. WOODDESON'S HOUSE, AT KINGSTON, INTO A POOR-HOUSE, AND CUTTING DOWN THE GREAT WALK OF HIGH TREES BEFORE IT.

Where the broad path-way fronts yon ancient seat,
Approach not, stranger, with unhallow'd feet,
Nor mock the spot, unsheltered now, and bare!
The grove's old honours rose majestic there:
It's giant arms extending to defend
Thy reverend temples, man's and virtue's friend!
Secure thy walk that unpierc'd gloom along,
No storm approach'd to silence Homer's song;
No beam to wound thy Heav'n-directed eye:
The world's near tumult swept unheeded by.
Now, low as thine, these towering heads are laid,
No more embower the mansion in their shade,
Time-honour'd pile! that owning thee its lord,
Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, restor'd;
In renovated youth beheld again
Saturnian days, the good Eliza's reign.
With thee too sheltering many an angel guest,
For what, but Heaven, screener than thy breast?—
Blest mansion then, simplicity's abode,
Where smiling innocence look'd up to God,
Where nature's genuine graces charm'd the heart,
Or nature, polish'd but by classic art. [beams,
There fancy, warm'd with brightest, chastest
The saint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,
While virtue left, delighting there to dwell,
The pensive mountain, and the hermit's cell.—
There the good teacher held by turns to youth
The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,
Who, less by precept than example fir'd,
Glow'd as he taught, inspiring and inspir'd.
Nor think, gay revellers, this awful roof
Echoed no sounds but wisdom's harsh reproof;
The social board, attendant mirth, was there,
The smile unconscious of to morrow's care,
With every tranquil joy of wedded life,
The gracious children, and the faithful wife.
In dance, in song, in harmless sports approv'd,
There youth has frolick'd, there soft maids have lov'd.
There one, distinguish'd one—not sweeter blows
In simpler ornament attir'd, the rose,
The rose she cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,
Herself as fair—a transitory flower.—
Thus a short hour—and woods and turrets fall;
The good, the great, the beauteous, perish all.
Another age a gayer race supplies,
Less awful groves, and gaudier villas rise,
See wisdom's place usurp'd by folly's sons,
And scorners sit on virtue's vacant thrones.
See neighbouring Combe's old genius quit its bowers, [towers;
Not Warwick's [1] name preserv'd his gothic towers;
Nor distant see new royal domes [2] deride
What half remains of Wolsey's ancient pride!
While yet this humbler pile survives to prove
A mansion worthy of its master's love:
Like him, still welcomes to its liberal door
Whom most he honour'd, honouring most the poor;
Like him, the lisping infant's blessing shares,
And age's gratitude in silent prayers.—
While such partake the couch, the frugal feast,
No regal chambers boast an equal guest;
For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,
Receiving mercy is receiving Thee!—

[1] Combe-Neville, near Kingston, built by the king-making earl of Warwick.

[2] The new apartments at Hampton Court, raised on the ruins of part of Wolsey's palace.

THE

POEMS

OF

WALTER HARTE.

THE

LIFE OF WALTER HARTE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE following desultory information, perhaps improperly called a life, is derived principally from the notes on Mr. Nicholls's collection of poems, augmented by various notices in the Gentleman's Magazine, the author's works, and the writings of his contemporaries. His learning and personal worth, neither of which have ever been called in question, would have procured him a more particular narrative, if it had been possible to recover the requisite materials.

His father the rev. Walter Harte was fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, prebendary of Wales, canon of Bristol, and vicar of St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, Somersetshire. Refusing to take the oaths after that revolution which placed a new family on the throne, he relinquished all his preferments, in 1691, and retired to Kentbury in Buckinghamshire, where he died February 10, 1736, aged eighty-five. His son informs us, that when judge Jefferies came to Taunton assizes in the year 1685, to execute his commission upon the unfortunate persons concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, Mr. Harte, then minister of St. Mary Magdalen's, waited on him in private, and remonstrated much against his severities. The judge listened to him calmly, and with some attention, and, though he had never seen him before, advanced him in a few months to a prebendal stall in the cathedral church of Bristol. "I thought," says Dr. Warton, who has introduced this story in his notes on Pope, "the reader might not dislike to hear this anecdote of Jefferies, the only one action of his life that I believe does him any credit."

Old Mr. Harte was so much respected for his piety and learning, that the prelates Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne, who successively filled the see of Bath and Wells, contrived that he should receive the profits of his prebend of Wells as long as he lived: and Mr. Simon Harcourt, afterwards the celebrated lord chancellor,

offered him a bishopric in queen Anne's time, which he declined with grateful acknowledgements. According to his son's account, he was a most laborious student, employing ten or twelve hours a day, without any interruption, but that of casual sickness, for fifty years successively. His principal business was in referring every difficult part of scripture to those particular passages in the fathers, and eminent modern divines, who had explained them expressly or occasionally.

The time of our poet's birth has not been settled. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine fixes it about the year 1707, but an earlier date will correspond better with circumstances. If he was born in 1707, his lines to lady Hertford must have been written at eleven, which is highly improbable; yet there is some difficulty in adjusting the date of this poem. In Lintot's edition, it is subscribed September 30, 1725, but Francis, the late marquis of Hertford, was born in 1719, a year after his father's marriage, and when Mr. Harte, according to the above account, could have been only eleven years of age. We have his own authority that all the poems published in this volume were written when he was under nineteen, consequently the date of 1725 must be an errour, especially if Collins's account of the Hertfort family be correct. But here, too, there is something that requires explanation, for the title of Beauchamp was not conferred on the family for many years after the publication of these poems.

He received his education at Marlborough school, under the rev. Mr. Hildrop, to whom he dedicates the few divine poems in the volume published in 1727. At what time he went to Oxford does not appear, but he took his master's degree June 30, 1720, according to the last edition of the graduates of that university, a clear proof that he must have been born long before 1707. With Pope he acquired an early intimacy, and shared rather more of his friendship than that poet was wont to bestow on his brethren. Pope encouraged his poetical enthusiasm, and inserted many lines in his poems, and Harte repaid the instructions of so distinguished a preceptor, by compliments introduced not without elegance and propriety in his Essays on Painting and on Satire, and elsewhere.

In 1727, he published the volume of poems, already mentioned, dedicated to the gallant and eccentric earl of Peterborough who was, as the author acknowledges, the first "who took notice of him." This volume was ushered in by a very numerous list of subscribers, among whom is the name of Alexander Pope, for four copies. An edition of these poems may be sometimes picked up, dated 1739, and printed for John Cecil, instead of Barnard Lintot the original publisher. As the same list of subscribers is repeated, it is probable that these were the remaining copies bought at Lintot's sale, (who died in 1737) and were at this time published with a new title page.

In 1730 he published his Essay on Satire, 8vo. and in 1735, the Essay on Reason, folio, to which Pope contributed very considerably, although no part of his share can be exactly ascertained, except the first two lines. He afterwards published two sermons, the one entitled the Union and Harmony of Reason, Morality, and revealed Religion, preached at St. Mary's Oxford, February 27, 1736-7, which excited so much admiration, or curiosity, as to pass through five editions. The other was a fast sermon, preached at the same place, January 9, 1739-40. He was afterwards vice-principal of St. Mary Hall, and held in so much reputation as a tutor, that lord Lyttelton, who was one of his earliest friends, recom-

mended him to the earl of Chesterfield, as a private and travelling preceptor to his natural son. With this young man, to whom his lordship addressed those letters which have so much injured his reputation, Mr. Harte travelled from the year 1746 to 1750. Lord Chesterfield is said to have procured for him a canonry of Windsor, in 1751, "with much difficulty" arising from his college connections, St. Mary Hall, of which Dr. King was principal, being at that time noted for jacobitism.

In 1759, he published his history of Gustavus Adolphus, 2 vols. 4to. a work on which he had bestowed much labour, and in which he has accumulated very valuable materials. An edition was soon published in German by George Henry Martini, with a preface, notes, and corrections, from the pen of the translator John Gotlieb Bohme, Saxon historiographer, and professor of history in the university of Leipzic. The success, however, at home, was far inferior to his hopes, yet sufficient to encourage him to publish an octavo edition in 1763, corrected and improved. At this time he resided at Bath, dejected and dispirited between real and imaginary distempers. In November 1766, a paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech, and in some degree his head. He employed, however, his intervals of health, in preparing the Amaranth for the press, which was published in 1767. In the following year, he had entirely lost the use of his left side, and he languished in this melancholy condition till March 1774, when he breathed his last, having just outlived the publication of the celebrated letters addressed to his pupil Mr. Stanhope, but which it is hoped he did not see. At the time of his death he was vicar of St. Austel and St. Blazy in Cornwall.

Frequent mention of his character and writings occurs in Chesterfield's letters.

"Next week Harte will send you his Gustavus Adolphus (March 30, 1759,) in two quartos: it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he had abundant and authentic materials which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history: though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order, these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his lucerne, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and, as he says, profit."

April 16, 1759. "I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's Gustavus Adolphus does not take at all, and consequently sells very little: it is certainly informing, and full of good matter: but it is as certain too, that the style is execrable: where the d——l he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind: it is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms: in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low."

November 27, 1762. "Harte is going to publish a new edition of his Gustavus, in octavo: which, he tells me he has altered, and which, I could tell him, he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former."

December 18, 1763. "Harte has a great poetical work to publish, before it be long: he has shown me some parts of it; he had entitled it Emblems: but I persuaded him to alter that name for two reasons: the first was, because they were

not emblems, but fables: the second was, that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him: so they are to be called fables, though moral tales would, in my mind, be the properest name; if you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that *sunt plura bona: quædam mediocria, et quædam.*"—

September 3, 1764. "I have received a book for you, and one for myself, from Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as I confess it did me. This work is not only English, but good and elegant English: he has even scattered graces upon his subject: and in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse, I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation."

November 28, 1765. "Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hotwell at Bristol. He is a better poet than a philosopher: for all this illness and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill success of his Gustavus Adolphus. He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted."

July 2, 1767. "Poor Harte is in a most miserable condition: he has lost one side of himself, and in a great measure his speech: notwithstanding which, he is going to publish his *Divine Poems*, as he calls them. I am sorry for it, as he had not time to correct them, before this stroke, nor abilities to do it since."—

In these opinions there is some truth and some flippancy. His lordship, however, must have entertained a very high opinion of Mr. Harte's learning and integrity, when he confided to him the early and most interesting years of that son on whom all his hopes were fixed; yet Dr. Maty expresses his wonder, that he should not have chosen a tutor who understood a little better the external decorations which his lordship prized so highly. "Harte," says Dr. Maty, "had none of the amiable connecting qualifications, which the earl wished in his son."

"It was impossible he should succeed in finishing the polish of his education in the manner lord Chesterfield wished: and it is a matter of astonishment that the earl should not have perceived how much the tutor's example must have defeated his precepts. The three principal articles he recommended to his son, were his appearance, his elocution and his style. Mr. Harte, long accustomed to a college life, was too awkward both in his person and address to be able to familiarize the graces with his young pupil. An unhappy impediment in his speech, joined to his total want of ear, rendered him equally unfit to perceive as to correct any defects of pronounciation, a careful attention to which was so strongly recommended in all lord Chesterfield's letters, as absolutely necessary for an orator."

All this, however, lord Chesterfield knew, and yet appointed Mr. Harte, appears to have been perfectly satisfied with his conduct, and treated him with great kindness, and condescending familiarity as long as he lived. Dr. Maty seems to have forgot that Harte left his pupil before his lordship had fully developed that abominable plan of hypocrisy and profligacy which, notwithstanding his biographers' softenings, has irrecoverably disgraced his memory; and as it is acknowledged that Mr. Stanhope did not practise the system which his father so elegantly and artfully recommended, let us hope that he was preserved by the better foundation Mr. Harte had laid.

His life of Gustavus Adolphus was a very unfortunate publication. He had learning, industry, and the spirit of research: and he had acquired a considerable

degree of political and military knowledge. He had besides access to the most valuable materials, and his work may be considered as in many respects original. But either through affectation, or by means of some desultory course of reading in every language but his own, he was led to adopt a style peculiarly harsh and pedantic, and often unintelligible by the irregular construction of his sentences, by new words of his own coinage, or by old words used in a new sense. The wonder is, that in all this he fancied himself "writing in a style less laboured and ornamental than is usually exhibited by the fluent writers of the present age." George Hawkins, his bookseller, we are told, sometimes objected to his uncouth words or phrases, while the work was in the press, but Harte refused to change them, and used to add with a complaisant sneer, "George, that's what we call writing!" It is, such writing, however, as we do not find in his sermons printed in 1737, and 1740, far less in his Essays on Husbandry, which ought to have been mentioned as printed in 1764, and which, with very few exceptions, are distinguished for perspicuity of style, and for more elegance than that subject is generally supposed to admit.

The life of Gustavus probably employed many of his years, at least the plan must have occupied his mind for a very considerable time before he began to collect his materials. The undertaking was suggested to him by lord Peterborough, with whom he could have had no communication, except previously to the year 1734, when his lordship's growing infirmities deprived him of the pleasures of society, and in the following year of life. When travelling with Mr. Stanhope, our author procured access to various sources of information, and dwelt so long on his subject with a fond regard, that when he found how coolly his work was received by the world, and how harshly by the critics, he became uneasy, fretful, and according to lord Chesterfield, seriously ill with disappointment. Dr. Johnson was of opinion, that the defects of his history proceeded not from imbecility, but from foppery: and it is certain that the critics, while they pointed out the defects in his style, paid due encomiums on the merit of the history in other respects.

According to Boswell, Dr. Johnson said, "he was excessively vain. He put copies of his book in manuscript into the hands of lord Chesterfield and lord Granville, that they might revise it. Now how absurd was it to suppose that two such noblemen would revise so big a manuscript. Poor man! he left London the day of the publication of his book, that he might be out of the way of the great praise he was to receive: and he was ashamed to return, when he found how ill his book had succeeded. It was unlucky in coming out the same day with Robertson's History of Scotland."—

Not the same day, for Robertson's History was published a month sooner, but Hume's House of Tudor came out the same week; and after perusing these, poor Harte's style could not certainly be endured. It was not, however, so very absurd to submit his manuscript to lord Chesterfield or lord Granville, if they permitted him, and the former certainly did peruse it, although he might think it too generally contaminated for a few friendly hints or corrections.

With Pope, Harte appears to have been on very intimate terms, and we find his encomiastic lines among the testimonies of authors prefixed to the Dunciad.

He had even attained so much character both as a poet and a philosopher, that the Essay on Man was at first attributed to him. It may not be impertinent to introduce here an anecdote, related by Dr. Warton, who was very intimate with Harte. Pope told Mr. Harte, that in order to disguise his being the author of the Second Epistle of the Essay on Man, he made, in the first edition, the following bad rhyme:

A cheat! a whore! that starts not at the *name*,
In all the inns of court, or *Drury-Lane*.

"And Harte remembered to have often heard it urged, in inquiries about the author, whilst he was unknown, that it was impossible it could be Pope's, on account of this very passage."— Warton, it may be added, always spoke with respect of Harte's abilities.

From every evidence, he appears to have been a man of extensive learning, and acquainted not only with the best authors of his time, but with the classics, the fathers of the church, and other eminent writers of antiquity, which Dr. Maty, rather inconsiderately, calls "Gothic erudition." It is true that he often discovers that kind of reading which is seldom read, but the illustrations he has appended to the poems in the Amaranth from the fathers, &c. are generally apt and judicious. Towards the close of life, he cheered his painful and solitary hours by devotional reading.

He died unmarried, and at one time seems to have considered the married state as unfavourable to the exertions of genius. In his Essay on Painting, he very ungallantly recommends that the artist should be

"Untouch'd by cares, uncumber'd with a wife."

Notwithstanding the unfortunate reception of his history, he projected another undertaking of the same kind. This we learn from the concluding passage of his Gustavus: in which he says his intention was to carry the history of Germany down to the peace of Munster, but that he was deterred by the magnitude of the undertaking. He adds, however, in a note, that he had completed the history of the thirty years war, from the breaking out of the troubles in Bohemia in 1618 to the death of Gustavus in 1632. These papers, with whatever else he left, are supposed to have fallen into the hands of his servant Edward Dore, who afterwards kept an inn in Bath. Dore and his family are no more, and the manuscripts are probably irrecoverably lost. We have his own authority also, that he intended to have written a criticism on the poetry of Dryden, which he seems to have appreciated with just taste. The Advertisement to Religious Melancholy, from which this information is taken, is inserted almost entire, by Dr. Warton in his edition of Pope, as the result of a conference between Pope and Harte.

Harte's poems in general are entitled to considerable praise, although it may probably be thought that he was a better critic than a poet, and exhibited more taste than genius. His attachment to Pope led him to an imitation of that writer's manner, particularly in the Essay on Reason and that on Satire, which are now added to his other works. His Essay on Reason has been somewhere called a fine philosophical poem. It might with more propriety be called a fine Christian poem, as it has more of religion than philosophy, and might have been aptly entitled An Essay on Revelation. The Essay on Satire has some elegant passages, but is desultory, and appears to have been written as a compliment to the Dun-

clad of Pope, whose opinions he followed as far as they respected the merits of the dunces whom Pope libelled.

For his Essay on Painting, he pleads that it was written at intervals, upon such remarks as casually occurred in his reading, and is therefore deficient in connection. He adds that he had finished the whole before he saw Du Fresnoy, which may readily be believed. He discovers, however, a very correct notion of an art which was not at that time much studied in this country, and has laid down many precepts which, if insufficient to form a good painter, will at least prevent his falling into gross improprieties. So much knowledge of the art, and acquaintance with the works of the most eminent painters, argues a taste surprising at his early age. He had some turn for drawing, and made several sketches when abroad, which were afterwards engraved as head pieces for the poems in the Amaranth. In this Essay, he delights in images, which although in general pleasing and just, are perhaps too frequently, and as it were periodically introduced. With all his admiration of Pope, he was not less attached to Dryden as a model, and if he has less harmony than Pope, has at the same time less monotony.

His translations are faithful and not inelegant. His acquaintance with the classics was very intimate, and he has decorated his Essays on Husbandry with a profusion of apt illustrations.

The Soliloquy occasioned by the chirping of a Grasshopper is tender and playful, but his other small pieces are not entitled to particular notice.

The Amaranth was written, as he informs us "for his private consolation under a lingering and dangerous state of health." There is something so amiable, and we may add so heroic in this, that it is impossible not to make every allowance for defects; but this collection of poems does not upon the whole stand so much in need of indulgence as may be expected. Some of them were sketched when he was abroad, and now were revised and prepared, but others may perhaps be the effusions of a man in sickness and pain. Yet there are more animated passages of genuine poetry scattered over this volume than we find in his former works.

The whole of the Amaranth is of the serious cast, such as became the situation of the author. We have, indeed, heard of authors who have sported with unusual glee in their moments of debility and decay, and seemed resolved to meet death with an air of good humour and levity. Such a state of mind, where it does really occur, and is not affectation, is rather to be wondered at, than envied. It is not the feeling of a rational, and an immortal creature.

In these poems he adopts various measures, according to his subject. The transition from the ode to the heroic, in the Ascetic, he justifies by the example of Cowley, and from the nature of the precepts, which are most suitable to the solemnity of heroic verse. The Ode to Contentment has many splendid passages and the recurrence of "All, all from Thee, &c." is particularly graceful. The exclamation of "Bless me," is, however, a puerility unworthy of the general strain of this poem.

In the Vision of Death, he professes to imitate Dryden by the introduction of more triplets and alexandrines than "he might otherwise have done." But if by this he avoids the perpetual restraint of the couplet, there is too much of visible artifice in the method he takes to relieve himself. This, however, is one of the most

ingenious fables of which immortality is the subject; the figure and habitation of Death, are poetically conceived and expressed, and the address of Death is energetic and striking.

The Courtier and Prince is one of the most instructive and interesting fables in our language. Its length will perhaps be objected, but not by those who attend to the many scattered beauties of sentiment and imagination, and whatever opinion may be entertained on the merit of this and his other poems, it ought not to be forgot that in all he prefers no higher claims than

"The sounds of verse, and voice of Truth."

POEMS

OF

WALTER HARTE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF PETERBOROW AND MONMOUTH.

My lord,

I FANCY the public will be much surprised, when I say your lordship was the first person who was pleased to take notice of me. How little I deserve so much partiality, I leave the world to judge. Yet thus much I can affirm; I only wish that these poems may live to posterity, to be a memorial of the gratitude rather than the genius

Of your lordship's
most humble, most obliged,
and most dutiful servant,
W. HARTE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT will be necessary to inform the reader, that the author was under nineteen when all these poems were written.

I ought here to say a word or two of my Essay on Painting. This performance is by no means correct in all its parts; I had neither health, leisure, nor abilities equal to my design. 'Twas written at intervals, upon such remarks as casually occurred in my reading. Of course no exact connexion must be expected: though I might allege, that Horace uses as little in his Art of Poetry. I had finished the whole, before ever I saw Du Fresnoy; as will appear by comparison.

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Μιμητικὴ [Ποιήσεως] τέχνη καὶ δύναμις ἐστιν ἀνυίσροφος τῇ ζωγραφίᾳ ζωγραφίαν μὲν λέγουσιν εἶναι ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ τὴν Ποίησιν, Ποίησιν δὲ ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ τὴν ζωγραφίαν.

Plutarch. de audiend. Poet.

——————————Poema
Est pictura loquens, mutum pictura poema.

WHATEVER yet in poetry held true,
If duly weigh'd holds just in painting too:
Alike to profit, and delight they tend;
The means may vary, but the same their end.
Alike from Heav'n, congenial first they came,
The same their labours, and their praise the same:
Alike by turns they touch the conscious heart,
And each on each reflects the lights of art.
You nobler youths who listen to my lays,
And scorn by vulgar arts to merit praise:
Look cautious round, your genius nicely know,
And mark how far its utmost stretch will go;
Pride, envy, hatred, labour to conceal,
And sullen prejudice, and party-zeal;
Approve, examine, and then last believe——
For friends mislead, and critics still deceive.
Who takes his censure, or his praise on trust,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be just.
But where's the man with gen'rous zeal inspir'd,
Dear in each age, in ev'ry art admir'd?

Blest with a genius strong, [1] but unconfin'd,
A spritely wit, with sober judgment join'd,
A love of learning, and a patient mind;
A vig'rous fancy, such as youth requires,
And health, and ease, and undisturb'd desires.
Who spares no pains his own defects to know,
Who not forgives, but ev'n admires a foe;
By manners sway'd, which stealing on the heart,
Charm more through ease, and happiness, than art.
Such Titian was, by nature form'd to please,
Blest in his fortunes, born to live at ease:
Who felt the poet's, or the painter's fire,
Now dipp'd the pencil, and now tun'd the lyre:
Of gentlest manners in a court refin'd,
A friend to all, belov'd of all mankind;
The Muse's glory, as a monarch's care, [2]
Dear to the gay, the witty, and the fair!
But ah! how long will nature ask to give
A soul like his, and bid a wonder live?
Rarely a Titian, or a Pope appears,
The forming glory of a thousand years!
A proper taste we all derive from Heav'n,
Wou'd all but bless, and manage what is giv'n.
Some secret impulse moves in ev'ry heart,
And nature's pleas'd with gentle strokes of art;
Most souls, 'tis true, this blessing faintly charms;
A distant flame, that rather shines, than warms:
Like rays, through wintry streams reflected, falls
Its dubious light, in glimm'ring intervals.
Like Maro first with trembling hand design
Some humble work, and study line by line:
A Roman urn, a grove encircled bow'r,
The blushing cherry, or the bending flow'r.
Painful, and slow to noble arts we rise,
And long long labours wait the glorious prize;
Yet by degrees your steadier hand shall give
A bolder grace, and bid each object live.
So in the depths of some sequester'd vale,
The weary peasant's heart begins to fail:
Slowly he mounts the huge high cliff with pain,
And prays in thought he might return again:
'Till opening all at once beneath his eyes,
The verdant trees, and glittering turrets rise:
He springs, he triumphs, and like light'ning flies.
Ev'n Raphael's self from rude essays began,
And shadow'd with a coal his shapeless man.
Time was, when Pope for rhymes would knit his brow,
And write as tasteless lines—as I do now.
'Tis hard a sprightly fancy to command,
And give a respite to the lab'ring hand;
Hard as our eager passions to restrain,
When priests, and self-denial plead in vain:
When pleasures tempt, and inclinations draw,
When vice is nature, and our will the law.
As vain we strive each trivial fault to hide,
That shows but little judgment, and more pride.
Like some nice prude, offensive to the sight,
Exactness gives at best a cold delight; [3]
Each painful stroke disgusts the lively mind;
For art is lost, when overmuch refin'd.
So nice reformers their own faith betray,
And school-divines distinguish sense away.
To err is mortal, do whate'er we can,
Some faulty trifles will confess the man.
Dim spots suffuse the lamp that gilds the sky,
If nicely trac'd through Galileo's eye.
Wisest are they, who each mad whim repress,
And shun gross errours, by committing less
Still let due decencies preserve your fame,
Nor must the pencil speak the master's shame:
Each nobler soul in ev'ry age was giv'n
To bless mankind, for arts descend from Heav'n.
Gods! shall we then their pious use profane,
T' oblige the young, the noble, or the vain!
Whoever meditates some great design,
Where strength and nature dawn at ev'ry line,
Where art and fancy full perfection give,
And each bold figure glows, and seems to live:
Where lights and shades in sweet disunion play,
Rise by degrees, or by degrees decay;
Far let him shun the busy noise of life,
Untouch'd by cares, uncumber'd with a wife.
Bear him, ye Muses! to sequester'd woods,
To bow'ry grottoes, and to silver floods!
Where Peace, and Friendship hold their gentle reign,
And Love unarm'd sits smiling on the plain.
Where Nature's beauties variously unite,
And in a landscape open on the sight.
Where Contemplation lifts her silent eye,
And lost in vision travels o'er the sky.
Soft as his ease the whisp'ring Zephyrs blow,
Calm as his thoughts the gentle waters flow:
Hush'd are his cares, extinct are Cupid's fires,
And restless hopes, and impotent desires.
But Nature [5] first must be your darling care;
Unerring Nature, without labour fair.
Art from this source derives her true design,
And sober judgment cautiously refines.
No look, no posture must mishap'd appear:
Bold be the work, but boldly regular.
When mercy pleads, let softness melt the eyes;
When anger storms, the swelling muscles rise.
A soft emotion breathes in simple love,
The heart just seems to beat, the eye to move.
Gently, ah! gently, Languor seems to die,
Now drops a tear, and now steals out a sigh.
Let awful Jove his lifted thunders wield;
Place azure Neptune in the watry field.
Round smiling Venus draw the faithless boy,
Surmise, vain hopes, and short-enduring joy.
But should you dress a nymph in monstrous rags,
Or saintly nun profane with modish snuff:
Each fool will cry, O horridly amiss!
The painters mad, mend that, and alter this.
From Heav'n descending, beauteous Nature came,
One clear perfection, one eternal flame,

[1] Sit vir talis, qualis verè sapiens appellari possit, nec moribus modo perfectus, sed etiam scientiâ, & omni facultate dicendi, qualis fortasse adhuc nemo fuerit. Quintilian.

[2] Titian was created count Palatine by Charles V. and most intimately acquainted with Ariosto, Aretine, &c.

[3] Odiosa cura est—Optima enim sunt minimè accersitâ, & simplicibus ab ipsâ veritate perfectis similia. Quintil. Lib. 8. Cap. 3. in Proem.

[4] Aptissima sunt in hoc nemora, sylvæque; quòd illa cœli libertas, locorumque; amœnitas sublimem animum, & beatiorem spiritum parent. Quintilian.

[5] Videantur omnia ex Naturâ rerum homine numque fluere—Hoc opus, hic labor est; sine quo, cætera nuda, jejunga, infirma, ingrata. Quintil. Lib. 6. cap. 2.

Whose lovely lights on ev'ry object fall
By due degrees, yet still distinguish all.
Yet as the best of mortals are sometimes
Not quite exempt from folly or from crimes;
There are, who think that nature is not free
From some few symptoms of deformity.
Hence springs a doubt, if painters may be
To err, who copy nature in a fault, [thought
Led by some servile rule, whose pow'r prevails
On imitation, when th' example fails.
Poets, and painters here employ your skill;
Be this the doctrine of your good and ill,
Enough to pose the critics of a nation,
Nice as the rules of Puritan-salvation.
Yet if the seeds of art we nicely trace [6];
There dawns a heav'nly, all-inspiring grace,
No tongue expresses it, no rule contains;
(The glorious cause unseen) th' effect remains:
Fram'd in the brain, it flows with easy art,
Steals on the sense, and wins the yielding heart,
A pleasing vigour mixt with boldness charms,
And happiness completes what passion warms.
Nor is it thought a trifle, to express
The various shapes, and foldings of the dress [7],
With graceful ease the pencil to command,
And copy nature with a hasty hand.
Through the clear robe the swelling muscles rise,
Or heaving breasts, that decently surprise;
As some coy virgin with dejected mien [seen,
Conceals her charms, yet hopes they may be
Be ev'ry person's proper habit known [8],
Peculiar to his age, or sex alone.
In flowing robes the monarch sweeps along,
Large are the foldings, natural, and strong:
Wide ample lights in spreading glories play,
And here contrasted, deeper shades decay.
The virgin-pow'rs who haunt the silver floods,
And hoary hills, and consecrated woods,
Soft strokes, and graceful negligence demand,
The nice resultance of an easy hand;
Loose to the winds their airy garments fly
Like filmy dews, too tender for the eye.
But e'er these charms are to perfection wrought,
Adapted manuals must be nicely sought.
Gay vivid colours must the draught inspire,
Now melt with sweetness and now burn with fire.
A northern sky must aid the steady sight,
Else the shades alter with the transient light.
Methinks the loaded table stands display'd,
Each nicer vase "*in* mystic order laid."
Here ocean's mistress heaps around her shells
Beauteous, and recent from the sea-green cells;
The taper pencils here are rang'd apart,
There chalk, lead, vials, and loose schemes of art.
So when bold Churchill with a gen'ral's care
Eyes his brave Britons crowding to the war;
Watchful, and silent move the duteous bands,
One look excites them, and one breath commands,
Hail happy Painting! to confirm thy sway,
Ocean, and air their various tributes pay.
The purple insect [9] spreads her wings to thee,
Wafts o'er the breeze, or glitters on the tree.
Earth's winding veins unnumber'd treasures hold,
And the warm champian ripens into gold.
A clearer blue the lazuli bestows,
Here umber deepens, there vermillion glows.
For thee, her tender greens, and flourets rise,
Whose colours change in ever-mingling dyes;
Ev'n those fair groves (for Eden first design'd)
Weep in soft fragrance through their balmy rind:
Transparent tears! that glitter as they run,
Warm'd with the blushes of the rising Sun.
Here cease my song—a gentler theme inspires
Each tender thought, and wakes the lover's fires.
Once more your aid celestial Muses bring;
Sacred the lays! nor to the deaf we sing.
In ancient Greece [10] there liv'd, unknown to fame,
A nymph, and Mimicina was her name.
Smit by a neighb'ring youth betimes she fell
Victim to love, and bade the world farewell.
Thoughtful and dull she pin'd her bloom away
In lonely groves, nor saw the cheerful day.
This might be borne—but lo! her lovely swain
Must part, ah, never to return again!
One mutual kiss must mutual passion sever,
One look divide 'em, and divide for ever!
See, now she lies abandon'd to despair,
And to rude winds unbinds her flowing hair:
Beauteous neglect! when melting to her woes,
A Sylvan maid from her dark grotto rose:
(Long had she view'd the solitary fair,
Her bleeding bosom heav'd with equal care)
A heav'nly *picture* in her hand she bore,
She smil'd, she gave it, and was seen no more.
Pleas'd Mimicina, speechless with surprise,
Ey'd the fair form, and lightning of the eyes:
She knew—and sighing gave a tender kiss;
Her noble passion was content with this:
No more his absence, or her woes deplor'd,
And as the living, she the dead ador'd.
Thus Painting rose, to nourish soft desires,
And gentle hopes, and friendship's purer fires:
Thus still the lover must his nymph adore,
And sigh to charms, that ought to charm no more.
Thus when these eyes, with kind illusions blest,
Survey each grace Parthenia once possest:
Her winning sweetness, and attractive ease,
And gentle smiles that never fail'd to please;
Heav'ns! how my fancy kindles at the view,
And my fond heart relents, and bleeds anew!
Fair faithless virgin! with constraint unkind,
Misled by duty, and through custom blind:
Perhaps ev'n now, from pride and int'rest free,
Thou shar'st each pang of all I felt for thee;
Ah, no—my pray'rs, my tears, my vows resign,
Alas, 'tis now a crime to call me thine,
To act the tender, or the friendly part;
No—hate, forget me, tear me from my heart.

[6] Tradi omnia, quæ ars efficit, non possunt.
Quintil. Lib. 8. cap. 10.
Vide etiam quæ sequuntur de Pictore.

[7] Non refert quid facias, sed quo loco. Nam ornatus omnis non tam suâ, quam rei cui adhibetur, conditione constat.
Quintil. Lib. 11. cap. 1.

[8] Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique;
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque, jubebo
Doctum imitatorem,
Horat. de Art. Poet.

[9] The cochineel.

[10] This story, with several others, is mentioned by most ancient writers. I have chosen it as the most poetical.

Yet still thy smiles in breathing paint inspire,
Still thy kind glances set my soul on fire.
Thither each hour I lift my thoughtful eye,
Now drop a tear, now softly breathe a sigh;
Sacred 'till death my gentlest vows shall be,
And the last gasp of life be breath'd for thee!

You too, O Sculpture, shall exalt my lays,
Pictura's sister-candidate for praise!
Soft Raphael's air divine, Antonio [11] shows;
And all Le Brun in mimic Picart [11] glows.
Hither ye nations, now direct your eyes,
Rise crown'd with lustre, gentle Albion rise!
Now thy soft Hollar, now thy Smith appears,
A faultless pattern to succeeding years;
There sacred domes [12] in length'ning vistas charm,
And British beauties here for ever warm.

Most painters, of less judgment than caprice,
Are like old maidens infamously nice:
It matters nought if rules be false or true,
All shou'd be modish, whimsical and new;
Fond of each change, the present still they praise,
So women love—and actors purchase plays.
As if self-love, or popular offence,
Receiv'd a sanction to mislead our sense;
Or party-notions, vapours, faith, and zeal
Were all, at proper times, infallible.
True wit, and true religion are but one,
Tho' some pervert 'em, and ev'n most have none.
Who thinks what others never thought before,
Acts but just that his sons will act no more.
Yet on a time, when vig'rous thoughts demand,
Indulge a warmth, and prompt the daring hand:
On purpose deviate from the laws of art,
And boldly dare to captivate the heart;
Breasts warm'd to rapture shall applaud your fire,
May disapprove you, but shall still admire.
The Grecian artist at one dash supply'd
What patient touches, and slow art deny'd.
So when pale Florio in the gloomy grove
Sits sadly musing on the plagues of love,
When hopes and fears distract his tim'rous mind,
And fancy only makes the nymph unkind:
Desp'rate at last he rushes from the shade,
By force and warm address to win the maid:
His brisk attack the melting nymph receives
With equal warmth, he presses, she forgives;
One moment crowns whole tedious years of pain,
And endless griefs, and health consum'd in vain.

Of ev'ry beauty that conspires to charm
Man's nicer judgment, and his genius warm,
To just invention be the glory giv'n,
A particle of light deriv'd from Heav'n.
Unnumber'd rules t' improve the gift are shown
By ev'ry critic, to procure it, none.

Some colours often to the rest impart
New graces, more thro' happiness, than art.
This, nicely study'd, will your fame advance,
The greatest beauties seldom come by chance.

Some gaze at ornament alone, and then
So value paint, as women value men.
It matters nought to talk of truth, or grace,
Religion, genius, customs, time, and place.
So judge the vain, and young; nor envy we:
They cannot think indeed—but they may see.

Excessive beauty, like a flash of light,
Seems more to weaken, than to please the sight.
In one gay thought luxuriant Ovid writ,
And Voiture tires us, but with too much wit.

Some all their value for grotesque express,
Beauty they prize, but beauty in excess:
Where each gay figure seems to glare apart,
Without due grace, proportion, shades, or art.
(The sad remains of Goths in ancient times,
And rev'rend dulness, and religious rhymes)
So youthful poets ring their music round
On one eternal harmony of sound.
"The lines are gay," and whoso'er pretends
To search for more, mistakes the writer's ends.

Colours, like words, with equal care are sought,
These please the sight, and those express the thought,
But most of all, the landscape seems to please
With calm repose, and rural images.
See, in due lights th' obedient objects stand,
As happy ease exalts the master's hand.
See, absent rocks hang trembling in the sky,
See, distant mountains vanish from the eye;
A darker verdure stains the dusky woods;
Floats the green shadow in the silver floods;
Fair visionary worlds surprise the view,
And fancy forms the golden age anew.

True just designs will merit honour still;
Who begins well, can scarcely finish ill.
Unerring truth must guide your hand aright,
Art without this is violence to sight.—

The first due postures of each figure trace
In swelling out-lines with an easy grace.
But the prime person mostly will demand
Th' unweary'd touches of thy patient hand:
There thought, and boldness, strength, and art conspire,
The critic's judgment, and the painter's fire:
It lives, it moves, it swells to meet the eye:
Behind, the mingling groupes in softer shades die.

Never with self-design your merits raise,
Nor let your tongue be echo to your praise.
To wiser heads commit such points as these,
A modest blush will tell how much they please.

In days of yore, a prating lad, they say,
Met glorious Reuben's journeying on the way:
Sneering, and arch he shakes his empty head,
(For half-learn'd boys will talk a Solon dead)
"Your servant, good sir Paul; why, what, the deuce,
The world to you is more than fairly civil;
No life, no gusto in your pieces shine,
Without decorum, as without design"—
Sedate to this the Heav'n-born artist smil'd.
"Nor thine, nor mine to speak our praise, fond child!
Each shall expose his best to curious eyes,
And let th' impartial world adjust the prize."

Let the soft colours sweeten and unite
To one just form, as all were shade, or light.

Nothing so frequent charms th' admiring eye
As well tim'd fancy, and a sweet surprise.
So when the Grecian [13] labour'd to disclose
His nicest art, a mimic lark arose:
The fellow-birds in circles round it play'd,
Knew their own kind, and warbled to a shade.

[11] Two engravers, famous for their prints copied from Raphael and Le Brun.

[12] Alluding to Hollar's Etchings in the Monasticon.

[13] See Pliny's Natural History, lib. 35. cap. 10.

So Vandervaart in later times excell'd,
And nature liv'd in what our eyes beheld.
He too can oft (in optics deeply read)
A noon-day darkness o'er his chamber spread : [14]
The transient objects sudden as they pass
O'er the small convex of the visual glass,
Transferr'd from thence by magic's pow'rful call,
Shine in quick glories on the gloomy wall ;
Groves, mountains, rivers, men surprise the sight, [wavy light.
Trembles the dancing world, and swims the
Each varying figure in due place dispose [15],
These boldly heighten, touch but faintly those.
Contiguous objects place with judgment nigh,
Each due proportion swelling on the eye.
Remoter views insensibly decay,
And lights, and shadows sweetly drop away.
In bluish white the farthest mounts arise,
Steal from the eye, and melt into the skies.
Hence sacred domes in length'ning ailes extend,
Round columns swell, and rising arches bend :
Obliquer views in side-long vistas glance,
And bending groves in fancy seem to dance.
Two equal lights descending from the sky,
O'erpow'r each other, and confuse the eye.
The greatest pleasures tire the most, and such
Still end in vices if enjoy'd too much.
Tho' painters often to the shades retire,
Yet too long ease but serves to quench the fire.
Wing'd with new praise, methinks they boldly
O'er airy Alps, and seem to touch the sky. [fly
Still true to fame, here well-wrought busts de-
High turrets nod, and arches sink away. [cay,
Ev'n the bare walls, whose breathing figures glow'd
With each warm stroke that living art bestow'd,
Or slow decay, or hostile time invades,
And all in silence the fair fresco fades.
Each image yet in fancy'd thoughts we view,
And strong idea forms the scene a-new :
Delusive, she, Paulo's free stroke supplies, [eyes.
Revives the face, and points th' enlight'ning
'Tis thought each science, but in part, can
A length of toils for human life at most: [boast
(So vast is art!) if this remark prove true,
'Tis dang'rous sure to think at once of two,
And hard to judge if greater praise there be
To please in painting, or in poetry ;
Yet Painting lives less injur'd, or confin'd,
True to th' idea of the master's mind :
In ev'ry nation are her beauties known,
In ev'ry age the language is her own :
Nor time, nor change diminish from her fame ;
Her charms are universal, and the same.
O, could such blessings wait the poet's lays,
New beauties still, and still eternal praise!
Ev'n though the Muses ev'ry strain inspire,
Exalt his voice, and animate his lyre :
Ev'n tho' their art each image shou'd combine
In one clear light, one harmony divine ;

[14] This practice is of no late invention. Baptista Porta, who flourished about the year 1500, gives an ingenious account of it in his Natural Magic, lib. 17. How useful this may be to young painters, is not my province to determine.

[15] Singula quæque, locum teneant sortita decenter.
Hoc amat obscurum, vult hoc sub luce videri.
orat.

Yet ah, how soon the casual bliss decays,
How great the pains, how transient is the praise!
Language, frail flow'r, is in a moment lost,
(That only product human wit can boast)
Now gay in youth, its early honours rise,
Now hated, curst, it fades away, and dies.
Yet verse first rose to soften human kind,
To mend their manners, and exalt their mind.
See, savage beasts stand list'ning to the lay,
And men more furious, and more wild than they;
Ev'n shapeless trees a second birth receive,
Rocks move to form, and statues seem to live.
Immortal Homer felt the sacred rage,
And pious Orpheus taught a barb'rous age ;
Succeeding painters thence deriv'd their light,
And durst no more than those vouchsaf'd to write.
At last t' adorn the gentler arts, appears
Illustrious Zeuxis from a length of years.
Parrhasius' hand with soft'ning strokes exprest
The nervous motions, and the folded vest:
Pregnant of life his rounded figures rise,
With strong relievo swelling on the eyes.
Evenor bold, with fair Apelles came,
And happy Nicias crown'd with deathless fame.
At length from Greece, of impious arms afraid,
Painting withdrew, and sought th' Italian shade;
What time each science met its due regard,
And patrons took a pleasure to reward.
But ah, how soon must glorious times decay,
One transient joy, just known, and snatch'd away!
By the same foes, which Painting shunn'd before,
Ev'n here she bleeds, and arts expire once more.
Ease, lust, and pleasures shake a feeble state,
Gothic invasions, and domestic hate ; [sume,
Time's slow decays, what these ev'n spare, con-
And Rome lies bury'd in the depths of Rome!
Long slumber'd Painting in a stupid trance
Of heavy zeal, and monkish ignorance :
(When faith itself for mere dispute was giv'n,
Subtile was wise, and wranglers went to Heav'n.)
'Till glorious Cimabue [16] restor'd her crown,
And dipp'd the pencil, studious of renown.
Masaccio taught the finish'd piece to live,
And added ev'ry grace of perspective.
Exact correctness Titian's hand bestow'd,
And Vinci's stroke with living labour glow'd.
Next Julio rose, who ev'ry language knew,
Liv'd o'er each age, and look'd all nature through.
In happy Paulo strength and art conspire,
The Graces please us, and the Muses fire.
Each nobler secret others boast alone,
By curious toil Caracci made his own :
Raphael's nice judgment, Angelo's design,
Correggio's warmth, and Guido's pleasing line.
Thrice glorious times, when ev'ry science charms,
When rapture lifts us, and religion warms!
Vocal to Heav'n the swelling organs blow,
A shriller consort aids the notes below;
Above, around the pictur'd saints appear,
And list'ning seraphs smile and bend to hear.
Thence Painting, by some happy genius led,
O'er the cold North in slow approaches spread.
Ev'n Britain's isle, that blush'd with hostile gore,
Receiv'd her laws, unknown to yield before;

[16] Giovanni Cimabue, born at Florence in the year 1240. He was the person who revived painting after its unfortunate extirpation.

Relenting now, her savage heroes stand,
And melt at ev'ry stroke from Reubens' hand.
Still in his right the graceful Jervas sways,
Sacred to beauty, and the fair one's praise,
Whose breathing paint another life supplies,
And calls new wonders forth from Mordaunt's eyes.
And Thornhill, gen'rous as his art, design'd
At once to profit, and to please mankind.
Thy dome, O Paul's, which heav'nly views adorn,
Shall guide the hands of painters yet unborn;
Each melting stroke shall foreign eyes engage,
And shine unrival'd through a future age.
Hail happy artists! in eternal lays
The kindred-muses shall record your praise;
Whose heav'nly aid inspir'd you first to rise,
And fix'd your fame immortal in the skies;
There sure to last, 'till Nature's self expires,
Increasing still, and crown'd with clearer fires:
High-rais'd above the blasts of public breath,
The voice of hatred, and the rage of death.
Ah, thus, for ever may my numbers shine,
Bold as your thoughts, but easy as your line!
Then might the Muse to distant ages live,
Contract new beauty, and new praise receive:
Fresh strength, and light ev'n time itself bestow,
Soften each line, and bid the thought to glow;
(Fame's second life) whose lasting glory fears
Nor change, nor envy, nor devouring years.
Then should these strains to Pembroke's hands be borne—
Whom native graces, gentle arts adorn,
Honour unshaken, piety resign'd,
A love of learning, and a gen'rous mind.
Yet if by chance, enamour'd of his praise,
Some nobler bard shall rise in future days,
(When from his Wilton walls the strokes decay,
And all art's fair creation dies away:
Or solid statues, faithless to their trust,
In silence sink, to mix with vulgar dust;)
Ages to come shall Pembroke's fame adore,
Dear to the Muse, 'till Homer be no more.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

FROM OVID.

ARGUMENT.

In a religious assembly at the temple of Diana in Delos, Acontius was much enamoured with Cydippe, a lady of remarkable wit and beauty. Besides this, her fortune and family were much above his own: which made him solicitous how to discover his passion in a successful manner. At last he procured a very beautiful apple, upon which he wrote a dystic to this purpose, "I swear by chaste Diana I will for ever be thy wife." So soon as he had written it, he threw the apple directly at the feet of Cydippe, who imagining nothing of the deceit, took it up, and having read the inscription, found herself obliged by a solemn oath to marry Acontius. For in those times all oaths which were made in the temple of Diana were esteemed inviolable. Some time afterwards, her father, who knew nothing of what had happened, espoused her to another lover. The marriage was just upon the point of celebration, when Cydippe was seized with a violent fever. Acontius writes to her, reminds her of a former solemn obligation, and artfully insinuates that her distemper is inflicted as a just punishment from Diana.

ONCE more, Cydippe, all thy fears remove,
'Tis now too late to dread a cheat in love.
Those rosy lips, in accents half divine,
Breath'd the soft promise in the Delian shrine,
Dear awful oath! enough Cydippe swore,
No human ties can bind a virgin more.
So may kind Heav'n attend a lover's pray'r,
Soften thy pains, and comfort my despair,
See, the warm blush your modest cheeks indicate;
Yet is there cause for anger or for shame!
Recal to mind those tender lines of love,
Deny you cannot—tho' your heart disprove.
Still must I waste in impotent desires,
And only hope revive the fainting fires?
Yet did'st thou promise to be ever mine—
A conscious horrour seem'd to shake the shrine,
The pow'r consenting bow'd; a beam of light
Flash'd from the skies, and made the temple bright.
Ah! then Cydippe, dry thy precious tears:
The more my fraud, the more my love appears.
Love ever-watchful, ev'n by nature charms;
Inflames the modest, and the wise disarms;
Fair yet dissembling, pleasing but to cheat
With tender blandishment, and soft deceit,
Kind speaking motions, melancholy sighs,
Tears that delight, and eloquence of eyes.
Love first the treach'rous dear design inspir'd
My hopes exalted, and my genius fir'd:
Ah! sure I cannot—must not guilty prove;
Deceit itself is laudable in love!
Once more inspir'd such tender lines I send,
See, my hand trembles lest my thoughts offend.
Heroes in war inflam'd by beauty's charms,
Tear the sad virgin from her parents arms;
I too, like these, feel the fierce flames of love,
Yet check my rage, and modestly reprove.
Ah, teach me, Heav'n, some language to persuade
Some other vows to bind the faithless maid;
O Love all-eloquent, you only know
To touch the soul with elegies of woe!
If treach'ry fail, by force I urge my right,
Sheath'd in rough armour, formidably bright;
So Paris snatch'd his Spartan bride away,
A half denying, half consenting prey;
I too resolve——whate'er the dangers be,
For death is nothing when compar'd to thee.
Were you less fair, I then might guiltless prove,
And moderate the fury of my love;
But ah! those charms for ever must inspire:
Each look, each motion sets my soul on fire.
Heav'n's with what pleasing ecstasies of pain
Trembling I gaze, and watch thy glance in vain.
How can I praise those golden curls that deck
Each glowing cheek, or wave around thy neck:
Thy swelling arms, and forehead rising fair,
Thy modest sweetness, and attractive air;
Adjoin to these a negligence of grace,
A winning accent, and enchanting face.
Dear matchless charms! I cease to name the rest,
Nor wonder thou that love inflames my breast.
Since all alike to Hymen's altars bend,
Ah, bless at once the lover, and the friend.

Let envy rage, and int'rest disapprove,
Envy and int'rest must submit to love.
By pray'rs and vows Hesione was won
To share the joys of hostile Telamon.
Soft gen'rous pity touch'd the captive dame [1]
Who arm'd Achilles with a lover's flame.
To bless the wretched, shows a soul divine—
Be ever angry—but be ever mine.
Yet can no pray'rs thy firm resentment move?
Wretch that I was so ill to fix my love!
See, at thy feet despairing, wild I roll,
Grief swells my heart, and anguish racks my soul:
There fix my doom; relentless to my sighs,
And lifted hands, and supplicating eyes.
Then wilt thou say (for pity sure must move
A virgin's breast) "How patient is his love!
Ev'n my heart trembles, as his tears I see;
The youth who serves so well, is worthy me."
Still must I then in sad destruction moan?
My cause unheeded, and my grief unknown.
Ah, no—Acontius cannot write in vain:
Sure ev'ry wretch has licence to complain!
But if you triumph in a lover's woe,
Remember still Diana is your foe:
Diana listen'd to the vows you made,
And trembled at the change her eyes survey'd.
Ah, think, repent, while yet the time is giv'n,
Fierce is the vengeance of neglected Heav'n!
By Dian's hand the Phrygian matron fell,
Sent with her race, an early shade to Hell.
Chang'd to a stag, Acteon pour'd away,
In the same morn the chaser and the prey.
Althea rag'd with more than female hate,
And hurl'd into the flames the brand of fate.
Like these offensive, punish'd too like these,
Heav'n blasts thy joys, and heightens the disease.
Nor think Cydippe, (as my fears foresee)
A thought unworthy of thyself, or me!
Think not I frame this seeming truth, to prove
Thy stern disdain, a pious fraud in love;
Rather than so, I yet abjure thy charms,
And yield thee, scornful, to another's arms!
Alas, for this pale sickness haunts thy bed,
And shooting aches seem to tear thy head;
A sudden vengeance waits thy guilty loves;
Absent is Hymen, Dian disapproves.
Think then, repent—recal the parting breath
O'er thy lips hov'ring in the hour of death.
See, on thy cheeks the fading purple dies,
And shades of darkness settle on thy eyes.
But whence, ye pow'rs, or wherefore rose that pray'r?
Still must I mourn in absence, or despair;
Forc'd, if she dies, the promise to resign——
Ev'n if she lives, I must not call her mine!
Like some pale ghost around thy house I rove,
Now burn in rage, and now relent with love:
A thousand needless messages I make,
A thousand mournful speeches give, and take.
O that my skill the sov'reign virtues knew
Of ev'ry herb that drinks the early dew,
Then might I hear thy moans, thy sickness see,
Nor were it sure a crime to gaze on thee.
Perhaps ev'n now, (as fear foresees too well)
The wretch I curse, detest, avoid like Hell,
Beside thee breathes a love-dejected sigh,
And marks the silent glances of thy eye.

[1] Briseïs.

Some faint excuse he raises, to detain
Thy swelling arm, and press the beating vein:
Now o'er thy neck his glowing fingers rove,
Too great a pleasure for so mean a love!
Villain beware! the sacred nymph resign,——
Avoid, detest her, dread whate'er is mine;
Elsewhere a lover's preference I give,
But cease to rival here, or cease to live.
The vows you claim by right of human laws,
At best but serve to vindicate my cause.
To thee alone by duty is she kind;
Can parents alienate a daughter's mind?
First weigh the crime, the vengeance next explore,
The father promis'd, but the daughter swore:
That merely vain on human faith relies;
But this obtests the sanction of the skies.
Here cease my woes—ah, whither am I born,
A woman's triumph, and a rival's scorn?
Vain are my vows, unheeded is my pray'r,
The scatt'ring winds have lost 'em all in air;
Yet think Cydippe, e'er thy lover dies!
Banish that wretch for ever from thy eyes;
Scorn, envy, censures are conferr'd on me,
And pain,—and death is all he brings to thee.
Gods! may some vengeance crimes like these atone,
And snatch his life, to mediate for thy own!
Nor think to please avenging Cynthia's eyes
With streams of blood in holy sacrifice:
Heav'n claims the real, not the formal part,
A troubled spirit, and repenting heart.
For ease, and health, the patient oft requires
The piercing steel, and burns alive in fires;
Not so with you—ah, but confirm the vow!
One look, one promise can restore thee now;
Again thy smiles eternal joys bestow,
And thy eyes sparkle, and thy blushes glow.
Suppose from me for ever you remove,
Once must you fall a sacrifice to love;
And then, ah, then will angry Cynthia close
Thy wakeful eyes, or ease a matron's throes?
Yet wilt thou ever find a cause for shame?
No sure——a mother cannot, must not blame.
Tell her the vow, the place, the sacred day
I gaz'd on thee, and gaz'd my heart away:
Then will she surely say (if e'er she knew
But half that tender love I feel for you)
"Ah, think Cydippe, and his consort be;
The youth who pleas'd Diana, pleases me!"
Yet if she asks (as women oft inquire)
Tell her my life, my nation, and my sire:
Not void of youthful vanities I came,
Nor yet inglorious in the world of fame;
From ancient race I drew my gen'rous blood,
Where Cea's isle o'erlooks the watry flood:
Add, that I study ev'ry art to please,
Blest in my genius, born to live at ease.
Wit, merit, learning cannot fail to move,
And all those dearer blessings lost in love!
Ah! had you never sworn, 'twere hard to chuse
A love like mine——and will you now refuse?
In midnight dreams when wakeful fancy keeps
Its dearest thoughts, and ev'n in slumber weeps,
Diana's self these mournful strains inspir'd,
And Cupid when I wak'd, my genius fir'd.
Methinks, ev'n now, his piercing arrows move
My tender breast, and spread the pains of love.
Like me beware, unhappy as thou art!
Direct at thee Diana aims her dart
To drink the blood that feeds thy faithless heart

The loves thou never can'st enjoy, resign;
Nor rashly lose another life with thine.
Then will we, eager as our joys, remove
To Dian's shrine, the patroness of love!
High o'er her head in triumph shall be plac'd
The golden fruit, with this inscription grac'd;
"Ye hapless lovers, hence, for ever know
Acontius gain'd the nymph who caus'd his woe!"
Here cease my hand—I tremble, lest each line
Should wound a soul so griev'd, so touch'd as thine.
No more my thoughts th' ungrateful toil pursue;
Pleasure farewell, and thou, my dear, adieu!

PART OF PINDAR'S FIRST PYTHIAN ODE PARAPHRASED.

Χρυσία φόρμιγξ Ἀπολλων ——

ARGUMENT.

This ode is address'd to Hieron king of Sicily, as is also the first of the Olympics. Pindar takes occasion to begin with an encomium on music, finely describing its effects upon the passions. We must suppose this art to be one of his hero's more distinguishable excellencies; as it appears from several passages in the ode above. From thence he expatiates in the praise of poetry; and inveighs very severely upon those who either contemn, or have no taste for that divine science. Their misfortunes and punishments are instanc'd by those of Typhœus: whom the poets imagine to be imprisoned by Jupiter under mount Ætna. The digressions in this ode are the most inartificial and surprising of any in the whole author. We are once more in the hero's native country; every thing opens agreeably to the eye, and the poem proceeds after Pindar's usual manner.

STROPHE I.

Gentle lyre, begin the strain;
Wake the string to voice again.
Music rules the world above;
Music is the food of love.
Soft'ned by the pow'r of sound,
Human passions melt away:
Melancholy feels no wound,
Envy sleeps, and fears decay.
Entranc'd in pleasure Jove's dread eagle lies,
Nor grasps the bolt, nor darts his fiery eyes.

ANTISTROPHE I.

See, Mars awak'd by loud alarms
Rolls o'er the field his sanguine eyes,
His heart tumultuous beats to arms,
And terrours glare, and furies rise!
Hark the pleasing lutes complain,
In a softly-breathing strain;
Love and slumber seal his eye
By the gentle charms oppress:
From his rage he steals a sigh,
Sinking on Dione's breast.

EPODE I.

Verse, gentle Verse from Heav'n descending came,
Curst by the wicked, hateful to the vain:
Tyrants and slaves profane his sacred name,
Deaf to the tender lay, or vocal strain, . . .
In fires of Hell Typhœus glows,
Imprison'd by the wrath of Jove;
No ease his restless fury knows,
Nor sounds of joy, nor pleasing love.
Where, glitt'ring faintly on the eye,
Sicilian Ætna props the sky
With mountains of eternal snow;
He darts his fiery eyes in vain,
And heaves, and roars, and bites his chain
In impotence of woe.

STROPHE II.

Angry flames like scarlet glowing,
Fiery torrents ever flowing,
Smoke along the with'ring plain
Ere they rush into the main.
When the sable veil of night
Stretches o'er the shaded sky,
Fires of sulphur gleam with light,
Burning rocks disparted fly.
Sudden, by turns the flashing flames arise,
Pour down the winds, or tremble up the skies.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In fair Sicilia's rich domain,
Where flow'rs and fruits eternal blow,
Where Plenty spreads her peaceful reign,
And seas surround, and fountains flow,
Bright Religion lifts her eye,
Wand'ring through the kindred sky,
Hail thou, everlasting Jove,
Parent of th' Aonian quire;
Touch my raptur'd soul with love,
Warm me with celestial fire!

EPODE II.

The pious mariner when first he sweeps
The foaming billows, and exalts his sails,
Propitiates ev'ry pow'r that rules the deeps,
Led by new hopes, and borne by gentle gales.
So ere the Muse, disus'd to sing,
Emblazons her fair hero's praise:
(What time she wakes the trembling string,
Attemper'd to the vocal lays)
Prostrate in humble guise she bends,
While some celestial pow'r descends
To guide her airy flights along:
God of the silver bow, give ear;
(Whom Tenedos, and Chrysa fear)
Observant of the song!

STROPHE III.

Gentle wishes, chaste desires,
Holy Hymen's purer fires:
Lives of innocence and pleasure,
Moral virtue's mystic treasure;
Wisdom, eloquence, and love,
All are blessings from above.
Hence regret, distaste, dispraise,
Guilty nights, uneasy days:
Repining jealousies, calm friendly wrongs,
And fiercer envy, and the strife of tongues.

ANTISTROPHE III.

When Virtue bleeds beneath the laws,
Or ardent nations rise in arms,
Thy mercies judge the doubtful cause,
Thy courage ev'ry breast alarms.
Kindling with heroic fire
Once again I sweep the lyre.

Fair as summer's evening skies,
Ends thy life serene, and glorious;
Happy hero, great and wise,
O'er thy foes, and self victorious.

THE EPISODE OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FOURTH GEORGIC OF VIRGIL.

At chorus æqualis Dryadum—

Her sudden death the mountain-Dryads mourn'd
And Rhodope's high brow the dirge return'd:
Bleak Orythya trembled at their woe,
And silver Hebrus murmur'd in his flow.
While to his mournful harp, unseen, alone,
Despairing Orpheus warbled out his moan.
With rosy dawn his plaintive lays begun,
His plaintive voice sung down the setting Sun.
Now in the frantic bitterness of woe
Silent he treads the dreary realms below,
His loss in tender numbers to deplore,
And touch'd the souls who ne'er were touch'd before.
Mov'd with the pleasing harmony of song,
The shadowy spectres round the poet throng:
Num'rous as birds that o'er the forest play,
(When evening Phœbus rolls the light away:
Or when high Jove in wintry seasons pours
A sudden deluge from descending show'rs.)
The mother's ghost, the father's rev'rend shade,
The blooming hero, and th' unmarry'd maid:
The new-born heir who soon lamented dies,
And feeds the flames before his parent's eyes;
All whom Cocytus' sable water bounds,
And Styx with thrice three wand'ring streams surrounds.
See, the dread regions tremble and admire!
Ev'n Pain unmov'd stands hearkning to the lyre.
Intent, Ixion stares, nor seems to feel
The rapid motions of the whirling wheel.
Th' unfolding snakes around the furies play,
As the pale sisters listen to the lay.
Nor was the poet's moving suit deny'd,
Again to realms above he bears his bride,
When (stern decree!) he turns his longing eyes...
'Tis done, she's lost, for ever ever flies—
Too small the fault, too lasting was the pain,
Could love but judge, or Hell relent again!
Amaz'd he stands, and by the glimpse of day
Just sees th' unbody'd shadow flit away.
When thus she cry'd—"Ah, too unthoughtful spouse,
Thus for one look to violate thy vows! [bears me back, again to Hell I fly,
Fate bears me back, again to Hell I fly,
Eternal darkness swims before my eye!
Again the melancholy plains I see, [thee!"
Ravish'd from life, from pleasure, and from
She said, and sinking into endless night,
Like exhalations vanish'd from the sight.
In vain he sprung to seize her, wept, or pray'd,
Swift glides away the visionary shade.
How wilt thou now, unhappy Orpheus, tell
Thy second loss, and melt the pow'rs of Hell?
Cold are those lips that blest thy soul before,
And her fair eyes must roll on thine no more.
Sev'n tedious moons despairing, wild he stood,
And told his woes to Strymon's freezing flood.
Beneath his feet eternal snows were spread,
And airy rocks hang nodding o'er his head,
The savage beasts in circles round him play,
And rapid streams stand list'ning to the lay.
So when the shepherd swain with curious eyes
Marks the fair nest, and makes the young his prize:
Sad Philomel, in poplar shades alone,
In vain renews her lamentable moan.
From night to morn she chants her tender love,
And mournful music dies along the grove.
No thoughts of pleasure now his soul employ,
Averse to Venus and the nuptial joy:
Wild as the winds o'er Thracia's plains he roves,
O'er the bleak mountains, and the leafless groves.
When stung with rage the Bacchanalian train
Rush'd to the bard, and stretch'd him on the plain;
(Nor sounds, nor pray'rs their giddy fury move,
And he must cease to live, or learn to love)
See, from his shoulders in a moment flies
His bleeding head, and now, ah now he dies!
Yet as he dy'd, Eurydice he mourn'd,
Eurydice, the trembling banks return'd;
Eurydice, with hollow voice he cry'd,
Eurydice, ran murm'ring down the tide.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY HERTFORD,

UPON THE BIRTH OF LORD BEAUCHAMP.

Once more inspir'd, I touch the trembling string;
What Muse for Hertford will refuse to sing?
Thine are the fav'rite strains, and may they be
Sacred to praise, to beauty, and to thee!
Sudden, methinks, in vision I survey
The glorious triumphs of th' expected day:
Fair lovely sights in opening scenes appear,
And airy music trembles on my ear;
Surrounding eyes devour the beauteous boy,
And ev'ry bosom beats with sounds of joy.
Rise from thy slumbers, gentle infant, rise!
Lift thy fair head, unfold thy radiant eyes,
Whose lovely light must other courts adorn,
And wound the hearts of beauties yet unborn,
Subdue the sex, that triumphs in its pride,
And humble those, who charm the world beside.
Descend, ye gentle Nine! descend, and spread
Laurels and bays around his infant-head.
Bid noble passions in his bosom roll,
And beams of fancy dawn upon his soul;
In soften'd music bid his accents flow,
Piercing, and gentle as descending snow:
Bid him be all that can his birth commend;
The daring patriot, and unshaken friend;
Admir'd, yet humble, modest, though severe,
Abroad obliging, and at home sincere;
Good, just, and affable in each degree:
Such is the father, such the son shall be!
These humble strains, indulgent Hertford, spare;
Forgive the Muse, O fairest of the fair!
First in thy shades (where silver Kennet glides,
Fair Marlbro's turrets trembling in his tides:
Where Peace and Plenty hold their gentle reign,
And lavish Nature decks the fruitful plain:
Where the fam'd mountain lifts its walks on high,
As varying prospects open on the eye)

To love's soft theme I tun'd the warbling lyre,
And borrow'd from thy eyes poetic fire.
September the
30th, 1725.

THE ARMY OF ADRASTUS,

AND HIS ALLIES, MARCHING FROM ARGOS TO THE SIEGE OF THEBES.

FROM THE 4TH THEBIAD OF STATIUS.

Jamque suos circum———

Around the pomp in mourning weeds array'd,
Weeps the pale father, and the trembling maid:
The screaming infants at the portals stand,
And clasp, and stop the slow-proceeding band.
Each parting face a settled horrour wears,
Each low-held shield receives a flood of tears.
Some with a kiss (sad sign of future harms)
Round the clos'd beaver glue their clasping arms,
Hang on the spear, detain 'em as they go.
With lifted eyes, and eloquence of woe.
Those warlike chiefs, whom dread Bellona steel'd,
And arm'd with souls unknowing once to yield,
Now touch'd with sorrows, hide their tearful eyes,
And all the hero melts away and dies.
So the pale sailor lanching from the shore,
Leaves the dear prospects that must charm no more:
Here shrieks of anguish pierce his pitying ears—
There strangely wild, a floating world appears—
Swift the fair vessel wings her watry flight,
And in a mist deceives the aking sight:
The native train in sad distraction weep,
Now beat their breasts, now tremble o'er the deep,
Curse ev'ry gale that wafts the fleet from land,
Breathe the last sigh, and wave the circling hand.
You now, fair ancient Truth! conduct along
Th' advent'rous bard, and animate his song:
Each godlike man in proper lights display,
And open all the war in dread array.
You too, bright mistress of th' Aonian quire,
Divine Calliope! resume the lyre:
The lives and deaths of mighty chiefs recite,
The waste of nations, and the rage of fight.

A SIMILIE,

UPON A SET OF TEA-DRINKERS.

So fairy elves their morning-table spread
O'er a white mushroom's hospitable head:
In acorn cups the merry goblins quaff,
The pearly dews, they sing, they love, they laugh;
Melodious music trembles through the sky,
And airy sounds along the green-wood die.

THE SAME.

DIVERSIFYED IN AUNCIENT METRE.

So, yf deepe clerkes in tymes of yore saine trew,
Or poets eyne, perdie, mought sothly vew,
The dapper elfins theyr queint festes bedight
Wyth mickle plesaunce on a mushroom lite:
In acorne cuppes they quaffen daint liquere,
And rowle belgardes, and defflie daunce yfere;
Ful everidele they makin muskie sote,
And sowns aeriall adowne the grene woode flote.

A SOLILOQUY,

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPER.

Happy insect! ever-blest
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys, and gentle song!
Wretched poet! ever curst,
With a life of lives the worst,
Sad despondence, restless fears,
Endless jealousies and tears.
In the burning summer, thou
Warblest on the verdant bough,
Meditating chearful play,
Mindless of the piercing ray;
Scorch'd in Cupid's fervours, I
Ever weep and ever die.
Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready Nature waits thee still:
Balmy wines to thee she pours,
Weeping through the dewy flow'rs:
Rich as those by Hebe giv'n
To the thirsty sons of Heav'n.
Yet alas, we both agree,
Miserable thou like me!
Each alike in youth rehearses
Gentle strains, and tender verses;
Ever wand'ring far from home;
Mindless of the days to come,
(Such as aged Winter brings
Trembling on his icy wings)
Both alike at last we die;
Thou art *starv'd*, and so am I!

THE STORY OF ARETHUSA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE 5TH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection to the former.

The poet describes Ceres wandering over the world in great affliction, to search after her daughter Proserpina, who was then lost. At last Arethusa (a river of Sicily) informs the goddess that her daughter was stolen away by Pluto, and carried down into Hell. Now it was ordained by fate, that Prosperine should return again, if she tasted not of any fruit in the other world. But temptations were strong, and the woman could not resist eating six or seven kernels of a pomegranate. However, to mitigate the sentence, Jupiter decreed that she should reside but half the year with Pluto, and pass the rest with her mother. Upon these terms Ceres is very well pacified, and in complaisance desires Arethusa to relate her life, and for what reasons she was changed into a river.

Hush'd in suspence the gath'ring waters stood,
When thus began the parent of the flood;
What time emerging from the wave, she prest
Her verdant tresses dropping on her breast.
"Of all the nymphs Achaia boasts," (she said)
"Was Arethusa once the fairest maid.
None lov'd so well, to spread in early dawn
The trembling meshes o'er the dewy lawn:
Tho' dress and beauty scarce deserv'd my care,
Yet ev'ry tongue confess'd me to be fair.
The charms which others strive for, I resign,
And think it ev'n a crime to find them mine!
It chanc'd one morn, returning from the wood,
Weary I wander'd by a silver flood;
The gentle waters scarce were seen to glide,
And a calm silence still'd the sleeping tide;
High o'er the banks a grove of watry trees
Spread its dark shade that trembled to the breeze.
(My vest suspended on the boughs) I lave
My chilly feet, then plunge beneath the wave;
A ruddy light my blushing limbs dispread,
And the clear stream half glows with rosy-red.
When from beneath in awful murmurs broke
A hollow voice, and thus portentous spoke:
"'My lovely nymph, my Arethusa stay,
Alpheüs calls;" it said, or seem'd to say—
"Naked and swift I flew, (my clothes behind)
Fear strung my nerves, and shame enrag'd my mind:
So wing'd with hunger the fierce eagle flies,
To drive the trembling turtles through the skies:
So wing'd with fear the trembling turtles spring,
When the fierce eagle shoots upon the wing.
"Swift-bounding from the god, I now survey
Where breezy Psophis and Cyllene lay.
Elis' fair structures open'd on my eyes;
And waving Erymanthus cools the skies.
At length unequal for the rapid chase
Tremble my limbs, the god maintains the race:
O'er hills and vales with furious haste I flew:
O'er hills and vales the god behind me drew.
Now hov'ring o'er, his length'ning shadow bends,
(His length'ning shadow the low Sun extends)
And sudden now, his sounding steps drew near;
At least I seem'd his sounding steps to hear.
Now sinking, in short sobs I gasp'd for breath,
Just in the jaws of violence and death.
'Ah, Cynthia help!' ('twas thus in thought I pray'd)
'Ah, help a ravish'd, miserable maid!'
The virgin-pow'r consenting to my pray'r,
Diffus'd around a veil of clouded air:
Lost in the gloom he wanders o'er the plain,
And Arethusa calls, but calls in vain;
In misty steams th' impervious vapours rise,
Perplex his guesses, and deceive his eyes.
"What fears I felt as thus enclos'd I stood,
What chilling horrours trembled thro' my blood?
So pants the fawn in silence and despair,
When the grim wolf runs howling thro' the lair:
So sits the lev'ret, when the hound pursues
His trembling prey, and winds the tainted dews.
"Sudden my cheek with flashing colour burns,
Pale swoons, and sickly fears succeed by turns:
Cold creeps my blood, its pulses beat no more:
Big drops of sweat ascend from ev'ry pore;
Adown my locks the pearly dews distill,
And each full eye pours forth a gushing rill;
Now all at once my melting limbs decay,
In one clear stream dissolving fast away."
"The god soon saw me floating o'er the plain,
And straight resum'd his warry form again—
Instant, Diana smote the trembling ground;
Down rush my waters with a murm'ring sound;
Thence darkling thro' th' infernal regions stray,
And in the Delian plains review the day."

ANGERIANUS DE CÆLIA,

(EPIG. 40.)

Quum dormiret Amor, rapuit clam pulchra pharetram
Cælia, surreptâ flevit Amor pharetrâ.
"Noli (Cypris ait) sic flere Cupido; pharetram
Pulchra tibi rapuit Cælia, restituet,
Non opus est illi calamis, non ignibus: urit
Voce, manu, gressu, pectore, fronte, oculis."

CUPID MISTAKEN.

FROM THE SPORTS OF CUPID, WRITTEN BY ANGERIANUS.

IMITATED AND ENLARGED.

As fast beside a murm'ring stream,
In blissful visions Cupid lay,
Chloë, as she softly came,
Snatch'd his golden shafts away.

From place to place in sad surprize
The little angry godhead flew:
Trembling in his ruddy eyes
Hung the pearly drops of dew.

So on the rose (in blooming May,
When purple Phœbus rises bright)
Liquid gems of silver lay,
Pierc'd with glitt'ring streams of light.

Fair Venus with a tender languish
Smiling, thus her son address't,
As he murmur'd out his anguish
Trembling on her snowy breast:

"Cease, gentle infant, I implore,
Nor lavish precious tears in vain;
Chloë, when the jest is o'er,
Brings the useless shafts again.

"Can Chloë need the shafts of love,
Young, blooming, witty, plump, and fair?
Charms and raptures round her move,
Murm'ring sighs, and deep despair.

"Millions for her unheeded die,
Millions to her their blessings owe;
Ev'ry motion of her eye
Murders more than Cupid's bow."

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH MR. FENTON'S MISCELLANY.

These various strains, where ev'ry talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms:
(Strains! where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire
Attend their doom, and wait with glad surprise
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party-slave will wound 'em as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bless'd in each strain, in ev'ry art renown'd,
Misled by pride, and taught to sin by pow'r,
Still search around for those they may devour;
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.
Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaus deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ;
Smiling they wound, and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise?
How small a part of human blessings share
The wise, the good, the noble, or the fair?
Short is the date unhappy wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost,
Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female quire,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.
Attend ye Britons! in so just a cause
'Tis sure a scandal, to withhold applause;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away!
Yet if the Muse may faith or merit claim,
(A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame)
Soon shalt thou shine "in majesty avow'd;
As thy own goddess breaking thro' a cloud."[1]
Fame, like a nation-debt, tho' long delay'd,
With mighty int'rest must at last be paid.
Like Vinci's strokes, thy verses we behold;
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
And the soft sorrow steals from ev'ry eye.
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.
Muse! at that name each thought of pride recall,
Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall!
What though the sisters ev'ry grace impart,
To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart:
What though your charms, my fair Cleora! shine
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:
Yet shall the verses, and the charms decay,
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting envy, and devouring age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we see:
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be!

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his Heav'nly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace,
How nature's self with living lustre shines;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame:
To charm us more thro' negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse rules
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides.
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from Heav'n.
O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the sisters ev'ry thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets prove unjust:
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?
Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.
So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join:
Where the free thought its pleasing grace wins,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows:
Soft without weakness, without labour fair;
Wrought up at once with happiness and care.
How blest the man that from the world retires
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope approves,
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!
Nor deem this verse, tho' humble, thy disgrace,
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbiass'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend,
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

[1] Epistle to Southerne.

THE SIXTH THEBAID OF STATIUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH; WITH NOTES.

Curritur ad vocem jucundam, & carmen amicæ
Thebaïdos, lætam fecit cum Statius urbem,
Promisitque diem: tantâ dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos—— Juv. Sat. 7.

ARGUMENT TO THE WHOLE THEBAID.

Oedipus the son of Laius, king of Thebes, was

in his infancy expos'd to wild beasts upon the mountains; but by some miraculous preservation he escaped this danger, and afterwards, by mistake, slew his own father, as they contended for the way. He then married Jocasta, queen of Thebes, whom he knew not to be his mother, and had by her two sons, Etheocles and Polynices; who, after their father had put out his eyes, and banished himself from Thebes, agreed between themselves to govern year by year interchangeably. But this agreement was ill observed. Etheocles, when his date of government was expired, refused to resign it to Polynices: who, in his rage, fled to Adrastus, king of Argos, to implore assistance against his brother. Adrastus received the young prince with all imaginable tenderness, and gave him in marriage to his fair daughter Deipyle, as the oracles had appointed. He then, with the assistance of his allies, undertakes to settle Polynices on the throne, and to depose Etheocles. Upon this, Thebes is besieged, and after several encounters, the difference is at last decided by the duel and death of the two brothers. This is the main action of the poem.

Besides this, by way of an under-action, the poet has interwoven another distinct story. The goddess Venus is resolved to revenge herself upon the Lemnians, because they neglected all sacrifices to her. She first disgusts the men with their wives, and then in return spirits up the women into a resolution of murdering their husbands. This horrible design was executed by each of them, except Hypsipyle, who saved her father Thoas. Some time afterwards this also was discovered. Hypsipyle, to avoid the fury of the women fled to the sea-shore; where she was taken by the pirates, and presented by them to king Lycurgus, who made her nurse to his son Archemorus. The dominions of this prince lay directly in the way from Argos to Thebes. As Adrastus and his allies were marching thither, the troops were ready to perish for want of water. They chanced in a wood to meet Hypsipyle, who pitying their misfortunes, lays down in haste her young child, and shows them a spring that could never be drained. She receives the thanks of Adrastus, and having at his request recited her own adventures, returns back, and finds the young infant Archemorus just kill'd by a serpent. Her confusion and fears are described in an excellent speech upon that occasion. The Grecians kill the serpent, and in honour of the dead prince perform all the rites of burial; which is the subject of this present book.

First of all it begins with an historical account of the Nemæan games, then follows the funeral, with a more particular description of hewing the forests, and offering their hair to the deceased. The anguish of Adrastus, the lamentations of Eurydice, and the silence of Hypsipyle, are extremely well adapted to nature. A monument is erected to the memory of Archemorus, which is ornamented with the whole story in sculpture. After this succeed the funeral games; the chariot-race, the foot-race, the discus, the fight with the cæstus, the wrestling, and shooting of arrows; which last ends with a prodigy, foreboding that none of the confederate princes should return from the war, except Adrastus.

Soon mournful fame through ev'ry town proclaims
The rites of sepulture, and Grecian games:
What mighty chiefs should glory give or gain,
Prepar'd to combat on the listed plain.
These honours first the great Alcides paid
To please old Pelop's venerable shade:
What time near Pisa he inhum'd the dead,
And bound with olive-wreaths his dusty head.
These, with new hopes glad Phocis next bestow'd,
When Python sunk beneath her bowyer god.
These still religion to Palæmon pays
(Religion blinded with a length of days)
When hanging o'er the deep in anguish raves
His royal mother[1] to the sounding waves;
O'er either Isthmus floats the mingled moan,
And distant Thebè answers groan for groan.

The pious games begin, with loud alarms,
Here the young warriours first prelude in arms:
Each blooming youth Aonia sends to fame,
And each dear object to the Tyrian dame;
Who once embru'd in blood, shall heap around
High hills of slain, and deluge all the ground.

The youthful sailors thus with early care
Their arms experience, and for sea prepare:
On some smooth lake their lighter oars essay,
And learn the dangers of the watry way;
But once grown bold, they launch before the wind
Eager and swift, nor turn their eyes behind.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the day,
Warm'd the clear orient with a blushing ray;
Swift from mankind the pow'r of slumbers flew;
And the pale Moon her glimm'ring beams withdrew.
O'er the long woods the matin dirges run,
And shrieks of sorrow wake the rising Sun.

Th' unhappy father, father now no more,
His bosom beat, his aged hairs he tore:
Beside him lay each ornament of state,
To make him wretched, as they made him great.
With more than female grief the mother cries,
And wringing both her hands, obtests the skies;
Bending she weeps upon th' extended slain,
Bathes ev'ry wound, returns, and weeps again.

But when the kings in sad and solemn woe,
Enter'd the dome, majestically slow:
(As if just then the trembling babe was found,
And life's last blood came issuing thro' the wound)
Breast took from breast the melancholy strain,
And pausing nature wept, and sob'd again.
Confus'd each Grecian hangs his guilty head,
And weeps a flood of tears to wail the dead.

Mean while Adrastus bears the friendly part,
And with kind words consoles the father's heart.
He marks th' eternal orders of the sky,
And proves that man was born to grieve and die;
Now tells him Heav'n will future children send
To heir his kingdom, and his years defend.

[1] Leucothöe.

In vain the charmer pleads, unbounded flow
The parent's tears, in violence of woe.
He hears no more than storms that thund'ring
Regard the sailors vows, or piercing cries, [rise,
And the wild horrour of their stony eyes.
Apart, a crowd of friends the bier bestrow
With cypress-boughs: then place the straw below. [spread,
The second rank with short-liv'd flow'rs they
Which soon must fade, and wither like the dead.
Arabian odours from the third diffuse
A grateful smoke, and weep in fragrant dews.
Above from heaps of gold bright colours stream,
And deeper purple shoots a sanguine gleam.
Inwoven on the pall, young Linus lay
In lonely woods, to mangling dogs a prey.
Heart-wounded at the sight, in anguish stands
Eurydice, and spreads her trembling hands;
Then turns her eyes, half dying with a groan,
For kindred miseries so like her own.
Arms, scepters, jewels, on the dead they throw,
And sacrifice all grandeur to their woe.
As if the hero, deck'd with warlike spoil,
Was borne in triumph to the fun'ral pyle.
Yet as due rites, with kind affection paid,
Can add some honours to the infant-shade;
Hence rose magnificence, and solemn tears,
With presents suited to maturer years.
Long time with early hopes Lycurgus fed
A breed of coursers sacred to the dead.
A glitt'ring helm was safely plac'd apart,
And purple trappings of Sidonian art:
And consecrated spears, (a deadly store)
Radiant and keen, as yet unstain'd with gore.
The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late
Like her fond spouse, reserv'd a crown of state,
And royal robes, o'erwrought with rising flow'rs;
The silent growth of solitary hours.
These and the rest at once, the furious sire
Dooms in distraction to the greedy fire.
Meanwhile, assembled by the seer's commands,
To raise the pyre, crowd thick the Grecian bands,
From Nemee these, and Tempe's lofty crown,
Tumble whole heaps of crashing forests down:
Their airy brows the naked hills display,
And earth once more beholds the face of day.
Deep groan the groves: on ruffling pinions rise
Birds after birds; the angry savage flies.
Sacred through time, from age to age it stood,
A wide-spread, gloomy, venerable wood;
Older than man, and ev'ry sylvan maid,
Who haunts the grot, or skims along the glade.
Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring oaks were seen,
The foodful beech, and cypress ever green:
The nuptial elm, and mountain-holm entire,
The pitchy tree that feeds the fun'ral fire:
The resin soft, and solitary yew,
For ever dropping with unwholesome dew;
The poplar trembling o'er the silver flood,
The warrior ash that reeks in hostile blood,
Th' advent'rous fir that sails the vast profound,
And pine, fresh bleeding from th' odorous wound—
All at one time the nodding forests bend,
And with a crash together all descend,
Loud as when blust'ring Boreas issues forth,
To bring the sweeping whirlwind from the north:
Sudden and swift as kindling flames arise,
Float o'er the fields, and blaze unto the skies.
The sinking grove resounds with frequent groans:
Sylvanus starts, and hoary Pales moans.
Trembling and slow the guardian-nymphs retire
Or clasp the tree, and perish in the fire.
So when some chief (the city storm'd) commands
Revenge and plunder to his furious bands:
Ere yet he speaks the domes in ruin lay;
They strike, they level, seize and bear away,
Sacred to Heav'n and Hell, the mourners rear
Two massy altars, pointing in the air.
The pious rites begin, in mournful strains
The music of the Phrygian fife complains;
Whose pow'rful sounds th' unwilling ghosts obey,
And, pale and shiv'ring, mount the realms of day.
First Pelops taught these melancholy strains,
When Niobe's fond offspring prest the plains:
Six blooming youths, and six fair virgins fell,
Sent by fierce Cynthia to the shades of Hell.
Ineence and oil upon the pile they throw,
And mighty monarchs mighty gifts bestow.
High-rais'd in air the mournful bier is born,
Dejected chiefs Lycurgus' train adorn;
The female sex around the mother crowd,
And weep and sob, and vent their griefs aloud:
Behind, Hypsipyle's soft sorrows flow
Silent, and fast, in eloquence of woe.
Each heaving bosom draws a deeper sigh,
And the big passion bursts from ev'ry eye.
Thus while the crystal tears unbounded ran,
In piercing shrieks Eurydice began.
"Ah! dearest child! amid these mournful dames
I never thought to give thee to the flames!
How could I dream of sorrows and of death
In the first moments of thy infant breath?
How could I dread these bloody wars to see;
Or deem that Thebes should ever murder thee!
What sudden vengeance wing'd with wrath divine
Pursues me still, and curses all my line? [vine
Yet Cadmus' sons in ease and plenty live,
Blest with each joy th' indulging pow'rs can give;
No mourning dames in sable weeds appear,
To bathe the last cold ashes with a tear.
"Wretch that I was, too fondly to believe
A faithless slave, a wand'ring fugitive!
Pious she told the melancholy tale
With fair invention, pow'rful to prevail;
Is this that guardian of the Lemnian state,
Who snatch'd her father from the jaws of fate?
"Ah no! herself the bloody furies join'd,
And vow'd like those, destruction to mankind!
Is this her care; to leave in woods alone
Her prince, nay more, an infant not her own!
Suppose through pity or neglect she stray'd,
(While my dear child lay trembling in the shade)
Unknowing of the monsters wild and vast,
Who haunt the gloomy groves, or dreary waste;
Each murm'ring fount that quivers to the breeze,
Each dying gale that pants upon the trees,
Sudden by turns distract an infant's ears,
And death attends th' imaginary fears.
"Hail thou dear infant! wretched, early ghost,
Murder'd by her who ought to love thee most.
Whose hands sustain'd thee, and whose music charm'd, [warm'd:
Whose eye o'ersaw thee, and whose bosom

Who dry'd thy cheeks with streams of crystal sound.
drown'd,
And taught thy voice to frame the fault'ring
Ungrateful wretch, may grief thy years consume,
And pains eternal bend thee to the tomb!
Tear her, ye warriors, tear her from my eyes,
Deaf to her vows, her penitence, or cries:
Deep in her bosom drive th' avenging dart,
To drink the blood that feeds her faithless heart.
In the same moment I'll resign my breath,
Satiate with fury, and content in death!"
She spake, and starting saw the Lemnian maid,
Again in the silence of her soul she pray'd:
Hidden her rage rekindles at the view,
And trickling down her cheeks descend the drops
of dew.
"Bear, oh ye chiefs, this female curse away,
Who adds a horrour to the fun'ral day,
Who with a smile profanes the matron's moan,
And triumphs in misfortunes not her own."
She said, and sinking drew a fainter sigh.
Rage stop'd her voice, and grief o'erwhelmed
her eye;
Thence slowly moving thro' the crowd she went
By silent steps, in sullen discontent.
So when the holy priest with curious eyes,
Dooms some fair heifer to the sacrifice,
Or the gaunt lion bears her thro' the wood,
As down her side distils the life-warm blood:
The mother-beast, dejected and alone,
Pours to the winds her lamentable moan,
With mournful looks she paces from the plain,
And often goes, and often turns again.
The father now unbares his rev'rend head;
His silver locks he scatters o'er the dead:
Then with a sigh, the venerable man
Thus to the parent of the gods began.
"If Jove's almighty wisdom can deceive,
Curst is the man who fondly will believe!
These sacred hairs, long from the razor free,
I bore, a pious gift reserv'd for thee:
What time Opheltes' youthful cheeks resign
Their tender down, an off'ring at thy shrine.
In vain—the sullen priest refus'd my pray'r,
And scatt'ring winds disperst it all in air.
Tear them my fingers, tear them from my head,
The last sad office to the worthy dead!"
Mean while the kindling brand awakes the fire,
Th' unwilling parents silently retire;
High-lifted shields, that intercept the light
In one dark circle, hide the mournful sight.
The flying em'ralds crackle in the blaze,
And fiery rubies stream with sanguine rays.
In shining rills the trembling silver flows,
And clearer gold with flaming lustre glows.
In balmy clouds Arabia's odours rise,
To waft their grateful fragrance to the skies.
Rich urns of milk, tott'ring, their streams incline,
Mingling with blood, and ting'd with sable wine.
Sev'n mournful cohorts (as their chieftains lead)
With arms reverst pace slowly round the dead;
Now moving to the left, enclose the pyre,
And scatter heaps of dust to sink the fire,
Thrice join their spears, thrice clash their sounding shields;
Four times the females shriek, and clamour fills the fields.

Remote from these, another fire they feed
With firstling victims of the woolly breed.
Intent in thought the pious augur stands,
Approves the rites, inspires the fainting bands:
Calmly dissembling in his anxious mind
Each sad presage of miseries behind.
Returning from the right with loud alarms,
Again the warriors beat their clatt'ring arms:
Shields, lances, helms, the sinking flames o'erspread,
A friend's last pledges to the warlike dead.
Full on the winds the swelling music floats,
And Nemee's shades pour back the length'ning notes,
So when the trumpeter with lab'ring breath
Shakes the wide fields, and sounds the charge of death:
The blood fermenting feels a gentle heat,
Quick roll the eyes, and fast the pulses beat:
E'er yet their rage the martial god controls,
Nor swells their nerves, nor rushes on their souls.
Now careful Night in sober weeds array'd,
O'er the clear skies extends her dusky shade.
They bend the copious goblet o'er the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
Nine times his course bright Lucifer had roll'd,
And ev'ning Vesper deck'd his rays with gold:
Now o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread:
And raise a monument to grace the dead.
Here in relief the Lemnian virgin stands,
Who points the grateful spring to Grecia's bands:
There young Opheltes breathes his dying moan,
And seems to shiver, and turn pale in stone;
In waving spires the serpent floats along,
And rolls his eyes in death, and darts his forky tongue.
By this, the pleas'd spectators in a row,
Throng the green Circus, and enjoy the show.
Deep in the bosom of a vale it stood,
Sacred to sports, and overhung with wood:
A darker green its grassy surface crowns,
And smoothly swims the ear along the downs.
Long ere the dawn of morn the mingling throng
Spreads o'er the plain, and man bears man along:
(Not half such numbers crowd the sacred space,
Where yearly honours dead Palæmon grace;)
Confus'd delight! the fair, the gay, the sage,
And boastful youth, and deep-discerning age.
Twice fifty steers along the plains they drew,
As many mother-cows of sable hue;
As many heifers raise their youthful horns,
Whose front as yet, no blaze of white adorns.
High o'er the people, wrought with lively grace,
Shine the fair glories of their ancient race:
Each speaking figure seems to touch the soul,
And life and motion animate the whole.
Here lab'ring Hercules with anguish prest
The roaring lion to his manly breast.
Inspir'd with art th' historic figures rise,
And ev'n in sculpture live, and meet the eyes.
Here rev'rend Inachus extends his side
O'er the green margin of his silver tide:
Transform'd, behind him fearful Iö stood,
And cropt the grass beside her father's flood;
She mixes with the herd her mournful cries,
And often turns, and watches Argus' eyes.
Her, from the Pharian coast indulging Jove
Transferr'd immortal, to the realms above.

Still in her fanes the sable Memphian bows,
And eastern Magi pay their early vows.
Here Tantalus am'd the pow'rs divine
Lifts the deep goblet crown'd with sparkling wine:
Nor stands (as poets sing) in streams below,
Still curst with life, yet fated still to woe,
The wretch for ever pines, the streams for ever flow.
There Pelops lashes on with loos'ned reins
Neptune's fleet coursers o'er the smoking plains:
Behind his rival o'er the rapid steed
Hangs imminent—and drives with equal speed.
Acrysius here in thoughtful posture stands:
There brave Choræbus lifts his bleeding hands.
Here am'rous Jove descending as of old,
Impregnates Danae with a show'r of gold.
Her blushes Amymóne strives to hide,
Comprest by Neptune in the silver tide.
Alcmena there young Hercules admires,
As her head blazes with three lambent fires.
Here Belus' sons at Hymen's altars stand,
And join with hearts averse the friendly hand:
A faithless smile of ill-dissembled grace
Seem'd most to flatter in Egysthus' face:
As the calm villain with severe delight
Acts in his mind the murders of the night.
Now ev'ry bosom beats with hopes, or fear,
The clamours thicken, and the crowd draws near.
Inspire the muse, to sing each hero's deeds,
O pow'r of verse! and name, and gen'rous steeds.
Before, afar, Arion beats the plain; [mane:
Loose to the breeze high-danc'd his floating
Immortal steed! whom first th' earth-shaker's hand
Tam'd to the lash, and drove along the strand:
Though restless as the wintry surges roll,
And furious still, and unsubdu'd of soul.
Mix'd with his watry steeds the god he bore
To Lybian Syrtes, or th' Ionian shore:
Swift flew the rapid car, and left behind
The noise of tempests, and the wings of wind.
To glory next great Hercules he drew,
O'er hills, and vales, and craggy rocks he flew:
Then to Adrastus' government was giv'n
Th' immortal courser, and the gift of Heav'n.
The royal hand by due degrees reclaim'd,
And length of years his stubborn spirit tam'd:
Him now with many a wish, and many a pray'r,
Adrastus lends to Polynices' care;
Shows him to urge his fiery soul along
With tim'rous hand, and gentleness of tongue:
The reins to guide, the circling lash to wield,
And drive victorious o'er the dusty field.
So sad Apollo with a boding sigh
Told his fond child the danger of the sky:
Careful the parent, such advice to give;
Could fate be chang'd, or headstrong youth believe!
Th' Œbalian priest moves second o'er the plain,
Who boasts his coursers of immortal strain:
Sprung from fair Cyllarus in days of yore:
(The guilty product of a stol'n amour)
When Castor griev'd in bitterness of soul, [pole.
Where seas scarce flow beneath the Scythian
White were the steeds that drew him o'er the field,
White was his helm, his ribbands, and his shield.
Next, bold Admetus, whirling from above
The sounding scourge, his female coursers drove:
Nor strokes nor blandishment their rage controls, [souls,
They bound, and swell with more than female
Sprung from the cloud-born Centaurs, such their force,
Their lustful heat, and fury in the course.
Then fair Hypsipile's bold offspring came,
Two lovely twins, alike intent on fame, [same.
Their steeds, their chariots, and their arms the
(This Thoas call'd, the name his grandsire bore,
And Euneos that, to sail from shore to shore)
Each wish'd the glorious victory his own,
If not—his brother to be blest alone.
Last Chromis and Hippodamus succeed,
Each checks the reins, and each inspires his steed:
Alike with martial eminence they shone,
Œnomäus' this, and that Alcides' son;
One drove the coursers erst at Pisa bred,
And one the savage steeds of Diomed.
Whence first they start, a stony fragment
Of old, a limit to contiguous lands, [stands,
An aged oak of leaves and branches bare,
Presents a goal to guide the circling car.
Their distance such, as the wing'd arrow flies
Thrice from the bow sent hissing through the skies.
Mean while, high-thron'd amid th' Ionian
Divine Apollo strikes the silver lyre; [quire
He sung the wars on Phlegra's fatal plain,
And Python, o'er Castalia's fountain slain.
He sung what order rules the worlds on high,
Who bids the thunder roar, and lightning fly:
Who feeds the stars, or gave the winds to blow:
What springs eternal swell the seas below;
Who spread the clouds, who rolls the lamp of light
O'er Heav'n's blue arch, or wraps the world in night.
Here ceas'd th' harmonious god, his lyre he
With decent care beneath a laureat shade; [hat
Then in rich robes his beauteous limbs he dres:
A starry zone hung blazing o'er his breast.
Sudden a shout confus'dly strikes his ears—
He bends his awful eyes, the crowd appears
Each chief he knows, and honours each, but most
The [2] priest, and ruler of Thessalia's host,[1]
"What pow'r," (he cries) "has fir'd with thirst of
These two adorers of Apollo's name? [fame
Equally dear and good, alike renown'd
For piety, alike with favours crown'd.
When once a swain the lowing herds I drove,
(Such was the doom of fate, and wrath of love)
Still did Admetus' pious altars blaze,
And ev'ry temple rung with hymns of praise;
While at my shrine Amphiaräus stands,
And lifts his eyes, and spreads his trembling hands;
O dearest, best of men; alas no more—
Black fate impends, and all thy joys are o'er.
Soon must the Theban earth in sunder rend
Her opening jaws, and thou to Hell descend!
Admetus' life to distant times shall last,
And ev'ry year add glories to the past:
Unknowing of repentance, cares, and strife,
These hands shall guide him to the verge of life.
Each bird of omen told the fatal day—"
He said, and weeping turn'd his eyes away:

[1] Amphiaräus. [2] Admetus.

Then sudden from Olympus' airy height,
To Nemee's shade precipitates his flight;
Swift, as a sudden flash of light'ning flies,
Bending he shoots adown the shining skies:
Ev'n while on Earth the god pursues his way,
Behind, aloft, the streams of glory play,
Dance on the winds, or in a blaze decay.
Now in his helm impartial Prothöus throws
The flying lots, and as the lots dispose,
Around him rang'd in beauteous order came
Each ardent youth, a candidate for fame.
Here wild mistrust, and jealousies appear,
And pale surprise, and self-suspecting fear:
Restless impatience, cold in ev'ry part,
And a sad dread that seems to sink the heart.
There shouts of triumph rend the vaulted sky,
And fame and conquest brighten ev'ry eye.
Th' impatient coursers pant in ev'ry vein,
And pawing seem to beat the distant plain:
The burning foam descends, the bridles ring,
And from the barrier-bounds in thought they spring;
The vales, the floods appear already crost,
And e'er they start, a thousand steps are lost.
T' exalt their pride, a crowd of servants deck
Their curling manes, and stroke the shining neck.
Instant, (the signal giv'n) the rival throng
Starts sudden with a bound—and shoots along.
Swift as a vessel o'er the waters flies,
Swift as an arrow hisses through the skies:
Swift as a flame devours the crackling wood,
Swift as the headlong torrents of a flood.
Now in one cloud they vanish from the eye,
Nor see nor know their rivals as they fly:
They turn the goal: again with rapid pace
The wheels roll round, and blot their former trace;
Now on their knees they steer a bending course,
Now hang impatient o'er the flying horse.
From groaning earth the mingling clamours rise,
Confusion fills their ears, and darkness blinds their eyes.
Instinct with prescience, or o'eraw'd by fear,
Arion feels an unknown charioteer
Pois'd on the reins; to sudden thought restor'd,
He dreads the fury of his absent lord:
Enrag'd now runs at random, and disdains
To bear a stranger: wonder fills the plains.
All think the steed too eager for the prize;
The steed breathes vengeance, from the driver flies,
And seeks his master round with wishful eyes.
The next, though mighty far the next, succeeds
Amphiaräus with his snow-white steeds:
Close by his side Admetus whirls along,
Euneos and Thoas join the flying throng:
Next Chromas and Hippodamus appear,
Who wage a dreadful conflict in the rear:
Skill'd of themselves, in vain they urge the chase,
(Their steeds too heavy for so swift a race)
Hippodamus flew first, and full behind
Impatient Chromis blows the sultry wind.
Admetus now directs the side-long horse
To turn the goal, and intercept the course:
His equal art the priest of Phœbus tries,
The goal he brushes, as his chariot flies;
While mad Arion wanders o'er the plain,
Nor minds the race, nor hears the curbing rein.
Unable to control, the trembling chief
Sits sadly silent, and indulges grief:
Pleas'd with his liberty the sea-born horse
Springs with a bound, and thunders o'er the course:
Loud shouts the multitude; in wild debate
Of fears and terrours Polynices sate,
Flings up the reins, and waits th' event of fate.
So spent with toils, and gasping after breath,
Pants the pale sailor in the arms of death;
In sad despair gives ev'ry labour o'er,
And marks the skies and faithless winds no more.
Now horse with horse, to chariot chariot clos'd,
Wheels clash'd with wheels, and chief to chief oppos'd.
War, war it seem'd! and death ten thousand ways—
So dreadful, is the sacred lust of praise!
Each chief by turns his panting coursers fires,
With praise now pleases, now with rage inspires.
By fair address Admetus sooths along
Iris the swift, and Pholöe the strong.
Amphiaräus hastens with a blow
Fierce Aschetos to rush before the foe,
And Cycnus whiter than the new-fal'n snow.
With vows and pray'rs Hippodamus excites
Slow moving Calydon, renown'd in fights:
Strimon encourag'd by bold Chromis flies,
And swift Æchion starts at Euneos' cries:
And fair Podarcè fleck'd with purple stains,
By Thoas summon'd, beats the sounding plains.
In silence Polynices drives alone,
Sighs to himself, and trembles to be known.
Three times the smoking car with rapid pace
Had turn'd the goal, the fourth concludes the race.
Fast, and more fast the panting coursers blow,
And streams of sweat from ev'ry member flow.
Now Fortune first the crown of conquest brings
(Suspending in mid air her trembling wings).
In act to hurl Admetus to the plain,
Revengful Thoas gives up all the rein;
Hippodamus survey'd the fraud from far:
Full in its course he met the driving car,
Loud clash'd the wheels; Hippodamus withdrew
To turn the chariot, ardent Chromas flew
Instant before, in angry fight oppos'd,
Chief strove with chief, to chariot chariot clos'd.
In vain th' impatient coursers urge along,
Lock'd in th' embrace, indissolubly strong.
So when the summer winds in silence sleep,
And drowsy Neptune stills the watry deep:
O'er the clear verdant wave extended lies
Th' unmoving vessel, till the gales arise.
Again the warriors strive, the fields resound:
Hippodamus, all sudden with a bound
Shock'd—from his chariot tumbled to the ground.
The Thracian coursers (but their chief withstood)
Spring to devour his limbs, and drink his blood:
Instant the gen'rous victor turn'd away,
And gain'd more glory though he lost the day.
Mean while the god who gilds th' ethereal space
Descends, himself a partner of the race:
(Just where the steeds their stretching shade
And the long labours of the Circus end) [extend,
A Gorgon's head aloft in air he bore,
Horrid with snakes, and stain'd with human gore:
One ghastly look were able to dismay
The steeds of Mars, or those that lead the day;

Ev'n Hell's grim guardian might surcease to roar;
And furies fear, unknown to fear before.
Sudden Arion ey'd the sight from far;
And loudly snorting stopp'd the driving car:
Cold darts of ice shot thrilling through his blood,
His fearful flesh all trembled as they stood:
Abruptly shock'd, and mindless of the rein,
Th' Aonian hero tumbled to the plain;
Again recover'd, fleeter than the wind
Arion flies, and leaves his chief behind.
Beside the prostrate chief, the rival throng
Obliquely bending, swiftly rush'd along.
Slow from the dust he rose, and sadly went
Through the long crowd in sullen discontent.
O happy hour! had fate but deign'd to close
Thy eyes in death; the period of our woes!
Thee Thebes should honour, and her tyrant shed
Some tears in public to bewail the dead.
Larissa's groves should fall, to raise thy pyre
And Nemee's woods augment the fun'ral fire.
All Greece a nobler monument should raise
Than this, now sacred to Opheltes' praise.
Furious the prophet drove with rapid pace
Sure of the prize, yet second in the race:
Before, afar the sea-born courser drew
His empty chariot rat'ling as he flew.
Yet still the prophet thunders o'er the plain,
Eager of praise, amaz'd, enrag'd,—in vain;
The pow'r of wisdom more than mortal strong,
Swells ev'ry nerve to lash the steeds along:
Instinct with rage divine his steeds renew
The rapid labour bath'd in streams of dew.
The glowing axle kindles as they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky.
Earth opening seems to groan, (a fatal sign!)
Still they rush on, advancing in a line:
Now with redoubled swiftness Cycnus flies,
But partial Neptune the whole palm denies:
Arion won the race, the prophet bore the prize.
A massy bowl (the pledge design'd to grace
The gen'rous chief victorious in the race)
Two youths present him: antique was the mould,
Blazing with gems, and rough with rising gold:
In this, Alcides each revolving night
Was wont to drown the labours of the fight:
Grav'd on the sides was seen the dreadful fray
When brutal Centaurs snatch'd the bride away.
With living terrours stare the chiefs around,
These aim the dart, and those receive the wound:
Each in distorted postures heaves for breath,
And seems to threaten in the pangs of death.
A costly vesture was reserv'd to grace
Admetus, next in merit as in place;
Embroider'd figures o'er the texture shine,
And Tyrian purple heightens the design.
Here pale and trembling with the wintry air,
Leander stands, an image of despair.
Now bending from the beach, he seems to glide
With eyes uplifted through the rolling tide;
Aloft, alone the melancholy dame
Eyes the rough waters, and extends the flame.
Half-weeping Polynices takes his prize,
A beauteous handmaid with celestial eyes.
August rewards are destin'd next to grace
The spritely youth contending in the race.
A blameless sport! and sacred sure the praise
To grace a festival in peaceful days:
Nor yet unuseful in th' embattel'd plain
When death is certain, and resistance vain.

First cheerful Idas in the lists appears,
Idas, a lovely boy in blooming years
(Idas who late his honour'd temples bound
With palms that flourish'd on th' Olympic ground).
Loud shouts each chief that from high Elis came
His native train, and Pisa's watry meads:
Then Phædimus proclaim'd in Isthmian games
And Alcon first of Sicyonian names;
Next aged Dymas rose, whose youthful speed
Surpass'd the swiftness of the flying steed:
And last in infamous disorder came
A clam'rous multitude unknown to fame.
But ev'ry voice cheers Atalanta's son,
And ev'ry eye devours him ere they run.
Lives there a warrior in the world of fame,
Who never heard of Atalanta's name?
Like Cynthia's self she seem'd, a sylvan grace
Matchless alike in beauty or the race.
The mother's glories all their thoughts employ,
And raise expectance from the lovely boy.
He too in speed out-strips the wings of wind,
As thro' the lawns he drives the panting hind:
Or when he catches sudden with a bound
The flying jav'lin e'er it touch the ground.
The modest youth unbinds with decent care
His damask vesture dancing to the air:
Then by degrees unveils to public view
His snowy limbs like marble, vein'd with blue.
His rosy cheeks that glow'd with warmth before,
His tresses wav'd in ringlets please no more;
A thousand charms appear! in stupid gaze
The crowd devours him, silent with amaze.
Conscious he stands, his head declining down,
And blushes oft; and chides them with a frown:
Decent confusion! mindful of the toil
He bathes his shining limbs in streams of oil;
Alike the chiefs—Intent, th' encircling host
Admires 'em all, Parthenopæus most.
So when the night in solemn silence reigns,
And one clear blue o'erspreads th' etherial plains
The glitt'ring stars with living splendours glow,
And dance and tremble on the seas below;
High o'er them all exalted Hesper rolls,
Itself a sun, and gilds the distant poles.
The next in beauty, as in speed, appears
Fair Idas, in the strength of youthful years:
A party-coloured down but just began
To shade his chin, the promise of a man.
A signal sounds. The ready racers start,
Double their speed, and summon all their art.
Low at each step their straining knees they bend,
Then springing with a bound, again ascend,
Swifter than thought; nor seem to run, but fly,
Stretch'd on the winds, half-vanish'd from the eye.
Now side by side, or breast to breast they close,
While each alike by turns outstrips his foes.
Scarce half so swiftly o'er the Nemean plains
Just now, the courser pour'd with loos'ned reins
Each, like an arrow from the Parthian yew
Sent with full force, along the Circus flew.
So when a tim'rous herd of list'ning deer
The roaring lion hears, or seems to hear,
(What time the lordly savage haunts the wood,
And longs to bathe his thirsty jaws in blood)
Close and more close they join, a trembling train,
And wildly stare, and scour along the plain.

Yet furious still, Parthenopæus flies;
Him step by step impatient Idas plies,
And pants aloud, with vengeance in his eyes;
Now hanging o'er, his hov'ring shade is seen,
That lengthens still, and floats along the green:
And sudden now, by unperceiv'd degrees
Full on his neck he blows the sultry breeze.
Next Phædimus and aged Dymes past
Along the circus, Alcon came the last.
As the fair offspring of the sylvan Grace
With matchless swiftness speeds along the race,
His golden tresses wav'd in curls, behind
Flow loosely down, and dance upon the wind:
(These from a child with pious hopes he bore,
Sacred to her who treads the Delian shore[1];
What time from Thebe's distant plains he came
Renown'd for conquests of immortal fame:
Too fondly pious! in a Theban urn
Soon must thou sleep, ah, never to return!)
These vengeful Idas saw with ardent eyes:
Resolv'd by force or fraud t'obtain the prize;
Sudden he stretch'd his impious arm, and drew
Supine on earth the stripling, as he flew:
Then starting reach'd the goal, and claim'd the prize.
Arms! arms! aloud th' Arcadian nation cries:
Vengeance at once they vow, or else prepare
To leave the Circus and renounce the war.
Tumultuous murmurs echo thro' the crowd,
Those praise the fraud, and these detest aloud.
Slow-rising from the plains the youth appears,
His eyes half angry, and half drown'd with tears,
He bends his head, the tears in silence flow;
A mournful image, beautiful in woe!
Now beats his bosom, frantic with despair;
And rends the ringlets of his golden hair.
A busy murmur deafens ev'ry ear,
Nor yet the crowd the royal judgment hear.
At last Adrastus rose with awful grace,
And thus bespoke the rivals in the race.
"Cease, gen'rous youths! once more your fortunes try,
In sep'rate paths, each starting from the eye."
So spake the king: and sudden from the view,
In sep'rate paths the ready racers flew.
But first th' Arcadian youth with lifted eyes
Thus sent his soul in whispers to the skies.
"Queen of the silver bow, and wood-land glades; [shades;
The Heav'ns fair light, and empress of the
Sacred to thee alone, with decent care
I nurs'd these curls of long-descending hair:
At thy desires I fell; yet hear my pray'r!
If e'er my mother pleas'd thee in the chase,
If e'er I pleas'd thee—banish my disgrace;
Nor let these omens prophesy my fall
(Assure they must) beneath the Theban wall!"
So pray'd the youth. The goddess heard his pray'r,
Rapid he shot along, half pois'd in air;
Fast and more fast the flying fields withdrew;
Scarce rose the dust beneath him as he flew.
Shouting, he reach'd the goal: with transport fir'd,
Soon sought Adrastus, and his right requir'd.
Panting and pale he seiz'd the palm. At hand
To close the game the ready prizes stand.

[1] Diana.

Th' Arcadian youth a brass-hoof'd courser gain'd:
A buckler fraudful Idas next obtain'd:
But Lycian quivers for the rest remain'd.
Adrastus next demands what chiefs prepare
To whirl the massy discus through the air.
A herald, bending with the burthen, threw
Th' enormous circles down in public view.
Starts ev'ry Grecian speechless with surprise;
Much wond'ring at the weight and shapeless size.
First two Achaians round the labour came,
With ardent Phlegyas, candidates for fame:
An Acarnanian next accepts the toil,
And three brave chieftains from Ephyre's soil,
With numbers more—but eager of renown,
Sudden Hippomedon flings thund'ring down
A disk of double weight; amaz'd they stand;
The yast orb rings, and shakes the trembling land. [nown'd;
"Warriors" (he cries) "in fighting fields re-
Whose arms must strike Thebe's bulwarks to the ground:
On tasks like these your mighty prowess try:"—
Boastful he spoke, and whirl'd it up the sky.
Amaz'd each chief the wond'rous cast admires,
And conscious of th' event betimes retires.
Pisæan Phlegyas only keeps the field,
With great Menestheus, yet untaught to yield:
Brave warriors each, too noble to disgrace
By one mean act the glories of their race.
The rest inglorious leave the listed ground,
And tremble to survey th' enormous round.
First Phlegyas rose the mighty toil to try:
Dumb was each voice, attentive ev'ry eye;
He rolls the quoit in dust with prudent care,
And poises oft, and marks its course in air.
Ev'n from a child, (where old Alpheus leads
His mazy stream through Pisa's lowly meads)
Not only when with mighty chiefs he strove
At sacred games to please Olympian Jove:
Thus with full force the massy weight he threw
Far o'er the stream, half shaded, as it flew.
At first he marks the skies and distant plain,
Then summons all his strength from ev'ry vein!
Couch'd on his knees the pond'rous orb he swung
High o'er his head, along the air it sung.
Now wasting by degrees, with hollow sound
Fell heavily, and sunk beneath the ground.
Fond of his art and strength in days of yore,
Well-pleas'd he stands, and waits th' event once more.
Loud shout the Greeks, and dwell on Phlegyas' praise.
Hippomedon with scorn the chief surveys.
Some nobler arm the pond'rous orb must throw
With care, directly in a line below.
But fortune soon his mighty hopes withstood,
Fortune still envious to the brave or good!
Alas, can man confront the pow'rs on high?
While distant fields are measur'd in his eye,
Just when his arm he stretch'd at full extent,
Couch'd on one knee, his side obliquely bent;
Struck by some force unseen, th' enormous round
Dropt from his hand, and idly prints the ground.
Much griev'd the pitying host, yet griev'd not all;
Some inly smil'd to see the discus fall.
Next, sage Menestheus stands prepared to fling
The disk, and rolls it in the dusty ring:

Intent of mind he marks its airy way,
And much implores the progeny of May.
Well-aim'd it flew half o'er the cirque; at last
Heavy it fell. An arrow mark'd the cast.
Slow rose Hippomedon, and o'er he rose
Much weigh'd the fate and fortune of his foes.
He pois'd, and rear'd the mighty orb on high;
Swung round his arm, and whirl'd it thro' the sky,
Forth-springing with the cast. Aloft it sung
Far o'er the mark where er'st Menestheus flung:
And o'er those hills with grassy verdure crown'd,
Whose airy summits shade the circus round—
There sunk, and sinking shook the trembling ground.

So Polyphemus, more than mortal strong,
Hurl'd a huge rock to crush th' Ilyssean throng:
Blind as he was, the vengeful weight he threw,
The vessel trembled, and the waters flew.
Soon good Adrastus rises, to repay
With sumptuous gifts the labours of the fray.
Safe for Hippomedon apart was roll'd
A tiger's skin, the paws o'erwrought with gold.
His Gnossian bows and darts Menestheus took;
Then thus to Phlegyas with a mournful look
He said. "This sword, unhappy chief, receive;
(A boon so just Hippomedon might give:)
This sword which once immortal honours gain'd,
Which sav'd Pelasgus, and his pow'r maintain'd."

A warlike toil Adrastus next demands,
In iron gloves to sheath their hardy hands:
First Capaneus prepar'd for combat stands;
A mighty giant, large, and tow'ring high,
Dreadful in fight, and hideous to the eye.
Around his wrists the hard bull-hides he binds,
And vaunts his strength, and deals his blows in winds:
"Stand forth some chief," he cries, "(if such there be,
Who dares oppose an enemy like me!)
Yet might some Theban sink beneath my blow;
Glorious and sweet is vengeance on a foe."

So spake the chief. Half-trembling with amaze,
In speechless horrour all the circle gaze.
At last Alcidimas, with gen'rous ire
Sprung forth, unask'd. The Doric bands admire.
All but his friends. They knew the daily care
Which Pollux us'd, to train him to the war.
(He taught him first to bind the gauntlets round
His nervous wrists, and aim the crashing wound:
Oppos'd in fight, he heav'd him high, or prest
The youth loud-panting on his naked breast.)

Him Capaneus survey'd with scornful eyes,
Insults his years, and claims a nobler prize.
Provok'd, he turns to fight. Each warrior stands
At full extent, and lifts his iron hands.
Well-temper'd casques their hardy brows surround,
To break at least the fury of the wound.
This tow'r'd like Tytius on the Stygian shore,
When the fierce vultures cease to drink his gore:
So high in air his spreading shoulders rise,
So swell his muscles, and so flame his eyes;
That at his side in blooming youth appears,
Yet promis'd wonders from maturer years:
The favours of the crowd alike succeed
On either side: none wish'd the chiefs to bleed.

Low'ring at first they met, nor silence broke,
Each lifts his arm, and only aims the stroke.
Some moments thus they gaz'd in wild surprise,
A hasty fury sparkled in their eyes;
Now conscious fear succeeds. The chiefs survey,
Their arms, and slowly first provoke the fray.
This on nice art and diffidence relies,
That on mere courage and stupendous size;
Void of all fear, and without conduct brave,
He wastes that strength himself has pow'r to save:
Still blindly drives where fury leads the way,
And storms, and falls the victor and the prey.
With stedfast glances this surveys his foe,
And either shuns, or wards th' impending blow:
Now lowly bends (his elbow o'er him spread)
The stroke impetuous sings above his head.
Now nearer draws, the more he seems to fly
So much his motion varies from his eye!
Now with full force he aims a pond'rous blow,
And tow'ring high o'ershades his mighty foe.
Thus in some storm the broken billows rise
Round the vast rock, and thunder to the skies.
Once more with wary footsteps wheel'd round,
Full on his front he deals a mortal wound:
Crashing it falls—unfelt the trickling blood
Spreads o'er his helmet in a crimson flood.
A sudden whisper murmurs round; alone
To Capaneus the cause remains unknown.
At last he lifts his hand on high, the gore
Forth-welling fast distains his cæstus o'er.
Grief swells his heart, and vengeance all disdain—
So foams the lion, monarch of the plain,
And loudly roaring with indignant pride,
Gnaws the barb'd jav'lin griding in his side:
Now springs with rage; supine along the ground
Pants the bold youth whose hand inflicted the wound.

Fast and more fast his lifted arms he throws
Around his head, and doubles blows on blows.
Part waste in air, part on the cæstus fall
With mighty force; his foe returns 'em all.
Still seems to fear him with dissembling eyes,
Yet still persists, and combats, while he flies.
Panting they reel; the youth retreats more slow,
The weary giant scarcely aims a blow,
They sink at once—so sailors on the main
Who long have toil'd through adverse waves in vain,
All drop their hands. The signal sounds once more.
Again they start, and stretch the lab'ring oar.

Thus rose the chiefs, with recollected might
Rush'd Capaneus like thunder to the fight.
Low bends Alcidimas with watchful eyes:
Short of his aim the giant o'er him flies;
Up starts the youth, and as he stagger'd round,
Clasp'd firm his neck, and bow'd him to the ground.
As rising from th' inglorious plain contends
Fierce Capaneus, a second blow descends
Full on his head: beneath the stroke he bent;
The youth turn'd pale, and trembled at th' event.
Loud shout the Greeks: the shore and forest rings.
Then thus in haste exclaims the king of kings
(As from the ground the furious Argive rose,
And vow'd, and aim'd intolerable blows):
"Seize him, ye chiefs, his bloody hands restrain,
Give all the palm, but lead him from the plain.
Haste, see, he raves! ah, tear him from my eyes,
He lives, he rises, the Laconian dies!"

He said. Hippomedon, and Tydeus rose:
Scarce both their hands restrain his mighty blows. [give:
Then thus they spoke. "The prize is thine, for-
'Tis double fame to bid the vanquish'd live;
A friend, and our ally"—he storms the more,
Rejects the prize, and thus devoutly swore:
"By all this blood, at present my disgrace,
These hands shall crush that more than female face; [plain"—
These hands shall dash him headlong to the
To Pollux then he weeps, but weeps in vain.
He said. By force they turn'd his steps away.
Stubborn he still persists, nor yields the day.
Far off in secret, the Laconian host
Smile at his fury, and their hero boast.
Mean while, with conscious virtue Tydeus burns,
Renown and praise inflame his heart by turns:
Swift in the race he still the guerdon bore,
Now toss'd the discus, now the gauntlets wore;
But most for Pales' active arts renown'd,
To hurl his foe supine along the ground.
By Hermes tutor'd, on th' Œtolian plain,
He made whole nations bite the dust in vain.
Full terrible he look'd. For arms he wore
The savage trophies of a mountain-boar,
Once Calydonia's dread! the bristly hide [pride.
Broad o'er his shoulders hung, with barb'rous
Unbound, he flings it down, then waits his foes.
Besides him, tow'ring, huge Agylleus rose,
A monstrous giant, dreadful to mankind;
Yet weak he seem'd, his limbs were loosely join'd.
Low Tydeus was. What Nature there deny'd,
Strong nerves, and mighty courage well supply'd;
For Nature never since the world began
Lodg'd such a spirit in so small a man!
Soon as their shining limbs are bath'd in oil,
Down rush the heroes to the wrestling toil.
Deform'd with dust (their arms at distance spread)
Each on his shoulder half reclines his head.
Now bending 'till he almost touch'd the plain,
Tydeus the giant heav'd, but heav'd in vain.
The mountain-cypress thus, that firmly stood
From age to age, the empress of the wood,
By some strong whirlwind's sudden blast declin'd,
Bends arching down, and nods before the wind:
The deep roots tremble till the gust blows o'er,
And then she rises, stately as before.
So vast Agylleus scarcely mov'd below,
Hangs imminent upon th' Œtolian foe.
Breast, shoulders, thighs, with mighty strokes resound,
And all appears an undistinguish'd wound.
On tiptoe rais'd, their heads obliquely bent,
Each hangs on each; stretch'd out at full extent.
Not half so bloody, or with half such rage,
Two furious monarchs of the herd engage.
Apart the milk-white heifer views the fight,
And waits to crown the victor with delight.
Their chests they gore, the mighty shock resounds; [wounds.
Love swells their hate, and heals the gaping
So shaggy bears in strict embraces roll,
And from each corse squeeze forth th' unwilling soul.
Thus Tydeus storm'd; nor heats nor toils asswage
His furious strength, or mitigate his rage.
Agylleus pants aloud, nor scarce contends;
Black'ned with dust a stream of sweat descends.
Tydeus press'd on, and seem'd to aim a blow
Full at his neck: the force was meant below,
Where well-knit nerves the knees firm strength supply;
Short of their reach, his hands the blow deny.
He sinks; o'er him, like some vast mountain fell
Agylleus, and half squeez'd his soul to Hell.
So when th' Iberian swain in search of ore
Descends, and views the light of Heav'n no more:
If some strong earthquake rocks the mould'ring ground,
(High o'er him hung) down rush the ruins round,
Deep under earth his batter'd carcase lies,
Nor breathes its spirit to congenial skies.
Full of disdain Œtolian Tydeus rose;
No peace, no bounds his fierce resentment knows: [wind,
Swift from th' inglorious hold he springs like
And circles round, then firmly fix'd behind.
His hand embrac'd his side, his knees surround
The giant's knees, and bend 'em to the ground.
Nought boots resistance now. Agylleus makes
One more essay. That moment Tydeus takes,
And rears him high. The mingling shouts arise,
And loud applause runs rattling thro' the skies.
So Hercules, who long had toil'd in vain,
Heav'd huge Anthæus from the Lybian plain;
Erect in air th' expiring savage hung,
Nor touch'd the kindred earth, from whence he sprung.
Long Tydeus held him thus. At length he found
The point of time, and hurl'd him to the ground
Side-long—Himself upon the giant lies,
And grasps his neck, and firmly locks his thighs.
Prone o'er th' inglorious dust, Agylleus quakes
Half-dead: his shame alone resistance makes:
Then rose at last, and stagg'ring thro' the throng,
Slowly he trail'd his feeble legs along.
When Tydeus thus. (His nobler hand sustain'd
The palm, his left the warlike gifts he gain'd:)
"What though my blood o'erflow'd yon guilty ground, [round;
When singly arm'd, whole numbers press'd me
(So prov'd all contracts with the Theban name,
Their honour such) yet Tydeus lives the same."
He spoke, and speaking sent the prize away;
Aside, a breast-plate for the vanquish'd lay.
Others in arms their manly limbs enclose;
To combat Epidaurian Agreus rose:
Him with his shining blade the Theban waits,
An exile still by unrelenting fates.
Then thus Adrastus. "Gen'rous youths give o'er;
Preserve all rage: and thirst for hostile gore.
Ye gods! what slaughter and what combats call!
Then waste your fury, Thebes demands it all.
But you, O prince! a kinsman, and our friend,
Whose cause such numbers with their lives defend;
For whom, our native towns, and countries lay
Unpeopled half, to other foes a prey;
Trust not th' event of fight; nor bleed, to please
Th' inhuman hopes of base Eteocles.
Avert it Heav'n!" The ready chiefs obey'd:
Their brave attempt a glitt'ring helm repaid.

Howe'er in sign of conquest and renown,
He bids the warriors Polynices crown
With wreaths, and hail him victor—no portent,
(So will'd the Sisters) prophesy'd th' event.
Him too the chiefs with kind persuasions pray
To rise, and close the honours of the day:
(And lest one victory be lost) to throw
The missile lance, or bend the Lycian bow.
Well-pleas'd Adrastus to the plain descends
In pomp, his steps a youthful crowd attends.
Behind, a squire the royal quiver bore,
Deep fill'd with shafts, a formidable store.
'Tis plain (Shall man deny?) each human cause
Proceeds, unseen, from Heav'n's eternal laws.
All fate appear'd: the chiefs perversely blind
Neglect the sign, nor see th' event behind.
We deem from chance unerring omens flow;
While fate draws near, and aims a surer blow.
By this the monarch strain'd the bending yew:
Full on its mark the feather'd weapon flew,
Nor enter'd there: Th' impassive ash resounds:
Again with double force the shaft rebounds,
In the same line wing'd back its airy way,
Then prone on earth before Adrastus lay.
Each reasons, as his wayward thoughts decree;
These think the shaft rebounded from the tree;
And those, that winds with unresisted force
Drove clouds on clouds, to intercept its course.
Mean while th' event and dreadful omen lies
Deep wrapt in night, nor seen by human eyes.
One chief in safety must return alone,
Through woes, and blood, and dangers yet unknown.

NOTES.

UPON THE

SIXTH THEBAID OF STATIUS.

Note 1.

Mr. Dryden, in his excellent preface to the Eneid, takes occasion to quarrel with Statius, and calls the present book an ill-timed, and injudicious episode. I wonder so severe a remark could pass from that gentleman, who was an admirer of our author even to superstition. I own I can scarce forgive myself, to contradict so great a poet, and so good a critic; talium enim virorum, ut admiratio maxima, ita censura difficilis. However the present case may admit of very alleviating circumstances. It may be replied in general, that the design of this book was to give a respite to the main action, introducing a mournful, but pleasing variation from terrour to pity. It is also highly probable, that Statius had an eye to the funeral obsequies of Polydore, and Anchises, mentioned in the 3d and 5th books of Virgil. We may also look upon them as a prelude, opening the mind by degrees to receive the miseries and horrour of a future war. This is intimated in some measure by the derivation of the word Archemorus.

Besides the reasons above mentioned, we have a fine opportunity of remarking upon chief of the heroes who must make a figure hereafter; this is represented to the eye in a lively sketch that distributes to each person his proper lights, with great advantage.

2.

It must certainly be an infinite pleasure to peruse the most ancient piece of history now extant, excepting that in holy scripture. This remark must be understood of the action of the Thebaid only, which Statius, without question, faithfully recited from the most authentic chronicles in his own age. The action of the Iliad and Odyssey happened several years after. This is evident from Homer's own words. Agamemnon, in the 4th Iliad, recites with great transport the expedition of Tydeus: and Ulysses mentions the story of Jocasta (or Epicaste, as he calls her) in a very particular manner. It is in his descent to Hell, Odyssey the eleventh:

Μητέρα δ' Οἰδιπόδαο ἴδον, καλὴν Ἐπικάστην,
Ἣ μέγα ἔργον ἔρεξεν ἀϊδρείῃσι νόοιο,
Γημαμένη ᾧ υἱεῖ. ὁ δ' ὃν πατέρ' ἐξαναρέξας
Γῆμεν.
Ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐν Θήβῃ πολυηρατὸν ἄλγεα πάσχων
Καδμείων ἤνασσε, θεῶν ὀλοὰς διὰ βουλάς,
Ἡ δ' ἔβη εἰς ἀΐδαο πυλάρταο κρατεροῖο
Ὧι ἄχεϊ χομένη. τῷ δ' ἄλγεα κάλλιπ' ὀπίσσω
Πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσα τε μητρὸς ἐρίννυες ἐντελέα.

3.

The antiquity of the Thebaid may be considered also in another view. As the poet was obliged to conform the manners of his heroes to the time of action, we in justice ought not to be so much shock'd with those insults over dead which run through all the battles. It softens a little the barbarity of Tydeus, expired gnawing the head of his enemy; and impiety of Capaneus, who was thunderstruck while he blasphemed Jupiter. Whoever reads the books of Joshua and Judges will find in those times the same savage spirit of insolence and *fierté*.

4.

The Nemeæan games. v. 4.

I beg to be excused from giving a long account of the Nemeæan games. What the world call learning, differs very little from pedantry; and I am sensible many an honest man may desire that imputation when he means no manner of harm: so much harder 'tis to conceal knowledge than first get it. The best and most ancient information now extant is to be collected from Pindar's odes in general. However I must just take notice of a funeral oration spoken in honour of Archemorus, as it is mentioned by Clemens Alexandrinus, in his admonit. ad Gentes.

5.

The youthful sailors thus with early care
Their arms experience— v. 23.

'Tis worth while here to take notice of Statius's similies in general. They are sometimes proper, but not often: a common fault with most young authors, who can reject nothing; though a more judicious writer at the same time would either suppress the thought, or at most content himself with a metaphor. I am apt to think similies must seldom be used, except they convey to the mind some very pleasing, or strong piece of painting. For all similies are descrip-

tions (or pictures) whose only beauty proceeds from an excellence in the imagery. In these cases, painting must always be consulted.

Another oversight in Statius is want of parity in the circumstances: but this is owing to the irregularity of his genius, which was above insisting upon particulars, and gave only some bold strokes of likeness.

If a translator can leave out such similies (or other passages), in Statius as are not proper, without violating the context: or if he can supply any of their defects in a very short compass, I think he ought. Though these liberties are not to be taken with more correct writers.

6.

Swift from mankind the Pow'r of slumbers flew. v. 31.

This place is not translated exactly to the letter, nor indeed would our language bear it. The original is extremely poetical, and correspondent to the best paintings in those times:

——cornu fugiebat somnus inani.

For Somnus (or sleep) was represented as a deity pouring dews out of a horn, over the temples of the sleeping person. Statius alludes to this in another passage, upon the same occasion;

——cornu perfuderat omni.

This remark I owe to Lactantius, who has given us the only tolerable comment upon Statius. Care has been taken to read him entirely over, though to little purpose. His notes are learned, short, and clear, but seldom poetical. Most of them are like the old Scholia upon Homer, explaining one word by another. He is full of apostrophes and exclamations, yet gives no reasons. Such as, exquisitè dictum! pictum egregiè! &c.

7.

Mean while Adrastus bears the friendly part,
And with kind words consoles, &c. v. 51.

Chaucer, who was perhaps the greatest poet among the moderns, has translated these verses almost word for word in his Knight's Tale. I shall make this remark once for all: as nothing particularises the fine passages in Homer more than that Virgil vouchsafed to imitate them: so scarce any thing can exalt the reputation of Statius higher, than the verbal imitations of our great countryman. I prefer this to a volume of criticisms; no man would imitate what he could exceed.

8.

Inwoven on the pall, young Linus lay
In lonely woods—— v. 70.

Linus was the son of Apollo, and the nymph Psamathe. No picture could be introduced with more propriety; his death was almost exactly the same with that of Archemorus. The story is related at large by Adrastus in the first Thebaid; and admirably translated by Mr. Pope:

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy those of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries;
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give!
For on the grassy verdure as he lay
And breath'd the freshness of the rising day;
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapt the gore.

9.

The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late
Like her fond spouse—— v. 90.

I scarce ever met with a more incoherent passage than this, in any author. The sense is fine, and easily apprehended by the context: the words are obscure to a fault, and the transition too sudden and violent:

Namque illi & pharetras, brevioraque tela dicarat
Festinus voti pater, insontesque sagittas.
Jam tunc & notâ stabulis de gente probatos
In nomen pascebat equos, cinctusque sonantes,
Armaque majores expectatura lacertos——
Spes *avidæ!* quas non in nomen *credula* vestes
Urgebat studio? &c.

Spes avidæ, must certainly be spoken of the mother, or else credula has nothing to agree with. In short, it must never be defended, but by one of these two excuses, either that Statius left his poem unfinished, or that the verse immediately preceding, is now lost. It might mean perhaps no more than this, "thus too was the unhappy mother deceived! with what care—&c." This consideration clears the sense, and solves all objections at once. However 'tis a mere conjecture, and may be truer to the author's reputation, than his first meaning.

All grave readers will reject this as a whimsical young man's notion; nor do I lay any stress upon it. To show I can be serious on occasion, I shall just refer them to Virgil's third Georgic, where will be found a transition from horses to cows, as obscure almost as this in Statius.

Gronovius (without any authority) thinks we should read spes avidi, instead of avidæ, still preserving the context, and referring credula to spes. I cannot approve of this emendation for many reasons; we at once lose half the beauty. Besides, the repetition of in nomen would be tautology, if it did not refer to another person: nor can urgere vestes be so properly applied to the father.

Whoever reads this positive Dutchman's preface to Ammianus Marcellinus, will never think him to be a man of sense, or candour.

10.

Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring oaks were seen, &c. v. 108.

This description is inimitably beautiful, and I might spend a whole page in admirations. 'Twere easy also, by drawing parallel places, (a common, but unfair practice) to prefer Statius to all the ancients, and moderns. Most of the poets have exercised their genius upon this occasion; particularly Ovid in the 10th book of his Metamorphosis:

——Non Chaonis absuit arbos,
Non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus esculus altis:
Non tiliæ molles, non fagus, & innuba laurus,
Et coryli fragiles, & fraxinus utilis hastis,
Enodisque abies curvataque glandibus ilex,
Et platanus genialis, acerque coloribus impar,
Amnicolæque simul salices, & aquatica lotos.

As also Claudian, in the Rape of Proserpina, Lib. the 2d. Chaucer seems to have a particular eye to this passage throughout all his poems. See his Knight's Tale, the Assembly of Fowls, and Complaint of the Black Knight. I am also much pleased to find this passage finely imitated by two other of our ancient English poets. I shall first cite Fairfax, who understood the harmony of numbers better than any person then living, except Spenser. All the world knows his excellent version (or paraphrase rather) of Tasso's Gierusalem liberata. The other, whom I mean, is M. Drayton, whose Fairy-tale is a master-piece in those grotesque writings:

Down fall the sacred palms, and ashes wild—
The fun'ral cypress, holly ever green;
The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing pine;
The married elm fell with his fruitful vine;
The shooter-yew, the broad-leav'd sycamore,
The barren platine, and the wallnut sound;
The myrrh that her foul sin doth still deplore;
The alder, owner of all watrish ground;
Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore;
Proud cedar; oak, the king of forests crown'd.
Fairfax.

The tufted cedar, and the branching pine....
Under whose covert, (thus divinely made)
Phœbus' green laurel flourish'd in the shade:
Fair Venus' myrtle, Mars his warlike fir,
Minerva's olive, and the weeping myrrh;
The patient palm that strives in spite of hate,
The poplar to Alcides consecrate, &c.
Drayton.

I ask pardon for the tediousness of this note, and the reader in justice ought to acknowledge I writ it to gratify my pleasure, rather than my vanity; and surely no person who has the least taste can be displeased with so much variety. I insist only to produce one description more out of Statius. The verses are extremely natural, and carry something with them as awful and venerable as the subject:

Sylva capax ævi, validâque incurva senectâ,
Æternum intonsæ frondis, stat pervia nullis
Solibus.
Subter opaca quies, vacuusque silentia servat
Horror, & exclusæ pallet mala lucis imago,
Nec caret umbra Deo.
Thebaid 4.

11.

Sacred to Heav'n and Hell the mourners rear
Two massy altars—— v. 131.

It may be asked why the Grecians raised two altars. Lactantius answers that one only was for Archemorus, and the other for the serpent that killed him.

If the reader supposes this to be too much honour for the latter, it must be remembered, that these creatures were almost always esteemed by the ancients, as sacred to some deity. But Statius mentions this in particular. See the death of Archemorus, in the 5th Thebaid:

——Nemoris sacer horror Achæi
Erigitur Serpens.

And a little afterwards,

——Inachio sanctum dixêre Tonanti
Agricolæ——

So Virgil, speaking of the two serpents that strangled Laocoon, Eneid the 2d:

Their task perform'd the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet they lie protected there
By her large buckler, and protended spear.
Dryden.

12.

——In mournful strains
The music of the Phrygian fife complains. v. 137.

The Phrygian measure in music was made use of, to call the spirits of the deceased from their graves. Pelops was the first person who invented, and set it to the lyre, and from him it came to the Grecians.

Lactantius.

13.

Behind Hypsypile's soft sorrows flow
Silent, and fast—— v. 147.

Nothing can be more finely imaged than the character of Hypsypile; it seems a perfect picture of beauty in distress. Her very silence is eloquent: she knows her innocence, but must not speak one word to defend it. She moves along by herself the very last of them all, while every eye seems to threaten and accuse her. And even after all this, there is still a degree of sweetness, a tenderness, a confusion that cannot be expressed. I know not how to make the reader any ways sensible of my own images, except I refer him to the character of Briseis in Homer's first Iliad, and the picture of Sisigambis in Darius's tent.

This puts me in mind of some fine strokes in Spenser, though upon a different occasion. What I mean, is the silence and confusion of Britomart, when the Red-cross knight discovers her to be a lady, and inquires after her adventures:

Thereat she sighing softly, had no pow'r
To speak a while, ne ready answer make,
But with heart-thrilling throbs, and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever-fit, did quake,
And every dainty limb with horror shake;
And ever and anon the rosie red
Flash'd through her face, as it had been a fake
Of lightning, through bright Heaven fulmined
Fairy Queen, Lib. 3. Cant. 2.

See also the same canto, stanza the 15th.

14.

Speech of Eurydice. v. 153.

Statius has equally shown his conduct in this

speech of Eurydice. She is injured, and indeed deserves a liberty to resent it. She condoles, she repents, she heightens her misfortunes, and then seems to wonder why Providence should inflict them. This she aggravates by considering the prosperity of her neighbours, which certainly gives the deepest remorse in all afflictions. Nothing can be finer than these two last particulars. They arise immediately from human nature, and give a lively, picture of self-respect, and indulgency to our own frailties. What follows is more abrupt and violent; she draws the author of her misery in the most disagreeable colours, makes her treacherous, negligent, and even insensible of gratitude or pity.

15.

Whose hands sustain'd thee, and whose music charm'd,
Whose eye o'ersaw thee—v. 185.

I am far from being disgusted with these little particularities that attend the most serious and noble passions. Nothing has a better effect in poetry, or painting. An incident may be small, and at the same time not trifling. This puts me in mind of an observation in Longinus: it is made upon Sappho's love-ode, translated afterwards by Catullus. "The poetess" (says he) "has assembled with admirable skill all the little accidents to that passion. Her heart beats fast, her tongue trembles, her sight seems to swim, and her colour vanishes all in one moment."

This confusion suits admirably well with the wandering irresolutions of the soul upon such occasions.

Longinus, Chap. 8.

16.

So when the holy priest with curious eyes
Dooms some fair heifer. v. 209.

I must not forget that Statius has copied this simile from Lucretius. 'Tis hard to say which is the more excellent. Lucretius his lines are these, after he has described the young heifer slain in sacrifice:

At mater virideis saltus orbata peragrans,
Omnia convisens, oculis loca, si queat usquam
Conspicere amissum fœtum, completque querelis
Frondiferum nemus adsistens, & crebra revisit
Ad stabulum, desiderio perfixa juvenci,
Non teneræ salices, atque herbæ rore vigentes
Fluminave ulla queunt summis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum, subitamque avertere curam:
Nec vitulorum aliæ species per pabula læta
Derivare queunt alio, curâve levare. Lib. 2.

17.

The father now unbares his rev'rend head;
His silver locks he scatters o'er the dead. v. 217.

The practice of cutting off the hair, and strewing it over the deceased, was so common with the ancients, that all testimonies are needless. It prevails among the Sclavonians to this day, who, (as lord Busbeque observes in his Epistles) neque modo capillos, sed etiam supercilia sibi (in luctu) demunt.

18.

If Jove's almighty wisdom can deceive,
Curs'd is the man who fondly will believe! v. 221.

This apostrophe contains a fine picture of human nature in distress. Heaven itself cannot escape our censure: its unerring justice is called into question, and we fancy more to be inflicted on us, than we ought to suffer.

Much of this kind is the speech of Asius in Homer's 12th Iliad. Eustathius makes a very moral remark upon it, which I shall transcribe, as I find it admirably translated to my hands. "The speech of Asius is very extravagant: he exclaims against Jupiter for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in Asius, is very natural to persons under disappointments, who are ever ready to blame Heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime." Thus far Eustathius.

Æneas (whose chief character is piety) could not help accusing men and gods when he lost Creusa. Though in justice to Virgil it ought to be observed, that he softens, or rather disapproves of the impiety at the same time; for so the word amens must be understood.

Quem non incusavi, amens, hominumque deorumque?

As this note is capable of very serious reflections, it may not perhaps be amiss to look a little into the holy scriptures. The impatience of Job's wife, as also the diffidence and irresolution of David in the 73d Psalm, are extraordinary instances of this sort. But Jeremiah carries it yet farther: he proceeds to an expostulation with his Maker. "Let me talk with thee, O Lord, of thy judgments. Thou hast planted (the wicked) yea, they have taken root: they grow, yea, they bring forth fruit. But thou, O Lord, knowest me, thou hast seen me, and tried my heart towards thee. I have forsaken my house, &c." Chap. 12. v. 1, 2, 3, & 8.

Lactantius solves the extravagance of this speech of Lycurgus very oddly, by a reflection on his priesthood. His words are these, "priests may be as angry as they will," for so must he be understood according to the purport of the original. I much question whether his name-sake would have allowed this concession to the clergy: and if the translator may have leave to give his opinion, he thinks them to have less need of it, than any other part of the nation.

19.

Nine times his course bright Lucifer had roll'd
And ev'ning Vesper deck'd his rays with gold. v. 271.

This particularity is so far from being ornamental, that it preserves a valuable piece of antiquity; namely the closing of the funeral games after nine days end: which ceremony the old Romans called *Novemdialia*.

Bernartius.

20.

High o'er the people wrought with lively grace,
Shine the fair glories of their ancient race.
v. 297.

I don't remember any thing more noble, or judicious than this historical picture. The description of a shield was already worn out: 'twas impossible to add any thing of moment after Homer and Virgil. Nor is it introduced merely for ornament; it contains, no less than the story of their ancestors, magnanimûm series antiqua parentum. Its effects are visible: to inspire them with courage in the funeral games. Besides, it happily avoids most of the objections that have been made against the shields of Achilles and Æneas. Its size answers all multiplicity of figures; and even every figure bears a plain reference to the subject of action. The rules of painting are exactly preserved: we have not only a contrast of passions in different persons, but variety of place in each distinct compartiment.

'Tis reasonable to think our author designed this as a compliment to a common ceremony then among the Romans: who used at all solemn funerals to carry before the corps of the deceased the pictures of their ancestors. Thus Horace, Epode the 8th;

——Funus atque imagines
Ducunt triumphales tuum.

See also Cicero's oration for Milo, and the 35th book of Pliny. Perhaps Statius owed the first hint of his historical picture to the custom we now mention.

21.

——Brave Chorœbus lifts his bleeding hands—
v. 324.

Lactantius gives two meanings to this hemystic; the *venerable* or *undaunted* figure of Chorœbus. I have chosen the latter, because it agrees best with his character in the first Thebaid. The story is too long to be transcribed.

22.

Here Belus' sons at Hymen's altars stand,
And join with hearts averse the friendly hand.
v. 331.

The contract of Danaus and Egyptus is too well-known to be repeated. However for the sake of the curious I shall not pass by the epistle of Hypermnestra to Linus, and some remarkable passages in Pindar's ninth Pythian Ode. Statius seems pleased with this story, and has chosen it in another place to ornament the shield of Hippomedon. There is something very masterly in the expression, and the tout-ensemble makes a fine piece of night-painting:

——humeros, & pectora latè
Flammeus orbis habet——vivit in auro
Nox Danai, sontes furiarum lampade nigrâ
Quinquaginta ardent thalami, pater ipse cruentis
In foribus, laudatque nefas, atque inspicit enses.

Theb. 4.

23.

Swift flew the rapid car, and left behind
The noise of tempests, and the wings of wind.
v. 342.

These verses are somewhat too bold in the original;

——stupuêre relicta
Nubila, certantes Eurique Notique sequentur.

Whoever translates Statius must have liberty to soften some of these hyperboles. Yet Lactantius was of another opinion, who admires this place in the true spirit of criticism. Ivit dictum! dedit illis victoriæ votum, sed adhuc effectum. His remark is not worth translating.

24.

So sad Apollo with a boding sigh
Told his fond child—— v. 363.

We may perceive something very remarkable in this simile, not without a fine commiseration for unhappy Polynices. Instead of accusing the rashness, or folly of Phaeton, all is attributed to fatal destiny. As much as to say, Polynices lost not the race through his own imprudence, but by the interposition of a deity.

25.

Admetus' life, &c. v. 431.

This alludes chiefly to the story of Alceste Admetus his wife, who was so honourable [illegible] as to lay down her life to atone for her husband's. Juvenal makes an agreeable use of this [illegible] gallantry:

——spectant subeuntem fata mariti
Alcesten.

Lactantius.

Euripides has written a tragedy upon this occasion. I am afraid few modern ladies [illegible] give such an example, but indeed husbands are much alter'd since the days of Admetus. I [illegible] add, that Statius takes notice of the [illegible] Alceste in his Sylva, entituled the Tears of Euricus, Lib. 3. I the rather cite this poem because it contains some fine strokes of humanity, [illegible] filial affection. Of the same nature is his [illegible] cedion in Patrem. I wonder that these two admirable copies have never yet been translated.

26.

"Th' impatient coursers pant in ev'ry vein
And pawing seem to beat the distant plain.
The vales, the floods appear already cross,
And e'er they start, a thousand steps are lost."
v. 454.

The Latin of these verses is wonderfully [illegible] as Mr. Dryden acknowledges in his preface [illegible] Du Fresnoy. He cites them as a true image [illegible] our author:

Stare adeò miserum est, prosunt vestigia [illegible]
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis [illegible] campum.

"Which would cost me" (says he) "an hour to translate, there is so much beauty in the original."

Since that, Mr. Pope has imitated these verses almost verbatim in his Windsor Forest: and I thought fit to transfer them hither, rather than expose my own weakness. I never was heartily mortified before; I just know how to admire him and to despise myself! the reader may be assured, I durst not presume to do this without that gentleman's consent; who not only gave me leave to use his translation, but also to alter any circumstances that might not correspond with the original. I remember a paper in the Guardian that consists chiefly of parallel descriptions upon this occasion; and thither I refer the curious.

Balde the Jesuit has some bold strokes in an ode whose title I forgot, though 'tis written partly in imitation of the war-horse in Job. I mention this, purely to do justice to that poet's memory, who (notwithstanding some extravagances) came nearer to the spirit and abruptness of Pindar, than any of his cotemporaries.

27.

Earth opening seem'd to groan (a fatal sign!) v. 600.

Because Amphiaraus was afterwards to be swallowed under ground. See the latter end of the seventh Thebaid:

Illum ingens haurit specus, & transire parantes
Merget equos: non arma manu, non fræna remisit
Sicut erat, rectos defert in Tartara currus:
Respexitque cadens cœlum, campumque coire
Ingemuit——

I take this to be one of the most noble descriptions I ever met with in any language.

28.

Loud shouts each chief that from high Elis leads
His native train, &c. v. 639.

I have open'd this passage a little, but with due respect to geography. See the fourth Theb. Resupina Elis, demissa Pisa.

29.

Lives there a warrior in the world of fame,
Who never heard of Atalanta's name? v. 649.

The commentators are all mighty merry upon these verses. It seems Statius has confounded the history of Atalanta (there being two of that name) and takes the wife of Hippomenes for that of Pelops; the famous racer in days of yore. This (say they) is a remarkable oversight, and very few of them can heartily forgive it. The matter is hardly worth debate: poets were never thought infallible. Whoever reads the critical discourse upon the Iliad, will find many errours even in Homer; though not so many as La Motte fancied. Aristotle, Cicero, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus were seldom right in their quotations. Macrobius tells us, that Virgil ran into many palpable mistakes, purely to disengage himself from too much exactness, and to imitate Homer. Mons. la Mothe le Vayer has written an entire treatise upon this subject: and I think it worth reading, merely as a mortification for human vanity.

In deference to the above-mentioned criticism, I thought fit to leave out, vestigia cunctis indeprensa procis; for there lies all the confusion.

30.

Foot-race. v. 766.

I must own, I think this foot-race an inimitable piece of poetry. The design itself is equally as just; the circumstances perhaps are more beautiful than those upon the same subject in the Greek or Roman poet. Had Statius given the prize to Idas, (than which nothing was more easy) I cannot but think the moral would have been highly defective. Yet Euryalus in Virgil wins the race by downright fraudulence. In the descriptive parts our author borrows nothing considerable from either of the above cited poets. I wish he had taken one circumstance from Homer, which pleases me much. It is the passage where Ulysses follows Ajax:

——αὐτὰρ ὀπιαδιν
Ἴχνια τύπτε πόδεσσι πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.

——His foe he plies,
And treads each footstep, e'er the dust can rise.

31.

Thus in some storm the broken billows rise
Round the vast rock—— v. 909.

'Tis with great judgment the poet introduces this simile, which admirably paints the size and unmoveableness of Capaneus. I have endeavoured to give it this turn, adding the epithet vast, to strengthen the idea. A translator can seldom do his author this justice, and I see no reasons against it, if the deviation exceeds not one word. However, it is manifest the original alludes only to the noise, and sudden overflowing of the waters. 'Tis impossible to give a more lively image of Alcidamas. Statius has comprized himself also into a shorter pass than usual, that the mind might not be too much suspended in the midst of so important an action. Besides, there is a particular beauty in the versification: it seems to run by starts, short and violent:

Assilit, ut præceps cumulo salir unda, minaces
In scopulos, & fracta redit——

32.

The fight of the cæstus. v. 966.

I have taken notice in the foot-race, that Statius has varied from Virgil, with admirable judgment. The same may be advanced here in respect to Homer, who in his fight of the cæstus, rewards insolence and pride, instead of punishing them. There is an exact parity of character between Capaneus and Epëus: but not the same success. The boaster in this place meets with the most manifest disadvantage: a great improvement of the moral.

Upon the whole: it may be required I should attempt something like a comparison between the descriptions of this game in Homer, Virgil, and Statius. To speak my own sentiments, I cannot but prefer the latter, not only for its greater variety of incidents, but for the cha-

racter of arrogance, which is wrought up to much more perfection: it was this they all laboured at. Capaneus is so far blinded with his own admiration, that he still fancies himself the conqueror: though the odds appeared visibly against him: so apt is pride to magnify. This is superadded to the characters in Homer and Virgil: and I think it a most natural improvement.

33.

The mountain-cypress thus, that firmly stood
From age to age——— v. 994.

Originally;

Ille autem Alpini veluti regina cupressus
Verticis———

I have read in one of our modern critics, or in some book of travels, that no cypresses grow upon the Alps. The author upon this takes occasion to fall foul upon an eminent Roman poet, and wonders at his ignorance. It is no matter where I met with this remark, it not being of much consequence; yet I thought fit to leave out *Alpinus*; and added a more indefinite epithet.

Since my writing this note, I chanc'd to read Bernartius's comment upon Statius. He is much chagrined at this oversight. As a specimen of his humanity and taste for criticism, I shall transcribe his own words at length: "Attigit ut videtur Papinius hic guttam è flumine Lethes. Nam in Alpibus nusquam cupressi: nisi forte speciem pro genere posuit, quod non inepte affirmare possumus.

34.

Not half so bloody: or with half such rage
Two mighty monarchs of the herd engage.
v. 1006.

Statius seems to have copied this simile from the combat of Hercules and Achelöus in the ninth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. I shall pleasure the reader with them both. And first Ovid;

Non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,
Cum pretium pugnæ, toto nitidissima saltu
Expetitur conjux: spectant armenta, paventque
Nescia quem tanti maneat victoria regni.

Non sic ductores gemini gregis, horrida tauri
Bella movent: medio conjux stat candida prato
Victorem expectans; rumpunt obnixa surentes
Pectora———

The latter in my opinion is far more natural than the former. There is a beautiful contrast, or variation of numbers, very tender and flowing, in

———medio conjux——— &c.

Which is somewhat faintly preserved in the translation.

Spenser has a simile something of this nature in the combat between the Red-cross knight and Sansfoy, Lib. 1. Canto 2.

35.

Nor breath'd its spirit to congenial skies.
v. 10[illegible]

Or to congenial stars more literally, according to the philosophy of Pythagoras. The wicked, says Lactantius, were punished by the stars (ab ipsis astris, stellisque are his words); the good enjoyed their light for ever. For a farther explication of this ancient doctrine, I refer the reader to Servius and Ruæus's note upon the 227th line of Virgil's 4th Georgic, Sideris in numerum, &c. See also Plato in Timæo.

36.

So Hercules, who long had toil'd in vain,
Heav'd huge Anthëus. v. 1040.

I cannot but admire this noble simile; besides the parity of circumstances, the savage character of Anthëus suits admirably well with the brutal fury of Agylleus: nor is it a small compliment to little Tydeus, to compare him with Hercules for strength. I fancy Spenser drew the story of Maleger at large from this source: I am the more inclined to think so, because in the combat of prince Arthur, and Pyrochles, he translates almost literally from Statius those verses that describe Agylleus after his fall: though it must be owned, he has interwoven a simile that much improves them:

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive,
But as a bittour in an eagle's claw,
That may not hope by flight to 'scape alive,
Still hopes for death, with dread and trembling;
So he now subject to the victor's law,
Did not once move, nor upwards cast his eye

37.

Here end the funeral games, which are put off (as in Virgil) by a prodigy, foreboding that none of the seven captains should return, except Adrastus: as that in Virgil foretold the burning of the ships by the Trojan matrons.

To conclude, whosoever will read the original impartially, will find Statius to be a much better poet than the world imagines. What the translation is, I know not: nor can the notes be extraordinary, when no body has written any thing tolerable before me. The reader may believe, or disbelieve them as he pleases; I deliver conjectures, not doctrines. If my present version has the fortune to please, I may perhaps proceed farther: if not, I cannot but think myself happy in reviving at least so fine a piece of poetry. I have but just given the sketch of a picture, it remains for others to deepen the strokes, and finish the whole. Whoever can take such pains, will oblige me, as much as the world.

DIVINE POEMS.

DEDICATION.

To the reverend Mr. Hildrop, master of Marleborough-School, (under whom I had the

honour of receiving my education) these Divine Poems are humbly dedicated by his
most obliged,
and obedient servant,
W. HARTE.

PSALM THE CIV'th,

PARAPHRASED.

AWAKE my soul! in hallow'd raptures praise
Th' Almighty God, who in th' empyreal height
Majestic shines, too glorious to behold.
Methinks the broad expansion of the sky
O'erspreads thy throne: in air thy chambers hang
Eternal, and unmov'd. Clouds roll'd on clouds
Thy chariot form; in thund'rings wrapt and fires
Thou walk'st, incumbent on the wings of wind.
Active as flames, all intellect, God forms
Angels of essence pure, whose finer parts
Invisible, and half dissolv'd in light, [hand
Should fleet through worlds of air. Th' Almighty
Fixt earth's eternal basis, and prescrib'd
Its utmost limits to the raging main.
Forth from their deeps a world of waters rose
And delug'd earth. He spoke, the waves obey'd
In peace, subsiding to their ancient springs.
Part murmur headlong down the mountain's sides:
Part through the vales in slow maeanders play,
As pleas'd, yet loth to leave the flow'ry scene.
Thither by instinct savage beasts repair
To slake their thirst. Along the margin trees
Wave in the watry gleam, amid whose boughs
The winged songsters chant their Maker's pow'r.
God with prolific dews, and genial rain
Impregnates earth, then crowns the smiling fields
With lively green: the vegetative juice
Flows briskly through the trees; the purple grape
Swells with nectareous wines t' inspire the soul.
With verdant fruits the clust'ring olive bends
Whose spritely liquor smooths the shining face.
On Lebanon the sacred cedar waves,
And spiry fir-tree, where the stork conceals
Her clam'rous young. The rocks bare, unadorn'd,
Have uses too: there goats in quest of food
Hang pendulous in air, there rabbits form
Their mazy cells—in constant course the Moon
Nocturnal sheds her kindly influence down,
Marks out the circling year, and rules the tides.
In constant regularity the Sun
Purples the rosy east, or leaves the skies.
Then awful night o'er all the globe extends
Her sable shades: the woods and deserts ring
With hideous yell, what time the lions roar
And tear their prey; but when the glimm'ring morn
Dawns o'er the hills, their depredations cease
And sacred silence reigns. The painful man
Commences with the Sun his early toil,
With him retires to rest. O Pow'r supreme!
How wonderful thy works! the bounteous earth
Pours from its fruitful surface plants and herbs
Adapt for ev'ry use: its bowels hold
Rich veins of silver, and the golden ore.
Unnumber'd wonders in the deeps appear,
Incredible to thought. There tow'rs of oak
Float o'er the surges; there enormous whales
In awkward gambols play, th' inferior fry
Sportive through groves of shining coral glide.
These with observance due, when hunger calls
Expect their meat from God, who sometimes
A just sufficiency, or more profuse [gives
Show'rs down his bounty with a copious hand.
When God withholds his all-sustaining care,
To dust, their former principle, they fall.
Then thy prolific spirit forms anew
Each undecaying species. Mighty God! [is,
How great, how good thy pow'r; that was, and
And e'er shall be immutably the same!
Earth at thy look with reverential fear
Ev'n to the centre shakes: the mountains blaze
Beneath thy touch. Hail awful pow'r of Heav'n,
Eternal, three and one! The slaves of vice
Thy vengeance, like a sudden whirlwind's rage,
Sweeps from mankind. My Muse, thrice glorious task!
While my blest eyes behold the cheerful Sun,
While life shall animate this mortal frame,
In Heav'nly flights shall spread a bolder wing,
And sing to Him, who gave her first to sing!

PSALM THE CVIIth,

PARAPHRASED.

MORTALS, rejoice! with raptures introduce
Your grateful songs, and tell what mercies God
Deigns to bestow on man: but chiefly you
The progeny of David, whom the Lord
Selected from each region of the globe
Beneath the arctic or antarctic pole:
Or where the purple Sun with orient beams
Strikes parallel on Earth, or prone descends
T' illumine worlds beyond th' Hesperian main.
With weary feet, and mournful eyes they pass'd
Erroneous through the dreary waste of plains,
Immeas'rable: the broad expanse of Heav'n
Their canopy, the ground, of damp malign,
Their bed nocturnal. Thus in wild despair
Anxious they sought some hospitable town.
In shame and bitterness of soul once more
They recognized the Lord, and trembling cry'd
"Have mercy on us!" he, the source of mercy,
Kindly revisited his fav'rite race,
Consol'd their woes, and led the weary train
Through barren wilds to the long-promis'd land,
Then plac'd 'em there in peaceful habitations.

CHORUS.

"O that the sons of men in grateful songs,
Wou'd praise th' unbounded goodness of the Lord,
Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r!"

He cheers the sad, and bids the famish'd soul
Luxuriant feast till nature craves no more.
He often saves th' imprison'd wretch that lies
Tortur'd in iron chains, no more to see
The cheerful light, or breathe the purer air.
(The due reward imperious mortals find, [pise
When swell'd with earthly grandeur, they des-
The Pow'r supreme) thus Jesse's sacred seed,
Elated with the num'rous gifts of Heav'n,

Slighted the giver: then the wrathful Lord
With-held his hand. They, impotent to save
Their forfeit lives, in piercing accents cry'd,
"Help Lord, we die!" he soon with aspect mild
Commiserates their anguish, and reliev'd
Those limbs, which sedentary numbness e'rst
Had crampt, when they in doleful shades of death
Sate inconsolable—"O then that men [Lord,
Wou'd praise th' unbounded goodness of the
Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r!"
Man, thoughtless of his end, in anguish reaps
The fruits of folly, and voluptuous life.
Sated with luxury his stomach loaths
Most palatable meats: with heavy pain
His eyes roll slowly; if he drops to rest,
He starts delirious, and still seems to see
Horrible fiends, that tear him from mankind.
His flushing cheeks now glow like flames of fire:
Now chill'd, he trembles with extremes of cold
That shoot, like darts of ice, through every vein.
Ev'n then, when art was conquer'd, pray'rs and vows
Lenient of anger soon appeas'd the Lord,
Whose saving providence restor'd his health,
And snatch'd th' expiring from the jaws of death.
But mostly they who voyage o'er the deeps
Observe the works of God. Sudden, from high
Down pours a rushing storm, more dreadful made
By darkness: save what light the flashing waves
Disclose. The vessel rides sublime in air
High on the surging billows, or again
Precipitous through yawning chasms descends.
Heart-thrilling plaints, and hands up-rear'd to Heav'n,
Speak well their anguish, and desire to live.
Shock'd by each bursting wave that whirls 'em round,
They stagger in amaze, like reeling men
Intoxicated with the fumes of wine,
Yet when they cry to God, his saving pow'r
Hushes the winds, and bids the main subside.
Instead of storms the whisp'ring zephyrs fan
The silent deep, and wave their pendent sails.
Then ev'ry heart exults: joyous repose
Dismisses each terrific thought, when once
(At Heav'n's command) the weary vessel makes
Her long-expected haven.—"O that men
Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the Lord,
Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r!"
To him once more address your songs of praise
In ev'ry temple sacred to his name,
Or where the rev'rend senators conven'd
In council sit. He turns the limpid streams,
And flow'ry meadows to a dreary waste.
Where corn has grown, and fragrant roses fill'd
The skies with odoriferous sweets, he bids
The baleful aconite up-lift its head
(The curse of impious nations): and again
In lonely deserts at his high behests
Soft-purling rills in sportive mazes glide
Mæander'd through the valleys: there he bids
The hungry souls increase and multiply. [down
His bounteous hand the while pours goodness
Ineffable, and guards their num'rous herds.
Though thousands fall, his mercy still renews
The never-ending race.—When tyrants, proud
Of arrogated greatness, without law
Unpeople realms, and breathe but to destroy:
Then God his high prerogative asserts,
Resumes his pow'r, and blasts their guilty heads
Then raises from the dust the humble soul
Who meekly bore indignities and woe.

TO MY SOUL.

FROM CHAUCER.

Far from mankind, my weary soul, retire,
Still follow truth, contentment still desire.
Who climbs on high, at best his weakness [illegible]
Who rolls in riches, all to fortune owes.
Read well thy self, and mark thy early [illegible]
Vain is the Muse, and envy waits on praise.

Wav'ring as winds the breath of fortune [illegible]
No pow'r can turn it, and no pray'rs [illegible]
Deep in some hermit's solitary cell
Repose and ease and contemplation [illegible]
Let conscience guide thee in the days of [illegible]
Judge well thy own, and then thy [illegible] deed.

What Heav'n bestows with thankfulness [illegible],
First ask thy heart, and then [illegible]
Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way, [illegible]
Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.
"Who wrestles in this world, receives a fall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God for all."

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE:

PARTICULARLY ON THE DUNCIAD.

PRINTED 1730.

CONTENTS.

I. The origin and use of satire. The [illegible]lency of epic satire above others, as [illegible] ample to precept, and animating by [illegible] sensible images. Epic satire compared [illegible] epic poem, and wherein they differ: [illegible] extent, action, unities, episodes, and the [illegible] of their morals. Of parody: of the style, [illegible] and wit, proper to this sort of poem, [illegible] superior talents requisite to excel in it.

II. The characters of the several [illegible] satire. 1. The ancients; Homer, [illegible] Archilochus, Aristophanes, Menippus, [illegible] Lucilius, Varro, Horace, Persius, [illegible] Juvenal, Lucian, the emperor Julian. [illegible] moderns: Tassone, Coccaius, Rabelais, [illegible]nier, Boileau, Dryden, Garth, Pope.

III. From the practice of all the best [illegible] and men in every age and nation, the [illegible]tice of satire in general, and of this sort [illegible]ticular, is vindicated. The necessity of [illegible] in this age more especially, [illegible] why bad [illegible]ters are at present the most proper [illegible] satire. The true causes of bad writers. [illegible]racters of several sorts of them now [illegible] Envious critics, furious pedants, secret [illegible] obscene poetesses, advocates for corrupt

scoffers at religion, writers for deism, desitical and Arian clergymen.

Application of the whole discourse to the Dunciad, concluding with an address to the author of it.

T' EXALT the soul, or make the heart sincere,
To arm our lives with honesty severe,
To shake the wretch beyond the reach of law,
Deter the young, and touch the bold with awe,
To raise the fallen, to hear the sufferer's cries,
And sanctify the virtues of the wise,
Old Satire rose from probity of mind,
The noblest ethics, to reform mankind.
As Cynthia's orb excels the gems of night,
So epic satire shines, distinctly bright.
Here genius lives, and strength in ev'ry part,
And lights and shades, and fancy fix'd by art.
A second beauty in its nature lies,
It gives not things, but beings to our eyes,
Life, substance, spirit animate the whole:
Fiction and fable are the sense and soul.
The common dulness of mankind array'd
In pomp, here lives and breathes, a wond'rous maid:
The poet decks her with each unknown grace,
Clears her dull brain, and brightens her dark face.
See! father Chaos o'er his first-born rods,
And mother Night, in majesty of gods.
See Querno's throne, by hands pontific rise,
And a fools' pandæmonium strike our eyes.
Ev'n what on Curl the public bounteous pours
Is sublimated here to golden show'rs.
A Dunciad or a Lutrin is compleat,
And one in action; ludicrously great.
Each wheel rolls round in due degrees of force;
Ev'n episodes are needful, and of course:
Of course when things are virtually begun
E'er the first ends, the father and the son!
Or else so needful, and exactly grac'd,
That nothing is ill-suited, or ill-plac'd.
True epic's a vast world, and this a small,
One has its proper beauties, and one all.
Like Cynthia, one in thirty days appears;
Like Saturn, one rolls round in thirty years.
There opens a wide tract, a length of floods,
A height of mountains, and a waste of woods:
Here but one spot: nor leaf nor green depart
From rules; e'en Nature seems the child of Art.
As unities in epic works appear,
So must they shine in full distinction here;
Ev'n the warm Iliad moves with slower pow'rs;
That forty days demands, this forty hours.
Each other satire humbler arts has known;
Content with meaner beauties, though its own:
Enough for that, if rugged in its course
The verse but rolls with vehemence and force;
Or nicely pointed in th' Horatian way,
Wounds keen, like Sirens mischievously gay:
Here all has wit, yet must that wit be strong
Beyond the turns of epigram or song.
The thought must rise, exactly from the vice,
Sudden, yet finish'd, clean, and yet concise.
One harmony must first with last unite:
As all true paintings have their place and light.
Transitions must be quick, and yet design'd,
Not made to fill, but just retain the mind:
And similies, like meteors of the night,
Just give one flash of momentary light.
As thinking makes the soul, low things exprest
In high-rais'd terms, define a Dunciad best.
Books and the man, demand as much, or more,
Than he who wander'd on the Latian shore:
For here (eternal grief to Dunn's soul,
And B——'s thin ghost) the part contains the whole:
Since in mock-epic none succeeds, but he,
Who tastes the whole of epic poesy.
The moral must be clear and understood:
But finer still, if negatively good:
Blaspheming Capaneus obliquely shows
T' adore those gods Eneas fears and knows.
A fool's the hero: but the poets end
Is to be candid, modest, and a friend.
Let classic learning sanctify each part,
Not only show your reading, but your art.
The charms of parody, like those of wit,
If well contrasted, never fail to hit;
One half in light, and one in darkness drest,
(For contraries oppos'd still shine the best.)
When a cold pause half breaks the writer's heart,
By this, it warms, and brightens into art.
When rhet'ric glitters with too pompous pride,
By this, like Circe, 'tis undeify'd.
So Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky, [flow'rs,
(Deck'd in rich robes of trees, and plants, and
And crown'd illustrious with a hundred tow'rs)
O'er all Parnassus casts her eyes at once,
And sees an hundred sons—and each a dunce.
The language next: from hence new pleasure springs:
For styles are dignified as well as things.
Tho' sense subsists, distinct from phrase or sound,
Yet gravity conveys a surer wound.
The chymic secret which your pains would find,
Breaks out, unsought for, in Cervantes' mind:
And Quixote's wildness, like that king's of old,
Turns all he touches into pomp and gold.
Yet in this pomp discretion must be had:
Though grave, not stiff; though whimsical, not mad:
In works like these if fustain might appear,
Mock-epics, Blackmore, would not cost thee dear.
We grant, that Butler ravishes the heart,
As Shakespeare soar'd beyond the reach of art:
(For Nature form'd those poets without rules
To fill the world with imitating fools.)
What burlesque could, was by that genius done;
Yet faults it has, impossible to shun:
Th' unchanging strain for want of grandeur cloys,
And gives too oft the horse-laugh mirth of boys:
The short-legg'd verse, and double-gingling sound,
So quick surprise us, that our heads run round:
Yet in this work peculiar life presides,
And wit, for all the world to glean besides.
Here pause, my Muse, too daring and too young,
Nor rashly aim at precepts yet unsung.
Can man the master of the Dunciad teach?
And these new bays what other hopes to reach?
'Twere better judg'd, to study and explain
Each ancient grace he copies not in vain:
To trace thee, Satire, to thy utmost spring,
Thy form, thy changes, and thy authors sing.

All nations with this liberty dispense,
And bid us shock the man that shocks good sense.
Great Homer first the mimic sketch design'd:
What grasp'd not Homer's comprehensive mind?
By him who virtue prais'd, was folly curst,
And who Achilles sung, drew Dunce the first[1].
Next him Simonides, with lighter air
In beasts, and apes, and vermin, paints the fair:
The good Scriblerus in like forms displays
The reptile rhymsters of these later days.
More fierce, Archilochus, thy vengeful flame:
Fools read, and died: for blockheads then had shame.
The comic satirist[2] attack'd his age,
And found low arts, and pride, among the sage:
See learned Athens stand attentive by,
And stoics learn their foibles from the eye.
Latium's fifth Homer[3] held the Greeks in view:
Solid, though rough, yet incorrect as new.
Lucilius, warm'd with more than mortal flame,
Rose next, and held a torch to ev'ry shame.
See stern Menippus, cynical, unclean;
And Grecian centos, mannerly obscene.
Add the last efforts of Pacuvius' rage,
And the chaste decency of Varro's page.
See Horace next, in each reflection nice,
Learn'd, but not vain: the foe of fools, not vice.
Each page instructs, each sentiment prevails,
All shines alike, he rallies, but ne'er rails:
With courtly ease conceals a master's art,
And least expected steals upon the heart.
Yet Cassius[4] felt the fury of his rage,
(Cassius, the Welsted of a former age);
And sad Alpinus ignorantly read,
Who murder'd Memnon, tho' for ages dead.
Then Persius came: whose line tho' roughly wrought,
His sense o'erpaid the stricture of his thought.
Here in clear light the stoic doctrine shines,
Truth all subdues, or patience all resigns.
A mind supreme: impartial, yet severe:
Pure in each act, in each recess sincere!
Yet rich ill poets urg'd the stoic's frown,
And bade him strike at dulness and a crown[5].
The vice and luxury Petronius drew
In Nero meet: th' imperial point of view:
The Roman Wilmot, that could vice chastise,
Pleas'd the mad king he serv'd to satirise.
The next in satire[6] felt a nobler rage,
What honest heart could bear Domitian's age?
See his strong sense, and numbers masculine!
His soul is kindled, and he kindles mine:
Scornful of vice, and fearless of offence,
He flows a torrent of impetuous sense.
So savage tyrants who blasphem'd their god,
Turn suppliants now, and gaze at Julian's rod[7].
Lucian, severe, but in a gay disguise,
Attacks old faith, or sports in learned lyes[8];
Sets heroes and philosophers at odds;
And scourges mortals, and dethrones the gods.
Then all was right—But Satire rose once more
Where Medici and Leo arts restore.

Tassonè shone fantastic, but sublime:
And he, who form'd the Macaronic-rhyme.
Then westward too by slow degrees evolved,
Where boundless Rabelais made the world his jest:
Marot had nature, Regnier force and flame.
But swallow'd all in Boileau's matchless fame!
Extensive soul! who rang'd all learning o'er,
Present and past—and yet found room for more.
Full of new sense, exact in ev'ry page,
Unbounded, and yet sober in thy rage.
Strange fate! Thy solid sterling of two lines,
Drawn to our tinsel, thro' whole pages shines!
In Albion then, with equal lustre bright,
Great Dryden rose, and steer'd by Nature's light:
Two glimm'ring orbs he just observ'd from far,
The ocean wide, and dubious either star.
Donne teem'd with wit, but all was mainly bruis'd,
The periods endless, and the sense confus'd:
Oldham rush'd on, impetuous and sublime,
But lame in language, harmony and rhyme:
These (with new graces) vig'rous Nature join'd
In one, and center'd them in Dryden's mind.
How full thy verse! Thy meaning how sincere!
How dark thy theme! Yet made extremely clear.
Not mortal is thy accent, nor thy age.
Yet mercy softens, or contracts each page.
Dread bard! instruct us to revere thy art,
And hate like thee, all rebels, and all vice.
His spirit ceas'd not (in strict truth) to live:
For dying Dryden breath'd, O Garth, to thee,
Bade thee to keep alive his genuine page,
Half sunk in want, oppression and old age:
Then, when thy pious hands[10] repos'd his bier,
When vain young lords and ev'n the muses fear,
For well thou knewst his merit and his art,
His upright mind, clear head, and friendly heart.
Ev'n Pope himself (who sees no virtue bleed
But bears th' affliction) envies thee the deed.
O Pope! instructor of my studious days,
Who fix'd my steps in virtue's early ways;
On whom our labours, and our hopes depend,
Thou more than patron, and ev'n more than friend.
Above all flattery, all thirst of gain,
And mortal but in sickness, and in pain!
Thou taught'st old Satire nobler fruits to bear,
And check'd her licence with a moral care,
Thou gav'st the thought new beauties not its own,
And touch'd the verse with graces yet unknown;
Each lawless branch thy level eye survey'd,
And still corrected Nature as she stray'd:
Warm'd Boileau's sense with Britain's genuine fire,
And added softness to Tassonè's lyre.
Yet mark the hideous nonsense of the age,
And thou thyself the subject of its rage.
So in old times, round godlike Scæva ran
Rome's dastard sons, a million, and a man.
Th' exalted merits of the wise and good
Are seen, far off, and rarely understood.
The world's a father to a dunce unknown,
And much he thrives, for, Dulness! he's thy own.
No hackney brethren e'er condemn'd him twice:
He fears no enemies, but dust and mice.

[1] Margites.
[2] Ennius.
[3] See his first satire of Nero's verses, &c.
[4] Juvenal.
[5] The Cæsars of the emperor Julian.
[6] Lucian's True History.
[7] Aristophanes.
[8] Epod. 6.
[9] Roscommon, reversed.
[10] Dr. Garth took care of Mr. Dryden's funeral, which some noblemen, who undertook it, had neglected.

If Pope but writes, the devil, Legion raves,
And meagre critics mutter in their caves:
(Such critics of necessity consume
All wit, as hangmen ravish'd maids at Rome.)
Names he a scribbler? all the world's in arms;
Augusta, Granta, Rhedecyna swarms:
The guilty reader fancies what he fears,
And every Midas trembles for his ears.
See all such malice, obloquy and spite,
Expire e'er morn, the mushroom of a night.
Transient as vapours glimm'ring thro' the glades,
Half-form'd and idle, as the dreams of maids.
Vain as the sick man's vow, or young man's sigh,
Third-nights of bards, or Henley's [11] sophistry.
Those ever hate the poet's sacred line:
These hate whate'er is glorious or divine.
From one eternal fountain beauty springs,
The energy of wit and truth of things.
That source is God: from him they downwards tend,
Flow round—yet in their native centre end.
Hence rules, and truth, and order, dunces strike;
Of arts, and virtues, enemies alike.
Some urge, that poets of supreme renown
Judge ill to scourge the refuse of the town;
Howe'er their casuists hope to turn the scale,
These men must smart, or scandal will prevail.
By these the weaker sex still suffer most;
And such are prais'd who rose at honour's cost:
The learn'd they wound, the virtuous, and the fair;
No fault they cancel, no reproach they spare:
The random shaft, impetuous in the dark,
Sings on unseen, and quivers in the mark.
'Tis justice, and not anger, makes us write,
Such sons of darkness must be dragg'd to light:
Long-suffring nature must not always hold:
In virtue's cause 'tis gen'rous to be bold.
To scourge the bad, th' unwary to reclaim,
And make light flash upon the face of shame.
Others have urg'd (but weigh it, and you'll find
'Tis light as feathers blown before the wind)
That poverty, the curse of Providence,
Atones for a dull writer's want of sense:
Alas! his dulness 'twas which made him poor:
Not vice versa: we infer no more.
Of vice and folly poverty's the curse,
Heav'n may be rigid, but the man was worse,
By good made bad, by favours more disgrac'd,
So dire th' effects of ignorance misplac'd!
Of idle youth, unwatch'd by parents' eyes!
Of zeal for pence, and dedication lies!
Of conscience model'd by a great man's looks,
And arguings in religion—from no books!
No light the darkness of that mind invades,
Where Chaos rules, enshrin'd in genuine shades:
Where in the dungeon of the soul enclos'd,
True Dulness nods, reclining and repos'd.
Sense, grace, or harmony, ne'er enter there,
Nor human faith, nor piety sincere:
A midnight of the spirits, soul and head,
(Suspended all) as thought itself lay dead.
Yet oft a mimic gleam of transient light
Breaks thro' this gloom, and then they think they write;

From streets to streets th' unnumber'd pamphlets fly;
Then tremble Warner, Brown and Billinsly [12].
O thou most gentle deity appear,
Thou who still hear'st, and yet art prone to hear:
Whose eye ne'er closes, and whose brains ne'er rest,
(Thy own dear Dulness bawling at thy breast)
Attend, O Patience, on thy arm reclin'd,
And see wit's endless enemies behind!
And ye, our Muses, with a hundred tongues;
And thou, O Henley! blest with brazen lungs:
Fanatic Withers! fam'd for rhymes and sighs,
And Jacob Behmen! most obscurely wise:
From darkness palpable, on dusky wings
Ascend! and shroud him who your offspring sings.
The first with Egypt's darkness in his head,
Thinks wit the devil, and curses books unread.
For twice ten winters he has blunder'd on,
Thro' heavy comments, yet ne'er lost nor won:
Much may be done in twenty winters more,
And let him then learn English at threescore.
No sacred Maro glitters on his shelf,
He wants the mighty Stagyrite himself.
See vast Coimbrias' [13] comments pil'd on high;
In heaps Soncinas' [14], Sotus, Sanchez lie;
For idle hours, Sa's [15] idle casuistry.
Yet worse is he, who in one language read,
Has one eternal jingling in his head,
At night, or morn, in bed, and on the stairs—
Talks flights to grooms, and makes lewd songs at pray'rs;
His pride, a pun, a guinea his reward,
His critic Gildon, Jemmy Moore his bard.
What artful hand the wretch's form can hit,
Begot by Satan on a Manley's wit:
In parties furious at the great man's nod,
And hating none for nothing, but his God:
Foe to the learn'd, the virtuous, and the sage,
A pimp in youth, an atheist in old age;
Now plung'd in bawdry and substantial lies,
Now dabbling in ungodly theories:
But so, as swallows skim the pleasing flood,
Grows giddy, but ne'er drinks to do him good:
Alike resolv'd to flatter, or to cheat,
Nay worship onions, if they cry, "come eat:"
A foe to faith, in revelation blind,
And impious much, as dunces are by kind.
Next see the master-piece of flatt'ry rise,
Th' anointed son of dulness and of lies;
Whose softest whisper fills a patron's ear,
Who smiles unpleas'd, and mourns without a tear;
Persuasive, tho' a woful blockhead he:
Truth dies before his shadow's sophistry;
For well he knows the vices of the town,
The schemes of state, and int'rest of the gown:
Immoral afternoons, indecent nights,
Inflaming wines, and second appetites.
But most the theatres with dulness groan;
Embrios half form'd, a progeny unknown:

[11] In the original H——; probably orator Henley. *C.*

[12] Three booksellers.

[13] The society of Coimbria in Spain, which published commentaries on Aristotle.

[14] Soncinas, a schoolman.

[15] Eman. de Sa. See Paschal's Mystery of Jesuitism.

Fine things for nothing, transports out of season,
Effects uncaus'd, and murders without reason.
Here worlds run round, and years are taught to stay,
Each scene an elegy, each act a play.
Can the same pow'r such various passions move?
Rejoice or weep, 'tis ev'ry thing for love.
The self-same cause produces Heav'n and Hell:
Things contrary, as buckets in a well:
One up, one down, one empty and one full:
Half high, half low, half witty, and half dull.
So on the borders of an ancient wood,
Or where some poplar trembles o'er the flood,
Arachne travels on her filmy thread,
Now high, now low, or on her feet or head.
Yet these love verse, as croaking comforts frogs,
And mire and ordure are the heav'n of hogs.
As well might nothing bind immensity,
Or passive matter immaterials see,
As these should write by reason, rhyme and rule,
Or he turn wit, whom Nature doom'd a fool.
If Dryden err'd, 'twas human frailty once,
But blundering is the essence of a dunce.
Some write for glory, but the phantom fades:
Some write as party, or as spleen invades:
A third because his father was well read,
And, murd'rer like, calls blushes from the dead.
Yet all for morals and for arts contend—
They want them both, who never prais'd a friend.
More ill, than dull: for pure stupidity
Was ne'er a crime in honest Banks, or me.
See next a crowd in damasks, silks, and crapes,
Equivocal in dress, half-belles, half-trapes:
A length of night-gown rich Phantasia trails,
Olinda wears one shift, and pares no nails:
Some in Curll's cabinet each act display,
When Nature in a transport dies away:
Some more refin'd transcribe their Opera-loves
On iv'ry tablets, or in clean white gloves:
Some of Platonic, some of carnal taste,
Hoop'd or unhoop'd, ungarter'd or unlac'd.
Thus thick in air the wing'd creation play,
When vernal Phœbus rolls the light away,
A motley race, half insects, and half fowls,
Loose-tail'd and dirty, may-flies, bats and owls.
Gods! that this native nonsense was our worst!
With crimes more deep, O Albion, art thou curst.
No judgment open prophanation fears,
For who dreads God, that can preserve his fears?
O save me, Providence, from vice refin'd,
That worst of ills, a speculative mind!
Not that I blame divine philosophy
(Yet much we risk, for pride and learning lye):
Heav'n's paths are found by nature more than art;
The schoolman's head misleads the layman's heart.
What unrepented deeds has Albion done?
Yet spare us, Heav'n! return, and spare thy own.
Religion vanishes to types and shade,
By wits, by fools, by her own sons betray'd.
Sure 'twas enough, to give the dev'l his due,
Must such men mingle with the priesthood too?
So stood Onias at th' Almighty's throne,
Profanely cinctur'd in a harlot's zone.
Some Rome, and some the Reformation blame;
'Tis hard to say from whence such licence came:
From fierce enthusiasts, or Socinians sad?
Collins the soft, or Bourignon the mad?
From wayward nature, or lewd poets' rhymes?
From praying, canting, or king-killing times?
From all the dregs which Gallia could purge out
(These sons of schism) landed in the north!—
From whence it came, they and the d—l best know,
Yet thus much, Pope, each atheist is thy foe.
O Decency, forgive these friendly rhymes,
For raking in the dung-hill of their crimes.
To name each monster would make you sick dear,
Or tire Ned Ward, who writes six books a year.
Such vicious nonsense, impudence, and spite,
Would make a hermit, or a father write.
Though Julian rul'd the world, and held with both
Than deist Gildon taught, or Toland wrote,
Good Gregory [16] prov'd him execrably bad,
And scourg'd his soul, with drunken reason mad.
Much longer Pope restrain'd his awful hand,
Wept o'er poor Nineveh, and her dull band,
Till fools like weeds rose up, and choak'd the land.
Long, long he slumber'd e'er th' avenger arose,
For dubious mercy half o'er-rul'd his foes:
Till the wing'd bolt, red-hissing from above,
Pierc'd millions thro'—for such the mark of Jove.
Hell, Chaos, Darkness, tremble at the word
And prostrate fools bestrow the vast abroad:
No Charon wafts them from the farther shore,
Silent they sleep, alas! to rise no more.
O Pope, and sacred Criticism, forgive!
A youth, who dares approach your sacred sire,
Far as he wander'd in an unknown night,
No guide to lead him, but his own dim light
For him more fit in vulgar paths to tread,
To show th' unlearned what they never read,
Youth to improve, or rising genius tend,
To science much, to virtue more, a friend.

AN ESSAY ON REASON.

Cœlestis rationis opus deducere mundo aggredior.
MANIL. L.

From Time's vast length, eternal and extent
Essence of God, coeval Reason shone:
Mark'd each recess of providence and fate,
Weighing the present, past, and future state:
'Ere Earth to start from nothing was decreed,
'Ere man had fall'n, or God vouchsaf'd to bleed.
Part of herself in Eden's pair she saw,
Where virtue was but practice, nature law;
Where truth was almost felt as well as seen,
(Perception half) and scarce a mist between:
Where homage strove in praise and joy t'adore,
By one to honour, and by one implore:
While temp'rance crop't the herb, and mirth the soul.
Fear was not then, nor malady, nor age,
Nor public hatred, nor domestic rage:
No fancied want, no lust of taste decreed
The honest ox to groan, the lamb to bleed:

[16] Gregory Nazianzen who wrote two satires or invectives against Julian.

No earth-born pride had snatch'd th' Almighty's rod,
O'erturn'd the balance, or blasphem'd the God:
No vice (for vice is only truth deny'd)
Nurs'd ignorance, or nature's voice bely'd.
Hail, blissful pair! whose sense if farther wrought,
Had weaken'd, stretch'd, and agoniz'd the thought,
Created both to know and to possess
What we, unhappy, can but barely guess:
Truth to survey in clearest lights arrang'd,
Ere frauds were form'd to rules, or words were chang'd,
Ere every act a double aspect bore,
Or doubts intending well, perplext us more:
You saw the source of actions and the end;
Why things are opposite, and why they blend;
How from eternal causes good and ill
Subsist: how mingle, yet are diffrent still:
How modes unnumber'd soften and unite;
How strength of falsehood glares, and strength of light:
Half of the God came open to your view;
You hail'd his presence, and his voice you knew;
That God, whose light is truth, whose vast extent
Of pleasure, good—self-form'd and self-content!
Unhurt by years, unlimited by place,
At once o'erflowing time and thought and space.
By knowing him, you knew him to be best,
(For the first attribute infers the rest),
Knew from his mind why boundless virtues rose,
Why his unerring will that virtue chose,
Not something sep'rate (as the deist dreams)
To circumscribe his pow'r, contract his schemes:
For reason though it binds th' immortal will,
Is but a portion of the Godhead still:
This learn, ye wits, by sacred myst'ry aw'd,
And know that God is only guide to God.
This the first knew, their heart, their knowledge clear;
Their reason perfect, as their frame could bear:
Till lust of change and more than mortal pride
Infring'd the law, the penalty defy'd:
Curst by themselves in Eden's blest abodes,
Possessing all, yet raging to be gods:
Thence sin unnerv'd the sense, obscur'd the soul,
And still increas'd, like rivers as they roll:
For nature once deprav'd, like motion crost,
Ne'er of herself can gain the pow'rs she lost.
But here the moderns eagerly dispute,—
Why in a state of knowledge absolute,
(Where unmix'd truth came naked to the view,
And the first glance could pierce all nature thro',)
God should an edict positive decree
And guard so strict th' inviolable tree?
This were for trifles sagely to contend,
To barter truth for show, for means the end."
Agreed: but first our mighty sect should prove
God has no title to our faith or love:
To awe submissive, reverential fear,
To hope, to homage, to the grateful tear:
That truth omniscient may sometimes deceive,
That all-wise bounty knows not what to give:
First let the [illegible] of the Godhead make
Such theorems clear, and then this answer take:
That Adam, though all moral truth he saw,
Yet scarce a motive had t' infringe that law:
How could he honour other gods than one?
How change a spirit into sculptur'd stone?
How, the first morning life inform'd his frame,
Durst he profane his Maker's sacred name?
How without parents could intemp'rate rage
Spurn the hoar-head, oh mock the tears of age?
Why should he covet when supremely blest—
Or why defraud? when all things he possest—
The bridal bed for whom should he deceive?
Or whom assassin, but his much-lov'd Eve?—
Hence 'twas that man by positives was try'd:
And hence beheld the Godhead justifi'd.
Add, that the reasoning faculty of man
Serv'd not as now, when Adam first began:
Much though he saw, yet little had he try'd,
Nor known experience, nature's surest guide:
See then a previous cause and reason giv'n
Why a reveal'd instinct should come from Heav'n,
Which op'd at once the natures and the pow'rs
Of earth, air, sea, beasts, reptiles, fruits, and flow'rs.
Effects, as yet uncaus'd, thence Adam knew,
The rage of poisons, and the balms of dew:
Smil'd when the gen'rous courser paw'd the plains,
Yet shun'd the tygress and her beauteous stains:
Nurs'd the soft dove that slumber'd on his breast,
Nor touch'd the dipsas' poison-flaming crest.
How had he trembled in that blest'd abode,
Had not his sovereignty been taught by God?
Or how, unlicens'd, durst he wanton tread
Ev'n the green insect in its herbal bed?
For life, like property, is no man's slave,
And only he can reassume that gave.
(This by the way:) the hist'ry of the fall,
And how the first-form'd loins contain'd us all,
Dread points! which none explain, and few conceive,
We wave for ever, doctors, by your leave.
Ethnics and Christians a corruption grant,
The manner how, still wicked wits may want,
So, if they doubt what sound, or vision be,
Thence let them prove we cannot hear, or see.
'Spite of their mock'ry also, plain is this,
That no man had a plea to Adam's bliss.
Grant that the parent wastes a vast estate—
Is he for that, just object of our hate,
Provided all remains that use requires,
Or need can crave, for ends and for desires,
To point out evil, virtue's heights to reach,
This life to soften, or the next to teach?
Shall man, because he wants a seraph's flame,
Not taste the joys proportion'd to his frame?
Knowledge enough for use, for pride is giv'n;
Strong, but not sensitive as truth in Heav'n:
Clear yet adapted to the mental sight:
For too much truth o'erpow'rs, as too much light,
Reason, like virtue, in a medium lies: [wise,
A hair's-breadth more might make us mad, not
Out-know ev'n knowledge, and out-polish art,
Till Newton drops down giddy—a Descartes!
For reason, like a king who thirsts for pow'r,
Leaves realms unpeopled, while it conquers more:
Admit our eye-sight as the lynx's clear:
T' attain the distant, we o'ershoot the near:
(For art too nice, like tubes revers'd, extends
Things beyond things, till ev'n the object ends.)
Hence nature, like Alcides, saw 'twas fit
To fix th' extremest stretch of human wit;
Wit, like an insect clamb'ring up a ball,
Mounts to one point, and then of course must fall,

No wiser, if its pains proceed, than end,
And all its journey only to descend.
The question is not therefore, how much light
God's wisdom gives us, but t'exert it right:
Enough remains for ev'ry social end,
For practice, theory, self, neighbour, friend:
Then call not knowledge narrow, Heav'n unkind;
One curse there is, 'tis wantonness of mind.—
No human plummets can abysses sound:
agreed: yet rocks they reach and shelving ground:
Thus reason, where 'tis dang'rous, steers us right,
And then dissolves amidst th' abyss of light.
'Tis reason finds th' horizon's glimm'ring line
Where realms of truth, and realms of errour join:
Views its own hemisphere with thankful eyes,
Thinks nature good in that which she denies:
While pride amidst the vast abrupt must soar—
Alas! to fathom God is to be more!
Then dare be wise, into thyself descend,
Sage to some purpose, studious to some end:
Search thy own heart, the well where knowledge lies: [skies:
Thence (not from higher earth) we catch the
Leave myst'ry to the seraph's purer thought
Which takes in truth, as forms by streams are caught:
Leaves lust to brutes whose unhurt sense is such,
That tenfold transport thrills at ev'ry touch:
Holding the middle sphere where reason lies,
Than these more temp'rate, as than those less wise.
Each pow'r of animals in each degree,
Ev'n second instinct, knowledge is to thee:
Th' effect as certain, tho' the birth more slow,
For like the rose it must expand and blow:
Time must call forth the manhood of the mind,
By study strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd:
Its action open, as its purpose true,
Slow to resolve, but constant to pursue:
Weeded from passion, prejudice and pride,
Mod'rate to all, yet steady to one side.
Such once was Knight: in word, in action clear,
Ev'n in the last recess of thought sincere:
Great without titles, virtuous without show,
Learn'd without pride, and just without a foe:
Alike humane, to pity, or impart:
The coolest head, and yet the warmest heart.
O early lost! With ev'ry grace adorn'd!
By me (so Heav'n ordain'd it) always mourn'd;
In life's full joy, and virtues' fairest bloom
Untimely check'd, and hurry'd to the tomb:
Torn ev'n from her whom all the world approv'd,
More blest than man, and more than man belov'd.
How few, like thee, truth's arduous paths can tread, [head?
Trace her slow streams, and taste them at their
See how scarft sages, and pale schoolmen roam
From art to art? their mind a void at home.
For oft our understanding opes our eyes,
Forgets itself, tho' all things it descries.
Minds like fine pictures are by distance prov'd,
And objects proper, only as remov'd.
Yet reason has a fund of charms t' engage
Art, study, meditation, youth and age:
Beauty, which must the slave, the monarch strike;
Homage, which paid not, injures both alike:
Virtue at once to please, and to befriend,
(Great Nature's clue, observant of its end);
Such were the paths, the rubric ancients trod,
The friends of virtue and the friends of God.
Science like this, important and divine,
The good man offers, Reason, at thy shrine:
Sees thee, God, Nature (well explain'd) the same:
Not chang'd when thought on, varying but in name:
Sees whence each aptitude, each diff'rence springs,
How thought ev'n acts, and meaning lives in things:
Or else examines at less studious hours
The thinking faculty, its source, its pow'rs:
How stretch'd like Kneller's canvas first it lies,
'Ere the soft tints awake, or outlines rise:
How till the finishing of thrice sev'n years,
The master figure Reason scarce appears:
Sighs to survey a realm by right its own,
While passion, fierce co-heir, usurps the throne:
A second Nero, turbulent in sway,
His pleasure, noise, his life one stormy day:
Headstrong in love, and headstrong too in hate,
Resolv'd t' enslave the mob, or sink the state:
Sad farce of pow'r, sad anarchy of things,
Where brutes are subjects, and where mimic kings!
Yet in this infant state, by stealth, by chance,
Th' increasing mind still feels a slow advance,
Thro' the dark void ev'n gleams of truth can run
And love of liberty upheave at once:
No more the tender seeds unquicken'd lie,
But stretch their form and wait for wings to fly.
Sensation first, the ground-work of the whole,
Deals ray by ray each image to the soul:
Perception true to every nerve, receives
The various impulse, now exults, now grieves:
Thought works and ends, and dares attempt again:
So whirlpools pour out streams, and suck them in:
That thought romantic Memory detains
In unknown cells, and in aerial chains:
Imagination thence her flow'rs translates;
And Fancy, emulous of God, creates:
Experience slowly moving next appears,
Wise but by habit, judging but from years:
Till Knowledge comes, a wise and gen'rous maid,
And opes the reservoir, averse to spare:
And Reason rises, the Newtonian sun,
Moves all, guides all, and all sustains in one.
Bright emanation of the Godhead, hail!
Fountain of living lustre, ne'er to fail:
As none deceiving, so of none deceiv'd:
Beheld, and in the act of sight believ'd;
In truth, in strength, in majesty array'd,
No change to turn thee, and no cloud to shade.
Such in herself is Reason—deist, say,
What hast thou here t' object, t' explain away?
Thinkst thou *thy* reason this unerring rule?
Then live a madman—and yet die a fool!
God gave us reason as the stars were given,
Not to discard the Sun, but mark out Heav'n;
At once a rule of faith, if well employ'd,
A source of pleasure, if aright enjoy'd,
A point, round which th' eternal errour lies
Of fools too credulous, and wits too wise:
A faithful guide to comfort and to save,
Till the mind floats, like Peter on the wave:
Then bright-ey'd Hope descends, of heav'nly birth,
And Faith our immortality on Earth.
A Saviour speaks! lo! darkness low'rs no more
And the hush'd billows sleep against the shore.

If this be hardship, let the dying heir
Spurn back his father's aid, and curse his care:
If this be cruel, partial and unwise,
Then perish infidel, and God despise.
Nor flows it hence, that revelation's force
Chains reason down, or thwarts it in its course:
Since obligation, first of moral ties,
Binds thus, and yet no tyranny implies:
We grant that men th' eternal motive see,
Yet motive, where there's choice, still leaves them free:
True liberty was ne'er by licence gain'd,
Nor are liege-subjects slaves because restrain'd;
Restriction shows the check, but none creates:
So prescience finds, but not necessitates.
Yet still the wits with partial voice exclaim,
"What art thou truth? What knowledge, but a name?
In short, are mortals free, or they are bound?
Tell us, is reason something, or a sound?"
Friends, 'tis agreed: behold the gen'rous part,
My soul at once unfolded, and my heart;
Too brave to be by superstition aw'd,
And yet too modest to confront the God:
Chain'd to no int'rest, bigot to no cause,
Slave of no hope, preferment, or applause:
For those who cleave to truth for virtue's sake,
Enjoy all party-good, yet nothing stake.
Thou then, O source of uncreated light,
Hallow my lips, and guard me while I write.
First in that Pow'r (to whose eternal thought
No outward image e'er one image brought,
The part, the whole, the seer and the seen,
No distance, inference, or act between),
Reason presides, diffusing thence abroad
Thro' truth, thro' things—the test, the point of God.
As perfect reason from the Godhead springs,
(And still unchang'd if perfect): so from things,
Truths, actions—in their kind and their degree,
Starts real meaning, difference, harmony.
These all imply a reason, reason still
A duty; good, if sought; if sought not, ill:
Hence in the chain of causes, virtue, vice,
And hence religion, take their gen'ral rise.
God first creates; the ref'rence, nature, foree
Of things created must result of course:
As well might sense its evidence disclaim,
Or chance sketch out Earth's, Heav'n's stupendous frame;
As well might motion to be rest consent,
As well might matter fill without extent,
As things (instead of being what they ought)
Sink into hazard, whim, caprice, or nought.
Hence in each art, the great, the glorious
For science only copies moral charms, [warms,
Mysterious excellence! the dome, the draught,
The lay, the concert swell upon the thought.
The mind to nobler beauty thence proceeds,
The union, colouring, and force of deeds;
Swells in the hero's cause with vast esteem,
Pants for the patriot, and would more than seem;
Labours with Brutus in the stern decree, [free!"
Yet whispers 'midst his tears, "O Rome be
Envies at Utica the stoic sword,
Or bleeds at Carthage, martyr to its word.
These truths congenial, nor devis'd though found,
Live in each age, and shoot from ev'ry ground:
Bloom or on Albion's, or on India's coast,
Midst Abyssinia's flames, or Zembla's frost.
Yet still the wits and moralists exclaim,
"That virtue's casual oft, and oft a name:
At Esperanza's cape (or Jesuits lie)
Their baptism's urine, and their god a fly:
Old Cato, sagely vers'd in stoic laws,
Still hackney'd out his wife to serve the cause:
And incest, for th' advantage of a nation
Was sacred made by Spartan toleration:
Midst Tart'ry's deserts, and Cathaya's sands,
In their horse-soup their natives wash their hands:
One drop of wine but in their chamber spilt,
Is certain death, inexpiable guilt[1]!
For a huge whore, see heroes, kings, at strife,
But never virgin there was made a wife[2]."
Of all assertions, these indeed are chief
T' excite compassion, tho' not shake belief:
Since from an agent's want of taste and skill
It flows not that the rule must needs be ill;
For truth exists abstracted from the mind,
And Nature's laws are laws, tho' man be blind,
Reason, at most, but imitates the Sun,
To each is various, and to all is one:
Perfect, consider'd in itself, 'tis true,
And yet imperfect as exerted too:
The mental pow'r eternal, equal, fixt,
The human act unequal, casual, mixt;
And if such dormant reason bears no fruit,
Dead in the branch, tho' real at the root,
Defect and actual ignorance are one,
For useless talents are the same as none:
All men may catch the heights of truths, 'tis true,
But the great question is, if all men do.
"Oh but:" says one, "if reason comes from Heav'n,
"Nature, or God, must deal the blessing ev'n."
Agreed: and in a prior sense they do;
But still t' improve the gift devolves on you:
Reason in this respect, I boldly say— [lay]—
(And so do thousands, schoolmen, churchmen,
No more is natural, and inly born
Than love, or lust, or pride, or hate, or scorn:
'Tis man's t' exert, exalt, subject, impart:
Here lies the honesty and here the art.
'Tis his, t' improve good sense, but none create,
Ty'd down to spend no more than his estate:
To strike no notion out, no truth deduce,
But just as nature sow'd the seeds for use.
This instance urg'd and drawn from mental pow'rs,
Earth each day testifies in trees and flowers:
Culture with skill, and science join'd with toil,
Teach Persia's peach to bloom in Albion's soil;
As truly nature's produce here, as there
In its own sunshine and its spicy air.—
For truth, like earth made barren by the fall,
Just as men labour, tribute pays to all:
Plain, if kind Heav'n two blessings shall impart,
A reasonable head, and upright heart:
For plainness rises in a giv'n degree
As men are honest, and as men can see:
Quarles may be harder to th' unletter'd clown
Than Hed'lin, or Bossu to wits in town.
What's ethic to the true pains-taking man,
Who never thinks, and cheats but all he can?"

[1] Voyages de Carpin.
[2] Histoire des Gheriffs.

What's Shaftsbury's hairs-breadth morals at the 'change?
Or Tindal's fitness at Philemon's Grange?
Or solid reasoning to the headstrong youth,
His tutor, pain, experiment his truth?
In short one sentence may the whole discuss—
As we with truth, truth coincides with us:
This boults the matter fairly to the bran,
And nothing more wits, bards, deans, doctors can.
Nature, like God, ne'er felt the least decay:
But human nature has, and oft she may:
Full in the child th' unsinew'd sire appears,
More weak by growth, more infantine by years;
And ductile vice each new impression takes,
Passive as air, with ev'ry motion shakes.
Like some true Roman dome mankind appears,
The pile impair'd, but not o'erwhelm'd by years:
Ev'n the remains, strength, beauty, use, impart,
And faint, or rough, are equal proofs of art:
Yet nothing but the first creating hand
Shall fill the shadowy lines, or new command,
Bid the stretch'd roof to swell, the arch to bend,
The wings to widen, and the front extend.
Yet as true madmen most their friends suspect,
So wits for this, shall ev'n their God reject.
Not that my verse right reason would control,
True freedom limit, or contract the soul:
Th' exchange were one to bigotry from pride,
A hair's-breadth serves to join them, or divide:
Yet proper decencies must still be had,
Not meanly pious we, nor vainly mad:
Reason, like Israel, Horeb's place descries,
But if she gazes wantonly, she dies:
If well-attemper'd, her etherial light
Will fix our slippery steps, and gild our night:
Or else at most we run a rash career,
Or fare like pilots, who by meteors steer.
For like a mark she's faithful to the view,
But just as distance, force, and aim are true:
Then guide and judge, and guardian of our ways,
Test of our deeds, and umpire of our praise,
Source of our joy, and bound'ry of our grief,
Anchor of hope, and pilot of belief,
True to the clear, unbiass'd, humble soul,
Which trembling seeks her, as the steel its pole.
Yet ah! how few ev'n ancient times beheld,
(When Greece and Rome in arms and arts excell'd)
Who thro' life's maze the steps of Nature trod,
Reason their guide, and truth their unknown god.
The Stagyrite, who bold to Heav'n would soar,
Trembled at last to die and be no more:
Gods, angels, glories op'd on Plato's view,
Yet judgment quench'd the flames which rapture blew:
Midst myriads, who but Socrates appears
The birth, pride, effort, of three thousand years!
Nothing the rest, or worse than nothing meant:
God was but chance, and virtue but content:
At best the hero's was an impious name:
Free patriots while they bled were slaves to fame:
Even Hell was fable, and their blest abodes,
Of brutes a synod, or a mob of gods.
What bramin yet, what sage of Rome or Greece,
Ere form'd one moral system of a piece?
Or half an altar rais'd, or duty paid,
Unmix'd with rituals, homage, myst'ry, shade?
He therefore best infers who steers by fact,
And weighs not reason's pow'r, but folly's act.
Which of these godlike ancients even drew,
The whole of ethics justly round and true?
Had mission or to prophecy or preach,
Sanction t' excite, authority to teach?
Nay ev'n their rule of morals and of life
Was often wrong, oft various, oft at strife.
'Gainst state or priest they little durst inquire,
Their lips scarce breath'd the truths that search'd their heart.
Hence Samos' sage the current faith adroid,
Hence Plato trimm'd his creeds, and temporiz'd,
And Greece for one man's [3] head, in holy rage
(A strange example in that mod'rate age!)
More art employ'd, more premiums issu'd fire,
Than all our modern deists' heads are worth.
Nay half the source of most the ancients law
From Noah they, as he from Eden drew:
Whence truth in secret pipes to Memphis pass
Thence strain'd thro' Jewry, water'd Asia lies.
So Nilus wanders mystic in its flow,
And columns tost from Tempe feed the Po.
Now too, wit's Titans, spite of all their arts,
But combat God with his own arms at last:
The truths they boast of, and the rules they know,
Seen not, or own'd not, first from Scripture flow.
So painters, us'd to copy, seem t' invent,
Of aid unconscious, and in theft content.
Faith strikes the light, but pride assumes the fame,
Sure, like th' oblig'd, t'efface her patron's name.
For as when vig'rous breezes drive a fleet,
Earth seems to stretch, and lab'ring seas to meet,
(Solid herself and fix): so here 'tis thus:
Nor we to God, but God accedes to us.
For, ah! ev'n here, where life a pattern lends,
Blest with new day-light and with purer rays,
Virtue's dim lights by God's own hand supply'd,
With sanction strengthen'd, honour'd with his guide,
How few (except instructed first and led)
Can thread the maze, or touch the fount'ring head,
Observe a mean twixt bigotry and pride, [ties,
Hit the strait way, or err not in the wide!
If reason then scarce finishes the best,
Th' unbias'd few, how fares it with the rest?
Where errour holds at least a dubious sway,
A war of thoughts, and twilight of a day:
Where prepossession warps the ductile mind,
Where blindfold education leads the blind:
Where interest biasses, ill customs guide,
And strong desires pour on us like a tide:
Where insolence is never at a loss,
But saunters on to Heav'n, a saint in gross:
Where wit must mince a gnat (its throat is small):
Where ignorance, an ostrich, gorges all:
Where zeal her unknown vow of fury keeps,
And superstition like an idiot weeps:
Where persecution lifts its iron rod,
Bad for good ends, the butcher of the God:
Where pride still list'ning to herself appeals,
New forms Earth's orbit, and new roads the spheres,

[3] Diagoras.

Holds ev'n th' Almighty in her airy chain,
Gives back his laws, well meant, but meant in vain;
Its bravery at best a blundering hit,
Its freedom treason, obloquy its wit:
Its vast request just purely to declaim,
And the dear little licence—to blaspheme:—
Say, can cool virtue here dissuade from ill?
Or exil'd reason—pander to the will?
At most a voice or miracle may save,
And only terrours snatch us from the grave.
Suppose (though we disown it oft to be)
Man from these errours and these passions free:
Well taught by art, by nature well inclin'd,
Steady of judgment, tractable of mind,
The first step is, the giving folly o'er;
The last, to practice truth, is ten times more,
Ah me! what lengths of valley yet remain,
What hills to climb, ere reason's height he gain?
What strength to toil, what labour to pursue,
Still out of reach, and often out of view.
Then, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring reason an unerring guide!
To silence explanation (myst'ry's foe),
To lead the tim'rous, and exalt the low:
Ev'n to the best (as all are oft perplext)
Instructive, as true comments on a text.
Then let each hour's new whim the witlings swell,
Heav'n let them tutor, and extinguish Hell:
Refuse to trust Omniscience on its troth,
Yet take a lawyer's word, or harlot's oath:
Then bigots, when 'gainst bigots they complain;
And only singular, because they're vain.
Grant none but they the narrow path can hit—
When will two wits allow each other wit?
Far other views the solid mind employ,
A bounded prospect, but a surer joy:—
True knowledge when she conquers or abstains,
Like the true hero, equal glory gains.
This, this is science, sacred in its end,
True to the views of Heav'n, one's self, and friend,
The earliest study, as the latest care,
The surest refuge, and the only pray'r.
O thou, the God, who high in Heav'n presides,
Whose eye o'ersees me, and whose wisdom guides,
Deal me that portion of content and rest,
That unknown health, and peace, which suit me best:
Save me from all the guilt and all the pain,
That lust of pleasure brings, and lust of gain:
In trial fix me, and in peril shade,
'Gainst foes protect me, 'gainst my passions aid:
In wealth my guardian, and in want my guide,
'Twixt a mean flattery, and drunken pride:
With life's more dear sensations warm my heart,
Transport to feel, benevolence t' impart,
Each homefelt joy, each public duty send,
Make me, and give me, all things in the friend.
But most protect and guard me in a mind
Not rashly bold, nor abjectly resigned,
And oh, when interest every virtue hides,
When errour blinds, and prejudice misguides,
Alike thy grace, alike thy truth impart,
Beam on my soul, and triumph o'er my heart.
Thus let me live unheard of, or forgot,
My wealth content, praise, silence, truth my lot:
Thy word, O God! my science and delight,
Task of my day and transport of my night:
There taught that he who suffers is but tried,
And he who wonders still may find a guide;
Sanction with truth, reward with virtue join'd,
Life without end, and laws that reach the mind!
Happy the man that such a guide can take,
Whose character is, never to forsake.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS PASSING THROUGH OXFORD IN HIS RETURN FROM BATH [1].

At length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O Nassau, Providence's care!
Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray
Gave the last gleams of a short glorious day,
Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns;
The dial brightens, and the line returns.
Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate presides,
Whose eyes unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new-felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.
Lo! while our isle with one loud pæan rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings;
Isis, whose erring on the modest side
Th' unkind and ignorant mistake for pride.
Here's the task of reason, not of art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart!
And sure that unbought praise which learning brings
Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.
Hail, and proceed! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear:
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefather's worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.
Power, beauty, virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

[1] From the Epithalamia Oxoniensia, &c. 1734. *K.*

THE AMARANTH,

OR, RELIGIOUS POEMS;

CONSISTING OF FABLES, VISIONS, EMBLEMS, &c.

——Deus ora movet: Sequar ora moventem
Rite Deum!——

THE AMARANTHINE CROWN DESCRIBED BY MILTON.

A crown inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal Amarant! a flow'r which once
In Paradise fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew; there grows,
And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life.
Par. Lost, l. III, v. 352.

PREFACE.

I shall not trouble the public with excuses for venturing to send these Religious Poems into the world; having long since observed, that all apologies made by authors, far from gaining the end proposed, serve only to supply an ill-natured critic with weapons to attack them. This being the case, it shall suffice me to say, that I drew up the present writings for my own private consolation under a lingering and dangerous state of health, which it has pleased God to make my portion: nor had I any better opportunity or power of discharging the duties of my profession to mankind. The goodness of my cause may perhaps supply the defects of my poetry; since, in this sense, "the very gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim will be better than the vintage of Abiezer." I promise my readers no extraordinary art in composition or style; but flatter myself they will find some nature, some flame, and some truth.

Parables, fables, emblematic visions, &c. are the most ancient method of conveying truth to mankind. Upwards of forty of the finest and most poetical parts of the Old and New Testament are of this cast, and force their way upon the mind and heart irresistibly, though they are written in prose.

From a just sense of this humble simplicity, I have here translated the plainest and least figurative parable that our Blessed Saviour has delivered to us, relating only to a few unornamented circumstances in agriculture.

To express such humble allusions with clearness, propriety, and dignity, was, it must be confessed, one of the hardest pieces of poetry I ever yet undertook; nevertheless, I flattered myself that I was in some degree master of one part of the subject (namely, the culture of land) upon which the parable is founded.

Yet the great and real difficulty still recurred;

Difficile est propriè communia dicere.——

How far I have succeeded in this, or any other particular, is more than I shall take upon me to conjecture. Nor shall it be dissembled, but that I had a great inclination to give a paraphrase (or metaphrase rather) of the xxviiith chapter of Deuteronomy; which, I believe, hath never yet been turned into English verse. It is doubtless one of the noblest pieces of poetry in Holy Scripture; being at the same time sublime, and yet plain; seemingly familiar, and yet richly diversified.

In this chapter, the change of ideas and events from a state of obedience to a state of disobedience, exhibits a power of language, imagery, and just thinking, which no un-inspired writings ever have laid claim to with justice, or ever shall. But, when I came to take a closer view of the precipice and its dangers, "my heart trembled," as Job says, "and was moved out of its place;" I threw down the pencil in despair, and left the undertaking to some abler hand; namely, to some future Milton, Dryden, or Pope.

Upon the whole, I may perhaps venture to persuade myself, that the intention of the present work is commendable, and that the work when perused, may prove useful (more or less) to my fellow-christians.

Conscious of my own inabilities, and being desirous that the reader may receive some advantage by casting his eyes over these poems, I have added in a few notes, the most remarkable passages I had an eye to in the Holy Scriptures, and in the writings of the primitive fathers; they being the only compass and charts which I have made use of in my navigation.

A mixture of pleasing and instructive poetry cannot fail to engage the attention of all rational and serious readers: "For, as it is hurtful to drink wine, or water, alone; and as wine mingled with water is pleasant, and delighteth the taste; even so speech, finely framed, delighteth the ears of them that read the story."

2 Maccab. Ch. ult. v. ult.

CHRIST'S PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark saying upon the harp. Psalm xlix, v. 4.

All these things spake Jesus unto the multitude in parables. Without a parable spake he not unto them. Matth. c. xiii. v. 34.

A wise man will hear, and increase learning, and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels: to understand a proverb (a parable) and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings. Prov. c. i. v. 5, 6.

INTRODUCTION.

Long e'er th' Ascréan bard [1] had learnt to sing,
Or Homer's fingers touch'd the speaking string;
Long e'er the supplemental arts had found
Th' embroid'ry of auxiliary sound;
The Heav'n-born Muse the paths of nature chose:
Emblems and fables her whole mind disclose,
Victorious o'er the soul with energy of prose!
True poetry, like Ophir's gold, endures
All trials, yet its purity secures;
Invert, disjoint it, change its very name,
The essence of the thoughts remains the same.
Something there is, which endless charms affords,
And stamps the majesty of truth on words.
The son of Gideon [2], 'midst Cherizim's snow,
Unskill'd in numbers taught the stream to flow,
With conscious pride disdain'd the aids of art,
And pour'd a full conviction on the heart:
His Cedar, Fig-tree, and the Bry'r convey
The highest notions in the humblest way [3].
In Nathan's fable strong and mild conspire,
The suppliant's meekness and the poet's fire:
Till waken'd nature bade the tears to flow,
And David's muse assum'd the voice of woe [4].
The wise, all-knowing Saviour of mankind
Mix'd ease with strength, and truth with emblem join'd:
Omniscience, vested with full pow'r to choose,
O'erlooks the strong, nor does the weak refuse [5]:
Leaves pageantry of means to feebler man,
And builds the noblest, on the plainest plan:
Divine simplicity the work befriends,
And humble causes reach sublimest ends.
True flame of verse, O sanctifying fire [6]!
Warm not my genius, but my heart inspire!
On my cleans'd lips permit the coals to dwell
Which from thy altar on Isaiah fell [7]!
Cancel the world's applause; and give thy grace
To me, the meanest of the tuneful race.
Teach me the words of Jesus to impart
With energy of pow'r, but free from art.
Thy emanations light and heat dispense;
To sucklings speech, to children eloquence!—
Like Habakkuk [8], I copy, no indite;
Tim'rous like him, I tremble whilst I write!
But Jeremiah with new boldness sung,
When inspiration rush'd upon his tongue [9].
The pow'rs of sacred poesy were giv'n
By Him that bears the signature of Heav'n [10].

[1] Hesiod. [2] Jotham.
[3] See the whole parable, Judg. c. ix. v. 7—21.
[4] On this occasion David composed the 50th psalm.
[5] It is the uniform doctrine of Scripture, "That flight shall perish from the swift, and the strong shall not strengthen his force, neither shall the mighty deliver himself." Amos, c. ii. v. 14.
[6] Rom. c. xv. v. 16. 2 Thess. c. ii. v. 13. 1 Pet. c. i. v. 2.
[7] Isaiah c. vi. v. 6.
[8] Hab. c. ii. v. 2.
[9] Jer. c. i. v. 6, &c. 8, 9.
[10] John, c. vi. ver. 27.

PARABLE.

When vernal show'rs and sunshine had unbound
The frozen bosom of the torpid ground,
When breezes from the western world repair
To wake the flow'rs and vivify the air,
Th' industrious peasant left his early bed,
And o'er the fields his seeds for harvest spread;
With equal hand, and at a distance due,
(Impartially to ev'ry furrow true)
The life-supporting grain he justly threw'.
As was the culture, such was the return;
Of weeds a forest, or a grove of corn [2].
But, where he dealt the gift on grateful soils,
Harvests of industry o'er-paid his toils.
Some seeds by chance on brashy [3] grounds he threw,
And some the winds to flinty head-lands blew;
Sudden they mounted, pre-mature of birth,
But pin'd and sicken'd, unsupply'd with earth:
Whilst burning suns their vital juice exhal'd,
And, as the roots decay'd, the foliage fail'd.
Some seeds he ventur'd on ungrateful lands,
Tough churlish clays, and loose unthrifty sands;
The step-dame soil refus'd a nurse's care:
The plants were sickly, juiceless, pale, and bare.
On trodden paths a casual portion fell:
Condemn'd in scanty penury to dwell,
And half-deny'd the matrix of a cell;
While other seeds, less fortunate than they,
Slept, starv'd and naked, on the hard high-way,
From frost defenceless, and to birds a prey.
Here daws with riotous excesses feed,
And choughs, the cormorants of grain, succeed;
Next wily pigeons take their silent stand,
And sparrows last, the gleaners of the land.
Another portion mock'd the seedsman's toil,
Dispens'd upon a rich, but weedy soil:
Fat unctuous juices gorg'd the rank-fed root;
And plethories of sap produc'd no fruit.
Hence, where the life-supplying grain was spread,
The rav'nous dock uprears its miscreant head;
Insatiate thistles, tyrants of the plains;
And lurid-hemloc, ting'd with pois'nous stains.
What these might spare, th' incroaching thorns demand;
Exhaust earth's virtue, and perplex the land [4].
At last, of precious grain a chosen share
Was sown on pre-dilected land with care;
(A cultur'd spot, accustom'd to receive
All previous aids that industry can give;)

[1] "Bless God, who hath given thee two denarii, namely, the law and the gospel, in recompence for thy submission and labour."
Chrysost. Hom. in Luc. c. 10.
[2] "They that fear the Lord are a sure seed, and they that love him an honourable plant; they that regard not the law, are a dishonourable seed: they that transgress the commandments, are a deceitful seed." Eccles. c. x. v. 19.
[3] Brashy lands, in an husbandry-sense, signify lands that are dry, shallow, gravelly, and pebbly. Such sort of grounds the old Romans called glareous:

——Jejuna quidem clivosi glarea ruris.
Virg. Georg. II.

[4] See Hosea, c. x. v. 4 and 8.

The well-turn'd soil with auburn brightness shone,
Mellow'd with nitrous air and genial sun:
An harmony of mould, by nature mixt!
Not light as air, nor as a cement fix'd:
Just firm enough t' embrace the thriving root,
Yet give free expanse to the fibrous shoot;
Dilating, when disturb'd by lab'ring hands,
And smelling sweet, when show'rs refresh the lands. [tain,
Scarce could the reapers' arms the sheaves con-
And the full garners swell'd with golden grain;
Unlike the harvests of degen'rate days,
One omer sown, one hundred-fold repays:
Rich product, to a bountiful excess!—
Nor ought we more to ask, nor more possess.
The harvest overcomes the reapers' toil;
So feeble is the hind, so strong the soil [5].
Man's Saviour thus his parable express'd;
He that hath ears to hear, may feel the rest.

INTERPRETATION.

The gift of knowing is to all men giv'n [6];
All know, but few perform, the will of Heav'n;
They hear the sound, but miss the sense convey'd,
And lose the substance, whilst they view the shade.
When specious doctrines hover round a mind
Which is not vitally with Heav'n conjoin'd,
The visionary objects float and pass
Transient as figures gliding o'er a glass:
Each but a momentary visit makes,
And each supplies the place the last forsakes.—
Satan for ever fond to be employ'd,
(And changing minds ev'n ask to be destroy'd [7],)
Marks well th' infirm of faith; and soon supplies
Phantoms of truth, and substances of lyes:
Killing the dying, he a conquest gains;
And, from a little, steals the poor remains.
Reason, man's guardian, by neglect, or sleep,
Loses that castle, he was meant to keep.
The seeds upon a flinty surface cast,
Denote the worldly-wise, who think in haste:
Who change, for changing's sake, from right to wrong,
Constant to nothing, and in nothing long;
To day they hear the word of God with joy,
To morrow they the word of God destroy;
Indiff rent, to assert or to deny:
With zeal they flatter, and with zeal decry.
Such is the fool of wit! who strives with pains
To lose that paradise the peasant gains.—

Whenever adverse fortune choaks the way,
When danger threats, or clouds o'ercast the day,
This plant of casualty, unfix'd at root,
Shakes with the blast, and casts his unripe fruit;
But, when the storms of poverty arise,
And persecution ev'ry virtue tries,
Mindless of God, and trusting to himself [8],
He strands Heav'n's freightage on a dang'rous shelf.
Averse to learn, and more averse to bear,
He sinks, the abject victim of despair!
The men of pow'r and pomp resemble seeds
Sown on rich earth, but choak'd with thorns and weeds.
Religion strikes them, but they shun the thought;
Behold the profit, and yet profit nought.
Heav'n's high rewards they silently contemn,
And think the present world suffices them.
Mean-while ambition leads the soul astray,
Far from its natal walk, th' ethereal way;
Int'rest assassins friendship ev'ry hour,
Truth warps to custom, conscience bends to pow'r,
Till all the cultivating hand receives
Is empty blossom, and death-blasted leaves.
Idiots in judgment, baffled o'er and o'er;
Still the same bait, still circumvented more;
Self-victims of the cunning they adore!
Wise without wisdom, busy to no end;
Man still their foe, and Heav'n itself no friend!
The chosen seed, on cultur'd ground, are they
Who humbly tread the evangelic way.
The road to Heav'n is uniform and plain:
All other paths are serpentine and vain.
The true disciple takes the word reveal'd,
Nor rushes on the sanctu'ry conceal'd,
Whilst empty reas'ners emptiest arts employ;
Nothing they build, and all things they destroy!
The provident of Heav'n unlocks his store,
To clothe the naked, and to feed the poor:
To each man gen'rous, and to each man just,
Conscious of a depositary trust.
Patient of censure, yet condemning none;
Placid to all, accountable to One.
Ev'n in prosperity he fears no loss,
Expects a change, and starts not at the cross.
All injuries by patience he surmounts;
All suff'rings God's own med'cines he accounts [9];

[5] Imbecillior colonus quàm ager. Columella.

[6] "To sin against knowledge is a greater offence than an ignorant trespass; in proportion as a fault, which is capable of no excuse, is more heinous than a fault which admits of a tolerable defence." J. Mart. Resp. ad Orthod.

"Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it is a sin in itself." Anon. Vet.

[7] "He that is idle tempts Satan to set him to work." Chrysost. Hom.

Pious Jeremy Taylor once said to a lady, "Madam, if you do not employ your children, the devil will." The son of Sirach gives also the following advice: "Send thy son to labour, that he be not idle; for idleness teacheth much evil." C. xxxiii, v. 27.

[8] "We are all careful about small matters, and negligent in the greatest; of which this is the reason, we know not where true felicity is." St. Hieron.

[9] The preacher writes beautifully upon this subject. Ecclus. C. ii. "My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for trial, set thy heart aright, and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble;" i. e. be not impatient to get over thy trouble. "Cleave unto him, and depart not away, that thou mayest be increased at thy last end. Whatsoever is brought upon thee take cheerfully, and be patient when thou art changed to a low estate. For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.—Look at the generations of old, and see, did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear and was forsaken? or whom did he ever despise, that called upon him? for the Lord is full of compassion and mercy; he forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction.—Wo be to the sinner that goeth two ways;" i. e. that hath recourse

Studious of good, and penitent for ill,
Still short of grace, yet persevering still;
As just and true as erring nature can
(For imperfection sets its stamp on man).
Heav'n marks the saint, her mansions to adorn,
And, having purg'd the chaff, accepts the corn.

THE ASCETIC;
OR, THOMAS A KEMPIS:
A VISION.

In omnibus requiem quæsivi, et nusquam
Inveni, nisi in angulis, et libellis.
Symbol. Kempisian.

At nunc, discussa rerum caligine, verum
Aspicis; illo alii rursus jactantur in alto.
At tua securos portus, blandamque quietem
Intravit, non quassa ratis.
Stat. Sylv. L. II.

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE READER.

At the end of the 12th stanza in this poem, I had several inducements for venturing to change the ode into heroic measure. The first was, that I might diversify the doctrinal part from the descriptive. The second was, that our excellent and most learned poet, Cowley, had given me his authority for making this change, in his poem de Plantis. But the third and truer reason was, that I found it next to impracticable, to deliver short, unadorned, didactical sentences consistently with the copiousness, irregularity, and enthusiasm peculiar to ode-writing.—Let the reader only make the experiment, and I flatter myself he will join with me in opinion.—Nor have I departed any further than in a metaphor or two from that original simplicity which characterises my author, however difficult and self-denying such an undertaking might be in a poetical composition. What gave me warning was, that Castalio and Stanhope had both spoiled Thomas a Kempis by attempting to adorn him with flowery language, false elegance, and glaring imagery. And, by the way, to this cause may be attributed the miscarriages of many poets, (otherwise confessedly eminent) in their paraphrases of the Psalms of David, the Book of Job, &c. The grandeur of scriptural sublimity, or simplicity, admits of few or no embellishments. George Sandys, in the reign of Charles I. seems only to have known this secret.

And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.
Mark, c. i. v. 35.

Deep in a vale, where cloud-born Rhyne [1]
Through meads his Alpine waters roll'd,
Where pansies mixt with daisies shine,
And asphodels instarr'd with gold;
Two forests, skirting round the feet
Of everlasting mountains, meet,
Half parted by an op'ning glade;
Around Hercynian oaks are seen.—
Larches [2], and cypress ever green,
Unite their hospitable shade.
Impearl'd with dew, the rosy Morn
Stood tip-toe [3] on the mountain's brow;
Gleams following gleams the Heav'ns adorn,
And gild the theatre below:
Nature from needful slumber wakes,
And from her misty eye-balls shakes
The balmy dews of soft repose:
The pious lark with grateful lays
Ascends the skies, and chants the praise
Which man to his Creator owes [4].

When lo! a venerable sire appears,
With sprightly footsteps hast'ning o'er the plain;
His tresses bore the marks of fourscore years,
Yet free from sickness he, and void of pain:
His eyes with half their youthful clearness shone [5].
Still on his cheeks health's tincture gently glow'd,
His aged voice retain'd a manly tone,
His peaceful blood in equal tenour flow'd.
At length, beneath a beechen shade reclin'd,
He thus pour'd forth to Heav'n the transports of his mind.

3 Tip-toe. Shakespeare.

4 "Before we engage in worldly business, or any common amusements of life, let us be careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day, and the very beginning of our holy thoughts unto the service of God." St. Basil.

5 Thomas à Kempis had no manifest infirmities of old-age, and retained his eye-sight perfect to the last.

All that I have ever been able to learn in Germany upon good authority, concerning him, is as follows: He was born at Kempis, or Kempen, a small walled town in the dutchy of Cleves, and diocese of Cologn. His family-name was Hamerlein, which signifies in the German language a little hammer. We find also that his parents were named John and Gertrude Hamerlein. He lived chiefly in the monastery of Mount St. Agnes; where his effigy, together with a prospect of the monastery, was engraven on a plate of copper that lies over his body. The said monastery is now called Bergh-Clooster, or, as we might say in English, Hill-Cloyster. Many strangers in their travels visit it. Kempis was certainly one of the best and greatest men since the primitive ages. His book of the Imitation of Christ has seen near forty editions in the ori-

to man as well as God. "Wo unto him that is faint-hearted; for he believeth not, therefore shall he not be defended. Wo unto you that have lost patience: what will ye do when the Lord shall visit you?—they that fear the Lord will say, we will fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of men: for as his majesty is, so is his mercy."

In like manner St. Chrysostom informs us, "That, in proportion as God adds to our tribulation, he adds likewise to our retribution."

1 This river takes its rise from one of the highest ice-mountains in Switzerland.

2 The species of larch-tree here meant is called *sempervirens*: the other larches are deciduis foliis.

"Come unto me (Messiah cries)
All that are laden and oppress'd:
To Thee I come (my heart replies)
O Patron of eternal rest!
Who walks with me (rejoins the voice)
In purest day-light shall rejoice,
Incapable to err, or fall.
With thee I walk, my gracious God;
Long I've thy painful foot-steps trod,
Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of all[6]!

"Heav'n in my youth bestow'd each good
Of choicer sort: in fertile lands
A decent patrimony stood,
Sufficient for my just demands.
My form was pleasing; health refin'd
My blood; a deep-discerning mind
Crown'd all the rest,—The fav'rite child
Of un-affected eloquence,
Plain nature, un-scholastic sense:—
And once or twice the Muses smil'd!

"Blest with each boon that simpler minds desire,
Till Heav'n grows weary of their nauseous pray'rs,
I made the nobler option to retire[7],
And gave the world to worldlings and their heirs;
The warriors laurels, and the statesman's fame,
The vain man's hopes for titles and employ,
The pomp of station, and the rich man's name,
I left for fools to seek, and knaves t'enjoy[8];
An early whisper did its truths impart,
And all the God conceal'd irradiated my heart.

"Happy the man who turns to Heav'n,
When on the landscape's verge of green
Old-age appears, to whom 'tis giv'n
To creep in sight, but fly, unseen!

Stealer of marches, subtile foe,
Sinon of stratagem and woe!
Thy fatal blows, ah! who can ward?
Around thee lurks a motley train
Of wants, and fears, and chronic pain,
The hungry Croats of thy guard.

"(Thus on the flow'r-enamell'd lawn,
Unconscious of the least surprize,
In thoughtless gambols sports the fawn;
Whilst veil'd in grass the tygress lies.
The silent trait'ress crouches low,
Her very lungs surcease to blow:
At length she darts on hunger's wings;
Sure of her distance and success,
Where Newton could but only guess,
She never misses, when she springs[9].)

"More truly wise the man, whose early youth[10]
Is offer'd a free off'ring to the Lord,
A self-addicted votary to truth,
Servant thro' choice, disciple by accord!
Heav'n always did th' unblemish'd turtle choose,
Where health conjoin'd with spirit most abounds:
Heav'n seeks the young, nor does the old refuse,
But youth acquits the debt, which age compounds!
Awkward in time, and sour'd with self-disgrace,
The spend-thrift pays his all, and takes the bankrupt's place."

Thus spoke the venerable sage
Who ne'er imbib'd Mæonian lore,
Who drew no aids from Maro's page,
And yet to nobler flights could soar.
Taught by the Solymean maid;
With native elegance array'd,
He gave his easy thoughts to flow;
The charms which anxious art deny'd
Truth and simplicity supply'd,
Melodious in religious woe.

Poet in sentiment! he feels
The flame; nor seeks from verse his aid!
The veil which artful charms conceals,
To real beauty proves a shade.
When nature's out-lines dubious are,
Verse decks them with a slight cymarr[11];
True charms by art in vain are drest.
Not icy prose could damp his fire:
Intense the flame and mounting high'r,
Brightly victorious when oppress!

By this time morn in all its glory shone;
The Sun's chaste kiss absorb'd the virgin-dew:
Th' impatient peasant wish'd his labour done,
The cattle to th' umbrageous streams withdrew:
Beneath a cool impenetrable shade,
Quiet, he mus'd. So Jonas safely sate [play'd)
(When the swift gourd her palmy leaves dis-
To see the tow'rs of Ninus bow to fate[12].

gimal Latin, and above sixty translations have been made from it into modern languages.

Our author died August the 8th, 1471, aged 92 years.

In the engraving on copper above-mentioned, and lying over his grave, is represented a person respectfully presenting to him a label on which is written a verse to this effect:

Oh! where is Peace? for Thou its paths hast trod.——

To which Kempis returns another strip of paper, inscribed as follows:

In poverty, retirement, and with God.

He was a canon regular of Augustins, and sub-prior of mount St. Agnes' monastery. He composed his treatise On the Imitation of Christ in the sixty-first year of his age, as appears from a note of his own writing in the library of his convent.

[6] Imitation of Christ, Lib. I. c. 1.

[7] "Solitude is the best school wherein to learn the way to Heaven." St. Jerom.

"Worldly honours are a trying snare to men of an exalted station; of course their chief care must be, to put themselves out of the reach of envy by humility." Nepotian.

"The pleasures of this world are only the momentary comforts of the miserable, and not the rewards of the happy." St. August.

[8] Cætera solicitæ speciosa incommoda vitæ
Permisi stultis quærere, habere malis.
Coulcius de Plant.

[9] This parenthesis was inserted by way of imitating the famous parenthesis in Horace's Ode, which begins

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

[10] "Even from the flower till the grape was ripe, hath my heart delighted in Wisdom." Eeclus. c. li. v. 15.

[11] A thin covering of the gause, or sarsnet-kind. Dryd. Cymon & Iphigen.

[12] Jonah, c. iv. v. 6.

Th' Ascetic then drew forth a parchment-scroll,
And thus pour'd out to Heav'n th' effusions of his soul.

THE MEDITATION OF THOMAS A KEMPIS.

(1.) 'Tis vanity to wish for length of days;
The art of living well is wise men's praise.
If death, not length of life, engag'd our view,
Life would be happier, and death happier too [1].
Nature foreshows our death: 'tis God's decree;
The king, the insect dies; and so must we.
What's natural, and common to us all,
What's necessary;—none should evil call.
Check thy fond love of life, and human pride;
Shall man repine at death, when Christ has dy'd?
(2.) He that can calmly view the mask of death,
Will never tremble at the face beneath;
Probationer of Heav'n, he starts no more
To see the last sands ebb, than those before [2].
(3.) In vain we argue, boast, elude, descant;—
No man is honest that's afraid of want.
No blood of confessors that bosom warms [3],
Which starts at hunger, as the worst of harms [4]
(4.) The man with christian preservance fir'd [5],
Check'd but not stop'd; retarded but not tir'd;
Straiten'd by foes, yet sure of a retreat,
In Heav'n's protection rests securely great [6];
Hears ev'ry sharp alarm without dismay;
Midst dangers dauntless, and midst terrours gay;
Indignant of obstruction glows his flame,
And, struggling, mounts to Heav'n, from whence it came:
Oppress'd it thrives; its own destroyers tires,
And with unceasing fortitude aspires [7].
When man desponds, (of human hope bereft)
Patience and Christian heroism are left [8].
Let patience be thy first and last concern;
The hardest task a Christian has to learn [9].
Life's pendulum in th' other world shall make
Advances, on the side it now goes back.
By force, a virtue of celestial kind
Was never storm'd; by art 'tis undermin'd [10].
(5.) All seek for knowledge. Knowledge is no more
Than this; to know ourselves, and God adore.
Wouldst thou with profit seek, and learn with gain?—
Unknown thyself, in solitude remain [11].
Virtue retires, but in retirement blooms,
Full of good works, and dying in perfumes [12].
In thy own heart the living waters rise [13];
Good conscience is the wisdom of the wise! [14]
Man's only confidence, unmixt with pride,
Is the firm trust that God is on his side [15]
Like Aaron's rod, the faithful and the just,
Torn from their tree, shall blossom in the dust.
(6.) God, says the chief of penitents [16], is One,
Who gives Himself, his Spirit, and his Son.
"Is hunger irksome?—Thou by Him art fed
With quails miraculous, and Heav'nly bread.
Is thirst oppressive?—Lift thy eyes, and see
Cat'racts of water fall from rocks for thee.
Art thou in darkness?—Uncreated light
Is all thy own, and guides thy erring sight.
Is nakedness thy lot?—Yet ne'er repine;—
The vestments of Eternity are thine.
Art thou a widow?—God's thy consort true.
Art thou an orphan?—He's thy father too."

[1] This and the following passages marked with a note of reference are extracted almost verbatim from Kempis's Book of the Imitation of Christ. Lib. I, c. 1, 2. See also Lib. 1, c. 19. 23.

[2] "Death, when compared to life, seems to be a remedy and not a punishment."
St. Macar.

On the same point another primitive Christian hath observed, "That the Supreme Being made life short; since, as the troubles of it cannot be removed from us, we may the sooner be removed from them." St. Bernard.

[3] "Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed.—
— Art thou afraid of labour? Pains are productive of a crown,
— Art thou hungry? A true confidence in God fears no famine:
— for the Supreme Governor of the world beholds thy warfare; and prepares for thee a crown of glory and everlasting rest."—
Hieron. in Epist.

[4] L. II. Thom. à Kempis.

[5] Perseverance is an image of eternity."
St. Bernard.

[6] "The greatest safety man can have is to fear nothing but God." Senec.

"Human fear depresses, the fear of God exhilarates." Cassian.

[7] Imitat. of Christ, L. III., c. 5. Ibid. c. 19, N°. 1.

[8] Ibid. c. 35, N°. 2. Ibid. c. 18, N°. 2.

[9] See also Caussin's Holy Court, Part I, L. 3. Sect. 32, fol. 1650.

[10] "True christian piety was never made a real captive; it may be killed, but not conquered." St. Jerom.

[11] "Imitation of Christ, L. I, c. 20. L. II, c. 10.

[12] "The retired Christian, in seeking after an happy life, actually enjoys one; and possesses that already which he only fancies he is pursuing." St. Eucher.

[13] "Drink waters out of thine own cisterns. Prov. c. v, V. 15. See also Rev. c. xxii, v. 1. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal." See John, c. vii, v. 38.

[14] Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. I, c. 6.

[15] Imitat. of Jesus Christ, Lib. II, c. 10.

"The only means of obtaining true security is to commit all our interests to God, who constantly knows and is ever willing to bestow good things on them that ask him as they ought."
Cassian.

"Security is no where but in the love and service of God. It is neither in Heaven, nor Paradise, much less in the present world. In Heaven the angels fell from the divine presence: in Paradise Adam lost his abode of pleasure: in the world Judas fell from the school of our Saviour." St. Bernard.

[16] St. August. The ten lines marked with inverted commas are a literal translation from him.

(7.) The men of Science aim themselves to show [17],
And know just what imports them not to know [18].
(Once having miss'd the truth, they farther stray:
As men ride fastest who have lost their way ;)
Whilst the poor peasant that with daily care
Improves his lands and offers Heav'n his pray'r,
With conscious boldness may produce his face
Where proud philosophers shall want a place [19].
Philosophy in anxious doubts expires :
Religion trims her lamp, as life retires [20].
True faith, like gold into the furnace cast,
Maintains its sterling pureness to the last.
Conscience will ev'ry pious act attest [21] :
A silent panegyrist, but the best !

(8.) All chastisements for private use are giv'n;
The revelations Personal of Heav'n [22] :
But man in misery mistakes his road,
Sighs for lost joys, and never turns to God [23].
Heav'n more than meets her child with sorrows try'd ;
Her dove brings olive, e'er the waves subside [24].
Man gives but once, and grudges when we sue;
Heav'n makes old gifts the precedents for new.

(9.) Afflictions have their use of ev'ry kind ;
At once they humble, and exalt the mind :
The ferment of the soul by just degrees
Refines the true clear spirit from the lees [25].
Boast as we will, and argue as we can,
None ever knew the virtues of a man,
Except affliction sifts the flour from bran [26].

Say, is it much indignities to bear,
When God for thee thy nature deign'd to wear ?
If slander vilifies the good man's name,
It hurts not; but prevents a future shame,
The censure and reproaches of mankind
Are the true christian mentors of the mind.
No other way humility is gain'd ;
No other way vain glory is restrain'd.
Nor worse, nor better we, if praise or blame
Lift or depress—the man is still the same [27].
The happy, if they're wise, must all things fear;
Nor need th' unhappy, if they're good, despair.

(10.) Hard is the task 'gainst nature's strength to strive :
Perfection is the lot of none alive ;
Or grant frail man could tread th' unerring road,
How could we suffer for the sake of God [28] ?
Affliction's ordeal, sharp, but brightly shines ;
Sep'rates the gold [29], and ev'ry vice calcines.
In adverse fortune, when the storm runs high,
And sickness graves death's image on the eye,
Nor wealth, nor rank, nor pow'r, assuage the grief—
Ask God to send thee patience or relief [30].
The infant Moses 'scap'd his wat'ry grave [31].
Heav'n half o'erwhelms the man it means to save !

(11.) Th' ambitious and the covetous desire [32]
More than their worth deserves, or wants require :
Not merely for the profit things may yield,
But, ah ! their neighbour's pittance maims their field :
Thus, gain'd by force, or fraudulent design,
The grapes of Naboth yield them blood for wine [33]

(12) Nothing but truth can claim a lasting date [34];
Time is truth's surest judge, and judges late ;

[17] "It is good to know much and live well: but, if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire piety than learning : for knowledge makes no man truly happy, nor doth happiness consist in intellectual acquisitions. The only valuable thing is a religious life."
Sti. Greg. Magn. Moral.
And again: "That only is the best knowledge which makes us better."

[18] Imitat. of Christ. [19] Ibid.

[20] Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. II, c. 10.

[21] "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Prov. xxvii, v. 19. "Thou canst avoid, sooner or later, whatever molesteth thee, except thy own conscience."
Augustin. in Psalm xxx.

[22] Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. I, c. 13.
"God causeth (afflictions) to come, either for correction, or for his land, or for mercy." Job, c. xxxvii, v. 13.
"It is the work and providence of God's secret counsel, that the days of the elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way to our eternal abode: God therefore in his secret wisdom afflicts our travel with continual trouble, lest the delights of our journey might take away the desire of our journey's end." St. Greg. Mag.
"No servant of Christ is without affliction. If you expect to be free from persecution, you have not yet so much as begun to be a Christian."
St. August.

[23] Imitat. of Christ, L. I, c. 11.

[24] Imitat. of Christ, ibid. See also Gen. c. viii, v. 11.

[25] Imitat. of Christ, L. I, c. 13.

[26] Ibid. Lib. I, c. 16. Lib. III, c. 12. See also Amos, c. ix, v. 3, and Luke c. xxii, v. 31.

[27] Imitat. of Christ, L. III, c. 5.

[28] Ibid.

[29] "For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity."
Ecclus. c. ii, v. 5.

[30] Imitat. of Christ, L. III, c. 5.

[31] Exod. c. II, v. 5.

[32] "He that gathereth by defrauding his own soul, gathereth for others, that shall spend his goods riotously. A covetous man's eye is not satisfied with his portion, and the iniquity of the wicked drieth up his soul."
Ecclus. c. xiv.

[33] "Ahab's excuse to Naboth, when he said give me thy vineyard that I may make it a garden of herbs, represents in a lively manner the pretences that avaricious and ambitious men use, when they want to make new acquisitions. They lye to their consciences; asking a seeming trifle, and meaning to obtain something very valuable."
St. Ambrose.
"Woe unto them that covet fields, and take them away by violence." Micah, c. ii, v. 2.
"They enlarge their desire as Hell, and are as death, and cannot be satisfied: woe unto them that encrease that which is not theirs."
Hab. c. ii, v. 5, 6.

[34] Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. I, c. 3.

And, for thy guide, be he alone believ'd,
Who never can deceive, nor is deceiv'd [35] !
Thus safe thro' waves the sons of Isr'el trod ;
Their better magnet was the lamp of God : fled
And thus Heav'n's star Earth's humble shepherds
To their Messiah in his humbler bed.
(13.) Flatt'ry and fame at death the vain forsake,
And other knaves and fools their honours take[36].
(14.) Tease not thy mind ; nor run a restless round
In search of science better lost than found.
Still teach thy soul a sober course to try,
And shun the track of singularity !
(15.) Presumptuous flights and sceptical debates
Foretel (Cassandra-like) the fall of states.
So Greece and Rome soon moulder'd to decay,
When Epicurus' system gain'd the day.
But those who make prophaneness stand for wit,
Desp'rate apply the pigeons to their feet :
Bankrupts of sense, and impudently bad ;
Their judgment ruin'd, and their fancy mad !
Like Daniel's [37] goat [38] in th' insolence of youth,
Stars they displace, and overturn the truth.
(16.) He, who adopts religions, wrong or right,
Is not a convert, but an hypocrite :
Him, seeming what he is not, man esteems ;
God hates him, for he is not what he seems.
The bull-rush thus a specious outside wears,
Smooth as the shining rind the poplar bears :
But strip the cov'ring of its polish'd skin,
And all is insubstantial sponge within.
When not a whisper breaths upon the trees,
Unmov'd it stands, but bends with ev'ry breeze.
It boasts th' ablution of a silver flood,
But feeds on mire, and roots itself in mud.
(17.) Self-love is foolish, criminal, and vain[39],
Therefore, O man, such partial views restrain :
And often take this counsel for a rule,
To please one's self is but to please one fool[40].
(18.) The alms we give, we keep : the alms we save
We lose : possessing only what we gave [41].

But if vain glory prompts the tongue to boast,
In vain we strive to give, the gift is lost.
Wealth, unbestow'd, is the fool's alchymy ;—
Misers have wealth, but taste it not ;—and die.
In ev'ry purse that th' avaricious bears,
There's still a rent, which wily Satan tears [42] :
A man may mend it, at returning light,
But the arch-fiend undarns the work at night.
Useless, O miser ! are thy labours found ;
And all thy vintage leaks on thirsty ground [43].
Chimeric nonsense ! Riches unemploy'd
In doing good, are riches unenjoy'd ;
The slave who sets his soul on worthless pelf,
Is a mere Diocletian to himself ;
A wretched martyr in a wretched cause ;
Alive, unhonour'd ; dead, without applause !
Boast not of homage to Earth's monarchs giv'n ;
A Paula's [44] name is better known in Heav'n.
(19.) Riches no more are ours, than are the waves [laves.
Of yonder Rhyne, which our Mount-Agnas [45]
Th' impatient waters no continuance make ;
Adopt new owners, and their old forsake.
[46] As those who call for wines, beyond their share,
Refund the draughts which nature cannot bear ;
(Whilst bile and gall corroding in their breast
Demand a passage, and admit no rest :)
Just so rapacious misers swell their store ;
To di'monds di'monds add, and ore to ore ;
They gulp down wealth,—and, with heart piercing pain,
And clay-cold qualms, discharge the load again.
Death bursts the casket, and the farce is o'er.
(Curst is that wealth, which never eas'd the poor !) [floor ;
Whilst fools and spendthrifts sweep it from the
The gold of Ophyr [47] dazzles their weak eyes,
Turquoises [48] next their weaker minds surprise,
Rich, deeply azur'd, like Italian skies.

[35] ——Neque decipitur, neque decipit unquam.
Manil.

[36] "There is no work that shows more art and industry than the texture of a spider's web. The delicate threads are so nicely disposed, and so curiously interwoven one with another, that you would think it produced by the labour of a celestial being ; yet nothing in the event is more fragil and insubstantial. A breath of wind tears it to pieces, and carries it away. Just so are worldly acquisitions made by men in exalted stations, and reputedly wise and cunning."
Origen.

[37] Dan. c. viii, v. 10, 11.

[38] The prophet here means, by the goat, the king of Greece, the region of vain philosophy.

[39] "He that loveth himself most, hath of all men the happiness of finding the fewest rivals."
Anon. Vet.

[40] "He that pleaseth himself, pleaseth a fool."

[41] "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth ; and there is that withholding more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."
Prov. c. xi, v. 24.

"The riches which thou treasurest up, are lost ; those which thou charitably bestowest, are truly thine."
St. August.

[42] Haggai, c. i, v. 6.

[43] ——————Ibi omnis
Effusus labor.——————
Virg.

[44] Paula was a Roman lady descended from the Gracchi and Scipios. Her husband was of the Julian race. After his decease, she gave most of her possessions to the poor, and retired from Rome to a solitude at Bethlehem. That incomparable virgin Eustochium was her daughter. Both their histories are drawn at large by St. Jerom, and addressed to Eustochium. Paula has written some excellent verses on religious subjects.

She built a temple at Emmäus in honour of our Blessed Saviour. Her tomb is at Bethlehem. The inscription for her and her daughter was written by St. Jerom. Sandy's Trav. fol. 135, 139, &c.

[45] The name of the monastery where Kempis resided.

[46] Part of this paragraph, is copied from Job, c. xx, v. 14, 15, 18. Compare also Job, c. xxvii, v. 19, 20, 21.

[47] Gold of Ophir. See 1 Kings c. ix, v. 28. 1 Chron. xxix, v. 4. 2 Chron. viii, v. 18. Psalm xlv, v. 9. Isaiah xiii. v. 12.

[48] Turquoises. "The true oriental turquoise

Then are the fi'ry rubies [49] to be seen,
And em'ralds [50] tinctur'd with the rainbow's green,
Transluscent beryl [51], flame-ey'd chrysolite[52],
And sardŏnix [53], refresher of the sight;
With these th' empurpled amethist combines[54],
And opaz[55], vein'd with riv'lets, mildly shines.
All first turns into riot, then to care:—
Whirl'd down th' impetuous torrent, call'd an heir.
(19.) Religion's harbour, like th' Etrurian bay [56],
Secure from storms is land-lock'd ev'ry way.
Safe, 'midst the wreck of worlds, the vessel rides,
Nor minds the absent rage of winds and tides:
Whilst from his prow the pilot looking down,
Surveys at once God's image and his own[57];
Heav'n's favour smooths th' expanse, and calmness sleeps
On the clear mirror of the silent deep[58].
(20) No man at once two Edens can enjoy[59]:
Nor Earth and Heav'n the self-same mind employ.
Two diff'rent ways th' unsocial objects draw:
Flesh strives with spirit, nature combats law:
Reason and revelation live at strife,
Though meant for mutual aid, like man and wife[60].
Religion and the world can ne'er agree:
One eye is sacrific'd, that one may see,
Canals, for pleasure made, with pleasure stray;
But drain at length the middle stream away.
(21.) Life's joy and pomp at distance should appear,
Possession brings the vulgar dawbing near.
Who can rejoice to tread a devious road,
Led by false views, and serpentine from God [61]?
Would'st thou be vitally with Christ conjoin'd?
Copy his deeds, and imitate his mind [62];
No man can worldly happiness ensure;
Heav'n's consolation all men may procure[63].
(22.) When passions reign with arbitrary sway
Resistance, not compliance, wins the day[64].
Here av'rice, there ambitious schemes prevail;
Who can quench flames when double winds assail?
Boast as we will, our christian glories lie
In humble suff'ring, not proud apathy[65].
Submission an eternal crown procures;
Heav'n's hero conquers most, who most endures.—
Like the four cherubs in Ezekiel's dream[66],
(What time the prophet slept by Chebar's stream)
The Christian, mov'd by energy divine,
Walks forward still, in one unvarying line[67]:
Nor wealth, nor pow'r, attract his wondering sight;
He swerves not to the left hand, nor the right.
Humbly he eats, and finds the proffer'd scroll
Sweet to the taste, inspiring to the soul [68].
So when Saul's weary'd son his fasting broke
With honey dropping from Philistian oak,
Returning strength and sprightliness arise,
Glow on his cheeks, and sparkle in his eyes [69].
When fortune smiles within doors and without,
Man's heart, well-pleas'd, may think itself devout:
But, when ill days, and nights of pain, succeed,
Let him bear well, and he's devout indeed[70].
(23.) Those who revenge a deed that injures them,
Copy the very sin, which they condemn[71].
Impiously wand'ring from the christian road,
They snatch God's own prerogative from God!
Michael in bitterness of strife consign'd
The final verdict to th' unerring mind[72].—
From turbulence of anger wisely keep;
The hind who soweth winds, shall whirlwinds reap[73].
(24.) The worldling, tempter of himself, pursues
Idols of his own making; ideot's views;

comes out of the old rock in the mountains of Piriskua, about eighty miles from the town of Moscheda." Hist. of Gust. Adolph. vol. II, p. 342.

[49] Rubies. "Nazarites, more ruddy than rubies." Lam. c. iv, v. 7.

[50] Emeralds. "A rainbow in sight like an emerald." Rev. c. iv, v. 3.

[51] Berryl. Dan. c. x, v. 6. Rev. xxi, v. 20.

[52] Chrysolite. Ezek. c. xxviii.

[53] Sardŏnyx. Rev. c. xxi, v. 20.

[54] Amethist. Exod. c. xxviii, v. 19. Ibid. c. xxxix, v. 12.

[55] Ezek. c. xxviii, v. 13, and Rev. xxi. v. 20.

[56] The port of Lerichè, in Tuscany.

[57] "One way to know God is perfectly to know one's self." Hugo de anima.

"Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the stars, or depth of the sea? examine rather thine own soul, and wonder there." Isidor.

[58] Imitat. of Christ, L. II, c. 1—3.

[59] "It is not only difficult but impossible to enjoy Heaven here and hereafter; or, in other words, to live in pleasure and dissapation, and at the same time attain spiritual happiness. No man hath passed from one paradise to another: no man hath been the mirror of felicity in both worlds, nor shone with equal glory in Earth and in Heaven." Hieron.

[60] Imitat. of Christ, L. I, c. 24.

[61] Ibid. L. I, c. 21.

[62] Imitat. of Christ, L. I, c. 24.

[63] Ibid.

[64] Ibid. L. I, c. 6.

[65] Ibid. L. II, c. 3.

[66] See Ezek. c. 1.

[67] Ezek. c. i, v. 12.

[68] Ibid. c. iii, v. 1, 2, 3.

[69] 1 Sam. c. xiv, v. 29.

[70] Imitat. of Christ, L. II, c. 3.

[71] "To return one injury for another is to revenge like man: whereas to revenge like God is to love our enemies. It is a great happiness not to be able to hurt one's neighbour, nor to have the power and parts to do mischief. The ingenuity of (what we call) men of the world, consists in knowing how to injure others, and revenge ourselves when injured. Whereas, on the contrary, not to return evil for evil is the true honour and vital principle of the gospel." Leon.

[72] Jude, v. 9. Zech. c. iii, v. 2.

[73] Hosea, c. viii, v. 7. Hind is the head-servant in husbandry matters. Chaucer, Dryden, and in the west of England at present.

Unhappy wretch! wrapt up in thin disguise!
Where all that is not impious, is unwise!
See, how he broods from night to morning's dawn
On eggs of basilisks, and scorpion-spawn[74]:
And, after all the care he can impart,
'is foster'd miscreants sting him to the heart
Swift through each vein the mystic poisons roll,
Fatal alike to body and to soul[75]!

(25.) Perfect would be our nature and our joy
If man could ev'ry year one vice destroy[76 77].
Withdraw thee from the sins that most assail,
And labour where thy virtues least prevail[78].

(26.) False joys elate, and griefs as false controul
The little pismire with an human soul[79]:
Oh, were he like th' unreas'ning ant, who strives
For solid good, and but by instinct lives.

(27.) To wail and not amend a life mispent
Means to confess, but means not to repent:
Tongue-penitents, like him who too much owes,
Run more in debt, and live but to impose.

(28.) Deem not th' unhappy, vicious; nor devote
To sarcasm and contempt the thread-bare coat.
Oft have we seen rich fields of genuine corn
Edg'd round with brambles, and begirt with thorn.
The pow'rs of Zeuxis' pencil are the same,
Enclos'd in gilded, or in sable frame.

(29.) The down that smoothes the great man's anxious bed,
Was gather'd from a quiet poor man's shed:
Content and peace are found in mean estate,
And Jacob's dreams on Jacob's pillow wait[80].
So Tekoa's swain, by no vain glories led,
Nurtur'd his herds with leaves, and humbly fed[81].

(30.) Good turns of friends we scribble on the sand,
But injuries engrav'd on marble stand[82].

(31.) With pray'rs thy ev'ning close, thy morn begin;
But Heav'n's true sabbath is to rest from sin.

(32.) An hermit once cry'd out in private pray'r,
"Oh, if I knew that I should persevere!"
An angel's voice reply'd, in placid tone,
"What wouldst thou do, if the great truth were known?
Do now [83], what thou intendest then to do,
And everlasting safety shall ensue[84]."—

To choose, implies delay; whilst time devours
The sickly blossoms of preceding hours.
Repentance, well perform'd, confirms the more;
As bones, well set, grow stronger than before.

(33.) When Heav'n excites thee to a better way,
Catch the soft summons, and the call obey:
Thus Mary left her solitude and tears,
When Martha whisper'd, lo! thy Christ appears[85].

(34.) The virtues of the world, which most men move,
Are lay'rs from pride, or graftings on self-love[86]:
Whatever for itself is not esteem'd,
Proves a false choice, and is not as it seem'd[87].

(35.) The track to Heav'n is intricate and steep;
Narrow to tread, and difficult to keep:
On either hand sharp precipices lie,
And oft steps faulter with the swerving eye;
That passage clear'd, a level road remains,
Through quiet valleys and refreshing plains.

(36.) Most would buy Heav'n without a price or loss;
They like the paradise, but shun the cross[89].
Many participate of Christ's repast;
Few choose his abstinence, or learn to fast[90].
Few relish Christianity; and most [coast[91].
(In private) wish their Lord would leave their
Thousands may counterfeit th' apparent part;
And thousands may be Gergesenes at heart[92].
All in Christ's kingdom would the thrones partake;
Few have the faith to suffer for his sake[93].
His tasteful bread by many mouths is sought;
Few choose to drink his passion's bitter draught[94].

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[74] Isaiah, c. lix, v. 4.

[75] Matth. c. x, v. 28.

[76] Imitat. of Christ, L. I, c. 11. L. II, c. 23.

[77] "Instead of standing still, going backward, or deviating, always add, always proceed: not to advance, in some sense is to retire. It is better to creep in the right way than fly in the wrong way." St. August. in Serm.

[78] Imitat. of Christ, L. I, c. 25.

[79] Man.

[80] "And Jacob took the stones of that place and put them for his pillows." Gen. c. xxxviii, v. 2.

[81] Amos c. vii, v. 14.

[82] Kempisii dictum commune. "Beneficia pulveri; si quid mali patimur, marmori insculpimus."

[83] "A Christian hath no to morrow; that is to say, a Christian should put off no duty till to morrow." Tertull.

[84] Imitat. of Christ, L. I, c. 25.

[85] Imitat. of Christ, L. II, c. 28. See John c. ii, v. 28.

[86] "There is a sort of seeming good, which, if a rational mind loves, it sinneth; inasmuch as it is an object beneath the consideration of such a mind." St. August. de Ver. Relig.

"Whatever is not loved on account of its own intrinsic worth, is not properly loved." Idem in Soliloq. L. I, c. 13.

[87] "In this life there is no virtue but in loving that which is truly amiable. To choose this, is prudence; to be averted from it by no terrifying circumstances, is fortitude. To be influenced by no sort of temptation, is temperance; and to be affected by no ambitious views, is considering the thing with impartial justice as we ought to do." Idem de Ver. Felicitat. L. II.

[88] Imitat. of Christ, L. II, c. 11, No. 1.

[89] Ibid. [90] Ibid.

[91] Matth. c. viii, v. 34. [92] Ibid.

"It is common for man to ask every blessing that God can bestow, but he rarely desires to possess God himself." *Aug. in Psalm lxxvi.*

[93] Imitat. of Christ, L. II, c. 2. No. 1.

[94] Ibid. See also c. 12.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, AND ACQUIESCENSE UNDER THE DIVINE WILL:

AN ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALPINE PARTS OF CARNIOLA, 1749.

The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, (the children of the Lord:) and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Isaiah, c. xxxv, v. 1, 2.

Why dwells my unoffended eye
On yon blank desert's trackless waste;
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast?
There Lysidor's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains Eudosia's praise:
There herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze.
Yet does my soul complacence find;
All, all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind[1]!

The high-arch'd church is lost in sky,
The base[2] with thorns and bry'rs is bound:
The yawning fragments nod from high,
With close-encircling ivy crown'd:
Heart-thrilling echo multiplies
Voice after voice, creation new!
Beasts, birds obscene, unite their cries:
Graves ope, and spectres freeze the view.
Yet nought dismays; and thence we find
'Tis all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Earth's womb, half dead to Ceres' skill,
Can scarce the cake of offring give;
Five acres' corn can hardly fill
The peasant's wain, and bid him live;
The starving beldame gleans in vain,
In vain the hungry chough succeeds:
They curse the unprolific plain,
The scurf-grown moss, and tawdry weeds.
Yet still sufficiency we find;
All, all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

December's Boreas issues forth,
In sullen gloom and horrour drest,
Charg'd with the nitre of the north,
Abhorr'd by man, by bird, and beast.
All nature's lovely tint embrown'd
Sickens beneath the putrid blast:
Destruction withers up the ground,
Like parchment into embers cast[3].

Yet health, and strength, and ease we find:
All, all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Tremble, and yonder Alp behold[4],
Where half-dead nature gasps below,
Victim of everlasting cold,
Entomb'd alive in endless snow.
The northern side is horrour all;
Against the southern, Phœbus plays;
In vain th' innoxious glimm'rings fall,
The frost outlives, outshines the rays.
Yet consolation still I find;
And all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Bless me! how doubly sharp it blows,
From Zemblan and Tartarian coasts!
In sullen silence fall the snows,
The only lustre nature boasts;
The nitrous pow'r with tenfold force
Half petrifies Earth's barren womb,
High-arch'd cascades suspend their force,
Men freeze alive, and in the tomb.
Yet warmth and happiness we find;
All, all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Then, in exchange, a month or more
The Sun with fierce solsticial gleams,
Darting o'er vales his raging pow'r,
Like ray-collecting mirrors, beams.
Torrents and cataracts are dry,
Men seek the scanty shades in vain;
The solar darts like lightning fly,
Transpierce the skull, and scorch the brain[5].
Yet still no restless heats we find;
And all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

For Nature rarely form'd a soil
Where diligence subsistence wants:
Exert but care, nor spare the toil,
And all beyond, th' Almighty grants.

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[1] "To be satisfied is the highest pitch of art man can arrive to." St. Gregor. Hom.

[2] Base for basis. See Zechar. c. v, v. 2.

[3] ——— inamabile frigus aduret. Virg.
Much to the same purpose is a passage in the Son of Sirach:—"When the cold north wind bloweth, and the water congealed into ice, he poureth the hoar frost upon the earth. It abideth upon every gathering together of water, and clotheth the water with a breast-plate. It devoureth the mountain, and burneth the wilderness, and consumeth the grass as fire." c. xliii, v. 19, 21.

[4] A glaciêre, or ice-mountain.
Cuncta gelu, canâque æternùm grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Æthenî facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
Sil. Ital.

[5] "The Sun parcheth the country, and who can abide the burning heat thereof? A man blowing a furnace is in works of heat, but the Sun burneth the mountains three times more, breathing out fiery vapours, and sending forth bright beams, it dimmeth the eyes."
Ecclus. ch. xliii, v. 3, 4.

Each earth at length to culture yields,
Each earth its own manure [6] contains:
Thus the Corycian nurst his fields [7],
Heav'n gave th' increase, and he the pains.
Th' industrious peace and plenty find:
All due to Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Scipio sought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gain'd the prize,
Stole from th' ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be low and wise!
He serv'd the state with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retir'd;
Dismounting from th' unruly horse,
To rule himself, as sense requir'd;
Without a sigh, he pow'r resign'd.—
All, all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

When Dioclesian sought repose,
Cloy'd and fatigu'd with nauseous pow'r,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools t' admire, and rogues devour:
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health,
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And chang'd a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil sooth'd his cares, his blood refin'd.—
And all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

He [8], who had rul'd the world, exchang'd
His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
Postponing (as thro' groves he rang'd)
Court-splendour to the rural shade.
Child of his hand, th' engrafted thorn
More than the victor-laurel pleas'd:
Heart's-ease [9], and meadow-sweet [10], adorn
The brow, from civic garlands eas'd.
Fortune, however poor, was kind.—
All, all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Thus Charles, with justice styled the Great [11],
For valour, piety and laws;
Resign'd two empires to retreat,
And from a throne to shades withdraws;
In vain (to soothe a monarch's pride)
His yoke the willing Persian bore:
In vain the Saracen comply'd,
And fierce Northumbrians stain'd with gore.

One Gallic farm his cares confin'd;
And all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Observant of th' Almighty-will,
Prescient in faith, and pleas'd with toil,
Abram Chaldea left, to till
The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil [12]:
Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
The common-wealth of weeds rebell'd,
But labour tam'd th' ungrateful plain,
And famine was by art repell'd;
Patience made churlish nature kind.—
All, all from Thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

"———Formidine nulla;
Quippe in corde Deus—.
Stat. Theb. IV. v. 489.

THE VISION OF DEATH.

Imperfecta tibi elapsa est, ingrataque vita:
Et nec-opinanti Mors ad caput adstitit, ante
Quam satur, at plenus possis discedere rerum.
LUCRET.

Mille modis leti miseros Mors una fatigat.
Stat. Theb. IX. v. 280.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As this poem is an imperfect attempt to imitate Dryden's manner, I have of course admitted more triplets and Alexandrine verses than I might otherwise have done. Upon the whole, many good judges have thought, (and such was the private opinion of my much honoured friend Elijah Fenton in particular) that Dryden has too many Alexandrines and triplets, and Pope too few. The one by aiming at variety (for his ear was excellent) was betrayed into a careless diffusion; and the other, by affecting an over-scrupulous regularity, fell into sameness and restraint.

We speak this with all due deference to the two capital poets of the last and present century: and say of them, as the successor of Virgil said of Amphiaraüs and Admetus;

AMBO BONI, CHARIQUE AMBO.—
Theb. VI.

INTRODUCTION.

DRYDEN, forgive the Muse that apes thy voice
Weak to perform, but fortunate in choice,
Who but thyself the mind and ear can please
With strength and softness, energy and ease;
Various of numbers, new in ev'ry strain;
Diffus'd, yet terse, poetical, tho' plain:
Diversify'd 'midst unison of chime;
Freer than air, yet manacled with rhyme?

[6] Du Hamel; Elom. d'Agricult. Patullo; Meliorat. des Terres.
[7] Virg. Georg. IV, v. 127, &c.
[8] Dioclesian.
[9] Heart's-ease, viola tricolor; called also by our old poets Love in idleness; pansy (from the French pensée, or the Italian pensieri); three faces under a hood; herb Trinity; look up and kiss me; kiss me at the gate, &c.
[10] Spiræa, named also in ancient English poetry, mead-sweet, queen of the meads, bridewort, &c.
[11] Charlemagne.
[12] Gen. ch. xii, v. 31. Nehem. ch. ix, v. 7. Judith, ch. v. 7. Acts, ch. vii, v. 2—11.

Thou mak'st each quarry which thou seek'st thy prize,
The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies;
Now soaring 'midst the tracts of light and air,
And now the monarch of the woods and lair[1].—
Two kingdoms thy united realm compose,
The land of poetry, and land of prose,
Each orphan-muse thy absence only mourns;
Makes short excursions, and as quick returns:
No more they triumph in their fancy'd bays,
But crown'd with wood-bine dedicate their lays.
Thy thoughts and music change with ev'ry line;
No sameness of a prattling stream is thine.
Which, with one unison of murmur, flows,
Opiate of in-attention and repose;
(So Huron-leeches, when their patient lies
In fev'rish restlessness with un-clos'd eyes,
Apply with gentle strokes their osier-rod,
And tap by tap invite the sleepy god[2].)
No—'Tis thy pow'r, (thine only,) tho' in rhyme,
To vary ev'ry pause, and ev'ry chime;
Infinite descant! sweetly wild and true,
Still shifting, still improving, and still new!—
In quest of classic plants, and where they grow,
We trace thee, like a fev'ret in the snow.
Of all the pow'rs the human mind can boast,
The pow'rs of poetry are latest lost:
The falling of thy tresses at threescore,
Gave room to make thy laurels show the more[4].
This prince of poets, who before us went,
Had a vast income, and profusely spent:
Some have his lands, but none his treasur'd store,
Lands un-manur'd by us, and mortgag'd o'er and o'er!
"About his wreaths the vulgar muses strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays revive[5]!"
They kiss his tomb, and are enthusiasts made;
So Statius slept, inspir'd by Virgil's shade[6].
To Spencer much, to Milton much is due;
But in great Dryden we preserve the two.
What Muse but his can Nature's beauties hit,
Or catch that airy fugitive, call'd wit?
From limbs of this great Hercules are fram'd
Whole groups of pigmies, who are verse-men nam'd:
Each has a little soul he calls his own,
And each enunciates with a human tone;
Alike in shape; unlike in strength and size;—
One lives for ages, one just breathes and dies.
O thou, too great to rival or to praise;
Forgive, lamented shade, these duteous lays.
Lee had thy fire, and Congreve had thy wit;
And copyists, here and there, some likeness hit;
But none possess'd thy graces, and thy ease;
In thee alone 'twas natural to please!
More still I think, and more I wish to say;
But bus'ness calls the Muse another way.

In those fair vales by Nature form'd to please,
Where Guadalquiver serpentines with ease
(The richest tract the Andalusians know,
Fertile in herbage, grateful to the plow,)
A lovely villa stood; (suppose it mine;)
Rich without cost, and without labour fine;
Indulgent Nature all her beauties brought,
And Art withdrew, unask'd for, and unsought.
For lo, th' Iberians by tradition found
That the whole district once was classic ground;
Here Columella first improv'd the plains,
And show'd Ascrean arts to simple swains:
Taught by the Georgic-Muse the lyre he strung,
And sung, what dying Virgil left unsung[1].
Fatigu'd with courts, and votary to truth,
Hither I fled, philosopher, and youth:
And, leaving Olivarez to sustain
Th' encumbring fasces of ambitious Spain,
(As one rash Phaeton usurp'd a day,
Misled the seasons, and mistook his way,)
I chose to wander in the silent wood,
Or breathe my aspirations to the flood,
Studying the humble science to be good.
From the brute beasts humanity I learn'd,
And in the pansy's life God's providence discern'd.
'Twas now the joyous season of the year:
The Sun had reach'd the Twins in bright career;
Nature, awaken'd from six months' repose,
Sprung from her verdant couch;—and active rose
Like health refresh'd with wine; she smil'd, array'd [glade,
With all the charms of sun-shine, stream and
New drest and blooming as a bridal maid.
Yet all these charms could never lull to rest
A peevish irksomeness which teas'd my breas
The vernal torrent, murm'ring from afar,
Whisper'd no peace to calm this nervous war;
And Philomel, the siren of the plain,
Sung soporific unisons in vain.
I sought my bed, in hopes relief to find:
But restlessness was mistress of my mind,
My wayward limbs were turn'd, and turn'd in vain,—
Yet free from grief was I, and void of pain.
In me, as yet, ambition had no part; [heart.
Pride had not sour'd, nor wealth debas'd my
I knew not public cares, nor private strife;—
And life, the blessing, or the curse of life,
Had only hover'd round me like a dream,
Play'd on the surface, not disturb'd the stream.
Yet still I felt, what young men often feel;
(Impossible to tell, or to conceal,)

---

[1] Layer, lair, and lay.—The surface of arable or grass-lands. Chaucer; Folkingham, 1610; Dryden. Laire also signifies the place where beasts sleep in the fields, and where they leave the mark of their bodies on young corn, grass, &c.

[2] *Voyages du Baron La Hontan.*

[3] Milton.

[4] The verses of Robert Waring, (a friend of Dr. Donne's) on a poet in the beginning of the last century, may be applied to Dryden:

Younger with years, with studies fresher grown,
Still in the bud, still blooming, yet full blown.

[5] Dryden's Prologue to Troilus and Cressida.

[6] ——— tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, & magni tumulis accanto magistri.
Sylv. Lib. IV.

[1] ——— Et quæ
Virgilius nobis post se memoranda reliquit.
Colum. de Hortis, L. X.

When nothing makes them sick but too much wealth,
Or wild o'er-boiling of ungovern'd health;
Whose grievance is satiety of ease,
Freedom their pain, and plenty their disease.
By night, by day, from pole to pole they run:
Or from the setting seek the rising Sun;
No poor deserting soldier makes such haste,
No doves pursu'd by falcons fly so fast;
And when Automedon at length attains
The place he sought for with such cost and pains,
Swift to embrace, and eager to pursue,
He finds he has no earthly thing to do;
Then yawns for sleep, the opium of the mind,
The last dull refuge indolence can find [2].
Most men, like David, wayward in extremes,
Languish for Ramah's cisterns, and her streams:
The bev'rage sought for comes; capricious, they
Loathe their own choice, and wish the boon away [3].

Such was my state. "O gentle Sleep," I cry'd,
"Why is thy gift to me alone deny'd?
Mildest of beings, friend to ev'ry clime,
Where lies my errour, what has been my crime?
Beasts, birds, and cattle feel thy balmy rod;
The drowsy mountains wave, and seem to nod
The torrents cease to chide, the seas to roar,
And the hush'd waves recline upon the shore."
Perhaps the wretch, whose god is wealth and care,
Rejects the precious object of my pray'r:
Th' ambitious statesman strives not to partake
Thy blessings, but desires to dream awake:
"The lover rudely thrusts thee from his arms,
And like Ixion clasps imagin'd charms.
Thence come to me.—Let others ask for more;
I ask the slightest influence of thy pow'r:
Swiftest in flight of all terrestrial things,
Oh only touch my eye-lids with thy wings [4]!"

[2] Currit agens mannos ad villam hic præcipitanter,
Auxilium tectis quasi ferre ardentibus instans.
Oscitat extemplo tetigit cum limina villæ,
Aut abit in somnum gravis, atque oblivia quærit.
Lucret. L. III. v. 1076.

[3] See Sandy's Trav. p. 137, and 1 Chron. ch. xi, v. 17, &c.

[4] All the verses in this paragraph marked with inverted commas are imitated from a famous passage in Statius, never yet translated into our language. The original perhaps is as fine a morsel of poetry as antiquity can boast of:

Crimine quo merui juvenis placidissime divum
Quóve errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
Somne tuis? Tacet omne pecus, volucresque, feræque;
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.
Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus. Occidit horror
Æquoris, & terris maria acclinata quiescunt.
At nunc heus aliquis longa sub nocte puellæ
Brachia nexa tenens, ultro te Somne repellit.
Inde veni. Nec te totas infundere pennas
Luminibus compello meis, (hoc turba precatur
Lætior;) extremo me tange cacumine virgæ,
Sufficit; aut leviter suspenso poplite transi.
Sylv. L. V.

So spoke I restless; and, then springing light
From my tir'd bed, walk'd forth in meer despite.
What impulse mov'd my steps I dare not say;
Perhaps some guardian-angel mark'd th' way:
By this time Phospher had his lamp withdrawn,
And rising Phœbus glow'd on ev'ry lawn.
The air was gentle, (for the month was May,)
And ev'ry scene look'd innocent and gay.
In pious matins birds with birds conspire,—
Some lead the notes, and some assist the choir.
The goat-herd, gravely pacing with his flocks,
Leads them to heaths and bry'rs, and crags and rocks.
Th' impatient mower with an aspect blythe
Surveys the sain-foyn-fields [5], and whets his scythe.
Ynoisa, Sanchia, Beatrix, prepare
To turn th' alfalsa-swarths [6] with anxious care,
(No more for Moorish sarabrands they call,
Their castanets hang idle on the wall:)
Alfalsa, whose luxuriant herbage feeds
The lab'ring ox, mild sheep, and fiery steeds:
Which ev'ry summer, ev'ry thirtieth morn,
Is six times re-produc'd, and six times shorn.
The Cembran pine-trees [7] form an awful shade,
And their rich balm perfumes the neighb'ring glade?
(Whilst humbler olives, intermix'd between,
Had chang'd their fruit to filamotte from green,)
The Punic granate [8] op'd its rose-like flow'rs;
The orange breath'd its aromatic pow'rs.
Wand'ring still on, at length my eyes survey'd
A painted seat, beneath a larch-tree's shade.
I sate, and try'd to doze, but slumber fled;
I then essay'd a book, and thus I read [9]:
"Suppose, O man, great Nature's voice should call
To thee, or me, or any of us all;
'What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch! thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain?
If all the bounteous blessings I could give,
Thou hadst enjoy'd; If thou hadst known to live
(And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a sieve);
Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feast, take thy rest?
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and
But, if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys pass'd thro' and would not stay,
Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burthen, fool! and know thy friend.

[5] The best species of this grass, hitherto known, is in Andalusia.

[6] Alfalsa (from the old Arabian word alfalsafat) lucerne-grass. At present the Spaniards call it also ervaye.

[7] A sort of ever-green larix: Pinus Cembra. This beautiful tree grows wild on the Spanish Appennines, and is raised by culture in less mountainous places. What name the natives give it I have forgotten; but the French in the Briançois call it meleze, and the Italians in the bishopric of Trente, in Fiume, &c. give it the name of cirmoli, not lariché.

[8] The pom-granate.

[9] The Spanish author introduces the following passages from Lucretius.

To please thee, I have empty'd all my store,
I can invent and can supply no more:
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,
And would be ever, cou'dst thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.'
What can we plead against so just a bill?
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him, with more disdain;
'Be still, thou martyr-fool, thou covetous of pain.'
But if an old decrepid sot lament; [tent?
'What thou!' she cries, 'who hast out-liv'd con-
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?
But this is still th' effect of wishing more.
Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings,
Loathing the present, liking absent things.
From hence it comes, thy vain desires at strife
Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy life;
And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight
E'er thou hast gorg'd thy soul and senses with delight.
Now leave those joys, unsuiting to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage.
Mean-time, when thoughts of death disturb thy head,
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead:
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality[10]?"
Charm'd with these lines of reason and good sense,
(No matter who the author was, nor whence,)
I stopp'd, and into contemplation fell;
Amaz'd an impious wit should think so well;
Who often (to his own and reader's cost,
To show the atheist, half the poet lost.
(Knowing too much, makes many a muse onbt;
'Tis not the bloom, but plethory of wit.—)
At length a drowsiness arrested thought,
And sleep (as is her custom) came unsought.
Now listen to the purport of my tale.
Methought I wander'd in a fairy vale:
Replete with people of each sex and age;
Good, bad, great, small, the foolish and the sage:
Whilst on the ground promiscuously were laid
Stars, mitres, rags, the sceptre, and the spade.
At length a haughty dame approach'd my view,
Whom by no single attribute I knew;
For all that painters feign, and bards devise,
Is meer mock-imag'ry, and artful lyes.
Boldly she look'd, like one of high degree;
Yet never seem'd to cast a glance on me;
At which I inly joy'd; for, truth to say,
I felt an unknown awe, and some dismay.
She pass'd me: her side-face was smooth and fair;
(Much as fine women, turn'd of forty, are:)
When, turning short, and un-perceiv'd by me,
She grasp'd my throat, and spoke with stern authority:
"Him, whom I seek, art thou! Thy race is run:
My journey's ended, and thy bus'ness done.
Surrender up to me thy captive-breath,
My pow'r is nature's pow'r, my name is Death!"

[10] Lucret. L. III. translated by Dryden.

Have you e'er seen th' affrighted peasant grasp
(Searching for flow'rs or fruits) th' envenom'd asp?
Or have you ever felt th' impetuous shock,
When the swift vessel splits upon a rock?
Or mark'd a face with horrour over-spread,
When the third apoplex invades the head?
Then form some image of my ghastly fright;
Fear stopp'd my voice, and terrour dimm'd my sight:
My heart flew from its place [11] in consternation,
And nature felt a short annihilation: [eyes
Then—with a plunge—I sobb'd;—and with faint
Look'd upwards, to the Ruler of the skies [12].
At length—recov'ring—in a broken tone—
"Princess"—I cry'd,—"Thy pris'ner is undone.—
Despair and misery succeed to fear:—
O had I known thy presence was so near!"
Abrupt th' inexorable pow'r reply'd,
(Then turn'd her face, and show'd the hideous side:)
"Fool! 'tis too late to wish, too late to pray:
Thou hadst the means, but not the will to pay;
Each day of human life is warning-day.
The present point of time is all thou hast,
The future doubtful and the former past!
Yet as I read contrition in thy eyes,
And thy breast heaves with terrour and surprise,
(I, who as yet was never known to show
False pity to premeditated woe)
Will graciously explain great Nature's laws,
And hear thy sophisms in so plain a cause.
There is a reason, (which to time I leave)
Why I give thee alone this short reprieve [13].
Banish thy fears, urge all thy wit can find,
Suppose me what I am, suppose thyself mankind!"
She spoke, and led me by a private way,
Where a small winding path half-printed lay:
Then, turning short, an avenue we 'spy'd,
Long, smoothly pav'd, magnificently wide.
Dark cypresses the skirting sides adorn'd,
And gloomy yew-trees, which for ever mourn'd:
Whilst on the margin of the beaten road,
Its pallid bloom sick-smelling hen-bane show'd;
Next emblematic rose-mary appear'd,
And lurid hemloc its stain'd stalks up-rear'd,
(God's signature to man in evil hour!—)
Nor were the night-shades wanting, nor the pow'r
Of thorn'd stramonium, nor the sickly flow'r
Of cloying mandrakes; the deceitful root
Of the monk's fraudful cowl [14], and Plinian fruit [15].
Hypericon [16] was there, the herb of war,
Pierc'd thro' with wounds, and seam'd with many a scar:

[11] Job, ch. xxxvii, v. 1.

[12] From Statius.

Stabat anhela metu, solum Natura Tonantem
Respiciens.——— Achill. I. v. 487.

[13] The reason is, that what here happens is a vision, and not a reality.

[14] Napellus; monk's-hood, friar's cowl; the most dangerous sort of aconite.

[15] Amomum Plinii.

[16] St. John's Wort. See Gondibert, L. I, Canto 6. This plant is called by us the herb of war, not merely because its juice is of a bloody colour, but because it is one of the principal

And pale nymphæa [17] with her clay-cold breath;
And poppies, which suborn the sleep of death.
This avenue (mysterious to relate)
Surpris'd me much, and warn'd me of my fate.
Its length at first approach enormous seem'd;
Full half a thousand stadia [18] as I deem'd:
But then the road was smooth and fair to see;
(With such insensible declivity)
That what men thought a tedious course to run,
Was finish'd oft the hour it first begun.
Sudden, arriving at a palace-gate,
I saw a spectre in the portal wait:
An ill-shap'd monster, hideous to be seen;
She seem'd, methought, the mother of the queen [19].
Opening their valves, self-mov'd on either side,
The adamantine doors expanded wide:
When Death commands they close, when Death commands divide.
Then quick we enter'd a magnific hall,
Where groups of trophies over-spread the wall.
In sable scrawls I Nero's name perus'd,
And Herod's, with a sanguine stain suffus'd;
While Numa's name adorn'd a radiant place,
And that of Titus deck'd a milk white space.
"Now," cry'd the Pow'r of Death, "survey me well:
Thy shame, remorse, and disappointment tell;
Why dost thou tremble still, and whence thy dread?
Why shake thy lips, and why thy colour fled?
Speak, vassal, recognize thy sov'reign queen:
Hast thou ne'er seen me? Know'st thou not me, seen?"
"Liege-mistress, whom the greatest kings adore,
I own my homage, and confess thy pow'r.
Alone, that sov'reignty on Earth is thine,
Which justly proves its claim to right divine:
Thine is the old hereditary sway,
Which mortals ought, and mortals must obey.
But empress, thou hast not the form I deem'd:
Velasquez [20] painted lies, and Camoëns [20] dream'd: [grant!)
I thought to meet, (as late as Heav'n might
A skeleton, ferocious, tall, and gaunt;
Whose loose teeth in their naked sockets shook,
And grinn'd terrific, a Sardonian look [21].
I thought, besides, thy right-hand aim'd a dart,
Resistless, to transpierce the human heart,

vulnerary herbs used in making the famous arquebusade-water.—And again, as its leaves are full of little punctures and holes, it is named by Latin writers porosa, and perfoliata: the French call it mille-pertuis, and the Italians, perforata.

[17] Water-lily.

[18] About threescore and ten miles: emblematical of the Psalmist's duration of human life.

[19] Sin.

[20] Two Spaniards, the one a famous painter, and the other a celebrated poet.

[21] According to the antients the herba Sardoä, or apium risûs, (by some supposed to be the water crow-foot) brought on, after being eaten, such horrid convulsions, that the party died grinning, through the extremity of agony.

And that thy likeness of a head sustain'd
A regal crown [22]: but all was false, or feign'd.
"I see thee now, delusive as thou art,
Without one symbol to alarm the heart:
Not ev'n upon thy flowing vest is shown
An emblematic dart, or charnel-bone;
I rather see it, glorious to behold,
With rubies edg'd, and purfled o'er with gold:
Gay annual flow'rs adorn each vacant space,
Of short-liv'd beauty, and uncertain grace.—
Artificer of fraud and deep disguise!
Prompt to perform, ingenious to surprise:
In ev'ry light (as far as man can see
By thy consent) supreme hypocrisy!
Punish thy hopeless captive if he lies.—
Instead of a scalp'd skull, and empty eyes,
Bones without flesh, and (as we all suppose)
Vacuity of lips, and cheeks, and nose,
(So dextrous is thy sorcery and care!)
I see a woman tolerably fair.
"Instead of sable robes and mournful geer
Camelion-like, a thousand garbs you wear,
Nor bear the black and solemn thrice a year;
Drest in gay robes, whose shifting colours show
The varying glories of the show'ry bow, [green,
Glowing with waves of gold; sea-tinctur'd
Rich azure, and the bloomy gridéline [23].
"Thus in appearances you cheat us all,
Plan our disgraces, and contrive our fall;
Something you show, that ev'ry fool may hit,
With mirth you treat, and bait that mirth with wit:
False hopes, the loves and graces of your train,
(Pimps to the great, th' ambitious, and the vain,)
Summon your guests, and in attendance wait;
While you, like eastern queens, conceal'd in state,
O'erlook the whole; th' audacious jest refine,
Smile on the feast [24], and sparkle in the wine.
Arachné thus in ambush'd covert lies;
Wits, atheists, jobbers, statesmen, are the flies.
Doom'd to be lost, they dream of no deceit,
And, fond of ruin, over-look the cheat;
Pride stands for joy, and riches for delight:—
Weak men love weakness, in their own despite;
And, finding in their native funds no ease,
Assume the garb of fools and hope to please.—
Wretches when sick of life for rats-bane call:
'Twere worth our while to give them fool-bane
Since by degrees each mis-conceiving elf [all:
Is ruin'd, not by nature, but himself.
"Too late I see thy fraudful face entire:
One-half half-mimics health; half-means desire;
And, tho' true youth and nature have no part,
Yet paint enlivens it, and wiles, and art;
Colours laid on with a true harlot-grace;
They only show themselves, and hide the face.
The other half is hideous to behold,
Ugly as grandame-apes, and full as old.

[22] Milton's Paradise Lost, L. II, v. 672.

[23] Dryden's Flower and Leaf. "Bright crimson and pure white, sweetly mixed in waves and melting one into the other, make the colour which our ancient poets called gridéline."

[24] In speculis Mors atra sedet, dominique silentis
Adnumerat populos.——
Stat. Theb. L. IV, v. 527.

There time has spent the fury of his course,
And plough'd and harrow'd with repeated force:
One blinking eye with scalding rheum suffus'd,
A leg contracted, and an arm disus'd;
An half-liv'd emblem, fit for man to see;
An hemiplegia of deformity!

"But princess, to thy cunning be it known,
This emblematic side is rarely shown;
Man would start back if wedded to the crone.
Side-long it is your custom to advance,
Show the fair half, and hide the foul, askance;
And, like a vet'ran tempter, cast an eye
Of glancing blandishment in passing by.

By stealing side-ways with a silent pace
Man rarely sees the moral of your face:
And (what's the dang'rous frenzy of the whim)
Concludes, you've no immediate call for him,
Adjourn to this, your necromantic pow'r,
Contracting half an age to half an hour.
Just so the cyphers from the unit fled,
When Malicorn the demon's contract read [25].
The unit in the fore-most column stood,
And the two cyphers were obscur'd with blood [26].

"Two other mistress-arts you make your own;
To Circe and Urganda arts unknown:
When men look on you, and your steps survey,
You seem to glide a-slant another way:
But the first moment they withdraw their eye,
Swift you take wing, and like a vulture fly,
Which snuffs the distant quarry in the wind,
And marks the carcass she is sure to find.—
The next deception is more wond'rous still;
O grand artificer of fraud and ill!
When the sick man up-lifts the sash t' inhale
Th' enlivening breezes of the western gale,
To snatch one glimpse of ease from flow'ry fields,
And (fancying) taste the joy which nature yields;
Far as the landscape's verge admits his view,
He sees a phantom, and concludes it you.
A gleam of courage then relieves his breast,
'Be calm my soul,' he cries, 'and take thy rest [27]:'
When at that moment, dreadful to relate,
(For all but he that ought observe his fate,)
The wife, the son, the friend perceive thee stand
Behind his curtains with uplifted hand,
Thee, real Thee! to drive the deadly dart,
And at one sudden stroke transpierce the heart!"

"Culprit, thou hast thy piteous story told,
As trite as Priam's tale, and twice as old,"
Reply'd the queen: "painters and bards, 'tis true,
Have neither sung me right, nor justly drew:
I am not the gaunt spectre they devise
With chap-fall'n mouth, and with extinguish'd eyes.—
Whether enlighten'd with an heav'nly ray,
Or whether thou hast better guess'd than they,
I say not; yet thus much I must confess,
Thy knowledge is superior, or thy guess.
I own the feign'd retreat, th' oblique advance,
The flight I take unseen, th' illusive glance,
The blandishments of artificial grace,
The sound, the palsy'd limbs, and double face,
All I contend for, (there the question lies,)
Is this; Let men but look thro' wisdom's eyes,
And death ne'er takes them by a false-surprize.

"Did not thy Maker, when he gave thee birth,
Create thee out of perishable earth?
Where hot, and cold, the rough, and lenient fight,
The hard, and soft, the heavy, and the light:
Whilst ev'ry atom fretted to decay
The heterogeneous lump of jarring clay?—
Was not just death entail'd on thee and all,
(Such the decree of Heav'n) in Adam's fall?
The parent-plant receiv'd a taint at root,
Hence the weak branches, hence the sickly fruit.

"Thus with spring's genial balm and sun-shine fed
The annual flouret lifts its tender head,
In summer blooming, and at winter dead;
Nay, if by chance a lasting plant be found,
Whose roots pierce deep th' inhospitable ground;
Whose verdant leaves, (life's common autumn
Bid fair t' out-live the bitter wintry blast, [past)
And green old-age predicts a vernal shoot;—
I lend my hand to pluck both branch and root.—
Man is no more perennial than a flow'r;
Some may live years, some months and some an hour.

"When first thou gav'st the promise of a man,
When th' embryon-speck of entity began,
Was not the plastic atom at a strife,
'Twixt death ambiguous and a twilight life,
Struggling with dubious shade and dubious light,
Like the Moon's orb; whilst nations in affright
Hope for new day, but fear eternal night?

"When motionless the half-form'd fœtus lay,
And doubtful life just gleam'd a glimm'ring ray,
When nature bade the vital tide to roll,
I cloth'd with crust of flesh that gem the soul;
My mortal dart th' immortal stream defil'd,
And the sire's frailties flow'd into the child.
The very milk his pious mother gave,
Turn'd poison, and but nurs'd him for the grave [28].
In ev'ry atom that his frame compos'd
I weak to strong, unsound to sound oppos'd.
Cruel, and proud of a deputed reign,
I ting'd the limpid stream with gloomy pain;
Nor yet contented, in the current threw
Discolour'd sickness of each dismal hue.

[25] D. of Guise, a Tragedy. Dryden.

[26] Malicorn was an astrologer advanced in years, but being ambitious of making a great figure in this world, made over his soul to Satan, upon condition that he enjoyed earthly grandeur for 100 years more. The contract was written, signed and sealed in due form, when lo, at the expiration of one year the evil spirit entered Malicorn's chamber, preceded by thunder and lightning, and demanded him as his forfeit. The astrologer was exceedingly terrified, and, after making many remonstrances, insisted on seeing the original contract; but the cyphers in number 100 were written with evanescent ink, and the figure 1 only remained legible. The moral of this fiction is incomparable. See Act V, Sc. 5.

[27] Luke, ch. xii. v. 13.

[28] "Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death. Thou wast made of an impure substance, and cloathed and nourished in thy mother's blood."
St. August.

Thus from the source which first life's waters gave,
Till their last final home, the ocean-grave,
Infection blends itself in ev'ry wave:
Marasmus, atrophy, the gout, and stone;
Fruits of our parents' folly and our own!
"To live in health and ease you idly feign;
Man's sprightliest days are intermitting pain.
Changing for worse, and never warn'd by ill,
Still the same bait, the same deception still!
Youth has new times for change, and may com-
Age ventures all upon a losing hand. [mand;
The liberty you boast of is a cheat;
Licentiousness lurks under the deceit:
Plenty of means you have, and pow'r to chuse;
Yet still you take the bad, the good refuse.
The freedom of the tempests you enjoy,
Born to o'erturn, and breathing to destroy.
These injure not themselves, the reas'ning elf
Injures alike both others and himself.
Sour'd in his liveliest hours, infirm when strong,
Unsure at safest, and but short when long.
"Hast thou with anxious care and strictest thought
Made that nice estimate of time you ought?
Time, like the precious di'mond, should be weigh'd;
Carats, not pounds, must in the scale be laid.
Know'st thou the value of a year, a day,
An hour, a moment, idly thrown away?
Then had thy life been blessedly employ'd,
And all thy minutes sensibly enjoy'd!
What are they now, and whither are they flown?
Th' immortal pain subsists, the mortal pleasure's gone!
Can'st thou recall them?—Impotent and vain!
Or have they promis'd to return again?
Call (if thou can'st) the winged arrow back,
Which lately cut thro' air its viewless track;
Or bid the cataract ascend its source, [course;
Which pour'd from Alpine heights its furious
Ah no—Time's vanish'd! and you only find
A cold, unsatisfying scent behind!
"Foe to delays, economist of time,
Thrice-happy Titus, virtuous in thy prime!
In whom the noon-day—or the setting Sun
Ne'er saw a work of goodness left undone.—
Old age compounds, or (more provoking yet)
Sends a small gift, when Heav'n expects the debt.
Bring not the leavings of thy faint desires
To him who gives the best, and best requires;
Man mocks his Maker, and derides his law;
Satan has the full ears, and God the straw.
"Behold the wretch, who long has health enjoy'd,
With gold unsated and with pow'r uncloy'd;
Salmoneus like, to fancy'd greatness rais'd,
With slaves surrounded, and by flatt'rers prais'd:
See him against his nature vainly strive,
The busiest, pertest, proudest thing alive!
(As if beyond the patriarchal date
Exceptive mercy had prolong'd his fate.)
When lo! behind the variegated cloud,
Enwrapt in mists, and muffled in a shrowd,
The dissolution of old age comes on,
Gouts, palsies, asthmas, jaundice, and the stone:
An hungry, merciless, insatiate band,
Eager as Croats for Death's last command!
Which still repeat their mercenary strain,
'Lead us, to add the living to the slain.'

"Then mark the worldling, and explore him well:
His grief, his shame, and self-conviction tell:
'Weak were my joys,' (he cries,) 'and short their stay:
Pride mark'd the race, and folly pick'd the way.
Can I revoke my mis-directed pow'r? [hour?
Where's my lost hope, and where the vanish'd
Curst be that greatness which blind fortune lent;
Curst be that wealth which sprung not from content!
Still, still my conscious memory prevails;
And understanding paints where mem'ry fails!'
"Allow me next with confidence to say,
(As safely with the strictest truth I may;)
"Why dost thou, idiot, senselessly complain,
(Fond of more life, and covetous of pain,)
That Death a tyrant, seize thee by surprize?"—
Flames, as she spoke, shot flashing from her eyes.
"Dotard! I gave thee warning ev'ry hour;
Announc'd my presence, and proclaim'd my pow'r.
One only bus'ness in the world was thine,
Born but to die! t' exact the payment mine.
If, atheist-like, you blame the just decree,
Attack thy Maker, but exculpate me!
Mortality's coeval with thy breath;
Life is a chain of links which lead to death.
Sleep—wake—run—creep—alike to death you move; [love.
Death's in thy meat, thy wine, thy sleep, thy
Know'st thou not me, my warnings, and alarms?
Thou, who so oft hast slumber'd in my arms!
For ever seeing, can'st thou nought descry?
Dead ev'ry night, and yet untaught to die!
"How dar'st thou give thy impious murmurs vent,
Thyself a breathing, speaking monument?
No death is sudden to a wretch like thee,
The emblem of his own mortality!
Above, beneath, within thee, and without,
All things fore-show the stroke, and clear the doubt,
The very apoplex, thy swiftest foe,
Forewarns his coming; and approaches slow;
Sudden confusions interrupt thy brain;
Swift thro' thy temples shoots the previous pain;
Suspicion follows, and mis-giving fear.—
Death always speaks, if man would strive to hear.
"Acquit me then of fraudulent surprise:
Leave sophistry to wits; be truly wise;
For, as the cedar falls, it ever lies [29]!
Start not at what we call our latest breath;
The morning of man's real life is death [30]."
So spake the pow'r, Who never felt control.
Fear smote my heart, and conscience stung my soul;
Remorse, vexation, shame, and anger strive.—
I wak'd:—and (to my joy) I wak'd alive.
Never was human transport more sincere;—
And the best men may find instruction here.

[29] Eccles. ch. xi, v. 3.
[30] ——— Steriles transmisimus annos;
Hæc ævi mihi prima dies: hæc limina vitæ
Stat. Sylv. L. IV.

MORAL.

WHO puts off Death, to the last moments driv'n,
Is near the grave, but very far from Heav'n [31].
He who repents, and gains the wish'd reprieve,
Was fit to die, and is more fit to live.
Chuse a good convoy in an hostile course;
Right foresight never makes a danger worse.

THE COURTIER AND PRINCE.

A FABLE.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.
Psalm cxlvi, ℣. 3.

Now behold, thou trusteth upon the staff of a bruised reed—on which if a man lean, it will go through his hand and pierce it: so is Pharaoh, king of Egypt, unto all that trust in him.
2 Kings, ch. xviii, v. 21.

WITH diffidenee, O Muse, awake the string!
Proba [1], herself a Muse, commands to sing:
Divest thyself of thy pretended bays, [lays:
And crown'd with short-liv'd flow'rs present thy
From female archives stol'n, a tale disclose,
Verse tortur'd into rhymes from honest prose.
Short fables may with double grace be told;
So smallest glasses sweetest essence hold.
Antonia somewhere [2] does a tale report,
Of no small use to rising men at court:
(Who seek promotion in the worldly road,
And make their titles and their wealth their god;)
Antonia [3] who the Hermit's Story fram'd [3]:
A tale to prose-men known [4], by verse-men fam'd [5].
A courtier, of the lucky, thriving sort,
Rose like a meteor, and eclips'd the court;
By chance or cunning ev'ry storm outbraves:
Topmost he rode, midst shoals of fools and knaves,
Triumphant, like an eygre [6], o'er the waves:

Casually lucky, fortunately great,
Ten times his planet overcame his fate.
Riches flow'd in; and accidents were kind;
Health join'd her opium to delude the mind [7];
Whilst pride was gratify'd in ev'ry view,
And pow'r had scarce an object to pursue;
Cramm'd to the throat with happiness and ease,
Till nature's self could do no more to please.—
Vain-glorious mortal, to profusion blest!
And almost by prosperity distrest!
Whilst poets, the worst panders of the age,
Hymn'd his no-virtues in each flatt'ring page:
True parasitic plants [8], which only grow
Upon their patron trees, like miscelto:
So pella-mountain on the flax appears,
And thyme, th' epithimy [9], (her bastard) rears
Just so th' agaric from the larix springs,
And fav'rites fatten on perspiring kings.—
More might be said; but this we leave untold,
That better things their proper place may hold.
Our mirror of good luck, whom chance had claim'd
As her own offspring, was Amariel nam'd.
At his first horoscope the goddess smil'd,
And wrapp'd in her own mantle her own child;
Then, as a wit upon th' occasion said,
(Not less a wit, we hope, for being dead,)
"Gave him her blessing, put him in a way,
Set up the farce, and laugh'd at her own play."
Fortune, the mistress of the young and bold,
Espous'd him early, but caress'd him old;
Duteous and faithful as an Indian wife,
She made appearance to be true for life:
And kept her love alive, and like to last,
Beyond the date her Pompey was disgrac'd.
But nothing certain (as the wise man [10] found)
Is to be deem'd on sublunary ground.

[31] A saying of pious Jeremy Taylor.

[1] A Roman young lady of quality and a Christian convert. She afterwards married Adelphus, who was a proconsul in the reign of Honorius and Theodosius junior. She composed an History of the Old and New Testament in verse. Her epitaph on her husband is much admired. Both pieces were printed at Francfort in 1541.

Her name at length was Proba Valeria Falconia.

[2] Traité sur la Pieté solide. Epit. xx, par Madame Antoinette de Bourignon.

[3] Epit. de Bourignon. Partie seconde, Epit. xvii.

[4] Dr. Patrick's Parable of the Pilgrim.

[5] Parnelle's Hermit.

[6] The tenth wave, when rivers are swollen by floods, or agitated by storms, is called in some parts of England an eygre.
See Dryden's Threnod. August.

[7] "Prosperous health and uninterrupted ease are often the occasion of some fatal misfortune. Thus a long peace makes men unguarded, and sometimes unmindful, in matters of war: it being observed, that the most signal overthrow is usually given us, when an unexpected enemy surpriseth us in the deep sleep of peace and security." St. Gregor. the Great.

[8] Parasitical plants, according to the language of botanists, will not grow in the common matrix of the earth, but their seeds, being dispersed by winds, take root in the excrementitious parts of a decayed tree, or arise as an excrescence from the exsudations of some tree or plant. Thus the dodder (cuscuta), formerly called pella-mountain, grows usually on flax; and therefore the Italian peasant calls it podagra di linio.

[9] The Arabians and Italians (imitating the Greek word ἐπιθύμιον) call this adscititious plant efitimo and epithimo; but very few of our English botanists make mention of it. As far as I have hitherto seen, only one of our herbalists has touched upon it, namely, Peter Treveris, who flourished about the reign of Henry VII. He calls it epithimy. For my own part, not caring to invent new words in poetry, I have thought proper to retain the word which he (Treveris) has used, as it is well-sounding, and not inelegant.

[10] Son of Sirach.

Join'd to good fortune, 'twas our courtier's lot
To serve a prince who ne'er his friends forgot:
Humane, discreet, compassionate, and brave;
Not milder when he lov'd, than when forgave.
Gen'rous of promise, punctual in the deed;
Grac'd with more candour than most monarchs need.
A milkiness of blood his heart possess'd;
With grief he punish'd, and with transport bless'd[11].
As noblest metals are most ductile found,
Great souls with mild compassion most abound.
The golden dye with soft complacence takes
Each speaking lineament th' engraver makes,
And wears a faithful image for mankind,
True to the features, truer to the mind:
Whilst stubborn iron (like a barren soil
To lab'ring hinds) eludes the artist's toil;
To ev'ry stroke ungrateful and unjust,
Corrodes itself, or hardens into rust.
Good-nature, in the language from above[12],
Is universal charity and love:
Patient of wrongs, and enemy to strife;
Basis of virtue, and the staff of life!
Whilst av'rice, private censure, public rage,
Are th' old man's hobby-horse, and crutch of age.
Party conducts us to the meanest ends;
Party made Herod and a Pilate friends[13].
Scorn'd be the bard, and banish'd ev'n from schools,
Who first immortaliz'd man-killing fools;
Blockheads in council, bloody in command:
Warriors—not of the head, but of the hand;
True brethren of the iron-pated Suede[14]:
They fight like Ajax, and like Ajax read.
Of all the great and harmless things below,
Only an elephant is truly so.
(Thus writes a wit[15], well known a cent'ry past;
Forgotten now; yet still his fame shall last.)
Kings have their follies; statesmen have their hearts;
arts;
Wealth spoils the great; beauty ensnares our
And wits are doubly dup'd by having parts.
Some have ten times the parts they ought to use;
"A great wit's greatest work is to refuse[16]!"
Never, O bards, the warning voice despise;—
To add is dang'rous, to retrench is wise.
Poets instead of saying what they could,
Must only say the very thing they should.
This mighty ETPHKA reserv'd for few,
Virgil and Boileau, Pope and Dryden knew.
(Thus by the way.) Now, Muse, resume thy course;
There is no wand'rer like the poet's horse:
Who quits the solid road, and well-beat lanes,
(Sick of his track, and punish'd for his pains,)
To mimic galloping on green-swarth plains

So, in the daily work she labours at,
The swallow toils, and rises with a gnat.—
It chanc'd as through his groves our monarch stray'd,
T' enjoy the coolness of a summer-shade,
Wrapt up in virtuous schemes of means and ends,
To reconcile his foes, or bless his friends,
He spy'd a figure, which by shape he knew,
In a lone grotto half conceal'd from view:
Thither the prudent wand'rer had retir'd,
As modesty and well bred sense requir'd:
Studious of manners, fearful to intrude
On precious hours of royal solitude.
"Amariel," cry'd the prince, "I know thee well,
Invelop'd in the umbrage of a cell:
I like thy modesty, with manners fraught;—
But, as my spirits ask a pause from thought,
Walk with thy master, and with him inhale
The cooling freshness of the western gale.
"Amariel," added he, and gently smil'd,
"This grove's my kingdom, and each tree my child:
(Forgive the vanity, which thus compares
My self to Cyrus, and his rural cares[17];)
My ready pencil sketch'd the first design,
These eyes adjusted ev'ry space and line;
These hands have fixt th' inoculated shoots,
Train'd the loose branches, and reform'd the roots.
Happy the monarch of the town and field,
Where vice to laws, and weeds to culture yield!
"My human realms a tenfold care demand;
Reluctant is the staple[18] of the land:
Sour are the juices, churlish is the soil,
Of rule impatient, and averse to toil.
In vain I cherish, and in vain replace; face.
Th' ungrateful branch flies back, and wounds my
Courtiers are like th' hyena, never tame:
No bounties fix them, and no arts reclaim:
Frontless they run the muck[19] through thick and thin;
Not poorer, if they lose;—and they may win.
Patriots of their own int'rest, right or wrong:
Foes to the feeble, flatt'rers to the strong.
Stiff complaisance thro' their best homage spreads, heads.
So turn-soles[20] court the Sun with 'wry-neck'd
True as a dial, when their patrons shine;
But blank, if the said patrons pow'r resign.
Like good sir Martin[21], when he lost his man,
They grieve—and get another as they can.
Yet, (though small real comfort is enjoy'd
Where man the ruler is, and men employ'd,)
Of all my friends and servants, you alone
Have pleas'd me best, and most reliev'd the throne.

[11] "Bountifulness is a most beautiful garden, and mercifulness endureth for ever." Ecclus.

[12] Εὐδοκία. Matth. ch. ii. v. 14.

[13] Luke ch. xxii. v. 12.

[14] Demir-dash, or iron-headed: a name given by the Turks to Charles the XIIth of Sweden.

[15] Dr. Donne's Letters in Prose, 12°, Lond. 1591.

[16] Sir John Birkenhead's epistle to Cartwright, 1668.

[17] Xenophont. Oeconomic. c. iv, &c.

[18] The staple of the soil, in an husbandry-sense, is the upper earth, which lies within the reach of the plough and influence of the atmosphere.

Thus we call wool, with relation to England, a staple commodity.

[19] Dryden's Hind and Panther.

[20] The heliotrope, or Sun-flower, called, by the Italians, orologio dei cortegiani.

[21] Sir Martin Marr-all, in a comedy of Dryden's writing.

Whatever then my bounty can provide;
Whatever by my friendship be supply'd;
As far as faith can bind, or speech can say,
Ask, and I meet thy wishes half the way."
The servant bow'd, and gratitude express'd;
Such gratitude as dwells in courtier's breast:
Pleas'd to the height of transport he retir'd;
His fears were calm'd, and his ambition fir'd.
Unhappy man, in both his objects wrong;
The weak he trusted, and forgot the strong!
Six years were past, when lo, by slow degrees,
A fever did his limbs and spirits seize:
Advancing gently, no alarm it makes, [brakes:)
(Like murd'ring Indians gliding through the
But, having mark'd her sure approaches well,
She storms, and nothing can her force repell.
Instant, a liquid fire inflames the blood,
Whilst spasms impede the self-refining flood:
Petechial spots th' approach of Death proclaim,
Redd'ning like comets with vindictive flame;
Whilst wand'ring talk, and mopings wild, presage
Moon-struck illusion, and conclude in rage.
Inevitable Death alarms the heart:
Nature stands by, and bids her aim the dart.
The sick man, stupify'd with fear and woe,
Had hardly words to speak, or tears to flow;
At length in broken sounds was heard to cry,
"Grant me to see my master, e'er I die."
The master came. "Ah, prince," Amariel said,
"Now keep thy promise, and extend thy aid;
Unfurl my tangled thread of human breath,
And call me back one year, before my death."
The prince (for he was wise, and good withall,)
Stood like a statue mortis'd to the wall:
At length recov'ring from amazement, broke
An awful silence, and thus gravely spoke:
"Amariel, sure thy pangs disturb thy brain:
The boon you ask is blasphemous and vain:
Am I a god, to alter Death's decree?
That's the prerogative of Heav'n, not me."
"Then," cry'd Amariel, with an hasty tone,
"Gain me a week, three days, or gain me one."
"Impossible!" agen the prince reply'd;
"Sure thy disease to madness is ally'd:
Ask me for riches—freely I resign
A third, or half, and bid thee make them thine.
Whate'er the world can human greatness call,
Pow'r, rank, grants, titles, I'll bestow them all.
Then die in peace, or with contentment live,
Nor ask a gift no mortal pow'r can give."
With eyes that flash'd with eagerness and fire
The sick man then propos'd a new desire:
"As Death's dread tyranny has no control,
Can you ensure the safety of my soul?
Anxious and doubtful for my future state,
I read the danger, but I read too late."
The prince stood mute; compassion and amaze
Tore his divided heart ten thousand ways:
And, having rightly weigh'd the sick man's pray'r,
Thus he reply'd in sorrow and despair:
"Salvation of the soul by grace is giv'n;—
Unalienable is the grace of Heav'n.
I tremble at the rash request you make,
Which is not mine to grant, or yours to take."
Amariel then, with disappointment spent,
Turn'd from his prince in mournful discontent,
And, lifting up to Heav'n his hands and eyes,
Thus in a flood of tears obtests the skies:

"Wretch that I am, unworthy of my breath;
Deceiv'd when living, and deceiv'd in death!
Why did I waste my strength, my cares, my fame,
To serve a master—master but in name? [pow'r;
An ethnic idol, for delusion made;
Eyes without sight, protection without aid?
Unable to bestow the good we want,
And ready, what avails us not, to grant!
Deceitful, impotent, unuseful pow'r;
Which can give di'monds, but not give an hour!
At Rimmon's shrine no longer will I bow,
But thus to th' all-pow'rful king address my vow:
"O thou, the only great, and good, and wise,
Ruler of Earth, and monarch of the skies;
Thou, whom th' intents of virtuous actions please; [ease [22]:
Whose laws are freedom, and whose service
Whose mercy waits th' offender to the grave,
Willing to hear; omnipotent to save!
Who ne'er forgot one meritorious deed,
Nor left a servant in the hour of need;
To mercy and to equity inclin'd;
Who mind'st the heart, and tenour of the mind [23].
Forgive my errour, and my life restore;
Thee will I serve alone, and thee adore!
Farewell Earth's deities and idols all;
Moloch and Mammon, Chiun [24], Dagon, Baal:
Whose chemarims [25] tread their fantastic rounds
O'er Aven's [26] plains, and dance to Tyrian sounds.
"Hence, false Astarte [27], who the world suborns,
Life's lambent meteor glist'ring round her horns.
Let Thammuz moan his self-inflicted pain,
And Sidon's stream run purple to the main.
"No star of Remphan [28] shall attract my sight,
Shorn of its beams, and gleaming sickly light:
Malignant orb! which tempts bewilder'd swains
To gulphs, to quicksands, and waste trackless plains!
By thee the false Achitophel was led;
And Haman [29] dy'd aloft, and made a cloud his bed.
"From worldly hopes and false dependance freed,
I'll seek no safety from a splinter'd reed;
Which causes those to fall, who wish to stand;
Or, if it aids the steps, gangrenes the hand [30].
"How vain is all the chymic wealth of pow'r;
Sought for an age, and squander'd in an hour!
Full late we learn, in sickness, pains, and woe,
What in high health 'twas possible to know.
"Two ages may have two Elishas seen;
Groups of Gehazis [31] choke the space between:

[22] Idcireo servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus. Cicero.

[23] Bishop Jer. Taylor.

[24] Chiun, probably from ΚΥΩΝ: Qu. if not Anubis. See also Amos, ch. v, v. 26. 1 Kings, ch. xi. v. 33.

[25] For the chemarims of Baal, see Hosea, ch. x. v. 5, in Marg. 2 Kings, ch. xxiii. v. 5.

[26] Aven. Hosea, ch. x. v. 8. Plains of Aven. Amos, ch. i. v. 5.

[27] Perhaps the same as Astaroth, or Venus the goddess of the Sidonians.

[28] Acts, ch. viii. v. 43.

[29] Esther, ch. vii. v. 9.

[30] Isaiah, ch. xxxvi, v. 6.

[31] 2 Kings, ch. v, v. 20.

Who live unthinking, and obdurate die,
Nor heed their own or children's leprosy[32].
Sin-born and blind! Who change, protest, and swear,
With the same ease they draw the vital air.
Proud of the wit, and heedless of the sin,
They strip, and sell the Christian to the skin[33].
Charms irresistible the dupes behold
In vineyards, farms, and all-compelling gold.
Others (still weaker) set their truth to sale
For a mere sound, and cut off Heav'n's entail:
Whilst he, who never fails his imps, supplies
Prompt treachery, and fresh-created lies.—
Time-servers are at ev'ry man's command
For loaves and fish on Dalmanutha's strand[34]."
He spoke: and, with a flood of tears oppress'd,
Gave anguish vent, and felt a moment's rest.
Heav'n with compassion heard the sick man grieve;
And Hezekiah gain'd the wish'd reprieve[35].
Once more his blood with equal pulses flow'd,
And health's contentment on his visage glow'd.
Places and honours he with joy resign'd;
(Peace-off'rings to procure a tranquil mind[36]!)
Gave all his riches to the sick and poor,
And made one patriarch-farm his only store.
To groves and brooks our new Elijah ran,
Far from the monster world, and traitor man.
Thus he surviv'd the tempest of the day,
And ev'ning-sunshine shot a glorious ray.
Diseases, sickness, disappointments, sorrow,
All lend us comfort, whilst they seem to borrow.
Here I might paint him in a life retir'd,
Ennobled by the virtues he acquir'd;
But the true transports of the wise and good
Are best by implication understood;
Except the Muse with Dryden's strength could soar:—
Me, humble Prudence whispers[37] to give o'er.
A safe retreat; plann'd and perform'd with care,
Stands for a vict'ry in poetic war.
So when the warbling lark has mounted high
With upright flight, and gain'd upon the sky,
Grown giddy, she contracts her flick'ring wings:
Thrids her descending course in spiral rings,
Less'ning her voice; but to the ground she sings;
Resolving, on a more auspicious day,
Higher to mount, and chant a better lay[38].
How few can still their reader's minds engage?—
One Pope is the slow child-birth of one age.
Others write verses, but they write unblest;
Some few good lines stand sponsors for the rest:
They miss wit's depth, and on the surface skim;
(He who seeks pearls, must dive, as well as swim.)
Bad bards, worse critics!—Thus we multiply
Poems and rules, but write no poetry.
Ev'n Pope, like Charlemagne, with all his fire
Made Paladins—but not an host entire[39].
Far as its pow'rs could go, thy genius went:
Good sense still kept thee in thy own extent[40].
Rare wisdom! both t' enjoy and know thy store;—
Most wits, like misers, always covet more.
Leave me, lov'd bard, instructor of my youth,
Leave me the sounds of verse, and voice of truth;
So when Elias dropp'd his mantle, ran
Elisha, and a prophet's life began[41].
Add, that the Muses, nurst in various climes,
Yield diff'rent produce, and at diff'rent times.
Italian plants, in nature's hot-bed plac'd,
Bear fruits in spring, and riot into waste.
French flow'rs less early, (and yet early,) blow;
Their pertness is a green-house from the snow.
Cold northern wits demand a longer date;
Our genius, like our climate, ripens late.
The fancy's solstice is at forty o'er,
The tropic of our judgment sees three-score.
Thus summer codlings yield a poignant draught,
Which frisks the palate, but ne'er warms the thought:
Rough cackagées, (four months behind them cast,)
Take all bad weathers, and through autumn last:
Mellow'd from wild austerity, at length
They taste like nectar, and adopt its strength.

THE ENCHANTED REGION:

OR, MISTAKEN PLEASURES.

The mistress of witchcrafts.
Nahum, ch. iii, v. 4.
Draw near hither, ye sons of the sorceress.
Isaiah, ch. lvii, v. 3.
According to their pasture, so were they filled: they were filled, and their heart was exalted: Therefore they have forgotten me.
Hosea, ch. xiii, v. 6.

[32] Ibid. v. ult.

[33] "They pull off the robe with the garment." Mic. ch. ii, v. 8.

[34] Mark ch. viii, v. 10.

[35] 2 Kings, ch. xx.

[36] Tranquil mind. Shakespeare.

[37] *Me, nulla Calliope, cura leviore ragantem,*
Jam revocat, parvoque jubet decurrere gyro.
Columell. de Hortis, L. 10.

[38] ——————— *nostra fatiscit,*
Laxaturque chelys: vires instigat, alitque;
Tempestiva quies; major post otia virtus.
Sylv. L. 4.

[39] An answer made by Boccace, when it was objected to him, that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest.

[40] Amongst Mr. Pope's great intellectual abilities, good sense was his most distinguishing character: for he knew precisely, and as it were by a sort of intuition, what he had power to do, and what he could not do.

He often used to say, that for ten years together he firmly resisted the importunity of friends and flatterers, when they solicited him to undertake a translation of Virgil after Dryden. Nor did he ever mistake the extent of his talents, but in the following trivial instance; and that was, when he writ his Ode to Music on St. Cecilia's day, induced perhaps by a secret ambition of rivalling the inimitable Dryden. In which case, if he hath not exceeded the original, (for there is always some advantage in writing first) he hath at least surpassed (and perhaps ever will surpass) those that come after him, and attempt to make the same experiment.

[41] 2 Kings, ch. ii,

Empty, illusory life,
Pregnant with fraud, in mischiefs rife [1];
Form'd to ensnare us, and deceive us:
Nahum's enchantress! which beguiles
With all her harlotry of wiles [2]—
First she loves, and then she leaves us!

Erring happiness beguiles
The wretch that strays o'er Circe's isles;
All things smile, and all annoy him;
The rose has thorns, the doves can bite;
Riot is a fatigue till night,
Sleep an opium to destroy him.

Louring in the groves of death
Yew-trees breathe funereal breath,
Brambles and thorns perplex the shade;
Asphaltic waters creep and rest;
Birds, in gaudy plumage drest,
Scream unmeaning through the glade [3].

Earth fallacious herbage [4] yields,
And deep in grass its influence shields;
Acrid juices, scent annoying;—
Corrosive crow-feet choke the plains,
And hemloc strip'd with lurid stains,
And luscious mandrakes, life-destroying.

Gaudy bella-donna [5] blowing,
Or with glossy berries glowing,
Lures th' unwise to tempt their doom:
Love's apple [6] masks the fruit of death;
Sick hen-bane murders with her breath,
Actæa [7] with an harlot's bloom.

One plant [8] alone is wrapt in shade;
Few eyes its privacy invade;
Plant of joy, of life, and health!
More than the fabled lotos fam'd
Which (tasted once) mankind reclaim'd
From parents, country, pow'r, and wealth [9].

On yonder Alp I see it rise,
Aspiring to congenial skies,
But cover'd half with ivy-walls;—
There, where Eusebio [10] rais'd a shrine,
Snatch'd from the gulf by Pow'r Divine,
Where Reiga's tumbling torrent falls [11].

Compar'd with thee, how dimly shows
Poor Anacreon's life-less rose?
What is Homer's plant [12] to thee?—
In vain the Mantuan poet try'd
To paint Amellus' starry [13] pride,
Emblem of wit's futility!

Men saw, alas, and knew not thee,
Mystic evangelic tree!
Thou hadst no charms for paynim-eye,
Till, guided by the lamp of Heav'n,
To chaste Urania pow'r was giv'n
To see, t'admire, and moralize.

All-beauteous flow'r, whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
Ray-like effulgence. Next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfring'd with an empurpled-blue,
And streak'd with young Pomona's green [14].

High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold,)

[1] "Art thou arrived to maturity of life? Look back and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the senseless dissipation of thy infancy!—Look forward and thou shalt behold the insincerity of the world and cares of life, the diseases of thy body and the troubles of thy mind." Amon. Vet.

"In this world death is every-where, grief every-where, and desolation every-where. The world flieth us, and yet we follow it: it falleth, and we adhere to it, and fall with it, and attempt to enjoy it falling."

St. Gregor. Hom.

[2] It is remarked, that birds adorned with rich plumage, as peacocks, parrots, &c. have, generally speaking, unmusical voices.

[3] ——— fallax herba veneni. Virg.

[4] The bella-donna lily, or deadly-shade. (Atropa Linnæi.)

[5] Amomum Plinii.

[6] Actæa; herb Christopher.

[7] The passion-flower.

[8] See Homer's Odyssey, l. IX, v. 94, &c.

[9] The baron De Bottoni.

[10] This alludes to a well-known fact in the dutchy of Carniola, where the present ode was written.

About the year 1675, a nobleman was riding at night upon a road which goes near the edge of the precipice here mentioned. Mistaking his way (and that for a few steps only) his horse stopped short, and refused to go on; upon which the rider, who in all probability was heated with liquor, (otherwise he ought to have known the precipice better, it being not far from his own castle) lost both his temper and prudence, and spurred the horse with great anger; upon which the poor beast took a desperate leap, intending, as was imagined, to have reached another angle of the precipice on the same side which the road lay. The horse fell directly into the torrent, two or three hundred feet beneath, and was hurried away with such rapidity that the body was never found. The nobleman was discovered next day in an opening of the rock, about half way down, where a few bushes grew; and, as the saddle was found not far from him, it was supposed that the horse, by the violence of the effort he made, burst the saddle-girths. The rider lived many years after this wonderful escape, and, out of gratitude to God, erected a beautiful chapel on the edge of the precipice, dedicated (if I mistake not) to St. Anthony of Padua.

I made a drawing of the chapel, precipice, torrent, and nobleman's castle; of which a copy was taken afterwards by the celebrated draftsman Visentini, at Venice, in 1750.

[11] Moly. Homer's Odyssey, l. XI, v. 305.

[12] Aster Atticus, or (purple Italian) star-wort. Georg. IV, v, 271.

[13] Alluding to that particular species of green called by the French pomme-verte, or apple-green.

A radiant cross its form expands;—
Its opening arms appear t' embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuge of all men in all lands!

Grant me, kind Heav'n, in prosp'rous hour
To pluck *this* consecrated flow'r,
And wear it thankful on my breast;
Then shall my steps securely stray,
No pleasures shall pervert my way [14],
No joys seduce, no cares molest.

Like Tobit (when the hand, approv'd
By Heav'n, th' obstructing films remov'd [15])
I now see objects as I ought:
Ambition's [16] hideous; pleasure vain;
Av'rice [16] is but a blockhead's gain,
Possessing all, bestowing nought.

Passions and frauds surround us all,
Their empire is reciprocal:
Shun their blandishments and wiles;
Riches but serve to steel the heart;
Want has its meanness and its art;
Health betrays, and strength beguiles.

In highest stations snares misguide;
Midst solitude they nurture pride,
Breeding vanity in knowledge;
A poison in delicious meat,
Midst wines a fraud, midst mirth a cheat,
In courts, in cabinet, and college.

The toils are fixt, the sportsmen keen:
Abroad unsafe, betray'd within,
Whither, O mortal! art thou flying?
Thy resolutions oft are snares,
Thy doubts, petitions, gifts, and pray'rs;—
Alas, there may be snares in dying!

Deceiving none, by none ensnar'd,
O Paraclete [17], be thou my guard,
Patron of ev'ry just endeavour!
The cross of Christ is man's reward [18]:
No heights obstruct, no depths retard;
Christian joys are joys for ever!

[14] "My heart is a vain and wandering heart, whenever it is led by its own determinations. It is busy to no purpose, and occupied to no end, whenever it is not guided by divine influence: it seeketh rest and findeth none: it agreeth not with itself: it alters resolutions, changeth judgment, frames new thoughts, and suppresses old ones; pulls down every thing, and re-buildeth nothing; in short, it never continueth in the same state."
St. Bernard. Meditat.

"Seest thou the luminary of the greater world in the highest pitch of meridian glory; where it continueth not, but descends in the same proportion as it ascended? Look next and consider if the light of this lower world is more permanent? Continuance is the child of Eternity, and not of Time." Ex. Vet. Ascet.

[15] Tobit, ch. iii, v. 17.

[16] "All vices wax old by age: covetousness (and ambition) alone grow young."
Ex. Vet. Ascet.

"Why are earth and ashes proud? There is not a more wicked thing than a covetous man: for such an one setteth his own soul to sale, because, while he liveth, he casteth away his bowels;" i. e. is a stranger to compassion.
Ecclus. ch. x, v. 9.

EULOGIUS; OR, THE CHARITABLE MASON.

AN HISTORICAL FABLE.

TAKEN FROM THE GREEK OF PAULUS SYLLOGUS, LIB. III.

——— Nos, vilis turba, caducis
Desgrvire bonis, semperque *optare* parati,
Spargimur in casus. Stat. Sylvæ, L. II.

God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.
Dryd. Palam. & Arc.

Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain. Agur's Prayer.
Prov. ch. xxx, v. 8, 9.

INTRODUCTION.

PERMIT me, Stanhope [1], as I form'd thy youth
To classic taste and philosophic truth,
Once more, thy kind attention to engage,
And, dying, leave thee comfort for old-age;
This hist'ry may eternal truths suggest:—
I've seen thee learned, and would leave thee blest!
One grain of piety avails us more
Than Prussia's laurels, or Potosi's store.
How blindly to our misery we run; [done!
Dup'd by false hopes, and by our pray'rs un-
We want, we wish, we change, we change agen;
Yet know not how to ask, nor what, nor when.
Just so, misled by liquor, drunkards stray,
They know they have a road, but miss their way;
Th' existence of their home admits no doubt;
Th' uncertainty—is where to find it out [2].

[17] ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΣ: The Comforter; the Holy Spirit. John, ch. xiv, v. 16—26.

Dryden first introduced the word Paraclete into the English language, in his translation of the Hymn Veni Creator Spiritus: as also in his Britannia Rediviva:

Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend.
But, when his wond'rous octave roll'd again—

[18] Rom. ch. viii, v. 39.

[1] Philip Stanhope, esq. late member of parliament for St. German's in Cornwall, and at present envoy extraordinary to the court of Dresden and the circle of Lower Saxony, &c. The natural son of lord Chesterfield, to whom his celebrated letters were addressed.

[2] Væ temporibus illi quando non deum cognovimus!
August. Soliloq. c. 31.

Zimri ask'd wealth, and wealth o'erturn'd his parts.—
Parents for children pray, which break their hearts.
Contractors, agio-men, for villas sigh;
To day they purchase, and to morrow die.
Six cubic feet of earth are all their lot [3];
Mourn'd with hypocrisy, with ease forgot.
Their Christian-heirs the pagan-rites employ,
And give the fun'ral ilicet with joy.
Lelio [4] would be th' Angelic [5] of a school;
Kneels down a wit, and rises up a fool.
Weak hands affect to hold the statesman's scale;
As well the shrimp might emulate a whale.—
Clamb'ring, with stars averse, to fortune's height
Ambitious Omri rose, and dropp'd down-right—
His paunch too heavy, and his head too light.
Like fall'n Salmoneus, he perceiv'd, at length,
The mean hypocrisy of boasted strength:
To deal like Dennis his vain thunder round,
And imitate inimitable sound.—
Both ways deceitful is the wine of pow'r,
When new, 'tis heady, and, when old, 'tis sour.
Ianthe' pray'd for beauty; luckless maid!—
An idiot mind th' angelic form betray'd.
Nature profusely deck'd the out-side pile,
But starv'd the poor inhabitant the while.
D'Avenant implor'd the Muses for a tongue:
The Muses lent him theirs. He sweetly sung;
And—(but for Milton [6]) had more sweetly [7] swung.
"Learn hence," he cry'd, "*my merry brethren* all [8],
Tyburn's agaric stanches wit, and gall."
Others mount Pegasus, but lose their seat:
And break their necks, before they end the heat.
Libanius try'd the streams of eloquence, sense.
But plummet deep he sunk, unbuoy'd with
Soncinas [9] ask'd the "knack of plotting treason
Against the crown and dignity of reason [10]."

[3] Hic tibi mortis erunt metæ: domus alta sub Ida,
Lyrnessi domus alta:—Solo Laurente sepulcrum.
Virg. Æneid XII.

"A small space of ground after death contains both rich and poor. Nature produceth us all alike, and makes no distinction at death. Open the grave, view the dead bodies; move the ashes, you will find no difference between the patrician and the peasant, except thus far; that by the magnificence of the tomb of the former you may perceive he had much more to resign and lose than the latter."
St. Ambrose.

[4] Late lord B***. [5] Doctor Angelicus.

[6] Milton interceded, and saved D'Avenant, when he was a state-prisoner at Cowes castle in the isle of Wight, anno 1650: D'Avenant, in return, preserved Milton at the Restoration.

[7] Alluding to a passage in Dryden: "A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, bare hanging; but, to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband."
Dedication to Juvenal.

[8] From an old poem.

[9] A Spanish casuist.

[10] Logic: so defined by our venerable poet Francis Quarles, 1638.

By his own art th' artificer was try'd,
And lawyers beat him on the quibbling side.
Now hasten, poet, to begin thy song:
"A tale," says Prior, "ne'er sh uld be too long."
Ill-judging is the bard, who slacks his pace
And seeks for flow'rs, when he should run the race;
Or, wand'ring to enchanted castles, sleeps
On beds of down: or *Cupid's vigils keeps;*
Whilst the *main action is by pleasures crost,*
And the first purport of th' adventure lost.
Great wits may scorn the dry poetic law;
Nor from the critic, but from Nature, draw;
Each seeming trip, and *each digressive start,*
Displays their ease the more, and deep-plann'd art:
(All study'd blandishments t' allure the heart.)
Like Santueil's [11] stream, gliding thro' flow'ry plains,
Th' effects are seen; the source unknown remains.

In ancient times, scarce talk'd of, and less known,
When pious Justin [1] fill'd the eastern throne,
In a small dorp [2] till then for nothing fam'd,
And by the neighb'ring swains Thebais nam'd,
Eulogius liv'd: an humble mason he;
In nothing rich, but virtuous poverty.
From noise and riot he devoutly kept,
Sigh'd with the sick, and with the mourner wept;
Half his earn'd pittance to poor neighbours went:
They had his alms, and he had his content.
Still from his little he could something spare
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.
He gave whilst aught he had, and knew *no* bounds;
The poor man's drachma stood for rich men's pounds.
He learnt with patience, and with meekness taught;
His life was but the comment of his thought.
Hence, ye vain-glorious Shaftesburys, allow
That men had more religion then than now.
Whether they nearer liv'd to the blest times
When man's Redeemer bled for human crimes;
Whether the hermits of the desert fraught
With living practice, by example taught;
Or whether, with transmissive virtues fir'd,
(Which Chrysostoms all-eloquent inspir'd,)
They caught the sacred flame—I spare to say.
Religion's sun still shot an ev'ning ray.
On the south aspect of a sloping hill,
Whose skirts meand'ring Peneus washes still,
Our pious lab'rer pass'd his youthful days
In peace and charity, in pray'r and praise.

[11] Alluding to his famous inscription:

Quæ dat aquas saxo lætet hospita Nympha sub imo;
Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latere velis.
Santol. Poem.

[1] About the year DXXVI.

[2] Dorp, a village, or more properly an hamlet. Dryden.
It is a German word, and adopted by our best writers in the beginning and middle of the last century.

No theatres of oaks around him rise,
Whose roots Earth's centre touch, whose heads the skies:
No stately larch-tree there expands a shade
O'er half a rood [3] of Larisséan glade:
No lofty poplars catch the murm'ring breeze,
Which loit'ring whispers on the cloud-capp'd trees;
Such imag'ry of greatness ill became
A nameless dwelling, and an unknown name!
Instead of forest-monarchs, and their train,
The unambitious rose bedeck'd the plain:
Trifoliate cytisus restrain'd its boughs
For humble sheep to crop, and goats to browze.
On skirting heights thick stood the clust'ring vine,
And here and there the sweet-leav'd eglantine;
One lilac only, with a statelier grace,
Presum'd to claim the oak's and cedar's place,
And, looking round him with a monarch's care,
Spread his exalted boughs to wave in air.
This spot, for dwelling fit, Eulogius chose,
And in a month a decent home-stall rose,
Something, between a cottage and a cell.—
Yet Virtue here could sleep, and Peace could dwell.
From living stone, (but not of Parian rocks)
He chipp'd his pavement, and he squar'd his blocks:
And then, without the aid of neighbours' art,
Perform'd the carpenter's and glazier's part.
The site was neither granted him, nor giv'n;
'Twas Nature's; and the ground-rent due to Heav'n.
Wife he had none: nor had he love to spare;
An aged mother wanted all his care.
They thank'd their Maker for a pittance sent,
Supp'd on a turnip, slept upon content.
Four rooms, above, below, this mansion grac'd,
With white-wash deckt, and river-sand o'er-cast:
The first, (forgive my verse if too diffuse,)
Perform'd the kitchen's and the parlour's use:
The second, better bolted and immur'd,
From wolves his out-door family secur'd:
(For he had twice three kids, besides their dams;
A cow, a spaniel, and two fav'rite lambs:)
A third, with herbs perfum'd, and rushes spread,
Held, for his mother's use, a feather'd bed:
Two moss-matrasses in the fourth were shown;
One for himself, for friends and pilgrims one.
A ground-plot square five hives of bees contains;
Emblems of industry and virtuous gains [4]!
Pilaster'd jas'mines 'twixt the windows grew,
With lavender beneath, and sage and rue.
Pulse of all kinds diffus'd their od'rous pow'rs,
Where Nature pencils butterflies [5] on flow'rs:
Nor were the cole-worts wanting, nor the root
Which after-ages call Hybernian fruit:
There, at a wish, much chamomile was had;
(The conscience of man's stomach good or bad;)
Spoon-wort [6] was there, scorbutics to supply;
And centaury to clear the jaundic'd eye;

[3] See note 12.

[4] Nullus, cum per cœlum licuit, otio periit dies. Plin. Hist. Natural, l. 1.

[5] All leguminous plants are, as the learned say, papilionaceous, or bear butterflied flowers.

[6] Cochlearia. Spoon-wort is the old English word for scurvy-grass.

And that [7], which on the Baptist's vigil sends
To nymphs and swains the vision of their friends:
Else physical and kitchen-plants alone
His skill acknowledge, and his culture own.
Each herb he knew, that works or good or ill,
More learn'd than Mesva [8], half as learn'd as Hill;
For great the man, and useful without doubt,
Who seasons pottage—or expells the gout;
Whose science keeps life in, and keeps death out!
No flesh from market-towns our peasant sought;
He rear'd his frugal meat, but never bought:
A kid sometimes for festivals he slew:
The choicer part was his sick neighbour's due:
Two bacon-flitches made his Sunday's cheer;
Some the poor had, and some out-liv'd the year:
For roots and herbage, (rais'd at hours to spare)
With humble milk, compos'd his usual fare.
(The poor man then was rich, and liv'd with glee;
Each barley-head un-taxt, and day-light free:)
All had a part in all the rest could spare,
The common water [9], and the common air [10].
Mean while God's blessings made Eulogius thrive,
The happiest, most contented man alive,
His conscience cheer'd him with a life well spent,
His prudence a superfluous something lent,
Which made the poor who took, and poor who gave, content.
Alternate were his labours and his rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest,
Such kindness left men nothing to require,
Prevented wishing, and out-ran desire.
He sought, not to prolong poor lives, but save:
And that which others lend, he always gave.
Usury, a canker in fair virtue's rose,
Corrodes, and blasts the blossom e'er it blows:
So fierce, O Lucre, and so keen thy edge:
Thou tak'st the poor man's mill-stones for a pledge [11]!
Eusebius, hermit of a neighb'ring cell,
His brother Christian mark'd, and knew him well:
With zeal un-envying, and with transport fir'd,
Beheld him, prais'd him, lov'd him, and admir'd.
Convinc'd, that noiseless piety might dwell
In secular retreats, and flourish well;
And that Heav'n's king (so great a master He)
Had servants ev'ry where, of each degree.
"All-gracious Pow'r," he cries, "for forty years
I've liv'd an anchorete in pray'rs and tears:

[7] In imitation of Virgil:

"——— Conon, & quis fuit alter
Descripsit radio? &c."

[8] An Arabian physician, well skilled in botany.

[9] Quid prohibietis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est. Ovid. Met.

[10] ——— Et cunctis undamque auramque patentem. Virg. Æn. vii.

But Ovid is still more explicite, Met. I.

——— Campum
Communemque prius, ceu lumina solis, & auræ.

[11] "No man shall take the nether or upper mill-stone to pledge; for he taketh a man's life to pledge." Deut. ch. xxiv, v. 6.

Yon' spring, which bubbles from the mountain's side,
Has all the luxury of thirst supply'd:
The roots of thistles have my hunger fed,
Two roods [12] of cultur'd barley give me bread.
A rock my pillow, and green moss my bed.
The midnight clock attests my fervent pray'rs,
The rising Sun my orisons declares,
The live-long day my aspiration knows,
And with the setting Sun my vespers close.
Thy truth, my hope: thy Providence, my guard:
Thy grace, my strength: thy Heav'n, my last reward!
But, self-devoted from the prime of youth
To life sequester'd, and ascetic truth,
With fasting mortify'd, worn out with tears,
And bent beneath the load of sev'nty years,
I nothing from my industry can gain
To ease the poor man's wants, or sick man's pain:
My garden takes up half my daily care,
And my field asks the minutes I can spare;
While blest Eulogius from his pittance gives
The better half, and in true practice lives.
Heav'n is but cheaply serv'd with words and show,
I want that glorious virtue—to bestow!
True Christianity depends on fact:
Religion is not theory, but act.
Men, seraphs, all, Eulogius' praise proclaim,
Who lends both sight and feet to blind and lame:
Who sooths th' asperity of hunger's sighs,
And dissipates the tear from mournful eyes;
Pilgrims or wand'ring angels entertains;
Like pious Abraham on Mamre's plains.
Ev'n to brute beasts his righteous care extends [13],
He feels their suff'rings, and their wants befriends;
From one small source so many bounties spring,
We lose the peasant, and suppose a king;
A king of Heav'n's own stamp, not vulgar make;
Blessed in giving, and averse to take!
Not such my pow'r! Half-useless doom'd to
Pray'rs and advice are all I have to give: [live,
But all, whate'er my means or strength deny,
The virtues of Eulogius can supply.
Each, in the compass of his pow'r, he serves;
Nor ever from his gen'rous purpose swerves:
Ev'n enemies to his protection run,
Sure of his light, as of the rising Sun.
What pity is it that so great a soul,
An heart so bountiful, should feel control?
Warm in itself, by icy fortune dampt,
And in the effort of exertion crampt;
Beneficent to all men, just, and true:
As Nature bounteous, and impartial too.
Thus sometimes have I seen an angel's mind
In a weak body wretchedly confin'd;
A mind, O Constantine, which from thy throne
Can take no honours, and yet add her own!
"Then hear me, gracious Heav'n, and grant my pray'r;
Make yonder man the fav'rite of thy care:
Nourish the plant with thy celestial dew,
Like manna let it fall, and still be new:
Expand the blossoms of his gen'rous mind,
Till the rich odour reaches half mankind.

[12] Two roods, i. e. half an acre.

[13] "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. ch. xii, v. 10.

Give him Bizantium's wealth, which useless shines,
Sicilian plenty, and the Indian mines;
Instead of Peneus, let Pactolus lave
His garden's precincts with a golden wave;
Then may his soul its free-born range enjoy,
Give deed to will, and ev'ry pow'r employ:
In him the sick a second Luke shall find;
Orphans and widows, to his care consign'd,
Shall bless the father, and the husband kind:
Just steward of the bounty he receiv'd,
And dying poorer than the poor reliev'd!"
So pray'd he, whilst an angel's voice from high
Bade him surcease to importune the sky:
Fate stopp'd his ears in an ill-omen'd day,
And the winds bore the warning sounds away;
Wild indistinction did their place supply;
Half heard, half lost, th' imperfect accents die.
Little foresaw he that th' Almighty Pow'r,
Who feeds the faithful at his chosen hour,
Consults not taste, but wholesomeness of food,
Nor means to please their sense, but do them good.
Great was the miracle, and fitter too,
When draughts from Cherith's brook Elijah drew [14]:
And wing'd purveyors his sharp hunger fed
With frugal scraps of flesh, and maslin bread [15].
On quails the humble prophet's pride might swell,
And high fed lux'ry prompt him to rebell.
Nor dreamt our anchorete, that, if his friend
Should reach, O virtuous Poverty! thy end,
That conscience and religion soon might fly
To some forsaken clime and distant sky.
Ign'rant of happiness, and blind to ruin,
How oft are our petitions our undoing!
Jephtha, with grateful sense of vict'ry fir'd,
Made a rash vow, and thought the vow inspir'd:
In piety the first, his daughter ran,
To hail with duteous voice the conq'ring man:
Well meaning, but unconscious of her doom,
She sought a blessing, and she found a tomb [16]!

[14] 1 Kings, ch. xvii, v. 4, &c.

[15] Maslin bread, i. e. miscellane, or miscellaneous bread, an ancient English word, given to a plain sort of household bread. When people in a middling station used it, they generally mixed two gallons of oats and rye with six gallons of wheat. The poorer people mixed in equal quantities wheat, barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, pulse, &c. But such is the luxury of the present age (even amongst the poor) that not only the thing but the very name is forgotten; and a preference given to a whiter, but more unwholesome sort of bread, if alum enters into the composition; which, indeed, cannot be concealed.

One of the first cares of a prime-minister (who ought also to be considered as proveditor-general of a kingdom) is to see the people supplied with bread, of an wholesome nature, at as reasonable a price as possible.

Hence the great Gustavus used to say, "That it required more talents to feed a large army in the field, upon easy terms, in times of war; than to conduct the fighting part."

[16] Judges, ch. xi, v. 31.

The Pow'r Supreme, (my author so declares)
Heard with concern the erring hermit's pray'rs;
Heard disapproving; but at length inclin'd
To give a living lesson to mankind;
That men thence-forward should submissive live;
And leave omniscience the free pow'r to give.—
For wealth or poverty, on man bestow'd,
Alike are blessings from the hand of God!
How often is the soul ensnar'd by health?
How poor in virtue is the man of wealth.
The hermit's pray'r permitted, not approv'd;
Soon in an higher sphere Eulogius mov'd:
Each sluice of affluent fortune open'd soon,
And wealth flow'd in at morning, night, and noon.

One day, in turning some uncultur'd ground,
(In hopes a free-stone quarry might be found)
His mattock met resistance, and behold
A casket burst, with di'monds fill'd and gold.
He cramm'd his pockets with the precious store,
And ev'ry night review'd it o'er and o'er;
Till a gay conscious pride, unknown as yet,
Touch'd a vain heart, and taught it to forget:
And, what still more his stagg'ring virtue try'd,
His mother, tut'ress of that virtue, dy'd.

A neighb'ring matron, not unknown to fame,
(Historians give her Teraminta's name,)
The parent of the needy and distress'd,
With large demesnes and well-sav'd treasure blest;
(For like th' Egyptian prince [17] she hoarded store
To feed at periodic dearths the poor;)
This matron, whiten'd with good works and age,
Approach'd the sabbath of her pilgrimage;
Her spirit to himself th' Almighty drew;—
Breath'd on th' alembic, and exhal'd the dew.
In souls prepar'd, the passage is a breath
From time t'eternity, from life to death [18].
But first, to make the poor her future care,
She left the good Eulogius for her heir.

Who but Eulogius now exults for joy?
New thoughts, new hopes, new views his mind employ.
Pride push'd forth buds at ev'ry branching shoot,
And virtue shrunk almost beneath the root.
High-rais'd on fortune's hill, new Alps he spies,
O'ershoots the valley which beneath him lies,
Forgets the depths between, and travels with his eyes.

The tempter saw the danger in a trice,
(For the man slidder'd upon fortune's ice:)
And, having found a corpse half-dead, half-warm,
Reviv'd it, and assum'd a courtier's form:
Swift to Thebaïs urg'd his airy flight;
And measur'd half the globe in half a night.
With flowing manners exquisitely feign'd,
And accent soft, he soon admission gain'd:
Survey'd each out-work well, and mark'd apart
Each winding avenue that reach'd the heart;
Displaying, like th' illusive fiend of old,
Thrones deckt with gems, and realms of living gold [19].
Bad spirits oft intrude upon the good;
Adonis' grot near Christ's presepio stood [20].

Th' artificer of fraud, (tho' here he fail'd,)
Straight chang'd approaches, and the ear assail'd;
This only chink accessible he finds;
For flatt'ry's oil pervades ev'n virtuous minds.
Virtue, like towns well-fortify'd by art,
Has (spite of fore-sight) one deficient part.
With lenient artifice, and fluent tongue,
(For on his lips the dews of Hybla hung,)
Libanius like [21], he play'd the sophist's part,
And by soft marches stole upon the heart:
Maintain'd that station, gave new birth to sense,
And call'd forth manners, courage, eloquence:
Then touch'd with sprightly dashes here and there,
(Correctly strong, yet seeming void of care,)
The master-topic, which may most men move,
The charms of beauty and the joys of love!
Eulogius faulter'd at the first alarms,
And soon the 'waken'd passions buzz'd to arms;
Nature the clam'rous bell of discord rung,
And vices from dark caverns swift up-sprung:
So, when Hell's monarch did his summons make,
The slumb'ring demons started from the lake.

Eulogius saw with pride, or seem'd to see,
(Not yet in act, but in the pow'r to be,)
Great merit lurking dormant in his mind:
He had been negligent—but Nature kind:
Till by degrees the vain, deluded elf,
Grew out of humour with his former self.
He thought his cottage small, and built in haste;
It had convenience but it wanted taste.
His mien was awkward; graces he had none;
Provincial were his notions and his tone;
His manners emblems of his own rough stone.

Then, slavish copyist of his copying friend,
He ap'd him without skill, and without end:
Larissa's gutturals convuls'd his throat;
He smooth'd his voice to the Bizántine note,
With courtly suppleness unfurl'd his face;
Or screw'd it to the bonne mine of grimace;
With dignity he sneez'd, and cough'd with grace.
The *pious mason once*, had time no more
To mark the wants and mis'ry of the poor!
Suspicious thoughts his pensive mind employ,
A sullen gratitude, and clouded joy.
In days of poverty his heart was light;
He sung his hymns at morning, noon, and night.
Want sharpens poesy, and grief adorns;
The spink [22] chants sweetest in a hedge of thorns [23].

[17] Gen. ch. xli, v. 35, &c.

[18] "The time in which we now live is borrowed from the space of our existence: what is past is dead and vanished; what remaineth is daily made less and less; insomuch that the whole time of our life is nothing but a passage to death."
St. August. de Civitat. Dei, X.

[19] Matth. ch. v, v. 8.

[20] See Sandys's Travels into the Holy Land, folio, p. 138.
Presepio is an Italian word, taken from the Latin, and signifies a stable or manger. It is now become a term of art, and denotes any picture, drawing, or print, where Christ is represented as born in a stable or lying in the manger.

[21] A famous Greek rhetorician in the fourth century, whose orations are still extant.

[22] Spink, the old poetical name for finches of every sort. See Country Farm, by Surflet and Markham, folio, printed in 1616.

[23] Sic Orig.

Tir'd of an house too little for his pride,
Tir'd of himself, and country friends beside,
He sometimes thought to build a mansion, fit
For state, and people it with men of wit;
Knowing (by fame) small poets, small musicians,
Small painters, and still smaller politicians;
Nor was the fee of ten-score minæ wanting,
To purchase taste in building and in planting.
A critic too he was, and rul'd the stage;
The fashionable judgment [24] of his age:
When Crito once a panegyric show'd,
He beat him with the staff [25] of his own ode.
"Ah, what!" (he cry'd,) "are Pindar's flights to me?
I love soft home-made sing-song, duty free.
Write me the style that lords and ladies speak;
Or give me pastorals in Doric Greek:
I read not for instruction, but for ease;
The opium of the pen is sure to please;
Where limpid streams are clear, and sun-shine bright;
Where woos and coos, and loves and doves unite:
Where simply married epithets are seen,
With gentle Hyphen keeping peace between.
Whipt cream; unfortify'd with wine or sense!
Froth'd by the slatten-muse, Indifference;
And deck'd (as after-ages more shall see)
With poor hedge-flow'rs, y-clept Simplicity!
Pert, and yet dull; tawdry and mean withall;
Fools for the future will it Nature call."
He learnt his whims, and high-flown notions too,
Such as fine men adopt, and fine men rue;
(Meer singularity the point in view.)
Julian with him was statesman, bard, and wit;
Julian, who ten times miss'd, and one time hit;
Who reason'd blindly, and more blindly writ.
Julian, who lov'd each sober mind to shock;—
Who laugh'd at God, and offer'd to a cock.
He learn'd no small regard for Arius too:
And hinted what—nor he, nor Arius knew.
But most (as did his pregnant parts become)
He lov'd th' old pageantry of Pagan Rome.
Pompous idolatry with him was fashion;
Nay, he once dream'd of transubstantiation.—
Now, Muse, return, and tread thy course again;
I only tell the story of a swain.
Pirasmus (for that name the demon bore
Who nurs'd our spark in fashionable lore)
Lik'd well this way-ward vanity of mind,
But thought a country-stage a niche confin'd;
Too cold for lux'ry, nor to folly kind:
Bizantium's hot-bed better serv'd his use,
The soil less stubborn, and more rank the juice.
"My lord," he cries, (with looks and tone compos'd,
Whilst he the mischief of his soul disclos'd)
"Forgive me, if that title I afford
To one, whom nature meant to be a lord;
How ill mean neighbourhood your genius suits?
To live like Adam 'midst an herd of brutes!
Leave the meer country to meer country-swains;
And dwell where life in all life's glory reigns.
"At six hours' distance from Bizantium's walls,
(Where Bosphorus into the Euxine falls)
In a gay district, call'd th' Elysian Vale [26],
A furnish'd villa stands, propos'd for sale:
Thither, for summer shade, the great resort;
Each nymph a goddess, and each house a court:
Be master of the happier Lares there,
And taste life's grandeur in a rural air."
He spoke. Eulogius readily agreed,
And sign'd with eager joy the purchase-deed.
Div'd in the Theban vales an home-spun swain,
And rose a tawdry fop in Asia's plain.
Dame Nature gave him comeliness and health,
And Fortune (for a pass-port) gave him wealth.
The beaux extoll'd him, the coquets approv'd;
For a rich coxcomb is by instinct lov'd.
Swift Atalanta (as the story's told [27])
Felt her feet bird-lim'd to the earth with gold:
The youth [28] had wealth, with no unpleasing face;
That, and the golden apples, won the race:
Had he been swifter than the swiftest wind,
And a poor wit,—he still had sigh'd behind.—
Here Satin vanish'd:—he had fresh commands—
And knew, his pupil was in able hands.
And now the treasure found, and matron's store,
Sought other objects than the tatter'd poor,
Part to humiliated Apicius went,
A part to gaming confessors was lent,
And part, O virtuous Thais, paid thy rent!
Poor folks have leisure hours to fast and pray,
Our rich man's bus'ness lay another way:
No farther intercourse with Heav'n had he,
But left good works to men of low degree:
Warm as himself pronounc'd each ragged man,
And bade distress to prosper as it can:
Till, grown obdurate by meer dint of time,
He deem'd all poor men rogues, and want a crime [29].
By chance he ancient amities forgot,
Or else expung'd them with one wilful blot:
Nor knew he God nor man, nor faith nor friends,
But for by-purposes and worldly ends.
No single circumstance his mind dismay'd,
But his low extract, and once humble trade;
These thoughts he strove to bury in expense,
Rich meat, rich wines, and vain magnificence:
Weak as the Roman chief, who strove to hide
His father's cot, (and once his father's pride,)

[24] Critics in the reign of Charles II. called themselves judgments. Hence Dryden says,

—— A brother-judgment spare,
He is, like you, a very wolf, or bear.

[25] Staff, i. e. Stanza. See Shakespeare, Cowley, and Dryden's Rival Ladies, Act I, sc. 2.

[26] Sic Orig.

[27] Ovid. Met. l. x, v. 666.

[28] Hippomenes.

[29] "Why dost thou doat on the image of a king stamped on coin, and despisest the image of God that shines in human nature?"
St. August.
Minutius Felix addresses himself very pathetically to great and opulent men devoid of charity and alms-giving:
"A man," says he, "asks bread of you.—Whilst your horses champ upon bridles whose bits are gilt with gold, the people die with hunger:—whereas one of your diamonds might save the lives of an hundred families."

By casing a low shed of rural mould
With marble walls, and roof adorn'd with gold[30].
Who but Eulogius now is prais'd and known,
The very ignis fatuus of the town?
Our ready scholar in a single year
Could lie, forget, swear, flatter, and forswear[31].
Rough to the tim'rous, timid with the brave,
'Midst wits a witling, and with knaves a knave.
Fame, not contented with her broad high way,
Delights, for change, thro' private paths to stray;
And, wand'ring to the hermit's distant cell,
Vouchsaf'd Eulogius' history to tell.
At night a dream confirm'd the hermit more;
He started, scream'd, and sweat from ev'ry pore.
He dream'd that on his throne th' Almighty sate
In th' awful valley of Jehoshaphat[32],
Where, underneath a spreading cedar's shade,
He 'spy'd his friend on beds of roses laid;
Round him a crowd of threat'ning furies stands,
With instruments of vengeance in their hands.
The judge supreme soon cast a stedfast eye,
(Stern, yet attemper'd with benignity,)
On the rash hermit; who with impious pray'r,
Had been the sponsor of another's care.
"Wretch, thou art lost in part, and in the whole!
Is this the mortgage for thy brother's soul?"
An apoplex of dread Eusebius shook:
Despairing Judas glar'd in all his look,
Trembling he fell before th' Almighty throne;
Importunate as Abraham[33] t'attone
For others' crimes: "O Pow'r Supreme," said he, [see:
"Grant me, once more, th' ungrateful wretch to
Suspend thy doom till then: on Christian ground
No graceless monster, like my friend, is found."
He spoke, and wak'd aghast: he tore his hair,
And rent his sack-cloth garments in despair;
Walk'd to Constantinople, and inquir'd
Of all he met; at length the house desir'd
By chance he found, but no admission gain'd;
A Thracian slave the porter's place maintain'd,
(Sworn foe to thread-bare suppliants,) and with pride
His master's presence, nay, his name, deny'd.
There walk'd Eusebius at the dawn of light,
There walk'd at noon, and there he walk'd at night,
In vain.—At length, by Providence's care,
He found the door unclos'd, nor servants near.
He enter'd, and thro' sev'ral rooms of state
Pass'd gently; in the last Eulogius sate.
"Old man, good morrow," the gay courtier cry'd;
"God give you grace, my son," the sire reply'd;
And then, in terms as moving and as strong,
As clear, as ever fell from angel's tongue,
Besought, reprov'd, exhorted, and condemn'd:—
Eulogius knew him, and tho' known, contemn'd.
The hermit then assum'd a bolder tone;
His rage was kindled, and his patience gone.
"Without respect to titles or to place,
I call thee" (adds he) "miscreant to thy face.
My pray'rs drew down Heav'n's bounty on thy head,
And in an evil hour my wishes sped.
Ingratitude's black curse thy steps attend,
Monster to God, and faithless to thy friend!"
With all the rage of an insulted man
The courtier call'd his slaves, who swiftly ran;
"Androtion, Geta, seize this aged fool,
See him well-scourg'd, and send him back to school.
Teach the old chronicle, in future times
To bear no mem'ry but of poor rogues' crimes."
The hermit took the chastisement, and went
Back to Thebaïs full of discontent;
Saw his once impious rashness more and more,
And, victim to convinc'd contrition, bore
With Christian thankfulness the marks he wore.
And then on bended knees with tears and sighs
He thus invok'd the Ruler of the skies:
"My late request, All-gracious Pow'r, forgive!
And—that yon miscreant may repent, and live,
Give him that poverty which suits him best,
And leave disgrace and grief to work the rest."
So pray'd the hermit, and with reason pray'd.
Some plants the sun-shine ask, and some the shade. [bloom
At night the nure-trees spread, but check their
At morn, and lose their verdure and perfume.
The virtues of most men will only blow,
Like coy auriculas, in Alpine snow[33];
Transplant them to the equinoctial line,
Their vigour sickens, and their tints decline.—
Heav'n to its predilected children grants
The middle space 'twixt opulence and wants.
Meanwhile Eulogius, un-abash'd and gay,
Pursu'd his courtly track without dismay:
Remorse was hood-wink'd, conscience charm'd away.
Reason the felon of herself was made,
And Nature's substance hid by Nature's shade!
Our fine man, now completed, quickly found
Congenial friends in Asiatic ground.
Th' advent'rous pilot in a single year
Learn'd his state-cock-boat dextrously to steer;
Versatile, and sharp-piercing like a screw,
Made good th' old passage, and still forc'd a new:
For, just as int'rest whiffled on his mind,
He Anatolians left, or Thracians join'd;
Caught ev'ry breeze, and sail'd with ev'ry tide;
But still was mindful of the lee-ward side:
Still mark'd the pinnacle of fortune's height,
And bark'd—to be made turn-spit of the state.
By other arts he learns the knack to thrive;
The most obsequious parasite alive:
Camelion of the court, and country too:
Pays Cesar's tax, but gives the mob their due;
And makes it, in his conscience, the same thing
To crown a tribune, or behead a king:

[30] Sic Orig.

[31] "Those who are accustomed to swear often may sometimes by chance happen to forswear: as he that indulges his tongue in talking frequently speaks that which he blushes for in silence." St. Chrysost.

Again, St. Jerom adds, "Let thy tongue be a stranger to lying and swearing; on the contrary, let the love of truth be so strongly in thee, that thou countest whatever thou sayest to be sealed with an oath."

[32] Joel, ch. iii, v. 12.

[33] Gen. ch. xviii, v. 23—33.

[33] This flower was discovered under the snow, at the feet of some ice-mountains amongst the Alps.

All things to all men;—and (himself to please)
Assimulates [34] each colour which he sees.
If patriots pay him, willow-wreaths he bears,
And coats of filamotte [35] complexion wears;
If statesmen pay him better, a fresh hue
Brightens his garb; more brilliant as more new;
Court-turquoise, and indelible of blue.
Thus weather-cocks by ev'ry wind are blown,
And int'rest oils a motion, not their own. [call,
How strangely crowds misplace things, and mis-
Madness in one is liberty in all!

On less important days, he pass'd his time
In virtuoso-ship, and crambo-rhyme:
In gaming, jobbing, fiddling, painting, drinking,
And ev'ry art of using time, but thinking.
He gives the dinners of each up-start man,
As costly, and luxurious, as he can;
Then weds an heiress of suburbian mould,
Ugly as apes; but well endow'd with gold;
There Fortune gave him his full dose of strife,
A scolding woman, and a jealous wife!

T' increase this load, some sycophant-report
Destroy'd his int'rest and good grace at court.
At this one stroke the man look'd dead in law:
His flatt'rers scamper, and his friends withdraw [36].
Some men (as *Holy Writ* fortelleth right)
Have one ways entrance, but have sev'n ways flight [37].

"I never lik'd the wretch," says one: another
Opines [38] in the same language with his brother:
A third, with mystic shrug and winking eye,
Suspects him for a dervise and a spy.
"Pray, sir, the crime?"—The monarch frown'd
—no more,
The fellow's guilty, and his bus'ness o'er [39].

And now (to shorten my disast'rous tale)
Storms of affronts pour'd in as thick as hail.
Each scheme for safety mischievously sped,
And the drawn sword hung o'er him by a thread.

[34] Protinus assimulat tetigit quoseunque colores. Ovid. Met. XV. v. 411.

[35] Filamotte (Dryden) is that "clouded mixture of crimson, yellow, and umber-colours, which are seen in the beginning of *winter* on a falling leaf." Filamotte, quasi feüeille morte. Thus Isabella-colour denotes a certain grave colour worn by the infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, arch-dutchess of Austria, &c. 1625. For gride-line, see the Vision of *Death*, page 373, note 23.

[36] "A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity." Eccles. ch. xii.

[37] Deut. ch. xxviii, v. 7.

[38] Opines, i. e. gives his opinion. Mr. Pope, from the French.

[39] ——Nunquam, si quid *mihi* credis, amavi
Hunccе hominem. Sed quo cecidit sub crimine! Quisquam
Delator? Quibus indiciis, quo teste probavit? [venit
Nil horum. Verbosa, et grandis epistola
A Capreis. Bene habet, nil plus interrogo.——
Juven. Sat. X, v. 68.

To such sort of worldly connexions may be applied the golden saying of St. Chrysostom, "meum and tuum are almost incompatible words." Orat. in Philagon.

Child he had none. His wife with sorrow dy'd;
Few women can survive the loss of pride.

Meanwhile the demon, who was absent far,
(Engag'd in no less work than civil war)
Perceiv'd th' approaching wreck; and, in a trice
Appearing, gave both comfort and advice.

"Great geniuses," he cry'd, "must ne'er despair;
The wise and brave usurp on Fortune's care!
The un-exhausted funds of human wit
Oft miss one object, and another hit;
The man of courts who trusts to one poor bole,
Is a low foolish fool [40], and has no soul:
Disgraces my respected patronage: [age [41];
And, gaining Heav'n, becomes the jest of th'
Court-loyalty is a precarious thing: [king;
When the king's trump, time-servers serve the
But, when he's out of luck, they shift their sail,
And popularity's the fav'rite gale:
Vain popularity! which fancy shrouds,
Like Juno's shade, in party-colour'd clouds.
Each man will go a mile to see you crown'd
With civic wreaths, till Earth and skies resound;
And each man will go two to see you drown'd.

"Whoever hopes in dang'rous times to rise,
Must learn to shoot swift Fortune as she flies:
Capricious phantom! never at a stay;
Just seen, and lost; when nearest, far away!
But, to be brief; (and mark my judgment well)
Your fortunes totter'd, when old Justin fell;
His successor [42], as you and all men know,
Is kind, when friend; and un-appeas'd, when foe;
Some sly court-vermin, wriggling in his ear,
Has whisper'd, what predicts your ruin near:
Then cast thy die of fortune all at once;
Learn to be any thing but dupe or dunce.
Fortune assists the brave. Plunge boldly in;
T' attempt, and fail, is a poor sneaking sin.
Hypatius (with pretensions not the worst)
Affects the throne: be thou to join the first:
'Tis not a crime too worldly wise to be;—
Or (if it is) discharge the crime on me."

Thus weak Eulogius, by false greatness aw'd,
Listen'd—unto th' artificer of fraud: [throne:
The doctrine came not from th' all-righteous
When Satan tells a lie, 'tis all his own [43].

He spoke, and vanish'd. Swift Eulogius fled,
And to the emulous of empire sped.

[40] "A fool in his folly."
Prov. of Solom. ch. xvii, v. 12.

[41] The son of Sirach, in opposition to these false and dangerous notions, justly remarks: "Observe the opportunity, and beware of evil: be not ashamed when it concerneth thy soul."
Eccles. ch. iv, v. 20.

Isaiah's advice is very noble: "Fear not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings: for the moth shall eat them up as a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool; but my salvation shall be for ever."
Ch. li, v. 7, 8.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you. Why shouldst thou be afraid of a man that shall die, and forgetteth the Lord thy Maker, who stretched forth the Heavens?" Ibid. v. 12, 13.

[42] Justinian.

[43] John, ch. viii, v. 44.

Here, were it not too long, I might declare
The motives and successes of the war,
The prowess of the knights, their martial deeds,
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats [44] and [their steeds:
Till Belisarius at a single blow
Suppress'd the faction and repell'd the foe.
By a quick death the traitors he reliev'd;
Condemn'd, if taken; famish'd, if repriev'd.
Now see Eulogius (who had all betray'd
Whate'er he knew) in loathsome dungeon laid:
A pris'ner, first of war, and then of state:
Rebel and traitor ask a double fate!
But good Justinian, whose exalted mind
(In spite of what Pirasmus urg'd) inclin'd
To mercy, soon the forfeit-life forgave,
And freed it from the shackles of a slave.
Then spoke with mild, but in majestic strain,
"Repent and haste thee to Larissa's plain,
Or wander thro' the world, another Cain.
Thy lands and goods shall be the poor man's lot,
Or feed the orphans you've so long forgot."
Forsaken, helpless, recognised by none,
Proscrib'd Eulogius left th' unprosp'rous town:
For succour at a thousand doors he knock'd;
Each heart was harden'd, and each door was [lock'd;
A pilgrim's staff he bore, of humble thorn;
Pervious to winds his coat, and sadly torn:
Shoes he had none: a beggar gave a pair,
Who saw feet poorer than his own, and bare.
He drank the stream, on dew-berries he fed,
And wildings harsh supply'd the place of bread;
Thus homeward urg'd his solitary way;
(Four years had he been absent to a day.)
Fame thro' Thebais his arrival spread,
Half his old friends reproach'd him, and half
Of help and common countenance bereft, [fled:
No creature own'd him, but a dog he left.
Compunction touch'd his soul, and, wiser made
By bitter suff'rings, he resum'd his trade:
Thank'd Heav'n for want of pow'r and want of [pelf,
That he had lost the world, and found himself.
Conscience and charity reviv'd their part,
And true humility enrich'd the heart,
While grace celestial with enliv'ning ray
Beam'd forth, to gild the ev'ning of his day.
His neighbours mark'd the change, and each [man strove
By slow degrees t' applaud him, and to love.
So Peter, when his tim'rous guilt was o'er,
Emerg'd, and stood twice firmer than before [45].
Eusebius, who had long in silence mourn'd,
Rejoic'd to hear the prodigal return'd;
And with the eagerness of feeble age
Made haste t' express his joy, and griefs assuage.
"My son," he cry'd, "once more contem-[plate me:
Behold th' unhappy wretch that ruin'd thee;
My ill-judg'd pray'rs (in luckless moments sped)
Brought down the curse of riches on thy head.
No language can express one single part
Of what I felt, and what still racks my heart.

[44] Surcoat, an upper garment of defence. Dryden.

[45] See Luke, ch. xxii, v. 55—62.
"Peter stood more firmly, after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell." St. Ambrose.

Vainly I thought, that, to increase thy store,
Was to increase Heav'n's manna for the poor.
Man's virtue cannot go beyond its length;
God's gifts are still proportioned to our strength.
The scripture-widow [46] gives her well-sav'd mite
With affluent joy, nor fears to suffer by't:
Whilst Dives' heaps (the barter of his soul)
Lie bury'd in some base inglorious hole,
Or on the wings of pomp and lux'ry fly,
Accurst by Heav'n, and dead to charity [47]!
The charitable few are chiefly they
Whom Fortune places in the middle way [48];
Just rich enough, with economic care,
To save a pittance, and a pittance spare:
Just poor enough to feel the poor man's moan,
Or share those suff'rings which may prove their [own!—
Great riches, with insinuating art,
Debase the man, and petrify the heart.
Let the false friend, like Satan, be withstood,
Who wishes us more wealth—to do more good!
To this great trial some are equal found;
Most in th' unnavigable stream are drown'd [49]."
He spoke: and, with a flood of tears opprest,
Left his Eulogius to divine the rest.
"Father," he cry'd, (and with complacence [smil'd) [child.
"Heav'n's trials have at length reclaim'd its
Omniscience only can our wants fore-know,
And All-beneficence will best bestow.
Some few God's bounty on the poor employ:
There are—whom to promote, is to destroy!
Rough, thorny, barren, is pale virtue's road;
And poisons are true cures when giv'n by God.
Spontaneous I resign, with full accord,
The empty nothings wealth and pow'r afford;
My mind's my all, by Heav'n's free grace re-[stor'd.
O Pow'r Supreme! unsearchable thy views!
Omniscient, or to give, or to refuse!
Grant me, as I begun, to end my days
In acts of humble charity and praise;
In thy own paths my journey let me run,
And, as in Heav'n, on Earth thy will be done!"

[46] Luke, ch. xxi, v. 2. 2 Cor. ch. viii, v. 12.

[47] "God is not honoured with our expending that money which is bedewed with the tears of the oppressed. St. Chrysost.

[48] The truly charitable man, (who happens to be neither rich nor poor) is well painted by an ancient classic. I quote the verses, because I never saw them quoted:

——————— Cujus
Nou frontem vertêre minæ; sed candida semper
Gaudia, & in vultu curarum ignara voluptas.
Non tibi sepositas infelix strangulat arca
Divitias; avidève animum dispendia torquent
Fœnoris expositi census; sed docta fruendi
Temperies, &c.

[49] Hugo, in his excellent treatise De Anima, makes the following remark upon greatness and ambition:
"The human heart is a small thing, and yet desireth great matters. It is barely sufficient for a kite's dinner, and yet the whole world sufficeth it not."

Thus he maintain'd Almighty Wisdom's cause.
The Sun shone forth—The hermit pleas'd withdraws—
And Nature wore an aspect of applause.

MACARIUS; OR, THE CONFESSOR.

Da vocem magno, Pater, ingeniumque dolori.
Stat. Epiced. Patris.

AN EPISTLE TO THE REV. DR. ROBERT HORT, CANON OF WINDSOR.

All sober poets with thy bard[1] agree,
Who sung, "That truth was truest poetry."—
Alike to me, and the deceas'd, a friend;
O Hort, to these my pious strains attend.
Thou know'st the man; and thy good sense is such,
I dare not say too little or too much.—
Under his eye the self same views combin'd
Our studies, and one horoscope conjoin'd.
He check'd th' impatient wand'rings of our youth,
And grafted on our fancy facts and truth.
Together we amus'd our youthful prime,
Days seem'd but hours, and time improv'd on time:
Mindless of cares, (and how they pass'd or came)
Our sports, our labours, and our rest the same[2].
See'st thou yon yews, by pensive nature made
For tears, and grief, and melancholy shade;
Wide o'er the church they spread an awful light,
Than day more serious, half-compos'd as night,
(There, where the winding Kennet gently laves
Britannia's Lombardy[3] with silver waves;)
There sleeps Macarius, foe to pomp and pride;
Who liv'd contented, and contented dy'd.
Say, shall the lamp were Tullia was entomb'd,
Burn twice sev'n ages, and be unconsum'd?
And not one verse be sacred to a name
Endear'd by virtuous deeds and silent fame?
True fame demands not panegyric aid;
The fun'ral torch burns brightest in the shade;
Too fast it blazes, fann'd by public air;—
Thus blossoms fall, before their tree can bear.
True fame, like porc'lain earth, for years must lay
Bury'd, and mix'd with elemental clay[4].
His younger days were not in trifling spent,
For pious Hall[5] a kind inspection lent:
He show'd him what to seek and what to shun:—
Harcourt[6] with him the thorny journey run,
Companion of his studies; and a friend
Sincere in youth, and stedfast to the end.
Courts and the world he knew, but not admir'd;
He travell'd thro' them wisely, and retir'd:
Giving to solitude and heav'nly care
Those moments which the worldling cannot spare.
Thus, half a century, his course he run
Of pray'r and praises, daily, like the sun:
Happy! who truth invariably pursues,
And well-earn'd fame by better fame renews[7]!
His books, like friends were chosen, few and
Constantly us'd and truly understood. [good:
The Sacred Scriptures were his chief delight[8];
Task of the day, and vision of the night:
Truth's second sources he with care survey'd,
And walk'd with Hermas in the rural shade[9].
Cyprian with awful gravity he sought;
And true simplicity Ignatius brought;
Lively Minucius did his hours beguile;
Lactantius charm'd with elegance of style:
But mostly Chrysostom engag'd his mind:
Great without labour, *without* art refin'd!
Now see his gentle elocution flows,
Soft as the flakes of heav'n-descending snows;
Now see him, like th' impetuous torrent, roll;
Pure in his diction, purer in his soul:
By few men equall'd, and surpass'd by none;
A Tully and Demosthenes in one[10]!

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[1] Cowley. See his Davideis.

[2] These eight lines are imitated from a famous passage in Persius, Sat. V, too well known to be reprinted. It begins—

Geminos horoscopo—&c.

[3] Berkshire.

[4] It is reported that the Chinese beat and mix thoroughly together the composition that makes porcelain, and then bury it in a deep bed of clay for an hundred years. See Dr. Bonne's Letters. See also the Discovery of Hidden Treasure, 4to. London, 1656, p. 89; (a very scarce and curious work, by the famous Gabriel Plattes.)

[5] Mr. John Hall, master of Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1667, and rector of St. Aldate's in the same university. Created D D. in 1669; elected Margaret professor in 1676; and consecrated bishop of Bristol the 12th of June, 1691. All which preferments he enjoyed together.

[6] Mr. Simon Harcourt, afterwards lord chancellor Harcourt, offered him a bishopric from queen Anne many years after the Revolution; but the favour was declined with grateful acknowledgments.

[7] "Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God; and could not, out of the good things that are seen, know him. That is, neither, by considering the works did they acknowledge the work-master."
Wisd. of Sol. ch. xiii, v. 1.

[8] He employed ten or twelve hours a day in study, without any interruption, but that of casual sickness for fifty years successively. His principal business was in referring every difficult part of Scripture to those particular passages in the fathers, and eminent modern divines, who had explained them expressly or occasionally.

[9] Alluding to a work entituled the Shepherd of Hermas. Hermas was cotemporary with some of the apostles.

[10] In order to judge a little of these two assertions, be pleased only to read St. Chrysostom's Homily on the Ten Talents, or his Commentary on St. Matthew; and his Orations to the People of Antioch. ΠΕΡΙ ΑΝΔΡΙΑΝΤΩΝ.
See also Ferrarius De Concione Veterum, and the Eloquence Crétienne of M. Gisbert: the last of which works was a favourite book with the late lord Somers, and wrought a great effect on his future way of thinking.
This anecdote was imparted to me by the late Mr. Elijah Fenton, as matter of fact on his own knowledge.

Something at cheerful intervals was due
To Roman classics, and Athenian too.
Plato with raptures did his soul inspire;
Plotinus fann'd the Academic [11] fire.
Then came the Stagyrite;—whose excellence
Beams forth in clearness, brevity, and sense!
Next, for amusement' sake, he turn'd his eyes
To them, whom we despoil, and then despise:
Fore-most of these, unrivall'd Shakespeare stands;
With Hooker, Raleigh, Chillingworth, and Sands [12];—
(For in those days "were giants in our lands!")
Thus, like the bee, he suck'd from ev'ry flow'r,
And hour surpass'd the predecessor hour.
Latimer's father [13] was his type of yore,
Little he had, but something for the poor;
And oft on better days the board was spread
With wholesome meat and hospitable bread.
Poor in himself, men poorer he reliev'd,
And gave the charities he had receiv'd.
The midnight-lamp, in crystal case enclos'd,
Beams bright; nor is to winds nor rains expos'd:
A watch-tow'r to the wand'rers of mankind;
Forlorn, belated, and with passions blind [14],

[11] Academic is used in the Horatian sense of the word:

Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.

[12] Edwyn Sandys, archbishop of York, was one of the first eminent reformers, not only of our holy religion, (which almost every person knows) but of our language (which circumstance few persons are apprized of). His sermons the time when he preached them being duly considered) may be looked upon as a master-piece of eloquence and fine writing. They were chiefly preached between the years 1550 and 1576.

His son George (and here let me be understood to refer chiefly to his Paraphrase on Job) knew the true harmony of the English heroic couplet long before Denham and Waller took up the pen; and preserved that harmony more uniformly. Variety perhaps was wanting; which Dryden afterwards supplied, but not till he came to the forty-fifth year of his age; namely, till the time he published Aurengzebe.

[13] Bishop Hugh Latimer (whom I quote only by memory, not having the original at hand) says, in one of his sermons preached at St. Paul's Cross, about the year ——, "that tho' his father possessed no more than 40 acres of free land, or thereabouts, yet he had always something to give to the poor, and now and then entertained his friends;—that he portioned out three daughters, at 5l. a piece, and bred up a son at the university; (otherwise adds he,) I should not have had the honour of appearing in this pulpit before the king's majesty."

Note, The original edition says 4 acres, which must be an errour of the press, instead of 40 acres. Old Latimer lived in good repute about the year 1470, in which year his son Hugh was born. D.

[14] Palantesque homines passim, ac rationis egentes,
Despectare procul. Ovid. Met.

Who tread the foolish round their fathers trod
And, midst life's errours, hit on death's by-road [15].
'Midst racking pains [16] his mind was calm and ev'n;
Patience and cheerfulness to him were giv'n;
Patience! the choicest gift, on this side Heav'n!
His strength of parts survived the ev'ntieth year,
And then, like northern fruits, left off to bear;
Nought but a vestal fire such heat contains;
Age seldom boasts so prodigal remains [17].
Some few beyond life's usual date are cast:
Prime clusters of the grape [18] till winter last.
To these a sacred preference is giv'n:
Each shaft is polish'd, and th' employer Heav'n [19].
Jeffr**s' (if that were possible) restrain'd
His fury, when you mournfully complain'd [21]
And Kirk's barbarians, hard as harden'd steel,
Forgot their Lybia, and vouchsaf'd to feel.
When crowns were doubtful and when numbers steer'd
As honour prompted, or self-int'rest veer'd,
(Times! when the wisest of mankind might err,
And, lost in shadows, wrong or right, prefer;)
The tempter, in a vapour's form [21], arose,
And o'er his eyes a dubious twilight throws,
To lead him, puzzling, o'er fallacious ground,
Suborn his passions, and his sense confound:
Pomp to foretaste, and mitres pre-descry;
(For mists at once enlarge and multiply;)
Our hero paus'd—and, weighing either side,
Took poverty, and conscience for his guide:
For he, who thinks he suffers for his God,
Deserves a pardon, tho' he feels the rod.
Yet blam'd he none; (himself in honour clear;)
That were a crime had cost his virtue dear!
Thus all he lov'd; and party he had none,
Except with charity, and Heav'n alone.
In his own friends some frailties he allow'd;
These were too singular, and those too proud.
Rare spirit! in the midst of party-flame,
To think well-meaning men are half the same!

Sed nil dulcius est, bene quàm munita tenere
Edita doctrinâ sapientûm templa serena,
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.
Lucret. L. II, v. 6.

[15] Wisd. of Sol. ch. i, v. 12.

[16] In the last year of his life Macarius was grievously afflicted with nephritic pains.

[17] —— Cui vix certaverit ulla
Aut tantùm fluere, aut totidem durare per annos, Virg. Georg. 2.

[18] 2 Esdras, ch. xii, v. 42.

[19] Isaiah xlix, v. 2. "A polished shaft in the quiver of God."

[20] When judge Jeffr**s came to Taunton assizes, in the year 1685, to execute his commission upon the unfortunate people concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, the person here spoken of, being minister of St. Mary Magdalen's church at Taunton, waited on him in private, and remonstrated much against his severities. The judge listened to him calmly, and with some attention; and, though he had never seen him before, advanced him in a few months to a prebendal stall in the cathedral church of Bristol.

[21] See Sandys's Paraphrase on Job, where Satan arises in form of an exhalation.

B—— sometimes would to thy cottage tend;
An artful enemy, but seeming friend:
Conscious of having plann'd thy worldly fate [22],
He could not love thee, and he durst not hate.
But then seraphic Ken was all thy own;
And he [23], who long declin'd Ken's vacant throne,
Begging with earnest zeal to be deny'd;—
By worldlings laught at, and by fools decry'd:
Dodwell was thine, the humble and resign'd;
Nelson, with Christian eleganee of mind;
And he [24], whose tranquil mildness from afar
Spoke him a distant, but a brilliant star.
These all forsook their homes—Nor sigh'd nor wept;—
Mammon they freely gave, but God they kept.
Ah, look on honours with Macarius' eyes,
Snares to the good, and dangers to the wise!
In silence for himself, for friends in tears,
He wander'd o'er the desert forty [25] years.
The cloud and pillar (or by night or day)
Reviv'd his heart, and ascertain'd the way [26].
His sandals fail'd not; and his robes untorn
Escap'd the bramble and entangling thorn [27].
Heav'n purify'd for him th' embitter'd well [28],
And manna from aërial regions fell [29].
At length near peaceful Pisgah [30] he retir'd,
And found that rest his pilgrimage requir'd:
Where, as from toils he silently withdrew,
Half Palestina [31] open'd on his view:
"Go, pious hermit," groves and mountains cry'd:
"Enter, thou faithful servant," Heav'n reply'd.
Mild as a babe reclines himself to rest,
And smiling sleeps upon the mother's breast,
Tranquil, and with a patriarch's hopes, he gave
His soul to Heav'n, his body to the grave;
And with such gentleness resign'd his breath,
That 'twas a soft extinction, and not death.

[22] Bishop Ken used to say, that king William and queen Mary would gladly have permitted the non-juring bishops and clergy (who had just before signalized themselves in a steady opposition to popery) to have enjoyed their preferments till death, upon their parole of honour given, that they would never disturb the government; which favour would have been thankfully accepted of, and complied with, by the aforesaid bishops, &c.; but somebody here alluded to (at least as Macarius thought) traversed their majesties' gracious intentions. In proof of this, bishop Ken performed the funeral service over Mr. Kettlewell in the year 1695, and prayed for king William and queen Mary.

[23] Dr. George Hooper. N. B. It must here also be remembered, that Dr. Beveridge, refused to succeed bishop Ken in 1691, and then the offer was made to R. Kidder, D. D.

[24] Mr. John Kettlewell, vicar of Coleshill in Warwickshire.

[25] See Exodus, passim. Psalm xcv, v. 10. Hebr. ch. iii, v. 17.

[26] Exod. ch. xiii, v. 21.

[27] Deut. ch. viii, v. 4.

[28] Waters of Marah. Exod. ch. xv, v. 23—25.

[29] Ibid. ch. xvi, v. 15 and 35.

[30] Deut. xxxiv, v. 1.

[31] Palestina is the Scripture word for Palestine. Isaiah twice, ch. xiv, v. 29, 31. Exod. ch. xv, v. 14.

Happy! who thus, by ev'ry perceiv'd decay,
Absent themselves from life, and steal away [32].
Accept this verse, to make thy mem'ry live,
Lamented shade!—'Tis all thy son can give.
Better to own the debt we ne'er can pay,
Than with false gold thy fun'ral rites defray.
Vainly my Muse is anxious to procure
Gifts unavailing, empty sepulture [33];
As vainly she expands her flutt'ring wings:
She is no swan, nor, as she dies, she sings.
He, that would brighten ancient di'monds, must
Clear and re-polish them with di'mond dust:
That task is not for me: the Muses lore
Is lost;—For Pope and Dryden are no more!
O Pope! too great to copy, or to praise;
(Whom envy sinks not, nor encomiums raise;)
Forgive this grateful tribute of my lays.
Milton alone could Eden lost re-gain;
And only thou portray Messiah's reign.
O early lost! with ev'ry grace adorn'd!
By me (so Heav'ns ordain it) always mourn'd.
By thee the good Macarius was approv'd:
Whom Fenton honour'd, and Philotheüs lov'd [34].
My first, my latest bread, I owe to thee:
Thou, and thy friends, preserv'd my Muse and me.
By proxy, from a gen'rous kindred spread,
Thy Craggs's bounty fell upon my head [35]:
Thy Mordaunt's [36] kindness did my youth engage,
And thy own Chesterfield protects my age.

BOETIUS:

OR, THE UPRIGHT STATESMAN,

A SUPPOSED EPISTLE FROM BOETIUS TO HIS WIFE RUSTICIANA.

——————— Pectore magno
Spemque metumque domat, vitio sublimior omni,
Exemptus fatis; indignantemque repellit
Fortunam; dubio quem non in turbine rerum
Deprendit suprema dies, sed abire paratum,
Ac plenum vitâ. Stat. Sylv. L. I.

ARGUMENT.

BOETIUS flourished in the former part of the sixth century. He was descended from the

[32] Macarius (who was born the 28th of October, 1650) was dispossessed of his preferments in 1691, and remained deprived till the time of his death, which happened in February 1735; and (which is remarkable enough) the bishops Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne all contrived that Macarius should receive the little profits from his prebend of Wells as long as he lived. A circumstance to their honour, as well as his.

[33] Hunc saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere. Virg.

[34] Philotheüs, bishop Ken.

[35] The late Mrs. Nugent—and Edward Eliot of Port Eliot, esq. &c. &c.

[36] Charles, late earl of Peterborow, general in Spain, &c.

Manlian family, and was one of the first persons of Rome in fortunes and dignity. He received his education at Athens; after which he was thrice consul, and always renowned for his eloquence in the senate. He was upon all occasions inflexibly honest and veracious.

His book entituled the Consolation of Philosophy, may be looked upon as a master-piece of fine writing. The poetry of it is equal to most compositions in the Augustan age; and that even in the classical purity of style: but something which manifests the declension of the Roman language may be discovered in the prose part.

In his prose writings he made Aristotle his model; and, like him, is always clear, though concise: leaving an infinite fund for the mind of the reader to work upon. Many works pass under his name: some are genuine; and some are looked upon as suppositious.

This book of Philosophical Consolation (from which a large part of the present epistle is extracted) has been universally admired in all ages, insomuch that there are many more fine manuscripts extant of it, than of Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, all taken together. The work we here speak of has been the particular delight and study of princes and good politicians. Chaucer translated it into our language, and afterwards it was translated by queen Elizabeth, &c.

Boetius had two wives: the first was Helpés a Sicilian [1], whose conjugal affection is celebrated by him in an epitaph still extant. His second wife (to whom the following letter is supposed to be addressed) was Rusticiana, the daughter of Symmachus, a Roman senator and consul; one of the most virtuous, learned, and amiable persons of that age. As to Rusticiana, historians give her all perfections of mind and body. By her Boetius had several children: and two of his sons when young had the honour to be publicly carried to the senate-house in a consular chair, by way of extraordinary compliment to their father.

When Theodoric the Goth made himself master of the kingdom of Italy, he wisely made choice of Boetius to be the director of his councils, and governed for many years to the universal satisfaction of his subjects. From a principle of self-interest he had long concealed his inclination for Arianism; but a series of prosperous government made him ambitious, self-confident, and jealous of Boetius's glory. In addition to this, the Gothic chieftains that belonged to him were uneasy to see all power in the hands of a Roman; and one of them in particular, named Trigilla, having gained a new and great ascendancy over the king, contrived our statesman's ruin, by suborning false witnesses, and devising treasonable letters between him and Justin, emperor of the east.

Boetius was first banished to Pavia, and after four years confinement privately executed in prison. His father in-law, Symmachus, incurred the same fate. Theodoric soon afterwards died with remorse, under all the agonies of a disturbed mind.

It has been looked upon by many good christians as no small misfortune, that Boetius in his Consolation has not derived his arguments from divine wisdom as well as prophane philosophy. One may perceive here and there several hints taken from Scripture, but nothing as I remember, in totidem verbis: yet his general belief of Christianity has never been suspected, nor even his orthodoxy; for he writ an express treatise on the consubstantiality of the Trinity, which is still preserved, and looked upon to be genuine.

These circumstances induced me to conclude this epistle in a manner not unworthy of our philosopher, and highly agreeable to his imitator.

It has often been thought, that a second part added to Boetius's Consolation, written in the same manner of a vision, and consisting of verse and prose interchangeably, where Divine Wisdom is introduced as the speaker and comforter, would afford us one of the finest and most instructive works that could be composed. The sieur de Ceriziers, almoner to Louis the XIIIth, made an attempt of this kind about the year 1636, and executed it with some degree of success.

Boetius was commented upon by no less a person than Thomas Aquinas, who was one of the clearest and purest writers of his time. This shows the esteem in which the scholastic ages held him.

In our country king Alfred was the first who translated the Consolation of Philosophy, and this translation is still extant. Chaucer, as we have already hinted, gave us another version; and a third, I think, was published by the monks of Tavistock, at the second press that was established in England. A fourth translation was made (as some say) by queen Elizabeth; and one or too more preceded the version published by lord Preston.

I have nothing farther to add, but that my worthy friend, to whom this elegy is addressed, will be pleased to bear in memory these beautiful verses of antiquity; which may be applied (not improperly) both to him and me.

——————— Nos facta aliena canendo
Vergimur in senium; propriis tu pulcher ab annis

[1] Edward Philips, who writ one of the best accounts we have of the poets, ancient and modern, says, "some authors assert that Helpés was daughter of a Sicilian king, and that she writ hymns in honour of the apostles after she embraced christianity."

Philips's authority carries weight with it: for Milton was the instructor of his youthful studies, and afterwards revised the work we here allude to; Philips's mother being Milton's sister.

Philips's book was published in 12mo, 1665, and entituled Theatrum Poetarum. One Winstanley, a barber, transcribed the lives of the English poets from our author's work almost verbatim, and published them in 1687. A most notorious plagiarism; it being but 22 years after the Theatrum Poetarum was published.

Ipse canenda gores, patriæque exempla parabis;
Poscit avus: præstatque domi novisse triumphos—
Jamque vale, & penitùs noti tibi vatis amorem
Corde exire veta.—

EPISTLE

FROM BOETIUS TO HIS WIFE RUSTICIANA.

And it came to pass from the time that he (Potiphar) had made him over-seer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all he had in the house and in the field.

Gen. ch. xxxix, v. 5.

INTRODUCTION.

The man, that's truly read in virtue's laws,
Improves from censure, and distrusts applause.
Firm in his hope, he yields not to despair [2];
The cube reverst is still erect and square [3].
Eliot, to whom kind Nature did impart
The coolest head, and yet the warmest heart:
Blest in thy nuptials, blest in thy retreat,
Privately good, and amiably great;
Accept with candour these spontaneous lays,
And grant me pardon, for I ask not praise.—
In proof the Muse true oracles recites,
Hear what Boetius to his consort writes.
Mark well the man, and Heav'n thy labour bless;—
In all be like him, but unhappiness!
Thus he aspir'd on meditation's wings,
And to the best of consorts thus he sings;

Rusticiana, loveliest of thy kind,
Most in my eyes, and ever in my mind;
Exil'd from all the joys the world can give,
And—(for my greater grief!) allow'd to live:
(By him [1], I train'd to glory, basely left;)
Of all things, but my innocence, bereft:
Patrician, consul, statesman but in name;
Of honour plunder'd, and proscrib'd in fame:
(Betray'd by men my patronage had fed,
And curst by lips to which I gave their bread;)
To thee I breathe my elegies of woe;
For thee, and chiefly thee, my sorrows flow:
Joint-partner of my life, my heart's relief;
Alike partaker of my joys or grief!
All-bounteous God, how gracious was the care
To mix thy antidote with my despair!
Rusticiana lives to smooth my death,
And waft with sighs to Heav'n my parting breath,
Hence hope and fortitude inspire my breast:
Be her's the earthly part, and thine the rest!
Still I am happy, human and divine;
Th' assistant angel she, th' assistance thine.

O wife, more gentle than the western breeze,
Which (loath to part) dwells whisp'ring on the trees:
Chaste as th' lamb th' indulgent pastor leads
To living streams thro' Sharon's flow'ry meads;
Mild as the voice of comfort to despair;
Fair as the spring, and yet more true than fair [2],
Delightful as the all-enlivening Sun;
Brighter than rills, that glitter as they run,
And mark thee spotless;—air thy purity
Denotes, thy clearness fire, and earth thy constancy [3].
Weep not to read these melancholy strains;
Change courts for cells, and coronets for chains.—
No greatness can be lost, where God remains!
Say, what avails me, that I boast the fame
And deathless honours of the Manlian name;
Th' unsoil'd succession of renown'd descent,
Equal to time's historical extent [4]?
One of my ancestors receiv'd his doom
There, where he sav'd the liberties of Rome!
Did not another plunge into the wave
The Gaulish champion, and his country save?
Did not a third, (and harder was his fate)
Make his own child a victim for the state?
And did not I my wealth and life consume,
To bless at once Theodoric and Rome?—
But all is cancell'd and forgotten since;
Past merits were reproaches to my prince!
As my own glory serv'd to ruin me,
Thy birth from Symmachus avails not thee:
Thy meekness, prudence, beauty, innocence,
Thy knowledge, and thy virtues, gave offence.
When excellence is eminent, like thine,
Our eyes are dazzled with too bright a shrine;
Death must the medium give, that makes it mildly shine.
What visionary hope the wretch beguiles,
Who founds his confidence on princes' smiles?
True to their int'rest, mindless of their trust,
Convenient is the regal term for just.
The plant, my cultivating hands had made
A spreading tree, oppress'd me with its shade;
Ambition push'd forth many a vig'rous shoot,
And rancid jealousy manur'd the root:
Ingratitude a willing heart misled,
And sycophants the growing mischief fed,

[2] "The fortitude of a just man consists in contemning the flatteries of prosperity, and overcoming the fears of poverty."

Sti. Gregor. Moral. L. VIII.

[3] Compositus, semperque suus.

Stat. Sylvæ. L. II.

[1] The emperor Theodoric.

[2] Quis te felicissimum conjugis pudore non prædicavit?

Philosophæ Verba ad Boetium, De Consolat. L. II, Pros. 3.

Vivit uxor ingenio modesta, pudicitiæ pudore præcellens, et, ut omnes ejus dotes breviter includam, patri (Symmacho) similis. Vivit inquam, tibique tantùm, vitæ hujus exosa, spiritum servat. Quoque uno felicitatem minui tuam vel ipsa concesserim, tui desiderio lachrymis ac dolore tabescit.

Ejusd. Verba. ibid. Pros. 4, edit. Juntarum 1521.

[3] This passage was written in imitation of Ovid's famous description of Galatea, Met. l. XIII. and improved by an hint taken from Dr. Donne's Poems, page 96, 12mo.

[4] Quod si quid in nobilitate bonum, id solum esse arbitror, ut imposita nobilibus necessitudo videatur, nè à majorum virtute degenerent.

L. III, Pros. 6.

Till th' Arian sophist [5] crept thro' all restraint;
The tempter ply'd him, and there split the saint.
Th' assassin-hand which Odoácer slew,
Once more, distain'd with blood, appear'd to view:
Not foe by foe in hostile fields oppress,
But friend with friend, th' inviter and the guest[6].
And O, how weak my skill, how vain my toils,
To sow religion's seeds in courtly soils!
The few surviving plants that fix'd their root,
O'ercharg'd with specious herbage, bore no fruit,
Gorg'd to satiety with unctuous juice
From a fat earth, and form'd for bulk, not use;
Till all the cultivating hand receives
Is steril plenty of luxuriant leaves [7].—
Or, where we sow'd the grain of life, succeeds
A copious harvest of pernicious weeds.
Where corn once stood, th' insatiate thistle stands,
And deletereous hemlock chokes the lands.
If errours purely human are forgiv'n,
I dare present my last appeal to Heav'n,
Religion and clear honesty, combin'd,
Made up the short full system of my mind.
Nicely I mark'd the quicksands of the state,
The crown's encroachments, and the people's hate;
Fore-warn'd my prince of arbitrary sway,
And taught his subjects willingly t' obey:
Thus ev'ry thing conspir'd to one great end,
The nation was my child, the king my friend.
Both still I serv'd with uniform intent,
The good of both with equal fervour meant;
And, wheresoe'er th' infraction first arose,
Still judg'd th' aggressors man's and nature's foes.
Monarchs, sometimes, discard thro' fear, or hate,
Those, whose good sense and virtues poize the state;
So mariners, when storms the ocean sweep,
Commit their guardian-ballast to the deep.
Methinks, in these my solitudes, I hear
Tricilla whisp'ring in the tyrant's ear [8],
"Assert the glories which are all thy own;
And lop the branch that over-shades the throne;"
When he and malice know, I taught no more
Than ev'ry righteous statesman taught before.
I show'd my prince [9]—"The first of regal arts
Was to reign monarch of the people's hearts:
(Swift to encourage, eager to redress,
The steward of a nation's happiness;)
Taught him, each gift he gave, by truth to scan;
T' adapt the man to place, not place to man;
To guard the public wealth with anxious care,
Studious of peace, but still prepar'd for war:
Taught him, that princes of celestial kind,
Like Numa, cultivate the field and mind [10]:
Warn'd him 'gainst pow'r, which suffers no control;
But mostly that, which persecutes the soul:
Then by examples, or from reason, show'd,
That none are true to man who're false to God [11];
And that our lives, except by freedom blest,
Are a dull passive slavery at best."
Hence righteous kings of softer clay are made;
Not for their subjects mis'ry, but their aid [12].
True liberty, by pious monarchs giv'n,
Is emblematic manna rain'd from Heav'n:
Without it, ev'ry appetite is pall'd,
The body fetter'd, and the mind enthrall'd [13].
Thus when by chance some rustic hand invades
The nightingale's recess in poplar-shades,
And bears the pris'ner with offensive care
To Nero's house of gold, and Nero's fare;
Th' aërial chorister, no longer free,
Wails and detests man's civil cruelty:
Still dumb th' imprison'd sylvan bard remains;
(Your human bards make music with their chains;)
And when from his exalted cage he sees [trees,
The hills, the dales, the lawns, the streams, the
He looks on courtly food with loathing eyes,
And sighs for liberty, and worms, and flies [14].

[5] Theodoric in his heart was strongly inclined to Arianism.

[6] Odoácer and Theodoric had divided by agreement the kingdom of Italy between them. The latter invited the former to a banquet, and killed him with his own hand.

[7] ——————nescia falcis
Sylva comam tollit, fructumque expirat in umbras. Stat. Sylvæ.

[8] L. I, Pros. 4.

[9] The precepts of government, comprised in the following lines, and recommended by Boetius, are extracted almost verbatim from Cassiodorus's Letters. Cassiodorus was secretary to Theodoric and Athalaric, kings of the Goths. He was a statesman of great genius, and an author of wonderful invention.

An ancient writer of the church has justly marked out the difference betwixt a king and a tyrant: "they have both" (says he) "absolute power and abundance of people under their command; but exert their authority and power in a very different manner: for the former seeks only the good of those whom he governs, and hazards all, even his life, that they may live in peace and safety." He then gives the contrast of their characters in more full detail.

Synesius Bishop of Cyrené to the Emperor Arcadius.

[10] Ovid. Met. XV, v. 482.

[11] A saying of Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine the Great.

[12] The character of a just and pious prince is finely marked by Isaiah, ch. xvi, v. 5. "in mercy shall the throne be established, and he shall sit upon it in truth, in the tabernacle of David; judging and seeking judgment, and hasting righteousness."

[13] Much to this purpose is a passage in the Son of Sirach:—"As long as thou livest, and hast breath in thee, give not thyself over to any. In all thy works keep to thyself the pre-eminence, and leave not a stain in thine honour."
Ecclus. ch. xxxiii.

[14] Quæ canit altis garrula ramis
Ales, caveæ clauditur antro,
Huic licet illita pocula melle
Largasque dapes dulci studio
Ludens hominum cura ministret;
Si tamen alto saliens tecto
Nemorum gratas viderit umbras,
Sparsas pedibus proterit escas;
Sylvas tantum mœsta requirit.
Boet. de Consolat. L. III. Metr. 2.

Such truths my Muse! But Charity's soft veil
Shall shade the baleful remnant of the tale.
The daughter of a Symmachus [16] disdains
Vindictive plaints and acrimonious strains;
Make the solemnity of grief appear
Magnificently dumb, without a tear!
Brave as our sex, and as thy own resign'd;
Unconquer'd, like thy beauty, be thy mind!—
Wretch that I was, how dar'd I to complain?
Heav'n's chastisements are never dealt in vain!
In something, or my pride or frailty err'd,
And my just doom was certain, tho' deferr'd.
The mists of twilight-sunshine, and esteem,
Made me not greater grow, but greater seem.
When I the paths of human grandeur trod,
Might not my alien heart diverge from God?
Might I not raise my kins-folk and my friends
From private reasons, and for private ends;
Exclusive of the better few, who stay
Far from the solar walk, and court's high-way [17]?
Might I not swell too much on earthly pow'r,
Man's ideot play-thing, gewgaw of an hour?
Or might not false compliance, flatt'ry, art,
Unhinge my truth, unchristianize my heart?
Why nam'd I in these lines my wealth, my race [18],
The consul's station, or the statesman's place;
The confidence I gain'd, the trusts I bore?—
See, my heart sickens to review them more!
Boast as we will, dissemble as we can,
A pious peasant is the greater man.
How hard the contest, and how sharp the strife
To part the great from pageantry of life!
To wean the bearded infant from his toys,
Vain hopes, vain honours, and still vainer joys!
See the proud demi-god in triumph sit,
With nauseous incense chok'd, and hireling wit;
Hymn'd by a chorus of self-serving tools,
The Nisroch [19] of his knaves, and calf [20] of fools!—
I'll dwell no longer on this angry theme [21];—
But sketch the moral picture of a dream [22].
One night, with grief o'er charg'd, with cares oppress,
Like a sick child, I mean'd myself to rest:

When lo, a figure of celestial mien
(Known indistinctly once, and faintly seen)
Approach'd me; fair and graceful as a queen.
Now, (strange to tell!) she seem'd of human size,
And now, her form august half reach'd the skies [23].
Sweet-smiling, with an accent soft she said,
"Is this Boetius? Or Boetius' shade?
What sudden stroke of unexpected woe
Congeals thy tears, and wants the pow'r to flow?
Incapable of comfort or relief,
See a dumb image petrify'd with grief!
Th' impetuous storm arose not by degrees,
But bursts like hurricanes on Adria's seas [24]."
She spoke, and to my throbbing heart apply'd
Her tender hand; "My son, my son," she cry'd,
"Med'cines, and not complaints, thy pangs must ease;
False greatness, and false pride, are thy disease."
Then with her other hand she touch'd my eyes [25],
Soft, as when Zephyr's breath o'er roses flies:
Instant my sense return'd, restor'd and whole,
To re-possess its empire of the soul.
So, when o'er Phœbus low-hung clouds prevail,
Sleep on each hill, and sadden ev'ry dale;
Sudden, up-springing from the north, invades
A purging wind, which first disturbs the shades;
Thins the black phalanx; till with fury driv'n
Swift disappears the flying wreck of Heav'n:
To its own native blue the sky refines,
And the Sun's orb with double radiance shines [26].
The dame celestial mark'd with glad surprise
Recover'd reason lab'ring in my eyes,
And, kindly smiling, said, or seem'd to say;
"At length, my son, the intellectual ray
Just gleams the hopeful promise of a day.
Patients like thee must cautiously be fed
With milk diluted, and innoxious bread:
Permit me then in gentlest strains to give
Rules to die happy, and contented live;
And, when thy stomach can strong food digest,
My prudence shall administer the rest [27].
I never leave my children on the road,
But lead each pilgrim to his blest abode [28].
"Suffice it first this wholesome truth t' impart;
Coy Fortune's absence stings thee to the heart:
A willing mistress to the young and bold,
But scornful of the tim'rous and the old:
Mere lust of change compell'd her to cashier
Her best lov'd Pompey in his fiftieth year.

[16] Pretiosissimum generis humani decus Symmachus socer;
Vir totus ex sapientia, virtutibusque factus.
Boet. de Consolat. L. II, Pros. 4.

Socer Symmachus, sanctus, atque actu ipso reverendus. Ibid. L. I, Pros. 4.

[17] "In chusing men who are to discharge the highest offices, the safest conduct is to take the man who goes out of his way in order to decline it, and not the man who intrudes boldly for it."
St. Bernard.

[18] See the early part of the epistle.

[19] 2 Kings, ch. xix, v. 37.

[20] Exod. ch. xxxii, v. 4, 1 Kings, ch. xii, v. 28.

[21] De sceleribus ac fraudibus delatorum recte tu quidem strictim attingendum putasti, quod ea melius uberiusque recognoscentis omnia vulgi celebrentur. Philosophia loquitur, L. 1, Pros. 5.

[22] What follows is extracted from the Philosophical Consolation of Boetius.

[23] L. I, Pros. 1, De Consolat. Philosoph.

[24] De Consolat. Philosoph. L. I, Pros. 2.

[25] L. I, Pros. 9.

[26] Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebræ,
Luminibusque prior rediit vigor.
Ut cum præcipiti glomerantur sidera Coro
Nimbosisque polus stetit imbribus:
Sol latet, ac nondum cœlo venientibus astris
Desuper in terram nox funditur.
Hanc, si Threicio Boreas emissus ab antro
Verberet, & clausum reserat diem;
Emicat & subito vibratus lumine Phœbus,
Mirantes oculos radiis ferit.
L. I, Metr. 3.

[27] L. I, Pros. 2.

[28] L. I, Pros. 3.

The frowns of a capricious jilt you mourn,
Who's thine or mine, and ev'ry man's by turn:
Were Fortune ev'n stant, she's no more the same,
But, chang'd in species, takes another name.
Say, when that prodigy[29] of falsehood smil'd,
And all the sorceress thy heart beguil'd;
When ev'ry joy that full possession gave
Rose to the highest relish man can crave;
Wast thou then happy to thy soul's desire?—
Something to seek, and something to require,
Still, still perplex'd thee, unforeseen before.—
Thy draughts were mighty, but thy dropsy more[30].
'Tis granted, Fortune's vanish'd—and what then?
Thou'rt still as truly rich as all good men:
Thy mind's thy own; (if that be calm and ev'n!)—
Thy faith in Providence, thy funds in Heav'n.
The Indian only took her jingling bells,
Her rags of silk, and trumpery of shells:
Virtue's a plunder of a cumb'rous make,
She cannot, and she does not chuse to take[31].—
Accept the inconstant, if she deigns to stay;
And, if she leaves thee, speed her on the way:
For where's the diff'rence, mighty reas'ner, say,
When man by death of all things is bereft,
If he leaves Fortune, or by Fortune's left[32]?
Fortune to Galba's door the diadem brought;
The door was clos'd, and other sons she sought:
Fortune's a woman, ever fond or blind;
A step-dame now, and now a mother kind.
"Eschew the lust of pow'r, and pride of life;—
One jarring mass of counter-working strife!
Vain hopes, which only idiot minds employ;
And fancy builds for fancy to destroy!
All must be wretched who expect too much;
Life's chymic gold proves recreant to the touch.
"The man who fears, nor hopes for earthly things,
Disarms the tyrant, and looks down on kings:
Whilst the depending, craving, flatt'ring slave,
Makes his own chain that drags him to the grave[33]."
The goddess now, with mild and sober grace
Inclining, look'd me stedfast in the face.
"Thy exile next sits heavy on thy mind;
Thy pomp, thy wealth, thy villas, left behind,
Ah, quit these nothings to the hungry tribe;
States cannot banish thee; they may proscribe.
The good man's country is in ev'ry clime,
His God in ev'ry place, at ev'ry time;
In civiliz'd, or in barbarian lands,
Wherever Virtue breathes, an altar stands[34]!

[29] Intelligo multiformes illius prodigii fucos. L. II, Pros. 1.

[30] Largis cum potius muneribus fluens
Sitis ardescit habendi. L. II, Metr. 2.

[31] L. II, Pros. 1.

[32] Quid igitur referre putes, tunè illam moriendo deseras, an te illa fugiendo? Lib. II, Pros. 3.

[33] Quisquis composito serenus ævo
Nec spgres aliquid, nec extimescas,
Exarmaveris impotentis iram.
At quisquis trepidus pavet, vel optat,
Nectit, qua valeat trahi, catenam.
Boet. L. I.

[34] L. I, Pros. 5, Boetius.——

"A farther weakness in thy heart I read;
Thy prison shocks thee with unusual dread:
Dark solitude thy wav'ring mind appalls,
Damp floors, and low hung roofs, and naked walls.
Yet here the mind of Socrates could soar;
And, being less than man, he rose to more.
Wish not to see new hosts of clients wait
In rows submissive through vast rooms of state;
Nor, on the litter of coarse rushes spread,
Lament the absence of thy downy bed:
Nor grieve thou, that thy plunder'd books afford
No consolation to their exil'd lord:
Read thy own heart[35]; its motions nicely scan;
There's a sufficient library for man[36].
And yet a nobler volume still remains;
The book of Providence all truths contains:
For ever useful, and for ever clear,
To all men open, and to all men near:
By tyrants unsuppress'd, untouch'd by fire;
Old as mankind, and with mankind t' expire[37].
"Next, what aggrieves thee most, is loss of fame;
And the chaste pride of a once spotless name:
But mark, my son, the truths I shall impart,
And grave them on the tablets of thy heart:
The first keen stroke th' unfortunate shall find,
Is losing the opinion of mankind[38]:
Slander and accusation take their rise
From thy declining fortunes, not thy vice.
How rarely is a poor man highly deem'd;
Or a rich upstart villain dis-esteem'd?—
From chilly shades the gnats of fortune run
To buz in heat and twinkle in the sun;
Till Heav'n (at Heav'n's appointed season kind,)
Sweeps off th' Egyptian plague with such a wind,
That not one blood sucker is left behind.
"Boast not, nor grieve at good or evil fame[39]:
Be true to God, and thou art still the same.
Man cannot give thee virtues thou hast not,
Nor steal the virtues thou hast truly got.
"And what's the applause of learning or of wit?
Critics unwrite whate'er the author writ:

——— Ubicunque Virtus;
Heic, puto, templum est.
Jac. Balde Odæ.

Heav'n, to men well dispos'd, is ev'ry where,
Dr. Donne.

[35] "There are two lessons which God instills every day into the faithful: the one is, to see their own faults: the other is, to comprehend the divine goodness." Thom. à Kemp.

[36] "The best looking-glass wherein to see thy God is perfectly to see thyself."
Hugo de Anima.

[37] L. I, Pros. 4. Boetius.

[38] At vero hic etiam nostris malis cumulus accedit, quod existimatio plurimorum non rerum merita, sed fortunæ spectat eventum; eaque tantum judicat esse provisa, quæ felicitas commendaverit. Quo fit, ut existimatio bona, prima omnium deserat infelices.
Boetius, Ibid.

[39] Si vis beatus esse, cogita hoc primum, contemnere et contemni; nondum es felix, si te turba non deriserit.
Antisthenis Dictum.

To a new fate this second life must yield,
And death will twice be master of the field[40].
"Nor grieve, nor murmur, nor indulge despair,
To see the villain cloth'd, and good man bare;
To see impiety with pomp enthron'd;—
(Virtue unsought for, honesty unown'd:)
Heav'n's dispensations no man can explore;
In this, to fathom God, is to be more!
Meer man but guesses the divine decree;
The most the Stagyrite himself could see,
Was the faint glimm'ring of contingency.
Yet deem not rich men happy, nor the poor
Unprosp'rous; wait th' event, and judge no more.
True safety to Heav'n's children must belong:
With God the rich are weak, the poor are strong.
Th' irrevocable sanction stands prepar'd;
Vice has its curse, and virtue its reward[41].
Conscience, man's sentinel, forbids to stray,
Nor shows us the great gulf for Heav'n's high-
way.
"To serve the great, and aggrandise our pride,
We barter honour, and our faith beside:
Mindless of future bliss, and heav'nly fame,
We strip and sell the Christian to the name.
Ambition, like the sea by tempests tost,
Still makes new conquests for old conquests lost:
Court-favours lie above the common road
By modesty and humble virtue trod;
Like trees on precipices, they display
Fair fruit, which none can reach but birds of
prey.
"All men from want, as from contagion, fly;
They weary Earth, and importune the sky;
Gain riches, and yet 'scape not poverty:
The once mean soul preserves its earthly part,
The beggar's flatt'ry, and the beggar's heart.
"In spite of titles, glory, kindred, pelf,
Lov'st thou an object better than thyself?
You answer, No.—If that, my son, be true,
Then give to God the thanks to God are due.
No man is crown'd the fav'rite of the skies,
Till Heav'n his faith by sharp affliction tries:
Nor chains, disgrace, nor tyrants can control
Th' ability to save th' immortal soul.
How oft did Seneca deplore his fate,
Debarr'd that recollection which you hate!
How often did Papinian waste his breath
T' implore like your's, a pausing time for
death[42]?—
"Place in thy sight Heav'n's confessors re-
And suffer with humility of mind: [sign'd,
As thy prosperities pass'd swift away,
Just so thy grief shall make a transient stay[43].

Thy life's last hour (nor is it far from thee)
Is the last hour of human misery.
Extremes of grief or joy are rarely giv'n,
And last as rarely, by the will of Heav'n."
So spake Philosophy, and upwards flew,
Inspiring confidence as she withdrew.
Here let my just resentments cease to flow,
Here let me close my elegies of woe.
Rusticiana, fairest of the fair,
My present object, and my future care;
Be mindful of my children, and thy vows:—
And ('gainst thy judgment) O defend thy spouse.
My children are my other self to thee:—
Heav'n you distrust if you lament for me.
Weep not my fate: is man to be deplor'd,
From a dark prison to free air restor'd?
Admir'd by friends, and envy'd by my foes,
I die, when glory to the highest rose.
I've mounted to the summit of a ball;
If I go further, I descend, or fall.
Hail death, thou lenient cordial of relief;
Preventive of my shame and of my grief!
Kind Nature crops me in full virtue's bloom[44],
Not left to shrink and wither for the tomb.
Shed not a tear, but vindicate thy pow'r,
Enrich'd like Egypt's soil without a show'r.
Fortune, which gave too much, did soon repine,
There was no solstice in a course like mine.
With calmness I my bleeding death behold;
Suns set in crimson-streams to rise in gold.
Farewell, and may Heav'n's bounty heap on
thee,
(As more deserving) what it takes from me[45]!—
That peace, which made thy social virtues shine,
The peace of conscience, and the peace divine,
Be ever, O thou best of women, thine!
Forgive, Almighty Pow'r, this worldly part;
These last convulsions of an husband's heart:
Give us thy self; and teach our minds to see
The Saviour and the Paraclete in thee!

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY,

AN EMBLEMATICAL ELEGY.

Shall not every one mourn that dwelleth therein?
Amos, ch. viii, v. 8.
I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes failed with looking upwards.
Isaiah, ch. xxxviii, v. 14.
Fear not thou, my servant, saith the Lord; for I am with thee. I will not make a full end of thee; but correct thee in measure.
Jer. ch. xlvi, v. 28.

[40] Cum sera vobis rapiet hoc etium dies,
Jam vos secunda mors manet.
Boetius, L. II, Metr. 7.

[41] Si ea quæ paulo ante conclusa sunt, inconvulsa sequantur, ipso de cujus nunc regno loquimur, auctore cognosces, semper quidem potentes bonos esse, malos vero abjectos semper & imbecilles; nec sine pœna unquam esse vitia, nec sine præmio virtutes; bonis felicia, malis semper infortunata contingere.
Boetius, L. IV, Prosa 1,
De Consolat. Philosoph.
Qui semina virtù, fama raccoglie.

[42] Boet. L. III, Pros. 5.

[43] Quod si idcirco te fortunantum esse non existimas, quoniam quæ tunc læta videbantur, abierunt: non est quod te miserum putes, quoniam, quæ nunc creduntur mœsta, prætereunt."
Idem, L. II, Pros. 3.

[44] ——————— Raperis, non indigus ævi,
Non nimius. Stat.

[45] Pars animæ victura meæ, qui linquere possem,
O Utinam! quo dura mihi rapit Atropos annos! Stat. Sylvæ.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is to be hoped the reader will pardon me, if I take the liberty of prefixing to this elegy a slight advertisement, instead of inserting what might seem too long for a note in the body of the poem.

Having ventured (and I am sure it is licentia sumpta pudenter [1],) to introduce three or four new expressions in a volume of near five thousand lines, and one, namely, dew-tinged ray, in the present elegy, I thought myself obliged to make some apology on that subject; since all innovations in poets like me, (who can only pretend to a certain degree of mediocrity) are more or less of an affected cast, and rarely to be excused; inasmuch as we have the vanity to teach others what we do not thoroughly understand ourselves.

And here permit me to call that language of ours classical English, which is to be found in a few chosen writers inclusively from the times of Spencer till the death of Mr. Pope; for false refinements, after a language has arisen to a certain degree of perfection, give reasons to suspect that a language is upon the decline. The same circumstances have happened formerly, and the event has been almost invariably the same. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace: and yet the former was, if one may so speak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

I have known some of my cotemporary poets (and those not very voluminous writers) who have coined their one or two hundred words a man; whereas Dryden and Pope devised only about threescore words between them; many of which were compound epithets: but most of the words which they introduced into our language proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being chosen and raised from excellent offsets [2]. —Indeed the former author revived also a great number of ancient words and expressions; and this he did (beginning at Chaucer) with so much delicacy of choice, and in a manner so comprehensive, that he left the latter author (who was in that point equally judicious and sagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

Some few of Dryden's revived words I have presumed to continue; of which take the following instances; as gridéline, filmont, and carmine, (with reference to colours, and mixtures of colours;) cymar, eygre, trine, ETPHKA, paraclete, panoply, rood, dorp, eglantine, orisons, aspirations, &c. I mention this, lest any one should be angry with me, or pleased with me in particular places, where I discover neither boldness nor invention.—I owe also to Fenton the participle meandered; and to Sir W. D'Avenant the latinism of funeral ilicet.

As to compound epithets, those ambitiosa ornamenta [3] of modern poetry, Dryden has devised a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution; but those few are exquisitely beautiful. Mr. Pope seized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own polishing.

Compound epithets first came into their great vogue about the year 1598. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson both ridiculed the ostentatious and immoderate use of them, in their prologues to Troilus and Cressida and to Every Man in his Humour. By the above-named prologues it also appears, that bombast grew fashionable about the same era. Now in both instances an affected taste is the same as a false taste. The author of Hieronimo (who as I may venture to assure the reader, was one John Smith [4]) first led up the dance. Then came the bold and self-sufficient translator of Du Bartas [5], who broke down all the flood-gates of the true stream of eloquence (which formerly preserved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks) and, like the rat in the Low-Country dikes, mischievously or wantonly deluged the whole land.

Of innovated phrases and words; of words revived; of compound epithets, &c. I may one day or other say more, in a distinct criticism on Dryden's poetry. It shall therefore only suffice to observe here, that our two great poetical masters never thought that the interposition of an hyphen, without just grounds and reasons, made a compound epithet. On the contrary, it was their opinion, (and to this opinion their practice was conformable) that such union should only be made between two nouns, as patriot-king, ideot-laugh, &c.—or between an adjective and noun, or noun and adjective, vice versa, or an adjective and participle; as laughter-loving, cloud-compelling, rosy-fingered, &c.—As also by an adverb used as part of an adjective, as you may see in the words well-concocted, well-digested, &c.—But never by a full real adverb and adjective, as inly-pining, sadly-musing, and, to make free with myself, (though I only did it by way of irony) my expression of simply-marry'd epithets, of which sort of novelties modern poetry chiefly consists. Nor should such compound epithets be looked upon as the poet's making; for they owe their existence to the compositor of the press, and the intervention of an hyphen.

Much of the same analogy by which Dryden and Pope guided themselves in the present case, may be seen in the purer Greek and Roman languages: but all the hyphens in the world, (supposing hyphens had been then known) would not have truly joined together the dulce ridentem, or dulce loquentem, of Horace.

In a word, some few precautions of the pre-

[1] Horat.

[2] I must here make one exception. Dryden showed some weakness, in anglicising common French words, and those not over elegant, when at the same time we had synonymous words of our own growth. Thus, for example, he introduced leveé, coucheé, boutefeu, simagres, fracheur, fougue, &c. Nor was he more lucky in the Italian falsarè:

——— his shield
Was falsify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd.
Dryden's Virg.

[3] Horat.

[4] John Smith writ also the Hector of Germany.

[5] Joshua Sylvester.

sent kind are not unnecessary: English poetry begins to grow capricious, fantastical, and affectedly luxuriant; and therefore (as Augustus said of Haterius) sufflaminari paululum debet.

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY,

AN EMBLEMATICAL ELEGY,

PAINS and diseases; stripes and labour too!!
"What more could Edom and proud Ashur do?"
Scourge after scourge, and blows succeeding blows?
Lord, has thy hand no mercy, and our woes
No intermission? Gracious Being, please
To calm our fears, and give the body ease!
The poor man, and the slave of ev'ry kind, [find:
Midst pains and toils may gleams of comfort
But who can bear the sickness of the mind?
The pow'r of Melancholy mounts the throne,
And makes the realms of wisdom half her own [2];
Not David's lyre, with David's voice conjoin'd,
Can drive th' oppressive phantom from the mind [3]?
No more the Sun delights, nor lawns, nor trees;
The vernal blossoms, or the summer's breeze.
No longer Echo makes the dales rejoice
With sportive sounds, and pictures of a voice [4]:
Th' aërial choir, which sung so soft and clear,
Now grates harsh music to the froward ear:
The gently murm'ring rills offend from far,
And emulate the clangour of a war:
Books have no wit, the liveliest wits have none;
And hope, the last of ev'ry friend, is gone!
Nor rest nor joy to Virtue's self are giv'n,
Till the disease is rectify'd by Heav'n.
And yet this Iliad of intestine woes
(So frail is man) from seeming nothings rose:
A drop of acrid juice, a blast of air,
Th' obstruction of a tube as fine as hair;
Or spasm within a labyrinth of threads,
More subtile far than those the spider spreads [5].
What sullen planet rul'd our hapless birth,
Averse from joys, and enemy of mirth?
Wat'ry Arcturus in a luckless place
South'd [6], and portended tears to all our race:
With him the weeping Pleiades conjoin,
And Mazzaroth made up the mournful trine [7]:
Orion added noise to dumb despair,
And rent with hurricanes the driving air;
And last Absinthion [8] his dire influence shed
Full on the heart, and fuller on the head.
Oft have we sought (and fruitless oft) to gain
A short parenthesis 'twixt pain and pain;
But, sick'ning at the cheerfulness of light,
The soul has languish'd for th' approach of night:
Again, immerst in shades, we seem to say,
O day-spring [9]! gleam of thy promise of a day [10].
On this side death th' unhappy sure are curst,
Who sigh for change, and think the present worst:
Who weep unpity'd, groan without relief;
"There is no end nor measure of their grief!"
The happy have waste twelve-months to bestow;
But those can spare all time, who live in woe!
Whose liveliest hours are misery and thrall;
Whose food is wormwood, and whose drink is gall [11].
Banish their grief, or ease their irksome load;
Ephraim, at length, was favour'd by his God [12].
Ah, what is man, that demi-god on Earth?
Proud of his knowledge, glorying in his birth;
Profane corrector of th' Almighty's laws,
Full of th' effect, forgetful of the cause!
Why boast of reason, and yet reason ill?
Why talk of choice, yet follow erring will?
Why vaunt our liberty, and prove the slave
Of all ambition wants, or follies crave?
This is the lot of him, surnam'd the wise,
Who lives mistaken, and mistaken dies!
The sick less happy, and yet happier live;
For pains and maladies are God's reprieve:
This respite, 'twixt the grave and cradle giv'n,
Is th' interpos'd parenthesis of Heav'n!

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[1] The hint of this emblem is taken from our venerable and religious poet F. Quarles, L. III, Embl. 4. Mr. Dryden used to say, that Quarles exceeded him in the facility of rhyming.

Quarles's book, and the emblematical prints therein contained, are chiefly taken from the Pia Desideria of Hugo Hermannus. The engravings were originally designed by that celebrated artist C. Van Sichem.

[2] Dan. ch. iv, v. 34.

[3] 1 Sam. ch. xvi, v. 23.

[4] Agreeably to this, is a lovely piece of imagery in the holy Scriptures.

"The Earth mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed, and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness; Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits." Isaiah, ch. xxxiii, v. 9.

[5] Isaiah, ch. lix, v. 5.

[6] *South'd*, a received term in astrology,

[7] Job, ch. xxxviii v. 31, 32. According to Scripture-astronomy these three were all watery signs, and emblematical of grief. The fourth constellation, named Orion, threatened mankind with hurricanes and tempests. Sandys understood the passage in the same manner as I do. See his excellent Paraphrase on Job, folio, page 49, London 1637. Mention is again made of the Seven Stars, (Pleiades) and of Orion, Amos, ch. v, v. 8—and Job, ch. ix, v. 9.

[8] The star of bitterness, called Wormwood, Rev. ch. viii, v. 10.

[9] Job, ch. xxxviii, v. 12. Luke, ch. I, v. 78. Ἀνατολὴ ἐξ ὕψους. This poetical word, day-spring, expressing the dawn of morning, has been never adopted by our poets, as far as we can recollect.

[10] Deut. ch. xxviii, v. 66, 67.

"And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have no assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! For the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes wherewith thou shalt see." See also Job, ch. iii. v. 8.

[11] Jerem. ch. xxiii, v. 15.

[12] Ibid. ch. xxxi, v. 20. "Ephraim is my dear son;—for, since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him: I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord."

[illegible] often we complain—but flesh is weak;
[illegible] would waste us, and the heart would break.
[illegible] you' rose, the poor despondent cries,
[illegible] his brow, and anguish in his eyes)
[illegible] healthy verdure paints its juicy shoots,
What equal circulation feeds the roots!
At morning dawn it feels the dew-ting'd ray,
But opens all its bosom to the day.
[illegible] assists it, and no toil it takes[13],
[illegible] at ev'ning, and with morning wakes[14].
[illegible] was I born? Or wherefore born a man?
[illegible] my wish; yet tether'd to a span!
The slave, that groans beneath the toilsome oar,
"Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore:"
His captive stripes are heal'd; his native soil
Sweetens the memory of foreign toil.
"Alas, my sorrows are not half so blest;"
My labours know no end, my pains no rest!
Tell me, vain-glorious Newtons, if you can,
What heterogeneous mixtures form the man?
Pleasure and anguish, ignorance and skill;
Nature and spirit, slav'ry and free will;
Weakness and strength; old age and youthful prime;
Errour and truth; eternity and time!—
What contradictions have for ever ran
Betwixt the nether brute and upper man[15]?
Ah! what are men, who God's creation scorn?
The worm their brother[16];—brother elder born!
Plants live like them, in fairer robes array'd,
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade.
The lab'ring steer sleeps less disturb'd at night,
And eats and drinks with keener appetite,—
Restrain'd by nature just t' enjoy his fill;
Useful, and yet incapable of ill.
Say, man, what vain pre-eminence is thine?
Each sense impair'd by gluttony and wine[17]:
Thou art the beast, except thy soaring mind
Aspires to pleasures of immortal kind:
Else, boasted knowledge, hapless is thy curse,
T' approve the better, and embrace the worse!
So Annas owns the miracle, and then
(Wilfully blinded) persecutes agen[18].
To minds afflicted ever has been giv'n
A claim upon the patronage of Heav'n:
(Whilst the world's idiots ev'ry thought employ
With hopes to live and die without annoy.)
In the first agonies of heart-struck grief,
Heav'n to our parents typify'd relief[19].
Th' Almighty lent an ear to Hannah's pray'r[20],
And bless'd her with each blessing, in an heir:
Whilst Hezekiah[21], earnest in his cause,
Gain'd a suspension of great Nature's laws,
And permanence to time;—for lo! the Sun
Retrae'd the journey he had lately run.—
But most th' unhappy wretch, aggriev'd in mind,
Rais'd pity in the Saviour of mankind[22].
He ask'd for peace; Heav'n gave him its own rest;
Demons were dumb, and Legion dispossest.
Wither'd with palsy'd blasts, the limbs resume,
Thy strength, O manhood; and, O youth, thy bloom[23]!
Syro-Phenicia's maiden re-enjoy'd
That equal mind, which Satan once destroy'd[24].
And, when the heav'nly Ephphatha[25] was spoke,
The deaf-born heard, the dumb-born silence broke.
Th' ethereal fluid mov'd, the speech return'd;
No spasms were dreaded, no despondence mourn'd.
Then rouse, my soul, and bid the world adieu,
Its maxims, wisdom, joys and glory too;
The mighty ΕΥΡΗΚΑ[26] appears in view.
Just so, the gen'rous falcon[27], long immur'd
In doleful cell, by osier-bars secur'd,
Laments her fate; till, flitting swiftly by,
Th' aerial prize attracts her eager eye:
Instant she summons all her strength and fire;
Her aspect kindles fierce with keen desire;
She prunes her tatter'd plumes in conscious pride,
And bounds from perch to perch, and side to side:
Impatient of her jail, and long detain'd,
She breaks the bounds her liberty restrain'd:
Then, having gain'd the point by Heav'n design'd,
Soars 'midst the clouds, and proves her high-born kind.
When Adam did his Paradise forego,
He earn'd his hard-bought bread with sweating brow.—
Give us the labour, but suppress the woe
Merit we boast not: but Christ's sacred side
Has pour'd for all its sacramental tide.
No sin, no guile, no blemishes had he;
A self-made slave to set the captive free!
Yet pain and anguish still too far presume;
Just are Heav'n's ways, and righteous is its doom.
All chastisement, before we reach the grave,
Are bitter med'cines, kindly meant to save.
Thus let the rhet'ric of our suff'rings move;
The voice of grief is oft the voice of love[28]!

13 Matth. ch. vi, v. 28.

14 Concerning the sleep of plants, see an ingenious Latin treatise lately published in Sweden.

15 Poetical definition of a centaur.

16 Job, ch. xvii, v 14.—There is a remarkable passage in the Psalms upon this occasion, where the worm takes place of the monarch: "O praise the Lord, ye mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; worms and feathered fowls; kings of the Earth and all people; princes and judges of the world."
Psalm cxlviii, v. 10, Septuagint Version.

17 "If we pamper the flesh too much, we nourish an enemy; if we defraud it of lawful sustenance, we destroy a good citizen."
St. Gregor. Homil.

18 Acts, ch. iv, v. 6, 18.

19 Gen. ch. iii, v. 15.

20 1 Kings, ch. i.

21 2 Kings, ch. xx.

22 Mark, ch. v, v. 3—9. And also "the spirit of the Lord is upon me (saith Christ:) he sent me to heal the broken-hearted," &c. Luke, ch. iv. v. 18. Compare likewise Isaiah, ch. lxi. v. 1.

23 Matth. ch. iv, v. 24, &c. Acts viii, v. 7.

24 Mark vii, v. 26.

25 Ibid. v. 34.

26 See Dryden's Relig. Laici; and Prior's Ode entitled, What is Man? ΕΥΡΗΚΑ signifies finding out the great point desired.

27 The hint of this similie is taken from Quarles.

28 "There is sometimes a certain pleasure in

The bed of sickness (after cares and strife)
Is weak man's cradle for a second life:
Death's but a moment; and, before we die,
We touch the threshold of eternity!
So, stretch'd beneath the juniper's chill shade,
Th' afflicted prophet [29] in despondence pray'd:
"Oh, take the burthen of my life away,
Dead are my sires; nor better I than they:"
At length a seraph cry'd, "Arise and eat;
Behold thy bev'rage; and behold thy meat:
Heav'n's one repast shall future strength supply
For forty days, till Horeb meets thy eye [30]."
The good man neither fears, desponds, nor faints,
Arm'd with the heav'nly panoply [31] of saints.

MEDITATIONS ON CHRIST'S DEATH AND PASSION.

AN EMBLEM.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him.

Isaiah, ch. liii, v. 5.

Σὸς εἰμι, ΧΡΙΣΤΕ· σῶσον, ὡς Ἀγνὸν θέλεις.

Greg. Naz. Carm. Iamb.

Respice dum transis, quia sis mihi causa doloris.

HASTE not so fast, on worldly cares employ'd,
Thy bleeding Saviour [1] asks a short delay:
What trifling bliss is still to be enjoy'd,
What change of folly wings thee on thy way?
Look back a moment, pause a while [2], and stay.
For thee thy God assum'd the human frame;
For thee the guiltless pains and anguish try'd;
Thy passion (sin excepted) his became:
Like thee he suffer'd, hunger, wept, and dy'd.

Nor wealth nor plenty did he ever taste,
The moss his pillow oft, his couch the ground;
The poor man's bread completed his repast;
Home he had none, and quiet never found,
For fell reproach pursu'd, and aim'd the wound [3]:

The wise men mock'd him, and the learned scorn'd;
Th' ambitious worldling other patrons try'd;
The pow'r that judg'd him, ev'ry foe suborn'd;
He wept un-pity'd, and un-honour'd dy'd.

For ever mournful, but for ever dear,
O love stupendous! glorious degradation!
No death of sickness, with a common tear;—
No soft extinction claims our sorrows here;
But anguish, shame, and agonizing passion!
The riches of the world, and worldly praise,
No monument of gratitude can prove;
Obedience only the great debt repays,
An imitative heart, and undivided love!

To see the image of th' All-glorious Pow'r
Suspend his immortality, and dwell
In mortal bondage, tortur'd ev'ry hour;
A self-made pris'ner in a dolesome cell,
Victim for sin, and conqueror of Hell [4]!
Lustration for offences not his own!
Th' unspotted for th' impure resign'd his breath;
No other off'ring could thy crimes atone:
Then blame thy Saviour's love, but not his death.

From this one prospect draw thy sole relief,
Here learn submission, passive duties learn;
Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief:
Eschew each danger, ev'ry good discern,
And the true wages of thy virtue earn.
Reflect, O man, on such stupendous love,
Such sympathy divine, and tender care [5];
Beseech the Paraclete [6] thine heart to move,
And offer up to Heav'n this silent pray'r.

[7] "Great God, thy judgments are with justice crown'd,
To human crimes and errours gracious still;
Yet, though thy mercies more and more abound,
Right reason spares not fresh-existing ill,

[29] Elijah.

[30] 2 Kings, ch. xix., v. 4—8.

[31] Eph. ch. vi, v. 14—17.——Panoply (from the Greek), a complete suit of armour. Mr. Pope, Dryden.

[1] "Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. The way wherein thou oughtest to walk; the truth which thou desirest to obtain: and the life of happiness which thou longest to enjoy."

St. August.

[2] "If you labour for a time, you will afterwards enjoy an eternity of rest. Your sufferings are of a short duration, your joy will last for ever: and if your resolution wavers, and is going to desert you, turn your eyes towards Mount Calvary, and consider what Christ suffered for you, innocent as he was. This consideration will enable you to say in the event, that your sufferings lasted for a moment." Idem.

[3] "Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Christ." St. August.

"For he (Pilate) knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy."

Mark, ch. xv, v. 10.

An antient Heathen also hath personified envy, and painted her in a mischievous attitude;

——————— Gnara malorum,
Invidia infelix! animi vitiaia vidit,
Lædendique vias.

[4] Nolo vivere sine vulnere, cum te videam vulneratum. Bonavent.

"To know God, without knowing our misery, creates pride: to know misery, without knowing Christ, causes despondence."

St. Augustin.

[5] "They make a free-will offering to God, who in the midst of their sufferings preserve their gratitude and acknowledgements."

Cassian.

[6] "God's Holy Spirit worketh in the following manner in his rational children. It instructs, moves, and admonishes: as for example; it instructs the reason, moves the will, and admonishes the memory." St. Gregor. in Moral.

[7] Translated from the famous French Ode of M. de Barreaux.

Grand Dieu! Tes jugements sont remplis d' équité, &c.

Nor can thy goodness counter-work thy will.
Ah no! The gloom of sin so dreadful shows,
That horrour, guilt, and death the conscience fill:
Eternal laws our happiness oppose;
Thy nature and our lives are everlasting foes!

"Severe thy truth, yet glorious is thy scheme;
Complete the vengeance of thy just desire;
See from our eyes the gushing torrents stream,
Yet strike us, blast us with celestial fire;
Our doom, and thy decrees, alike conspire.
Yet dying we will love thee and adore.
Where shall the flaming flashes of thy ire
Transpierce our bodies? Ev'ry nerve and pore
With Christ's immaculate blood is cover'd and o'er."

"When we praise God we may speak much, and yet come short: Wherefore in sum, he is all. When you glorify him; exalt him as much as you can: for even yet he will far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary, for you can never go far enough." Ecclus. ch. xliii, v, 27—30.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN LANGHORNE, DD.

THE

LIFE OF LANGHORNE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

JOHN LANGHORNE, the son of a clergyman beneficed in Lincolnshire, was born at Kirkby-Steven, in Westmoreland, in the month of March 1735. His father dying when he was only four years of age, the care of his education devolved on his mother, who initiated him in the first principles of knowledge with such tender anxiety as left a pleasing and indelible impression on his memory. He celebrated her virtues on her tomb, and more particularly by a beautiful Monody inserted among his poems.

When of sufficient age, he was placed at a school at Winton, and afterwards at Appleby, where he recommended himself to the good opinion of Mr. Yates, his master, not only by speedily dispatching the usual school tasks, but by performing voluntary exercises which he submitted to his revisal. By this employment of his leisure hours, he probably excelled his companions, and we are told that at the age of thirteen he was able to read and construe the Greek Testament.

He did not leave this school until his eighteenth year, when having no means of defraying the expenses of an university education, he engaged himself as private tutor in a family near Ripon. He had attained a thorough knowledge of the classical languages, and during his residence in this neighbourhood, began to write verses, the greater part of which his more mature judgment led him to destroy. One of these pieces, however, Studley Park, has been very properly snatched from oblivion by his biographer, and now stands at the head of this collection, not indeed as the best, but as the earliest specimen of his powers. It appears that he had some expectations from the possessor of this beautiful place, which were not gratified, and he therefore thought proper to omit it in the subsequent editions of his poems.

His next occupation was that of an assistant at the free-school of Wakefield, then superintended by Mr. Clarke, and while here he took deacon's orders, and became, it is said, "a popular preacher." In the year 1759, Mr. Clarke recommended him as preceptor to the sons of Robert Cracroft, esq. of Hackthorn, near Lincoln. Mr. Cracroft had nine sons, and Mr. Langhorne must have been fully employed in the family, yet he added to theirs the tuition of Mr. Edmund

Cartwright, a young gentleman of a poetical turn, who afterwards wrote an elegy, entitled Constantia, on the death of his preceptor's wife.

During his residence at Hackthorn, our author published a volume of his poems for the relief of a gentleman in distress, most of which are included in the present edition: and in the same year a poem entitled The Death of Adonis, from the Greek of Bion. Public opinion gave him no encouragement to reprint this last, but he derived from it the advantage of being noticed as a critic of considerable acumen in Greek poetry.

In 1760, he entered his name at Clarehall, Cambridge, in order to take the degree of bachelor of divinity, which he supposed, by the statutes of the university, any person in orders is impowered to do without residence, but in this it is probable he did not succeed, as his name is not to be found among the Cambridge graduates. His being included in Mr. Cole's list, is, however, a proof that he entered of Clarehall; and while here, he wrote a poem on the King's Accession, and another on the Royal Nuptials which he afterwards inserted in Solyman and Almena. In the same year, he published The Tears of the Muses, a poem to the memory of Handel, with an Ode to the River Eden, 4to.

While employed in the education of the sons of Mr. Cracraft, he became enamoured of the amiable disposition and personal charms of Miss Anne Cracraft, one of that gentleman's daughters. He had given her some instructions in the Italian language, and was often delighted by her skill in music, for which he had a very correct ear. A mutual attachment was the consequence of these many opportunities and coincidences in polite accomplishments, which Mr. Langhorne was eager to terminate in marriage. But the lady, who knew that a match so disproportioned as to fortune, would be opposed by her family, gave him a denial as firm and as gentle as her good sense and secret attachment would permit.

For this, however, Mr. Langhorne was not prepared, and immediately left his situation in hopes of recovering a more tranquil tone of mind in distant scenes and different employment. In 1761, he officiated as curate to the rev. Abraham Blackburn of Dagenham, and obtained the friendship of the Gilmans, a very amiable family in that place. While endeavouring to forget his heart's disappointment, he found some relief in penning a Hymn to Hope [1], which he published this year in London, 4to.; and in the course of the next, he gave farther vent to his thoughts in The Visions of Fancy, four elegies 4to.; Letters on Religious Retirement, 8vo; and Solyman and Almena, a fiction, in the manner of the eastern tales, but not much to be praised for invention. The letters are of a sentimental, melancholy cast, with a considerable mixture of lighter and more entertaining matter.—In the same year he published the Viceroy, a poem in honour of lord Halifax, then lord lieutenant of Ireland. Here, as in the case of Studley Park, our author appears to have expected to find a patron, but lord Halifax did not condescend to notice what, it must be confessed, flatters him with too much artifice; and Langhorne, when he collected his poems, retained only a favourite fragment of this unlucky piece, omitting altogether the name of Halifax, or Viceroy. The whole, however, is given in the present edition as originally written.

[1] This piece was much admired by lord Lyttelton, whom our author had the honour to rank among his friends and correspondents. *C.*

His Letters on Religious Retirement were dedicated with rather more success to bishop Warburton, who returned a complimentary letter, in which he encouraged our author to make some attempt in the cause of religion. This is supposed to have produced, in 1763, the letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia, a fiction founded on a well-known story in the Spectator. The style of these letters is in general elegant, but in some parts too florid. The letter on Prayer is very equivocal in its tendency. This year also gave birth to a poem, meant to be philosophical, entitled The Enlargement of the Mind, (part first), in which we find some noble sentiments expressed in glowing and elevated language. His next publication, about the same time, called Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, 2 vols. 12mo. was a work of considerable popularity: it is indeed a very pleasing miscellany of humour, fancy, and criticism; but the style is often flippant and irregular, and made him be classed among the imitators of Sterne, whom it was the fashion at that time to read and to admire.

In the year 1764, having obtained the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell, he was enabled to reside in London, where only literary talents meet with ready encouragement, and where he was already ranked among the elegant and pleasing poets of the day, and had given ample proof of ease and versatility in the choice and management of his subjects. His first publication this year was the continuation of Theodosius and Constantia, of much the same character as the former work, but enlivened by more variety. As he appears to have aspired to promotion through the popularity of his talents in the pulpit, he now gave a specimen of what had pleased his congregation, in two volumes of Sermons. His biographer has taken some pains to defend these against the censure of the late Mr. Mainwaring, of St. John's, Cambridge, in his dissertation prefixed to his Sermons (1780). But it appears to me that they abound in the false pathos, and that the reasoning, where any occurs, is very superficial. They have, however, this advantage to those who dislike sermons of every kind, that they are perhaps the shortest ever published.

About this time, his son informs us, that he engaged with Mr. Griffiths as a writer in the Monthly Review, and that this engagement, with scarcely any intermission, continued to his death. I suspect there is some mistake in this account, although the secrecy which very properly prevails in the management of a review, will not allow me to rectify it. That Mr. Langhorne was a writer in the Monthly Review, has been repeated from so many quarters, that there seems no reason to doubt it, but a dispute relating to a work hereafter mentioned which took place between Mr. Langhorne and the editor of the Review, affords some ground to think that his connection with it had ceased about the year 1769.

But whatever may be in this, his employment as a critic, we are told, procured him many acquaintances among literary men, while the vein of ridicule which he indulged in treating several of the subjects that fell under his consideration, created him many enemies, who, in their turn, endeavoured to depreciate his performances. „ As no judgment can now be pronounced on the articles which he wrote, it is impossible to say whether this vein of ridicule was employed as the just chastisement of arrogance and immorality, or substituted for fair and legitimate criticism. Illiberality has not often been imputed to the journal in which he wrote;

and as to his enemies, I know of none more formidable than Churchill, Kelly, and Kenrick, two of whom were libellers by profession. Smollet, whose jealousy of the Monthly Review led him often to disgrace his talents by invidious attacks on the supposed writers belonging to it, bestows almost uniform praise on Langhorne's various works.

In 1765, his productions were, The second Epistle on the Enlargement of the Mind: an edition of the poems of the elegant and tender Collins, with a criticism and some memoirs; and letters on that difficult subject, The Eloquence of the Pulpit. He had now occasion to exert his own talents before a more enlightened auditory than he had ever yet addressed, having been appointed by Dr. Hurd (the venerable bishop of Winchester) to the office of assistant preacher at Lincoln's-Inn Chapel.

In the following year, we do not find that any thing original came from his pen; he prepared for the press, however, an enlarged edition of his Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, and a collection of his poems, in two vols. 12mo. The principal article of these, not before published, is a dramatic poem, or Tragedy, entitled The Fatal Prophecy. This was his only attempt in this species of poetry, and was universally accounted unsuccessful. He had the good sense to acquiesce in the decision, and neither attempted the drama again, nor reprinted this specimen.

During Churchill's career, our author endeavoured to counteract the scurrility he had thrown out against Scotland in his Prophecy of Famine, by an elegant poem entitled Genius and Valour. This provoked Churchill to introduce his name once or twice with his usual epithets of contempt, which Langhorne disregarded, and disregarded his own interest at the same time, by dedicating this poem to lord Bute, a minister going out of place! It produced him, however, a very flattering letter in the year 1766, from Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, and principal of the university of Edinburgh, requesting him to accept a diploma for the degree of doctor in divinity. He was farther consoled by the approbation of every wise and loyal man who contemplated the miseries of disunion, and the glaring absurdity of perpetuating national prejudices.

In 1767, after a courtship of five years, Dr. Langhorne obtained the hand of Miss Cracraft, to whom he had ever been tenderly attached, and with whom he had kept up a correspondence [2] since his departure from Hackthorn. By what means her family were reconciled to the match, we are not told; but some fortune accompanied it, as the living of Blagden in Somersetshire was purchased for him, and there he went immediately to reside. His happiness, however, with this lady was of short duration, as she died in childbirth of a son, May 4, 1768. She was interred in the chancel of Blagden church, with the following lines on her monument, written by her husband:

> With Sappho's taste, with Arria's tender heart,
> Lucretia's honour, and Cecilia's art,
> That such a woman died surprise can't give,
> 'Tis only strange that such a one should live.

[2] This correspondence, his son informs us, he published after her death, under the title of Letters to Eleanora, from a sacred compliance with her request. This publication I have not seen, but the accounts of it in the critical journals are very unfavourable. The Monthly Reviewer says, that the author "has preposterously ventured to impress his reader with sensations and emotions which he himself did not feel." This, perhaps, may strengthen my conjecture on the termination of his connexion with this Review. C.

He afterwards composed a more elegant and pathetic tribute to her virtues, which may be found among his poems. The allusion to the cause of her death is an original thought introduced with great skill and tenderness.

During Mrs. Langhorne's life, he produced one poem only, entitled Precepts of Conjugal Happiness, addressed to Mrs. Nelthorpe, a sister of his wife. To this lady he committed the care of his infant child, who has lived to acknowledge her friendship, and to discharge the duties of an affectionate son, by the late Memoirs of his father, prefixed to an elegant edition of his poems.—In the Precepts of Conjugal Happiness, there is more good sense than poetry. It appears to have been a temporary effusion on which he bestowed no extraordinary pains.

Not long after Mrs. Langhorne's death, our author went to reside at Folkestone in Kent where his brother, the rev. William Langhorne, then officiated as minister, a man of a very amiable character. He was born in the year 1721, and presented by the archbishop of Canterbury to the rectory of Hakinge, with the perpetual curacy of Folkestone, in 1754, and on this preferment he passed the remainder of his life. He published Job, a poem; and a poetical paraphrase on a part of Isaiah; neither of which raised him to the fame of a poet, although they are not without the merit of correctness and spirit. He died Feb. 17, 1772, and his brother wrote some elegant lines to his memory, which are inscribed on a tablet in the chancel of Folkestone church [3].

Between these brothers the closest affection subsisted; each was to other "more the friend than brother of his heart." During their residence together at Folkestone, they were employed in preparing a new translation of Plutarch's lives: and our poet, who became about this time intimate with Scott, the poet of Amwell (who likewise had just lost a beloved wife from a similar cause), paid him a visit at Amwell, where he wrote the Monody inscribed to Mr. Scott.

Amidst these engagements he found leisure to give to the world two productions strongly marked by the peculiarities of his style and turn of thinking: the one entitled Frederick and Pharamond, or the Consolations of Human Life, 8vo.; the other, Letters supposed to have passed between M. de St. Evremond and Waller. In this last, while he was allowed to have preserved their characters tolerably, he was at the same time accused by the critic in the Monthly Review, of taking frequent opportunities to compliment himself on the merit of the letters he had written for St. Evremond and Waller. This produced a complaint from Langhorne, which was answered by the reviewer, respectfully indeed, but not in the manner that might have been expected from an associate. It is from this circumstance that I have been led to conjecture that his connexion with the Review ceased when he left London in consequence of his obtaining the living of Blagden.—Frederick and Pharamond was begun with a view to alleviate the afflictions of a friend, and pursued perhaps to alleviate his own. It attempts that by argument which is rarely accomplished but by time.

The translation of Plutarch, by the brothers, appeared in 1770, and soon became a very popular book. In 1771, Dr. Langhorne gave another proof of the variety on which he exercised his fancy, in a favourite little volume, entitled the

[3] Gent. Mag. vol. 74, p. 1001. C.

Fables of Flora. In this, although he claimed too hastily the merit of combining for the first time imagery, description, and sentiment, yet he has certainly enlarged the province of fable, and given proof of a wide range of imagination. It cannot however be denied, that the moral is not always sufficiently pointed, that the style is too much ornamented, and the general cast of sentiment too obscure, for the persons in whose hands fables are usually placed. In answer to the objection made to the language of flowers, his son very justly remarks, that "impersonation may certainly be applied with as much reason to the vegetable as to the animal creation, if the characteristic attributes of each plant or flower are faithfully marked, and the unity of the fable is maintained."

Towards the latter end of the year 1771, Dr. Langhorne went to reside for a few months at Potton in Bedfordshire, where he wrote his Origin of the Veil, which, however, was not published for some time after. In 1772, he paid a visit to his native country, and married a second wife, the daughter of —— Thomson, esq. a magistrate near Brough, and soon after took her with him on a tour through part of France and Flanders, the scenery of which afforded new topics for his muse.

Late in the spring he returned to Blagden, where he was put into the commission of the peace; and having considered the usual practice of the duties of that office, he imparted his sentiments on the subject in a species of didactic and satirical poem, entitled The Country Justice, in three parts, published in 1774, 1775, and 1777. This humane endeavour to plead the cause of the poor and wretched against oppression and neglect, does great honour to his feelings, which, indeed, in all his works, are on the side of benevolence and virtue. It is said to have been written in consequence of the suggestion, and as to facts, probably with the assistance, of Dr. Burn, the well-known author of a Digest of the Laws relating to Justices of the Peace.—In 1773, Dr. Langhorne presented the public with a liberal translation of that part of Denina on the Ancient Republics of Italy, which contains the author's reflections on the admission of the Italian states to the franchises of Rome[4].

In 1776, he lost his second wife, who died like the former, in child-bed, five years after her marriage, and left a daughter whom he consigned by his will to the protection of his friend, Mrs. Gillman. What impression this second interruption to domestic happiness produced on his mind, we are not told. In this year, however, we find him again employing the press in a Translation of Milton's Italian Sonnets, and on two occasional sermons. In 1777, at the request of the Bouverie family (who highly respected Dr. Langhorne), Dr. Moss, bishop of Bath and Wells, presented him with a prebend in the cathedral of Wells.

His last production was the tale of Owen of Carron, which, with some beauties, has less of his usual energy and vigour: it is uncertain whether this was owing to the nature of the poem, in which he conceived it necessary to imitate the ballad simplicity, or to a languor of body and mind. The death of the right hon. Charles Yorke, from whom he had great expectations, is said to have made a

[4] The author's object in this publication is not very obvious. In our days it might be of more importance to discuss the question, by what means the Romans acquired their superiority and were enabled to extend their conquests? *C.*

lasting impression on him, but as Mr. Yorke died in 1770, this seems wholly improbable.

His biographer passes over his last days without notice of his situation or employments. We are merely told that he died on April 1, 1779, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

In 1804, his son published an edition of his poems, in two elegant volumes 12mo. with memoirs of the Author. To these I am indebted for the principal part of this sketch.

If we may judge from his writings, Dr. Langhorne was a man of an amiable disposition, a friend to religion and morals, and though a wit, he never descends to grossness or indelicacy. His memory has not been followed by any worse objection than that he was of a social turn, and during the latter part of his life more addicted to convivial indulgences than is consistent with health. This, however, is a serious objection, and not much lessened by the supposition that he was driven to this unhappy species of relief by having twice lost the chief source of domestic happiness.

Incidental notice having been already taken of many of his pieces, it will not be necessary to enlarge on the subject in this place. Ease, elegance, and tenderness, are the most striking features of his poetry: nor is he deficient in invention; an attentive perusal will discover many original sentiments, and spirited flights, which the critics of his day pointed out with high praise. He is very seldom a copyist; his style and his sentiments, whatever their merit, are his own.

His prose works are various enough to convince us that he was either a laborious writer, or possessed of great fertility of imagination, and the latter will probably be the safest conjecture. But, although a scholar of high attainments, he has rarely brought learning to his aid. His mind was stored with remarks on men and manners, which he expressed in various and desultory modes, so as to give an air of novelty to every thing he wrote, but we find nothing very profound. He appeared so frequently before the public as to secure a considerable degree of fame; what he announced was expected with eagerness, and what he published was read with pleasure; but as his abilities were confined to the lighter provinces of literature, there are few of his productions which will be honoured by permanent popularity.

POEMS

OF

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE.

TO THE REV. MR. J. LANGHORNE, ON READING HIS VISIONS OF FANCY, &c.

BY MISS WHATELEY.

Fraught with each wish the friendly breast can form,
A simple Muse, O! Langhorne, would intrude;
Her lays are languid, but her heart is warm,
Though not with Fancy's potent powers endu'd.

Fancy, though erst she shed a glimmering ray,
And op'd to fairy scenes my infant eye,
From Pain and Care, has wing'd her cheerful way,
And with Hygeia sought a milder sky.

No more my trembling hand attempts the lyre,
Which Shenstone oft (sweet bard) has deign'd to praise;
Even tuneful Langhorne's friendship fails t' inspire
The glow that warm'd my breast in happier days.

Yet not this cold heart can remain unmov'd,
When thy sweet numbers strike my raptur'd ear;
The silver sounds, by ev'ry Muse approv'd,
Suspend a while the melancholy tear.

What time, on Arrowe's osier'd banks reclin'd,
I to the pale Moon pour'd thy plaintive lay;
Smooth roll'd the waves, more gently sigh'd the wind,
And Echo stole the tender notes away.

Sweet Elves and Fays, that o'er the shadowy plains
Their mystic rites and mazy dance pursue,
Turn'd their light minstrelsy to softer strains,
And from thy lays their melting music drew.

Sweet son of Fancy! may the white-rob'd Hours
Shed their kind influence on thy gentle breast;
May Hebe strew thy vernal path with flow'rs,
Blest in thy love, and in thy friendship blest.

Smooth as thy numbers may thy years advance,
Pale Care and Pain their speeding darts suspend;
May Health, and Fancy, lead the cheerful dance,
And Hope for ever her fair torch extend.

For thee may Fame her fairest chaplets twine;
Each fragrant bloom that paints Aonia's brow,
Each flow'r, that blows by Alcidale, be thine;
With the chaste laurel's never-fading bough.

On thee may faithful friendship's cordial smile,
Attendant wait to sooth each rising care;
The nymph thou lov'st be thine devoid of guile,
Mild, virtuous, kind, compassionate, and fair.

May thy sweet lyre still charm the generous mind,
Thy liberal Muse the patriot spirit raise;
While, in thy page to latest time consign'd,
Virtue receives the meed of polish'd praise.

SONNET TO MR. LANGHORNE.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

Langhorne, unknown to me (sequester'd swain!)
Save by the Muse's soul-enchanting lay,
To kindred spirits never sung in vain,
Accept the tribute of this light essay;

Due for thy sweet songs that amus'd my day!
Where Fancy held her visionary reign,
Or Scotland's honours claim'd the pastoral strain
Or Music came o'er Handel tears to pay:

For all thy Irwan's flow'ry banks display
Thy Persian lover and his Indian fair;
All Theodosius' mournful lines convey,
Where Pride and Av'rice part a matchless pair;

Receive just praise and wreaths that ne'er decay,
By Fame and Virtue twin'd for thee to wear.

Amwell, near Ware,
16 March, 1766.

TO THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

A Muse that lov'd in Nature's walks to stray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,

To Nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amusements of life's vacant spring;
Nor shalt thou, Yorke, her humble offering blame,
If pure her incense, and unmixt her flame.
She pours no flattery into Folly's ear,
No shameless hireling of a shameless peer;
The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,
And Gloucester joins with Lyttelton to praise.
Each judge of art her strain, though artless, loves; [proves.
And Shenstone smil'd, and polish'd Hurd ap-
O may such spirits long protect my page,
Surviving lights of wit's departed age!
Long may I in their kind opinion live!
All meaner praise, all envy, I forgive.—
Yet fairly be my future laurels won!
Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's son,
Should his free suffrage own the favour'd strain,
Though vain the toil, the glory were not vain.

PROEMIUM.

WRITTEN IN 1766.

In Eden's[1] vale, where early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought,
Where Pembroke's[2] grottos, strew'd with Sidney's bays,
Recall'd the dreams of visionary days, [youth,
Thus the fond Muse, that sooth'd my vacant
Prophetic sung, and what she sung was truth.
"Boy, break thy lyre, and cast thy reed away;
Vain are the honours of the fruitless bay.
Though with each charm thy polish'd lay should please,
Glow into strength, yet soften into ease;
Should Attic fancy brighten ev'ry line,
And all Aonia's harmony be thine;
Say would thy cares a grateful age repay,
Fame wreathe thy brows, or Fortune gild thy way?
Ev'n her own fools, if Fortune smile, shall blame;
And Envy lurks beneath the flowers of Fame.
"Yet, if resolv'd, secure of future praise,
To tune sweet songs, and live melodious days,
Let not the hand, that decks my holy shrine,
Round Folly's head the blasted laurel twine.
Just to thyself, dishonest grandeur scorn;
Nor gild the bust of meanness nobly born.
Let truth, let freedom still thy lays approve!
Respect my precepts, and retain my love!"

STUDLEY PARK.

TO THE REV. MR. FARRAR.

Farrar! to thee these early lays I owe:
Thy friendship warms the heart from whence they flow.

Thee, thee I find, in all I find to please
In this thy elegance, in that thy ease.
Come then with Fancy to thy fav'rite
Where Studley triumphs in her green,
And pleas'd for once, while Eden smi
Forget that life's inheritance is pain.
Say, shall we muse along yon archi
Whose awful gloom no brightening ray
Or down these vales where vernal flow
Their golden bosoms to the smiles of
Where the fond eye in sweet distractio
Most pleas'd, when most it knows not
gaze?
Here groves arrang'd in various order
And blend their quiv'ring summits in th
The regal oak high o'er the circling shade
Exalts the hoary honours of his head.
The spreading ash a diff'ring green displ
And the smooth asp in soothing whispers
The fir that blooms in Spring's eternal prime
The spiry poplar, and the stately lime.
Here moss-clad walks, there lawns of liv
green,
United, form one nicely-varying scene:
The varying scene still charms th' attentive sight,
Or brown with shades, or op'ning into light.
Here the gay tenants of the tuneful grove,
Harmonious breathe the raptures of their love:
Each warbler sweet that hails the genial Spring,
Tunes the glad song, and plies th' expanded wing:
The love-suggested notes in varied strains,
Fly round the vocal hills and list'ning plains:
The vocal hills and list'ning plains prolong
In varied strains the love-suggested song.
To thee, all-bounteous Nature! thee they pay
The welcome tribute of their grateful lay!
To thee, whose kindly-studious hand prepares
The fresh'ning fields and softly-breathing airs;
Whose parent-bounty annual still provides
Of foodful insects such unbounded tides.
Beneath some friendly leaf supremely blest,
Each pours at large the raptures of his breast:
Nor changeful seasons mourn, nor storms unkind,
With those contented, and to these resign'd.
Here sprightly range the grove, or skim the plain,
The sportive deer, a nicely-checker'd train.
Oft near their haunt, on him who curious strays,
All throng'd abreast in fix'd attention gaze;
Th' intruding spy suspiciously survey,
Then butting limp along, and lightly frisk away.
Not so, when raves the pack's approaching roar,
Then loves endear, then Nature smiles no more:
In wild amaze, all tremblingly-dismay'd,
Burst through the groves, and bound along the glade;
'Till now some destin'd stag, prepar'd to fly,
Fires all the malice of the murd'ring cry:
Forc'd from his helpless mates the fated prey
Bears on the wings of quiv'ring fear away:
In flight (ah! could his matchless flight avail!)
Scorns the fierce steed, and leaves the flying gale.
Now trembling stops—and listens from afar,
In long, long deep'ning howls, the madd'ning war;
While loud-exulting triumphs thunder round,
Tremble the mountains, and the rocks rebound.

[1] The river Eden, in Westmorland.

[2] The countess of Pembroke, to whom sir Philip Sidney dedicated his Arcadia, resided at Appleby, a small but beautiful town in Westmorland, situated upon the Eden.

In vain, yet vig'rous, he renews his race,
In vain dark mazes oft perplex the chase:
With speed inspir'd by grief, he springs again
Through vaulted woods, and devious wilds in vain.
The unrav'lling pack, still onward pouring, trace
The various mazes of his circling race.
Breathless at last with long-repeated toil,
Sick'ning he stands—he yields—he falls the spoil.
From all the various blooms of painted bow'rs,
Fair banky wilds, and vallies fring'd with flow'rs,
Where Nature in profusion smiles delight,
With pleasure sated turns the roving sight.
Come then, bright vision! child of heav'nly day!
From this fair summit ampler scenes survey;
One spacious field in circling order eye,
And active ronnd the far horizon fly;
Where dales descend, or ridgy mountains rise,
And lose their aspect in the falling skies.
What pleasing scenes the landscape wide displays!
Th' enchanting prospect bids for ever gaze.
Hail charming fields, of happy swains the care!
Hail happy swains, possest of fields so fair!
In peace your plenteous labours long enjoy;
No murd'ring wars shall waste, nor foes destroy;
While western gales Earth's teeming womb unbind,
The seasons change, and bounteous suns are kind.
To social towns, see! wealthy Commerce brings
Rejoicing affluence on his silver wings.
On verdant hills, see! flocks innum'rous feed,
Or thoughtful listen to the lively reed.
See! golden harvests sweep the bending plains;
"And peace and plenty own a Brunswick reigns."
The wand'ring eye from Nature's wild domain
Attracted, turns to fairer scenes again.
Scenes, which to thee, refining Art! belong,
Invite the poet, and inspire the song.
Sweet, philosophic Muse! that lov'st to stray
In woody-curtain'd walks and dim-seen day,
Lead me, where lonely Contemplation roves,
Through silent shades and solitary groves.
Stop, daring foot! the sacred maid is here!
These awful glooms confess the goddess near.
Low in these woods her fav'rite scene is laid,
The fence umbrageous, and the dark'ning shade,
Whose bow'ry branches bar the vagrant eye,
Assailing storms and parching suns defy.
A gentle current calmly steals serene,
In silv'ry mazes, o'er the weeping green,
Till op'ning bright, its bursting waters spread,
And fall fast-flashing down a wide cascade.
A spacious lake below expanded lies,
And lends a mirror to the quiv'ring skies.
Here pendent domes, there dancing forests seem
To float and tremble in the waving gleam.
While gaily musing o'er it's verdant side,
Pleas'd I behold the glassy riv'let glide:
Bright in the verdure of the blooming year,
Where circling groves their full-blown honours wear;
Ambrosial daughter of the spicy Spring, [wing;
While fragrant woodbine scents each Zephyr's
While nectar-footed Morn, approaching, dyes,
In radiant blush, the rosy-checker'd skies;
The first fair Eden, o'er th' enchanted plain
Reviving, smiles, or seems to smile again.
Hail, blissful scene! divine Elysium hail!
Ye flow'ry blooms eternal sweets exhale:
The blest asylum's here, the sacred shore,
Where toils tumultuous tear the breast no more.
From wild ambition free, from dire despair,
Appalling terrour, and perplexing care,
Happy the man who in these shades can find
That angel-bliss, serenity of mind;
Walk the fair green, or in the grotto lie,
With hope-strung breast, and heav'n-erected eye!
While cheated worlds, by pleasure's lure betray'd,
Through rocks and sands pursue the siren maid;
And, long-bewilder'd, urge the weary chase,
Though still the phantom slips their vain embrace:
'Tis his with pitying eye to see—to know
Whence purest joy's perennial fountains flow.
With this exalting charm divinely blest,
The dear reflection of a blameless breast:
Where sweet-ey'd Love still smiles serenely gay,
And heav'nly Virtue beams a brighter ray.
Soft, smoothly-pacing slide his peaceful days,
His own his censure, and his own his praise:
Alike to him, both subjects of the grave,
The sceptre'd monarch, and the menial slave.
Thrice happy he who life's poor pains has laid
In the lone tomb of some sequester'd shade!
More amply blest, if gloriously retir'd; [fir'd;
With learning charm'd, and with the Muses
Who nobly dares with philosophic eye,
Through full creation's bounded orbs to fly;
Pleas'd, in their well-form'd systems still to find
The matchless wisdom of th' immortal mind.
Still charm'd, in Nature's various plan, to trace
His boundless love and all-supporting grace.
Ye pompous great! whose dream of glory springs
From sounding titles or the smiles of kings:
Ye, laurel'd in the bleeding wreathes of war!
And ye, whose hearts are center'd in a star!
Say, all ye sons of power and splendour, say,
E'er could ye boast one unembitter'd day?
Cease the vain hope in dazzling pomp to find
Divine content, to humbler lots assign'd;
The modest fair frequents the lowly cell,
Where smiling Peace and conscious Virtue dwell.
While through the maze of winding bow'rs I stray,
The shade's dim gloom, or vista's op'ning day;
Soft-sighing groves, where silky breezes fill,
Kiss the smooth plain, and glassy-dimpling rill;
In silent vales, by sadly-mourning streams,
Where swift-ey'd Fancy wings her waving dreams;
What sacred awe the lonely scenes inspire!
What joys transport me, and what raptures fire!
Visions divine, enchanted I behold,
And all the Muses all their charms unfold.
Ye, woods of Pindus, and Æolian plains,
No more shall listen to immortal strains:
Flow unconcern'd, no Muse celestial sings,
Ye Thracian fountains, and Aonian springs!
No more your shades shall leave their native shore,
Nor songs arrest your raptur'd currents more.
And thou, Parnassus, wrapt in deep alcoves,
Mourn, in sad silence, thy forsaken groves:
No more thy warblers rival notes admire,
Nor choral zephyrs fill the breathing lyre.

Each drooping laurel bends its languid head;
The strains are vanish'd, and the Muses fled.
To nobler hills, where fairer forests grow,
To vales, where streams in sweeter accents flow;
To blooming Studley's more delightful shades
Welcome, ye sacred, ye celestial maids!
Wake the soft lute, here strike the sounding string,
Make the groves echo, and the vallies ring;
Harmonious lead, through rosy-smiling bow'rs,
The soft-ey'd Graces and the dancing Hours.
In awful scenes retir'd, where gloomy Night
Still broods, unbanish'd by returning light;
Where Silence, fix'd in meditation deep,
Folds in her arms her fav'rite offspring, Sleep;
Musing along the lonely shades I roam
'Till beauteous rises a devoted dome;
Thy fane, seraphic Piety! low plac'd
In sable glooms, by deep'ning woods embrac'd.
Nor radiant here the prince of day displays
His morning blushes, nor meridian blaze:
Rolls o'er the world the splendid orb unseen,
'Till his last glories gild the streaming green;
Then sportive gleams through parting columns play,
Here waves a shadow, and there smiles a ray.
Just emblem of the man who, free from strife,
Th' uneasy pains that vex the noon of life,
Not dazzled with the diamond-beaming zone,
Flash of a lace, or brilliance of a stone,
Courts the last smiles of life's declining ray,
Where Hope exulting reaps eternal day.
The sacred solitude, the lone recess,
An awful pleasure on my soul impress.
Raptures divine through all my bosom glow,
The bliss alone immortal beings know.
Ah, knew that sovereign bliss no base alloy,
Wer't thou, my Farrer! witness to my joy;
What nobler pleasure could we boast below!
What joy sublimer Heav'n itself bestow!
Haste, my gay friend! my dear associate, haste!
Life of my soul, and partner of my breast!
Quick to these shades, these magic shades retire:
Here light thy graces, and thy virtue fire:
Here sheds sweet Piety her beams divine,
And all the goddess fills her heav'nly shrine.
Celestial maids before her altar move:
White-handed Innocence, and weeping Love.
Her tow'ring domes let Richmond boast alone;
The sculptur'd statue and the breathing stone:
Alone distinguish'd on the plains of Stowe,
From Jones's hand the featur'd marble glow:
Though there unnumber'd columns front the skies,
To fancied gods forbidden temples rise;
Unenvied, Studley, be this pomp of art,
'Tis thine the pow'r to please a virtuous heart.
From this lov'd scene with anxious steps I trace
Each devious winding of the banky maze;
To the tall summit of the steep repair,
And view the gay surrounding prospect there.
What joys expand my breast! what rapture warms!
While all the landscape opens all its charms:
While pleas'd I see, the parting shades between,
The lake fair-gleaming and the smoother green;
Through lowly grots where wand'ring shadows stray,
Groves gently wave, and glist'ning waters play.

On thee, fair Hackfall! Fancy bends her eye,
Longs o'er the cliffs and deep'ning lawns to fly.
Enchanted sees each silv'ry-floating wave
Beat thy green banks, thy lonely vallies lave;
And now delighted, now she joys to hear
Thy deep, slow falls, long-lab'ring through her ear[1].
All-beauteous Nature! object of my song,
To thee my first, my latest strains belong:
To thee my lays I tune, while envious Art
In rival charms here courts the raptur'd heart.
Like thee to please, she decks the painted bow'r,
Spreads the smooth lawn, and rears the velvet flow'r:
With winding arbours crowns the sylvan dale,
And bends the forest o'er the lowly vale:
Bids the loud cataract deep-thund'ring roar,
Or winds the riv'let round a mazy shore.
Ambitious still, like thee, when she beguiles,
Wins with thy grace, and in thy beauty smiles.
In this gay dome [2] where sportive Fancy plays,
And imag'd life the pictur'd roof arrays;
Proud in thy charms the *mimic shines confest*,
Beams the soft eye, and heaves the *panting* breast.
From thee, prime source! *kind-handed goddess!* flow
The purest blessings that we boast below:
To thee its beauty owes this charming scene,
These groves their fragrance, and those plains their green:
For thee the Muses wreaths eternal twine,
Immortal maid! for every Muse is thine.
Oh, wou'd'st thou lead me through the boundless sky!
Regions untravell'd by a mortal eye;
Or kindly aid, while studious I explore
Those arduous paths thy Newton trod before!
There wond'ring should my ravish't eye survey
New worlds of being, and new scenes of day.
But if for my weak wing and trembling sight,
Too vast the journey, and too full the light;
Inglorious here I'll tune the lowly reed,
How rolls the fountain, and how springs the mead.
Or, bear me to the banks, ye sacred Nine!
Of beauteous Isis, or the silver Tine;
To Tine's delightful banks, where, ever gay,
The generous F——lives the peaceful day:
F—— still free from passion's fretful train,
Ne'er felt the thorn of anguish nor of pain;
His heart-felt joys still Nature's charms improve,
Her voice is music, and her visage love:
Pleas'd with the change each various season brings,
Embrowning autumns, and impurpled springs:
For him kind Nature all her treasures yields,
She decks the forest, and she paints the fields.
O say! where bloom those time-surviving groves,
Where ancient bards first sung their sacred loves:
Those sadly-solemn bow'rs, ye Muses! say,
Where once the melancholy Cowley lay?
When long perplext with life's deluding snares,
Her flatt'ring pleasures, and her fruitless cares;

[1] Who would not perceive the imitative harmony of this line, and realize to his imagination the falling of the water?—Editor.

[2] Upon an eminence, east of the gardens, stands a house of Chinese structure.

Obscure he fled to sylvan shades alone,
And left mankind to be for ever known.
Such were the scenes where Spenser once retir'd,
When great Eliza's fame the Muse inspir'd;
When Gloriana led her poet's dreams,
O'er flow'ry meadows, and by murm'ring streams.
Immortal bards! whose death-contemning lays
Shall shine distinguish'd with eternal praise.
Knew my poor Muse, like these to soar sublime,
And spurn the ruins of insulting Time;
Where'er I stray, where blooming Flora leads,
O'er sunny mountains, and through purple meads;
Or careless in the sylvan covert laid,
Where falling rills amuse the mournful shade;
Ye, rural fields, should still resound my lay,
And thou, fair Studley! smile for ever gay.

GENIUS AND VALOUR:

A PASTORAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF A SISTER KINGDOM. MDCCLXIII.

AMYNTOR, CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

WHERE Tweed's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora laughs beneath a lucid sky;
Long-winding vales where crystal waters lave,
Where blythe birds warble, and where green woods wave,
A bright-hair'd shepherd, in young beauty's bloom,
Tun'd his sweet pipe behind the yellow broom.
Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,
And his blue eyes diffus'd an azure day.
Light o'er his limbs a careless robe he flung;
Health rais'd his heart, and strength his firm nerves strung;
His native plains poetic charms inspir'd,
Wild scenes, where ancient Fancy oft retir'd!
Oft led her Faeries to the Shepherd's lay,
By Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.
Nor only his those images that rise
Fair to the glance of Fancy's plastic eyes;
His country's love his patriot soul possess'd,
His country's honour fir'd his filial breast.
Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,
Her valour witness'd by the world of old,
Witness'd once more by recent heaps of slain
On Canada's wild hills, and Minden's plain,
To sound sublimer wak'd his pastoral reed—
Peace, Mountain-echoes! while the strains proceed.

AMYNTOR.

No more of Tiviot, nor the flowery braes,
Where the blythe shepherd tunes his lightsome lays;
No more of Leader's faery-haunted-shore,
Of Athol's lawns, and Gledswood banks no more;
Unheeded smile my country's native charms,
Lost in the glory of her arts and arms.
These, shepherds, these demand sublimer strains
Than Clyde's clear fountains, or than Athol's plains.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
The force divine of soul-commanding song.
These humble reeds have little learnt to play,
Save the light airs that cheer the pastoral day.
Of the clear fountain, and the fruitful plain
We sing, as fancy guides the simple strain.
If then thy country's sacred fame demand
The high-ton'd music of a happier hand—
Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
The force divine of soul-commanding song.

AMYNTOR.

In spite of faction's blind, unmanner'd rage,
Of various fortune and destructive age,
Fair Scotland's honours yet unchang'd are seen,
Her palms still blooming, and her laurels green.
Freed from the confines of her Gothic grave,
When her first light reviving Science gave,
Alike o'er Britain shone the liberal ray,
From Enswith's[1] mountains to the banks of Tay.
For James[2] the Muses tun'd their sportive lays,
And bound the monarch's brow with Chaucer's bays.
Arch Humour smil'd to hear his mimic strain,
And plausive Laughter thrill'd thro' every vein.
When taste and genius form the royal mind,
The favour'd arts a happier era find.
By James belov'd the Muses tun'd their lyres
To nobler strains, and breath'd diviner fires.
But the dark mantle of involving time
Has veil'd their beauties, and obscur'd their rhyme.
Yet still some pleasing monuments remain,
Some marks of genius in each later reign.
In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose[3].
O, while his course the hoary warrior steers
Thro' the long range of life-dissolving years,
Thro' all the evils of each changeful age,
Hate, envy, faction, jealousy, and rage,
Ne'er may his scythe these sacred plants divide,
These plants by Heaven in native union tied!
Still may the flower its social sweets disclose,
The hardy Thistle still defend the Rose!
Hail, happy days! appeas'd by Margaret's charms,
When rival Valour sheath'd his fatal arms;
When kindred realms unnatural war suppress,
Nor aim'd their arrows at a sister's breast.
Kind to the Muse is quiet's genial day;
Her olive loves the foliage of the bay.
With bold Dunbar arose a numerous choir
Of rival bards that strung the Dorian lyre.
In gentle Henryson's[4] unlabour'd strain
Sweet Arethusa's shepherd breath'd again.

[1] A chain of mountains near Folkstone in Kent.

[2] James the First, king of Scotland, author of the famous old song, entitled Christ's Kirk on the Green.

[3] A poem so called, written in honour of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. on her marriage to James IV. king of Scots. By Mr. William Dunbar.

[4] Mr. Robertson Henryson, an ingenious pastoral poet.

Nor shall your tuneful visions be forgot,
Sage Bellentyne[5], and fancy-painting Scott[6].
But, O my country! how shall memory trace
Thy bleeding anguish, and thy dire disgrace?
Weep o'er the ruins of thy blasted bays,
Thy glories lost in either Charles's days?
When thro' thy fields destructive rapine spread,
Nor sparing infant's tears, nor hoary head.
In those dread days the unprotected swain
Mourn'd on the mountains o'er his wasted plain.
Nor longer vocal with the shepherd's lay
Were Yarrow's banks, or groves of Endermay.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

Amyntor, cease! the painful scene forbear,
Nor the fond breast of filial duty tear.
Yet in our eyes our father's sorrows flow,
Yet in our bosoms lives their lasting woe.
At eve returning from their scanty fold,
When the long sufferings of their sires they told,
Oft we have sigh'd the piteous tale to hear,
And infant wonder dropt the mimic tear.

AMYNTOR.

Shepherds, no longer need your sorrows flow,
Nor pious duty cherish endless woe.
Yet should Remembrance, led by filial love,
Through the dark vale of old afflictions rove,
The mournful shades of sorrows past explore,
And think of miseries that are no more;
Let those sad scenes that ask the duteous tear,
The kind return of happier days endear.
Hail; Anna, hail! O may each Muse divine
With wreaths eternal grace thy holy shrine!
Grav'd on thy tomb this sacred verse remain,
This verse more sweet than conquest's sounding strain:
"She bade the rage of hostile nations cease,
The glorious arbitress of Europe's peace."
She, thro' whose bosom roll'd the vital tide
Of Britain's monarchs in one stream allied,
Clos'd the long jealousies of different sway,
And saw united sister-realms obey.
Auspicious days! when Tyranny no more
Rais'd his red arm, nor drench'd his darts in gore;
When, long an exile from his native plain,
Safe to his fold return'd the weary swain.
Return'd, and, many a painful summer past,
Beheld the green bench by his door at last.
Auspicious days! when Scots, no more oppfest,
On their free mountains hat'd the fearless breast;
With pleasure saw their flocks unbounded feed,
And tun'd to strains of ancient joy the reed.
Then, shepherds, did your wondering sires behold
A form divine, whose vesture flam'd with gold;
His radiant eyes a starry lustre shed,
And solar glories beam'd around his head.

Like that strange power by fabling [illegible]
From east to west his mighty arms [illegible]
A rooted olive in one hand he bore
In one a globe, inscrib'd with sea [illegible]
From Thames's banks, to Tweed, to [illegible]
Wealth in his rear, and Commerce [illegible]
Glad Industry the glorious strand [illegible]
Rears the tall masts, and spreads [illegible]
sails;
Regions remote with active hope [illegible]
Wild Zembla's hills, and Afric's [illegible]
But chief, Columbus, of thy [illegible]
Child of the Union, Commerce [illegible]
To seek thy new-found worlds [illegible]
His lass forsaking, left the lowland [illegible]
Aside his crook, his idle pipe he [illegible]
And bade to Music, and to Love attune.
Hence, Glasgow fair, thy wealth-diffusing hand,
Thy groves of vessels, and thy crowded strand.
Hence, round his folds the moorland shepherd spies
New social towns, and happy hamlets rise.
But me not splendour, nor the hopes of gain
Should ever tempt to quit the peaceful plain.
Shall I, possest of all that life requires,
With tutor'd hopes, and limited desires,
Change these sweet fields, these native scenes of ease,
For climes uncertain, and uncertain seas?
Nor yet, fair Commerce, do I thee disdain,
Though Guilt and Death and Riot swell thy train:
Cheer'd by the influence of thy gladd'ning ray,
The liberal arts sublimer works essay.
Genius for thee relumes his sacred fires,
And Science nearer to her Heaven aspires.
The sanguine eye of Tyranny long clos'd,
By Commerce foster'd, and in peace repos'd,
No more her miseries when my country mourn'd,
With brighter flames her glowing genius burn'd.
Soon wandering fearless many a Muse was seen
O'er the dun mountain, and the wild wood green.
Soon, to the warblings of the pastoral reed,
Started sweet Echo from the shores of Tweed.
O favour'd stream! where thy fair current flows,
The child of Nature, gentle Thomson, rose.
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery side,
With simple joy to see thy bright waves glide,
Thither, in all thy native charms array'd,
From climes remote the sister Seasons stray'd.
Long each in beauty boasted to excel,
(For jealousies in sister-bosoms dwell)
But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
Like Heaven's fair rivals in the groves of Troy,
Yield to an humble swain their high debate,
And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.
Her naked charms, like Venus, to disclose,
Spring from her bosom threw the shadowing rose,
Bar'd the pure snow that feeds the lover's fire,
The breast that thrills with exquisite desire;
Assum'd the tender smile, the melting eye,
The breath favonian, and the yielding sigh.
One beauteous hand a wilding's blossom grac'd,
And one fell careless o'er her zoneless waist.
Majestic Summer, in gay pride adorn'd,
Her rival sister's simple beauty scorn'd.
With purple wreathes her lofty brows were bound;
With glowing flowers her rising bosom crown'd.

[5] Mr. John Bellentyne, archdean of Murray, author of a beautiful allegorical poem, entitled, Virtue and Vice.

[6] Mr. Archibald Scott, in the year 1524, translated the Vision, a poem, said to have been written in the year 1360. He was the author of the Eagle and the Redbreast also, and several other pieces written with uncommon elegance for their day.

In her gay zone, by artful Fancy fram'd,
The bright rose blush'd, the full carnation flam'd.
Her cheeks the glow of splendid clouds display,
In her eyes flash insufferable day.
With milder air the gentle Autumn came,
But seem'd to languish at her sister's flame.
Yet, conscious of her boundless wealth, she bore
On high the emblems of her golden store.
Yet could she boast the plenty-pouring hand,
The liberal smile, benevolent and bland.
Nor might she fear in beauty to excel,
From whose fair head such golden tresses fell;
Nor might she envy Summer's flowery zone,
In whose sweet eye the star of evening shone.
Next, the pale power that blots the golden sky,
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her stormy eye;
"Behold," she cried, with voice that shook the ground,
(The bard, the sisters, trembled at the sound)
"Ye weak admirers of a grape, or rose,
Behold my wild magnificence of snows!
See my keen frost her glassy bosom bare!
Mock the faint Sun, and bind the fluid air!
Nature to you may lend a painted hour,
With you may sport, when I suspend my power.
But you and Nature, who that power obey,
Shall own my beauty, or shall dread my sway."
She spoke: the bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.
Mute lies his lyre in death's uncheerful gloom,
And Truth and Genius weep at Thomson's tomb.
Yet still the Muse's living sounds pervade
Her ancient scenes of Caledonian shade.
Still Nature listens to the tuneful lay,
On Kilda's mountains and in Endermay.
Th' ethereal brilliance of poetic fire,
The mighty hand that smites the sounding lyre,
Strains that on Fancy's strongest pinion rise,
Conceptions vast, and thoughts that grasp the skies,
To the rapt youth that mus'd on Shakespear's grave[7],
To Ogilvie the Muse of Pindar gave.
Time [8], as he sung, a moment ceas'd to fly,
And lazy Sleep [9] unfolded half his eye.
O wake, sweet bard, the Theban lyre again;
With ancient valour swell the sounding strain;
Hail the high trophies by thy country won,
The wreaths that flourish for each valiant son.
While Hardyknute frowns red with Norway's gore,
Paint her pale matrons weeping on the shore.
Hark! the green clarion pouring floods of breath
Voluminously loud; high scorn of death
Each gallant spirit elates; see Rothsay's thane
With arm of mountain oak his firm bow strain!
Hark! the string twangs—the whizzing arrow flies;
The fierce horse falls—indignant falls—and dies.
O'er the dear urn, where glorious Wallace [10] sleeps,
True valour bleeds, and patriot virtue weeps.
Son of the lyre, what high ennobling strain,
What meed from these shall generous Wallace gain?
Who greatly scorning an usurper's pride,
Bar'd his brave breast for liberty, and died.
Boast, Scotland, boast thy sons of mighty name,
Thine ancient chiefs of high heroic fame,
Souls that to death their country's foes oppos'd,
And life in freedom, glorious freedom, clos'd.
Where, yet bewail'd, Argyle's warm ashes lie,
Let Music breathe her most persuasive sigh.
To him, what Heaven to man could give, it gave,
Wise, generous, honest, eloquent and brave,
Genius and Valour for Argyle shall mourn,
And his own laurels flourish round his urn.
O, may they bloom beneath a fav'ring sky,
And in their shade Reproach and Envy die!

[7] See Mr. Ogilvie's Ode to the Genius of Shakespear.
[8] Ode to Time. Ibid.
[9] Ode to Sleep. Ibid.
[10] William Wallace, who, after bravely defending his country against the arms of Edward I. was executed as a rebel, though he had taken no oath of allegiance.

THE

VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES.

"La raison sçait que c'est un songe,
Mais elle en saisit les douceurs:
Elle a besoin de ces fantômes,
Presque tous les plaisirs des hommes
Ne sont que de douces erreurs. GRESSET.

WRITTEN IN 1762.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have ye borne those hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the slow wave thro' the flowery plain,
To these fond arms you led the tyrant, Love,
With Fear and Hope and Folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.

"Rest, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
Slides to thine ear this softly-breathing strain;
Sounds that move smoother than the steps of ease,
And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

"In this fair vale eternal Spring shall smile,
And Time unenvious crown each roseate hour;
Eternal joy shall every care beguile,
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

"This silver stream, that down its crystal way
Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
Shall, still the same, in sunny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodise thy song.

"Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
Those living meads immortal flowers unfold;
In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
And every evening close in clouds of gold.

"The tender Loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,
Shall charm, thro' all approaching life, thy breast,
With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

"The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever—young desire.

"Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread;
Come, gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing
The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.

"Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
And powers unseen the happy moments hail!

"Extatic hours! so every distant day
Like this serene on downy wings shall move;
Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love."

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?
Children of Fancy! yes, your song was vain;
On each soft ait though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
Of all that youth and love and fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of Fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Siren, go—thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore:
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me perish if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell;
There unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions shall subside;
When Peace shall clasp me to her plumy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O, bless Insensibility, be nigh,
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless in the arms of Peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton though all the Muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though Malice, with insidious guise
Of Friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, tho' Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark Design invades the cheerful hour,
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

Bright o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain;
Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd thro' all her animated reign.

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy-born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd.

"O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of time,
And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landscape smiles;
For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care,
Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

"Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health, and melody succeed.

"O let me still with simple Nature live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day!

"No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave!

"So may the sweet Euterpe not disdain
At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
The Muse of pity wake her soothing strain,
And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

"Thus glide the pensive moments, o'er the vale
While floating shades of dusky night descend:
Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
Nor unenjoyed the heart-enlarging friend.

"To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
To attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the soul,
The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd.

"Then to explore whatever ancient sage
Studious from Nature's early volume drew,
To chase sweet Fiction through her golden age,
And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science, blew!

"Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
Hesperian fancy, or Aonian ease;
Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to please.

"When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head, [ray;
Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous
Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

"Nor seldom, loitering as I muse along, [bore;
Mark from what flower the breeze its sweetness
Or listen to the labour-soothing song
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

"Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
The green height gain'd, in museful rapture
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below, [lie,
Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.

"Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
Led by fair Fancy round the varied year:
So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

"Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage:
So Joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
So Hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age."

ELEGY IV.

Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!
Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew so [fair,
Like the gay gardens of Armida, fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And Sharon's roses all his passage strew:
So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their reign, [bright,
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling
The blythe Hours dancing round Hyperion's wain,

In radiant colours youth's free hand pourtrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence Fancy conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her Platonic shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
The fairy race that fill'd her festive train;
Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

A POEM TO THE MEMORY OF MR. HANDEL.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

Spirits of music, and ye powers of song,
That wak'd to painful melody the lyre
Of young Jessides, when, in Sion's vale
He wept o'er bleeding friendship; ye that mourn'd,
While Freedom, drooping o'er Euphrates' stream,
Her pensive harp on the pale osier hung,
Begin once more the sorrow soothing-lay.
Ah! where shall now the Muse fit numbers find?
What accents pure to greet thy tuneful shade,
Sweet harmonist? 'twas thine, the tender fall
Of pity's plaintive lay; for thee the stream
Of silver-winding music sweeter play'd,
And purer flow'd for thee—all silent now
Those airs[1] that, breathing o'er the breast of Thames,
Led amorous Echo down the long, long vale,
Delighted; studious from thy sweeter strain
To melodise her own; when fancy-lorn,
She mourns in anguish o'er the drooping breast
Of young Narcissus. From their amber arms,
Parting their green locks streaming [illegible],
The Naiads rose and smil'd: nor since the day,
When first by music, and by freedom led
From Grecian Acidale; nor since the day,
When last from Arno's weeping fount they came
To smooth the ringlets of Sabrina's hair,
Heard they like minstrelsy—fountain and shades
Of Twit'nam, and of Windsor fam'd in song!
Ye heights of Clermont, and ye bowers of Clam!
That heard the fine strain vibrate through your groves,
Ah! where were then your long-lov'd Muses fled
When Handel breath'd no more?—and thou, sweet queen,
That nightly wrapt thy Milton's hallow'd ear
In the soft ecstacies of Lydian airs;
That since attun'd to Handel's high-wound lyre[2]
The lay by thee suggested; could'st not thou
Soothe with thy sweet song the grim fury's breast[4]?
Cold-hearted Death! his wanly-glaring eye
Nor Virtue's smile attracts, nor Fame's loud trump
Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd
To gentle sounds: the golden voice of song,
That charms the gloomy partner of his birth,
That soothes despair and pain, he hears no more,
Than rude winds, blust'ring from the Cambrian cliffs,
The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair Fame,
To toil with slow steps up the star-crown'd hill,
Where Science, leaning on her sculptur'd urn,
Looks conscious on the secret-working hand
Of Nature; on the wings of Genius borne,
To soar above the beaten walks of life,
Is, like the paintings of an evening cloud,
Th' amusement of an hour. Night, gloomy Night,
Spreads her black wings, and all the vision dies.
Ere long, the heart, that heaves this sigh to thee,
Shall beat no more! ere long, on this fond lay
Which mourns at Handel's tomb, insulting Time
Shall strew his cankering rust. Thy strain perchance,
Thy sacred strain, shall the hoar warrior spare;
For sounds like thine, at Nature's early birth,
Arous'd him slumbering on the dead profound
Of dusky chaos; by the golden harps
Of choral angels summon'd to his race:
And sounds like thine, when Nature is no more,
Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils
Of twice ten thousand years. O would his hand
Yet spare some portion of this vital flame,
The trembling Muse that now faint effort makes
On young and artless wing, should bear thy praise

[1] The water-music.
[2] Rorantesque comas a fronte removit ad aures. Ovid. Met.
[3] L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, set to music by Mr. Handel.
[4] See Milton's Lycidas.

Sublime, above the mortal bounds of Earth,
With heavenly fire relume her feeble ray,
And, taught by seraphs, frame her song for thee.
I feel, I feel the sacred impulse—hark!
Wak'd to [illegible] according lyres the sweet strains flow
In symphony divine: from air to air
The tremblin[illegible]; numbers fly: swift bursts away
The flow of joy—now swells the flight of praise
Springs the shrill trump aloft; the toiling chords
Melodious labour through the flying maze;
And the deep base his strong sound rolls away,
Majestically sweet—Yet, Handel, raise,
Yet wake to higher strains thy sacred lyre:
The Name of ages, the Supreme of things,
The great Messiah asks it: He whose hand
Led into form yon everlasting orbs,
The harmony of Nature—He whose hand
Stretch'd o'er the wilds of space this beauteous ball,
Whose spirit breathes through all his smiling works
Music and love—yet, Handel, raise the strain.
Hark! what angelic sounds, what voice divine
Breathes through the ravisht air! my rapt ear feels
The harmony of Heaven. Hail sacred choir!
Immortal spirits, hail! If haply those
That erst in favour'd Palestine proclaim'd
Glory and peace: her angel-haunted groves,
Her piny mountains, and her golden vales
Re-echo'd peace—But, Oh, suspend the strain—
The swelling joy's too much for mortal bounds!
'Tis transport even to pain.
Yet, hark! what pleasing sounds invite mine ear
So venerably sweet? 'Tis Sion's lute.
Behold her hero[5]! from his valiant brow
Looks Judah's lion, on his thigh the sword
Of vanquish'd Apollonius—The shrill trump
Through Bethoron proclaims the approaching fight,
I see the brave youth lead his little band,
With toil and hunger faint; yet from his arm
The rapid Syrian flies. Thus Henry once,
The British Henry, with his way-worn troop,
Subdu'd the pride of France—Now louder blows
The martial clangor: lo Nicanor's host!
With threat'ning turrets crown'd, slowly advance
The ponderous elephants———
The blazing Sun, from many a golden shield
Reflected gleams afar. Judean chief!
How shall thy force, thy little force, sustain
The dreadful shock!
The hero comes[6]—'Tis boundless mirth and song,
And dance and triumph; every labouring string,
And voice, and breathing shell in concert strain
To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy.
O master of the passions and the soul,
Seraphic Handel! how shall words describe
Thy music's countless graces, nameless powers!
When he of Gaza[7], blind and sunk in chains,
On female treachery looks greatly down,
How the breast burns indignant! in thy strain,
When sweet-voic'd piety resigns to Heaven,
Glows not each bosom with the flame of virtue?
O'er Jeptha's votive maid when the soft lute
Sounds the slow symphony of funeral grief,
What youthful breast but melts with tender pity?
What parent bleeds not with a parent's woe?
O, longer than this worthless lay can live!
While fame and music soothe the human ear;
Be this thy praise: to lead the polish'd mind
To virtue's noblest heights; to light the flame
Of British freedom, rouse the generous thought,
Refine the passions, and exalt the soul
To love, to Heaven, to harmony and thee.

[5] Judas Maccabeus.

[6] Chorus of youths, in Judas Maccabeus.

[7] See the Oratorio of Samson.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

TO GENERAL CRAUFURD.

WRITTEN AT BELVIDERE. 1763.

EPISTLE I.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wish embraces human kind?
All pride of sects, all party zeal above,
Whose priest is Reason, and whose god is Love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art—
Where is the man so welcome to my heart?
The sightless herd sequacious, who pursue
Dull folly's path, and do as others do,
Who look with purblind prejudice and scorn,
On different sects, in different nations born,
Let us, my Craufurd, with compassion view,
Pity their pride, but shun their errour too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains
Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be seen, [green,
Let us, while rapture'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praise,
Th' expanded thought, the boundless wish retain,
And let not Nature moralize in vain.
O sacred guide! preceptress more sublime
Than sages boasting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (blush collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.
Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whose old walk the sun-beam seldom falls,

Who knows of Nature, and of man no more
Than fills some page of antiquated lore—
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wise,
The better knowledge of the world despise,
Think wisdom center'd in a false degree,
And scorn the scholar of humanity?
Something of men these sapient drones may know,
Of men that liv'd two thousand years ago.
Such human monsters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verse, and ancient story drew!
If to one object, system, scene confin'd,
The sure effect is narrowness of mind.
'Twas thus St. Robert, in his lonely wood,
Forsook each social duty—to be good.
Thus Hobbes on one dear system fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wise.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beside.
Though form'd with powers to grasp this various ball,
Gods! to what meanness may the spirit fall!
Powers that should spread in reason's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!
When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple side,
Thy genius, Craufurd, Britain's legions led,
And fear's chill cloud forsook each brightning head,
By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
Say did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breast indignant, when you saw
The dome of murder consecrate by law?
Where fiends, commission'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.
O change me, powers of Nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,
While Gillman loves me, and while Craufurd lives.
Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame
That half her offspring are their mother's shame?
Did she ordain o'er this fair scene of things
The cruelty of priests, or pride of kings?
Tho' worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or fame,
Is Nature all benevolent to blame?
O that the world were emptied of its slaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, Craufurd, with delight embrace,
In boundless love, the rest of human race.
But let not knaves misanthropy create,
Nor feed the gall of universal hate.
Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,
Polish'd in courts, or simple in a cell,
All views of country, sects, and creeds apart,
These, these I love, and hold them to my heart.
Vain of our beauteous isle, and justly vain,
For Freedom here, and Health, and Plenty reign,
We different lots contemptuously compare,
And boast, like children, of a fav'rite's share.
Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields
Than Arno's banks, or Andalusia's fields,
Though many a tree-crown'd mountain teems with ore,
Though flocks innumerous whiten every shore,
Why should we, thus with Nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works—in every page you'll find
Inscrib'd the doctrine of the social mind.
See countless worlds of insect beings share
Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the same grove what music void of strife
Heirs of one stream what tribes of amity!
See earth, and air, and fire, and [illegible]
Of general good to aid the great [illegible].
Where Ancon drags o'er Lincoln's wild plain,
Like a slow snake, his dirty-winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the lost bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious skies,
The blameless native with his clime despise,
As him who still the poorer lot partakes
Of Biscay's mountains, or Batavia's lakes.
Yet look once more on Nature's various plan,
Behold, and love her noblest creature man.
She, never partial, on each various zone,
Bestow'd some portion to the rest unknown,
By mutual interest meaning thence to bind
In one vast chain the commerce of mankind.
Behold, ye vain disturbers of an hour!
Ye dupes of faction! and ye tools of power!
Poor rioters on life's contracted stage!
Behold, and lose your littleness of rage!
Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind!
And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.
Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant shrine
Where light created first essay'd to shine;
Where clustering stars eternal beams display,
And gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chase this moral, clear this sensual night,
O shed one ray of thy celestial light!
Teach us, while wandering thro' this vale below
We know but little, that we little know.
One beam to mole-ey'd Prejudice convey,
Let Pride perceive one mortifying ray.
Thy glass to fools, to infidels apply,
And all the dimness of the mental eye.
Plac'd on this shore of Time's far-stretching bourn,
With leave to look at Nature and return;
While wave on wave impels the human tide,
And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;
Can life's short duties better be discharg'd,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?
Judg'd not the old philosopher aright,
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?
"It matters not, my friends, how low or high
Your little walk of transient life may lie.
Soon will the reign of hope and fear be o'er,
And warring passions militate no more.
And trust me, he who, having once survey'd
The good and fair which Nature's wisdom made,
The soonest to his former state retires,
And feels the peace of satisfied desires,
(Let others deem more wisely if they can),
I look on him to be the happiest man."
So thought the sacred sage, in whom I trust,
Because I feel his sentiments are just.
'Twas not in lustrums of long counted years
That swell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,
That Wisdom plac'd the dignity of life:
To study Nature was the task design'd,
And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind.
Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,
And sleep in death with satisfied desires.

EPISTLE II.

TO WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M. A. WRITTEN IN 1765.

Nature heard his voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.
At Nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,
Beam'd on the mind all reason's influence bright,
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free soul, on truth's strong pinion born,
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.
Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?
For what Heaven gave let us the donor bless,
Nor than their merits rank our mercies less.
'Tis ours to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of being to live.
Progressive powers, and faculties that rise,
From Earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Though distant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care.
Come then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother, of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each science that exalts the mind.
"Thou self-appointed lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
For once let Fancy's towering thoughts subside;
Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,
In strength exulting, does he bound away!
By instinct led, the fostering tent he finds,
Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds:
No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reason and compare,
See here the vassal, and the master there:
What strange reflections must the scene afford,
That show'd the weakness of his puling lord!"
Thus Sophistry unfolds her specious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant-state.
For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison's no more.
"But why should life, so short by Heav'n ordain'd,
Be long to thoughtless infancy restrain'd—
To thoughtless infancy, or vainly sage,
Mourn through the languors of declining age?"
O blind to truth! to Nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heav'n design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
All life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays.
Is man long helpless? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flower!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding, see that love repaid!
Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear insensibly away.
While sage experience, and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.
But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society;
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him old.
"That, in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays—
Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the mind.
Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And Reason brings her borrow'd light too slow."
O! still censorious? Art thou then possess'd
Of Reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use had Providence assign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r despise?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?
To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;
And slight, sad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?
Conclude we then the progress of the mind
Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the soul imprest,
No birth-right instinct acting in the breast,
No natal light, no beams from Heav'n display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a lib'ral agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectul there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.
When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The crystal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that faulters on its way;
When wise Experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in the cause,
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and Reason is her child:
On her fair stock the blooming scyon grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.
All beauteous flow'r! immortal shalt thou shine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread and flourish in eternal day.
O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should Wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!

How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain,
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tower
With fatal shade o'er Reason's tender flow'r.
From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair Science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,
No moonshine courts of dreaming schoolmen dwells,
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;
All round her throne the graceful Arts appear,
That boast the empire of the eye or ear.
See favour'd first and nearest to the throne,
By the rapt mien of musing Silence known.
Fled from herself, the Pow'r of Numbers plac'd
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.
There (but at distance never meant to vie)
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! On her various face
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, she acts the characters she gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.
See attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.
Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,
See Music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.
Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, drest
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.
O arts divine! O magic powers that move
The springs of truth, enlarging truth and love! [ends,
Lost in their charms each mean attachment
And taste and knowledge thus are virtue's friends.
Thus Nature deigns to sympathize with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
Which wakes the soul, and bids her graces rise;
Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,
Which once—the rest is silence and the grave.
O tears, that warm from wounded friendship flow!
O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confest I see my Craufurd stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand.
E'en Death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,
That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane;
E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlasting night.
'Till the last sigh of genius shall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
'Till Time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath,
My Craufurd still shall claim the mournful song,
So long remembered and bewail'd so long.

AN ODE TO THE RIVER EDEN.

WRITTEN IN 1789.

Delightful Eden! parent stream,
Yet shall the maids of Memory say,
(When led by Fancy's fairy dream,
My young steps trac'd thy winding way)
How oft along thy mazy shore,
That many a gloomy alder bore,
In pensive thought their poet stray'd;
Or, careless thrown thy bank beside,
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
Bright thro' the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,
Where once with infant-joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below survey'd:
Led by the rosy-handed Hours,
When Time trip'd o'er that bank of flowers,
Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd;
Tho' old the god, yet light and gay,
He flung his glass, his scythe away,
And seem'd himself a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Would whisper to thy murmurs free;
Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,
And trembles when I sigh for thee.
Yet seated on thy shelving brim,
Can Fancy see the Naiads trim
Burnish their green locks in the Sun;
Or at the last lone hour of day,
To chase the lightly glancing fay,
In airy circles run?

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power
Again those happy moments bring?
Can'st thou restore that golden hour,
When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing?
When first in Eden's rosy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow sincere, devoid of guile!
While Delia in her panting breast,
With sighs, the tender thought suppress,
And look'd as angels smile.

O goddess of the crystal bow,
That dwell'st the golden meads among;
Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
Whose murmurs melodise my song!
Oh! yet those gleams of joy display,
Which brighten'ning glow'd in fancy's ray,
When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,
The dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,
And left, in naked charms imprest,
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Memory fair
No more in golden visions play;
No friendship smoothes the brow of Care,
No Delia's smile approves my lay.
Yet, love and friendship lost to me,
'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,
And in thy breast this moral find;
That life, though stain'd with sorrow's showers,
Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours
Her sunshine on the mind.

AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

TO MISS CRACROFT. 1763.

While yet my poplar yields a doubtful shade,
Its last leaves trembling to the Zephyr's sigh;
On this fair plain ere every verdure fade,
Or the last smiles of golden Autumn die;

Wilt thou, my Nancy, at this pensive hour,
O'er Nature's ruin hear thy friend complain:
While his heart labours with th' inspiring power,
And from his pen spontaneous flows the strain?

Thy gentle breast shall melt with kindred sighs,
Yet haply grieving o'er a parent's bier;
Poets are Nature's children; when she dies,
Affection mourns, and Duty drops a tear.

Why are ye silent, brethren of the grove,
Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre
So sweetly tun'd to tenderness and love,
Shall love no more, or tenderness inspire?

O mix once more thy gentle lays with mine;
For well our passions, well our notes agree:
An absent love, sweet bird, may soften thine:
An absent love demands a tear from me.

Yet, ere ye slumber, songsters of the sky,
Thro' the long night of winter wild and drear:
O let us tune, ere Love and Fancy die,
One tender farewell to the fading year.

Farewell ye wild hills, scatter'd o'er with spring!
Sweet solitudes, where Flora smil'd unseen!
Farewell each breeze of balmy-burthen'd wing!
The violet's blue bank, and the tall wood green!

Ye tuneful groves of Belvidere, adieu!
Kind shades that whisper o'er my Craufurd's rest!
From courts, from senates, and from camps to you,
When Fancy leads him, no inglorious guest!

Dear shades adieu! where late the moral Muse
Led by the dryad, Silence, oft reclin'd,
Taught Meanness to extend her little views,
And look on Nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell the walk along the woodland-vale;
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!
Farewell the sweet breath of the early gale!
And the dear glories of the closing day!

The nameless charms of high poetic thought,
That Spring's green hours to Fancy's children bore;
The words divine, Imagination wrote
On Slumber's light leaf by the murmuring shore—

All, all adieu! from Autumn's sober power
Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful reign;
Gay Summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waste the glories of her train.

Yet Autumn yields her joys of humbler kind;
Sad o'er her golden ruins as we stray,
Sweet Melancholy soothes the musing mind,
And Nature charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous power, whom happy worlds adore!
With every scene some grateful change she brings—
In Winter's wild snows, Autumn's golden store,
In glowing summers and in blooming springs!

O most belov'd! the fairest and the best
Of all her works! may still thy lover find
Fair Nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;
Like her be various, but like her be *kind*.

Then, when the Spring of smiling youth is o'er;
When Summer's glories yield to Autumn's sway;
When golden Autumn sinks in Winter hoar,
And life declining yields its last weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age shall close,
On thee my fond eye bend its trembling light:
Remembrance sweet shall soothe my last repose,
And my soul bless thee in eternal night.

TO MISS CRACROFT.

1763.

When pale beneath the frowning shade of death,
No soothing voice of love, or friendship nigh,
While strong convulsions seiz'd the lab'ring breath,
And life suspended left each vacant eye;

Where, in that moment, fled th' immortal mind?
To what new region did the spirit stray?
Found it some bosom hospitably kind,
Some breast that took the wanderer in its way?

To thee, my Nancy, in that deathful hour,
To thy dear bosom it once more return'd;
And wrapt in Hackthorn's solitary bower,
The ruins of its former mansion mourn'd.

But, didst thou, kind and gentle as thou art,
O'er thy pale lover shed the generous tear?
From those sweet eyes *did* Pity's softness start,
When Fancy laid him on the lowly bier?

Didst thou to Heaven address the forceful prayer,
Fold thy fair hands, and raise the mournful eye,
Implore each power benevolent to spare,
And call down Pity from the golden sky?

O born at once to bless me and to save,
Exalt my life, and dignify my lay!
Thou too shalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
And on thy brow shall bloom the deathless bay.

Dear shades of genius! heirs of endless fame!
That in your laureate crowns the myrtle wove,
Snatch'd from oblivion Beauty's sacred name,
And grew immortal in the arms of Love!

O may we meet you in some happier clime,
Some safer vale beneath a genial sky;
Whence all the woes that lead the wing of Time,
Disease, and death, and fear, and frailty fly!

TO MISS CRACROFT.

THE COMPLAINT OF HER RING-DOVE. 1759.

Far from the smiles of blue hesperian skies,
Far from those vales, where flowery pleasures dwell,
(Dear scenes of freedom lost to these sad eyes!)
How hard to languish in this lonely cell!

When genial gales relume the fires of love,
When laughing Spring leads round the jocund year;
Ah! view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,
From every heart-felt joy secluded here!

To me no more the laughing Spring looks gay;
Nor annual loves relume my languid breast;
Time slowly drags the long, delightless day,
Thro' one dull scene of solitary rest.

Ah! what avails that dreaming Fancy roves
Thro' the wild beauties of her native reign!
Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freshening groves,
To wake to anguish in this hopeless chain?

Tho' fondly sooth'd with Pity's tenderest care,
Tho' still by Nancy's gentle hand carest,
For the free forest, and the boundless air,
The rebel, Nature, murmurs in my breast.

Ah let not Nature, Nancy, plead in vain!
For kindness sure should grace a form so fair:
Restore me to my native wilds again,
To the free forest, and the boundless air.

SONNET

IN THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

TO MISS CRACROFT. 1765.

On thy fair morn, O hope-inspiring May!
The sweetest twins that ever Nature bore,
Where Hackthorn's vale her field-flower-garland wore,
Young Love and Fancy met the genial day.
And, all as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
A nymph of gentlest mien their train before,
Came with a smile; and "Swain," she cried, "no more
To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay.
Friends of thy heart, see Love and Fancy bring
Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms;
Delight that rifles all the fragrant spring!
Fair-handed Hope, that paints unfading charms!
And dove-like Faith, that waves her silver wing.—
These, swain, are thine; for Nancy meets thy arms."

TO MISS CRACROFT.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.
1761.

Dear object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy! and solace of my care!
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live.
To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away!

TO MISS CRACROFT.

ON THE MORAL REFLECTIONS CONTAINED IN HER ANSWER TO THE ABOVE VERSES.
1761.

Sweet moralist! whose moving truths impart
At once delight and anguish to my heart!
Tho' human joys their short-liv'd sweets exhale,
Like the wan beauties of the wasted vale;
Yet, trust the Muse, fair friendship's flower shall last;
When life's short sunshine, like its storms is past;
Bloom in the fields of some ambrosial shore,
Where Time, and Death, and Sickness are no more.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF MAPS.

1765.

Realms of this globe, that ever-circling run,
And rise alternate to embrace the Sun;
Shall I with envy at my lot repine,
Because I boast so small a portion mine?
If e'er in thought of Andalusia's vines,
Golconda's jewels, or Potosi's mines;
In these, or those, if vanity forgot
The humbler blessings of my little lot;
Then may the stream that murmurs near my door,
The waving grove that loves its mazy shore,
Withhold each soothing pleasure that they gave,
No longer murmur, and no longer wave!

THEODOSIUS TO CONSTANTIA.

1760.

Let others seek the lying aids of art,
And bribe the passions to betray the heart;
Truth, sacred truth, and faith unskill'd to feign,
Fill my fond breast, and prompt my artless strain.
Say, did thy lover, in some happier hour,
Each ardent thought, in wild profusion pour;
With eager fondness on thy beauty gaze,
And talk with all the ecstacy of praise?
The heart sincere its pleasing tumult prov'd;
All, all declar'd that Theodosius lov'd.
Let raptur'd fancy on that moment dwell,
When thy dear vows in trembling accents fell;
When love acknowledg'd wak'd the tender sigh,
Swell'd thy full breast, and fill'd thy melting eye.
O! blest for ever be th' auspicious day,
Dance all its hours in pleasure's golden ray!
Pale sorrow's gloom from every eye depart!
And laughing joy glide lightly thro' the heart!
Let village-maids their festive brows adorn,
And with fresh garlands meet the smiling morn;
Each happy swain, by faithful love repaid,
Pour his warm vows, and court his village maid.
Yet shall the scene to ravish'd memory rise;
Constantia present yet shall meet these eyes;
On her fair arm her beauteous head recliu'd,
Her locks flung careless to the sportful wind.
While love, and fear, contending in her face,
Flush every rose, and heighten every grace.
O, never, while of life and hope possest,
May this dear image quit my faithful breast!
The painful hours of absence to beguile,
May thus Constantia look, Constantia smile!

ELEGY.

1760.

The eye of Nature never rests from care;
She guards her children with a parent's love:
And not a mischief reigns in earth or air,
But time destroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill shall haunt the walks of life,
No vice in vain the human heart deprave.
The pois'nous flower, the tempest's raging strife
From greater pain, from greater ruin save.

Lavinia, form'd with every powerful grace,
With all that lights the flame of young desire;
Pure ease of wit, and elegance of face,
A soul all fancy, and an eye all fire:

Lavinia!—Peace, my busy fluttering breast!
Nor fear to languish in thy former pain:
At length she yields—she yields the needful rest;
And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden star, that leads the radiant morn,
Looks not so fair, fresh-rising from the main;
But her bent eye-brow bears forbidding scorn,—
But Pride's fell furies every heart-string strain.

Lavinia, thanks to thy ungentle mind;
I now behold thee with indifferent eyes;
And Reason dares, tho' Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,
And fair proportions win the captive heart;
But let rank pride the pleasing form debase,
And Love disgusted breaks his erring dart.

The youth that once the sculptur'd nymph admir'd,
Had look'd with scornful laughter on her charms,
If the vain form, with recent life inspir'd,
Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd arms.

Go, thoughtless maid! of transient beauty vain,
Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;
Still may'st thou dream of splendour in thy train,
And smile superb, while love and flattery bend.

For me, sweet peace shall soothe my troubled mind,
And easy slumbers close my weary eyes;
Since Reason dares, tho' Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread
This mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with the free, untainted mind;
The nurse, the pedant leave behind;
And all that superstition, fraught
With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—
Each thought that reason can't retain,—
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
And range these various volumes o'er,
Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
Rememb'ring authors are but men.
Has fair Philosophy thy love?
Away! she lives in yonder grove.
If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives;—
With her in yonder grove she lives:
And if Religion claims thy care;
Religion, fled from books, is there.
For first from Nature's works we drew
Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

TO LORD GRANBY.

IN spite of all the rusty fools
That glean old nonsense in the schools;
Nature, a mistress never coy,
Has wrote on all her works—Enjoy.
Shall we then starve, like Gideon's wife,
And die to save a makeweight's life?
No, friend of Nature, you disdain
So fair a hand shou'd work in vain.
But, my good lord, make her your guide,
And err not on the other side:
Like her, in all you deign to do,
Be liberal, but be sparing too.
When sly sir Toby, night by night,
With his dear bags regales his sight;
And conscience, reason, pity sleep,
Tho' virtue pine, tho' merit weep;
I see the keen reproaches fly
Indignant from your honest eye;
Each bounteous wish glows unconfin'd,
And your breast labours to be kind.
At this warm hour, my lord, beware
The servile flatterer's specious snare,
The fawning sycophant, whose art
Marks the kind motions of the heart;
Each idle, each insidious knave,
That acts the graceful, wise, or brave.
With festive board, and social eye,
You've seen old Hospitality;
Mounted astride the moss-grown wall,
The genius of the ancient hall.
So reverend, with such courtly glee,
He serv'd your noble ancestry;
And turn'd the hinge of many a gate,
For Russel, Rous, Plantagenet.
No lying porter levied there
His dues on all imported ware;
There, rang'd in rows, no liveried train
E'er begg'd their master's beef again;
No flatterer's planetary face
Plied for a bottle, or a place;
Toad-eating France, and fiddling Rome,
Kept their lean rascals starv'd at home.
"Thrice happy days!"
In this; 'tis true,
Old times were better than the new;
Yet some egregious faults you'll see
In ancient Hospitality.
See motley crowds, his roof beneath,
Put poor Society to death!
Priests, knights, and 'squires, debating wild,
On themes unworthy of a child;
'Till the strange compliment commences,
To praise their host, and lose their senses.
Go then, my lord! keep open hall;
Proclaim your table free for all;
Go, sacrifice your time, your wealth,
Your patience, liberty, and health,
To such a thought-renouncing crew,
Such foes to care—e'en care for you.
"Heav'ns! and are these the plagues that wait
Around the hospitable gate?—
Let tenfold iron bolt my door,
And the gaunt mastiff growl before;
There, not one human creature nigh,
Save, dear sir Toby, you and I,
In cynic silence let us dwell;
Ye plagues of social life, farewell!"

Displeases this?—The modern way,
Perhaps, may please—a public day.
"A public day! detested name!
The farce of friendship and the shame.
Did ever social freedom come
Within the pale of drawing-room?
See pictur'd round the formal crowd!
How nice, how just each attitude:
My lord approaches—what surprise!
The pictures speak, the pictures rise!
Thrice ten times told the same salute,
Once more the mimic forms are mute.
Meanwhile the envious rows between,
Distrust and Scandal walk unseen;
Their poisons silently infuse,
'Till these suspect, and those abuse.
"Far, far from these, in some lone shade,
Let me, in easy silence laid,
Where never fools, or slaves intrude,
Enjoy the sweets of solitude!"
What! quit the commerce of mankind!
Leave virtue, fame, and worth behind!
Who fly to solitary rest,
Are reason's savages at best.
Though human life's extensive field
Wild weeds and vexing brambles yield;
Behold her smiling vallies bear
Melliftuous fruits, and flowrets fair!
The crowds of folly you despise—
Associate with the good and wise;
For virtue, rightly understood,
Is to be wise, and to be good.

MONODY.

1759.

Ah scenes belov'd! ah conscious shades,
That wave these parent-vales along!
Ye bowers, where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains, vocal with my Doric song,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
For her bewail these strains of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow,
Source of my life, that led my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
Where youth's unwary footsteps stray.
She taught the struggling passions to subside,
Where sacred truth, and reason guide,
In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.
Lamented goodness! yet I see
The fond affections melting in her eye:
She bends its tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender sigh:
As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O best of parents! let me pour
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed;
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed—
Alas! are these the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead?
Then, fairy-featur'd Hope, forbear—
No more thy fond illusions spread:
Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine
Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign,
Nor hopeful more to sooth her long declining years.

*TO MRS.*****,*

IN TEARS FOR THE DEATH OF A FRIEND. 1762.

So feeble Nature weeps o'er Friendship's grave,
And mourns the rigour of that law she gave:
Yet, why not weep? When in that grave expire
All Pembroke's elegance, all Waldegrave's fire.
No more those eyes in soft effulgence move,
No more that bosom feels the spark of love.
O'er those pale cheeks the drooping Graces mourn,
And Fancy tears her wild wreath o'er that urn.
There Hope at Heaven once cast a doubtful eye,
Content repin'd, and Patience stole a sigh.
Fair Friend-ship griev'd o'er ——'s sacred bier,
And Virtue wept, for **** dropt a tear.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

With sense enough for half your sex beside,
With just no more than necessary pride;
With knowledge caught from Nature's living page,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage—
Alas! how piteous, that in such a mind
So many foibles free reception find!
Can such a mind, ye gods! admit disdain?
Be partial, envious, covetous, and vain?
Unwelcome truth! to love, to blindness clear!
Yet, Gillman, hear it;—while you blush to hear:
That in your gentle breast disdain can dwell,
Let knavery, meanness, pride that feel it, tell!
With partial eye a friend's defects you see,
And look with kindness on my faults and me.
And does no envy that fair mind o'ershade?
Does no short sigh for greater wealth invade;
When silent merit wants the fostering meed,
And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed?
Fairly the charge of vanity you prove,
Vain of each virtue of the friends you love,
What charms, what art of magic have conspir'd
Of power to make so many faults admir'd?

FRAGMENT OF A POEM WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL ON THE KING'S ACCESSION.

1760.

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While every gale the voice of triumph brings,
And smiling Victory waves her purple wings;

While earth and ocean yield their subject powers,
Neptune his waves and Cybele her towers;
Yet will you deign the Muse's voice to hear,
And let her welcome greet a monarch's ear?
Yes; midst the toils of glory ill-repaid,
Oft has the monarch sought her soothing aid.
See Frederic court her in the rage of war,
Though rapid Vengeance urge his hostile car:
With her repos'd in philosophic rest,
The sage's sunshine smooths the warrior's breast.
Whate'er Arcadian fancy feign'd of old
Of halcyon days, and minutes plum'd with gold;
Whate'er adorn'd the wisest, gentlest reign,
From you she hopes—let not her hopes be vain!
Rise, ancient sons! advance, Pierian days!
Flow, Attic streams! and spring, Aonian bays:
Clan, down thy wave in brisker mazes glide,
And see new honours crown thy hoary side!
Thy osiers oft see myrtle groves succeed!
And the green laurel meet the waving reed!

* * * * * * * *

CÆSAR'S DREAM,

BEFORE HIS INVASION OF BRITAIN.

1758.

When rough Helvetia's hardy sons obey,
And vanquish'd Belgia bows to Cæsar's sway
When, scarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,
The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithless Gaul;
Tir'd Freedom leads her savage sons no more,
But flies, subdued, to Albion's utmost shore.
'Twas then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping air,
And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of care;
Divine Ambition to her votary came:
Her left hand waving, bore the trump of Fame;
Her right a regal sceptre seem'd to hold,
With gems far-blazing from the burnish'd gold.
And thus, "My son," the queen of glory said;
"Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.
Shall Night's dull chains the man of counsels bind?
Or Morpheus rule the monarch of mankind?
See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword!
Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord. [sky,
See you proud isle, whose mountains meet the
Thy foes encourage and thy power defy!
What, tho' by Nature's firmest bars secur'd,
By seas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,
Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,
Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave?"
She spoke—her words the warrior's breast inflame
With rage indignant, and with conscious shame;
Already beat, the swelling floods give way,
And the fell genii of the rocks obey:
Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,
And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.
Quick round their chief his active legions stand,
Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand.
The hero rose, majestically slow,
And look'd attention to the crowds below.
"Romans and friends! is there who seeks for rest,
By labours vanquish'd, and with wounds oppress?
That respite Cæsar shall with pleasure yield,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought field.
Is there who shrinks at thought of dangers past,
The ragged mountain, or the pathless waste—
While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose,
Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows?
Let him retire to Latium's peaceful shore;
He once has toil'd, and Cæsar asks no more.
Is there a Roman, whose unshaken breast
No pains have conquer'd, and no fears deprest?
Who, doom'd through Death's dread ministers to go,
Dares to chastise the insults of a foe;
Let him, his country's glory and her stay,
With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.
A form divine, in heavenly splendour bright,
Whose look threw radiance round the pall of night,
With calm severity approach'd and said,
Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.
What! shall a Roman sink in soft repose,
And tamely see the Britons aid his foes?
See them secure the rebel Gaul supply;
Spurn his vain eagles and his power defy?
Go! burst their barriers, obstinately brave;
Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave."
Here paus'd the chief, but waited no reply,
The voice assenting spoke from every eye:
Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,
Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.

INSCRIPTION IN A TEMPLE OF SOCIETY.

Sacred rise these walls to thee,
Blithe-eyed nymph, Society!
In whose dwelling, free and fair,
Converse smoothes the brow of Care.
Who, when waggish Wit betray'd
To his arms a sylvan maid,
All beneath a myrtle tree,
In some vale of Arcady,
Sprung, I ween, from such embrace,
The lovely contrast in her face.
Perchance, the Muses as they stray'd,
Seeking other spring, or shade,
On the sweet child cast an eye
In some vale of Arcady;
And blithest of the sisters three,
Gave her to Euphrosyne.
The Grace, delighted, taught her care
The cordial smile, the placid air;
How to chase, and how restrain
All the fleet, ideal train;
How with apt words well-combin'd,
To dress each image of the mind—
Taught her how they disagree,
Awkward fear and modesty,
And freedom and rusticity.
True politeness how to know
From the superficial show;
From the coxcomb's shallow grace,
And the many-modell'd face.
That Nature's unaffected ease
More than studied forms would please—
When to check the sportive vein;
When to Fancy yield the rein;

On the subject when to be
Grave or gay, reserv'd or free:
The speaking air, th' impassion'd eye,
The living soul of symmetry;
And that soft sympathy which binds
In magic chains congenial minds.

INSCRIPTION IN A SEQUESTERED GROTTO.

1763.

Sweet Peace, that lov'st the silent hour,
The still retreat of leisure free;
Associate of each gentle power,
And eldest born of Harmony!

O, if thou own'st this mossy cell,
If thine this mansion of repose;
Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,
With thee my wakeful eye to close.

And tho' those glittering scenes should fade,
That Pleasure's rosy train prepares;
What vot'ry have they not betray'd?
What are they more than splendid cares?

But smiling days, exempt from care,
But nights, when sleep, and silence reign;
Serenity, with aspect fair,
And love and joy are in thy train.

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION IN THE SAME GROTTO.

1756.

O fairest of the village-born,
Content, inspire my careless lay!
Let no vain wish, no thought forlorn
Throw darkness o'er the smiling day.
Forget'st thou, when we wander'd o'er
The sylvan Beleau's[1] sedgy shore,
Or rang'd the woodland wilds along;
How oft on Herclay's[2] mountains high
We've met the Morning's purple eye,
Delay'd by many a song?

From thee, from those by fortune led;
To all the farce of life confin'd;
At once each native pleasure fled,
For thou, sweet nymph, wast left behind.
Yet could I once, once more survey
Thy comely form in mantle grey,
Thy polish'd brow, thy peaceful eye;
Where e'er, forsaken fair, you dwell,
Though in this dim sequester'd cell,
With thee I'd live and die.

LEFT WITH THE MINISTER OF RIPONDEN, A ROMANTIC VILLAGE IN YORKSHIRE. 1758.

Thrice happy you, whoe'er you are,
From life's low cares secluded far,
In this sequester'd vale!—
Ye rocks on precipices pil'd!
Ye ragged desarts, waste and wild!
Delightful horrours, hail!

What joy within these sunless groves,
Where lonely Contemplation roves,
To rest in fearless ease!
Save weeping rills, to see no tear,
Save dying gales, no sigh to hear,
No murmur, but the breeze.

Say, would you change that peaceful cell,
Where Sanctity and Silence dwell,
For Splendor's dazzling blaze?
For all those gilded toys that glare
Round high-born Power's imperial chair,
Inviting fools to gaze?

Ah friend! Ambition's prospects close,
And, studious of your own repose,
Be thankful here to live:
For, trust me, one protecting shed,
And nightly peace, and daily bread
Is all that life can give.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

1756.

Right sung the bard, that all-involving age
With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow;
That war, wide-wasting with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall spire and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,
This mould'ring mass of shapeless ruin rose,
Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,
And birds obscene in ivy-bow'rs repose:

Oft the pale matron from the threat'ning wall,
Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly;
Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
Full swiftly steps the frighted peasant by.

But more respectful views th' historic sage,
Musing, these awful relics of decay,
That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,
In Henry's and in Edward's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,
That erst have trod this desolated ground;
Reflects how here unhappy Sal'sbury bled,
When Faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest, gentle Rivers! and ill-fated Gray!
A flow'r or tear oft strews your humble grave
Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,
And whom a monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne?
The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd?
Happier to these the humble life unknown,
With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,
When hapless here inglorious Richard lay,
Yet many a prince, whose blood full dearly bought
The shameful triumph of the long-fought day;

Yet many a hero, whose defeated hand
In death resign'd the well-contested field,
Had in his offspring sav'd a sinking land,
The tyrant's terrour, and the nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant grief forbear,
Should Mem'ry trace her bleeding country's woes;
Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,
Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd Rose!

[1] A small river in Westmorland.

[2] A romantic village in the above mentioned county, formerly the seat of the Herclays, earls of Carlisle.

While York, with conquest and revenge elate,
Insulting, triumphs on St. Alban's plain,
Who views, nor pities Henry's hapless fate,
Himself a captive, and his leaders slain?

Ah prince! unequal to the toils of war,
To stem ambition, faction's rage to quell;
Happier, from these had Fortune plac'd thee far,
In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd thy victorious queen
Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day; [green,
That vanquish'd York, on Wakefield's purple
Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay:

In vain fair Vict'ry beam'd the gladd'ning eye,
And, waving off her golden pinions, smil'd;
Full soon the flatt'ring goddess meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field—but cease the dismal tale:
For much its horrours would the Muse appal,
In softer strains suffice it to bewail
The patriot's exile, or the hero's fall.

Thus, silver Wharf[1], whose crystal-sparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,
Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,
But rolls, confus'd, a crimson wave no more.

THE VICEROY:

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF HALIFAX[2].
FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1762.

'Twas on Time's birth-day, when the voice divine
Wak'd sleeping Nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, struggl'd with created light;
The heaven-born Muse, sprung from the source sublime

Of Harmony immortal, first receiv'd
Her sacred mandate. "Go, seraphic maid,
Companion still to Nature; from her works
Derive thy lay melodious, great, like those,

[1] A river near the field of battle, in which were slain 35,000 men.

[2] The following resolution of the Irish house of commons respecting the revenue of the lord lieutenant, and his excellency's speech in consequence thereof, will both illustrate this poem and show the occasion of it.

Copy of a resolution of the Irish parliament, respecting the revenue of the lord lieutenant.

Veneris, 26. Feb. 1762.

"Resolved, *nemine contradicente*. That an address be presented to his excellency the lord lieutenant, that he will represent to his majesty the sense of this house, that the entertainments and appointments of the lord lieutenant of Ireland are become inadequate to the dignity of that high office, and to the expense with which it is, and ought to be supported; and that it is the humble desire of this house, that his majesty will be graciously pleased to grant such an augmentation to the entertainment of the lord lieutenant for the time being, as, with the present allowances, will in the whole amount to the annual sum of sixteen thousand pounds. And to express that satisfaction which we feel at the pleasing hope, that this just and necessary augmentation should take place during the administration of a chief governor, whose many great and amiable qualities, whose wise and happy administration in the government of this kingdom, have universally endeared him to the people of Ireland."

E. STERLING, } Cler. Dom. Com.
H. ALCOCK, }

Copy of the answer of the lord lieutenant to the address of the house of commons, Feb. 27, 1762.

"I shall take the first opportunity of laying before his majesty the sense of the house of commons contained in this address. I enter fully into the truly liberal motives which have influenced your conduct in this unanimous resolution. That you are solicitous not only to support his majesty's government, but to support it with becoming grandeur and magnificence, reflects the highest honour on yourselves: that you have chosen the time of my administration; that you have distinguish'd my person as the object of your favour, reflects the highest honour on me; and I must ever consider this event as one of the most fortunate and honourable circumstances of my life. Whatever merit you ascribe to me in the government of this kingdom, in reality arises from your own conduct, though your partiality would transfer it to mine. Your unanimity has first created this merit, and your liberality would now reward it.

"I am sensible of the obligation you confer; and I can in no way properly demonstrate my sense of it, but by being, as I am, unalterably determined to implore his majesty, that I may be permitted to enjoy it pure and unmixed with the lucrative advantages which you propose should attend it. This affectionate address is intended as an honour to me; that intention has, on your part, been fully answered: to make it truly honourable, something is still necessary on mine: it becomes me to vie with the generosity of parliament, and to keep up an emulation of sentiment. It has been my duty, in the course of this session, to propose large plans of public expense, and to promise an attention to public economy; and I could not without pain submit, that the establishment, already burthened at my recommendation, should be still further charged for my own particular profit.

"But while I consider myself at liberty to sacrifice my private interests to my private feelings, I must consider myself as bound likewise to consult, in compliance with your enlarged and liberal sentiments, the future support of the station in which I am placed, to the dignity of which the emoluments are, as you represent them, inadequate. I shall transmit therefore the sense of the house of commons, that the augmentation which your generosity has proposed, may, if his majesty shall think fit, be made the establishment of my successor, when he shall enter on the government of this kingdom; and when it is probable the circumstances of this country may be better able to support such additional burthen. But while I must decline accepting any part of the profits, I rejoice to charge myself with the whole of the obligation; abundantly happy, if, when I shall hereafter be removed from this high, and, through your favour, *desireable* situation, I should leave it, through your liberality, augmented in its emoluments, and by my inability not diminished in its reputation."

And elegantly simple. In thy train,
Glory, and fair Renown, and deathless Fame
Attendant ever, each immortal name,
By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault
Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.
Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
The firm heart, where the love of human kind
Inflames the patriot spirit, there to soothe
The toils of Virtue with melodious praise:
For those, that smiling seraph bids thee wake
His golden lyre; for those, the young-ey'd Sun
Gilds this fair-form'd world; and genial Spring
Throws many a green wreath liberal from his bosom."
So spake the voice divine, whose last sweet sound
Gave birth to Echo, tuneful nymph, that loves
The Muse's haunt, dim grove, or lonely dale,
Or high wood old; and, listening while she sings,
Dwells in long rapture on each falling strain.
O Halifax! an humble Muse, that dwells
In scenes like these, a stranger to the world,
To thee a stranger, late has learnt thy fame,
Even in this vale of silence; from the voice
Of Echo learnt it, and, like her, delights,
With thy lov'd name, to make these wild woods vocal.
Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
By martial glory rais'd, and deeds august,
Achiev'd for Britain's freedom! patriot hearts,
That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening [illegible],
Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
Where History triumphs in your holy names,
O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
Why streams my eye with pleasure? 'Tis the joy
The soft delight that through the full breast flows,
From sweet rememb'rance of departed virtue!
O Britain, parent of illustrious names,
While o'er thy annals Memory shoots her eye,
How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,
And emulous esteem!—Hail, Sydney, hail!
Whether Arcadian blythe, by fountain clear,
Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,
In Freedom's van distinguish'd, Sydney hail!
Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unseen
Fall flowers; oft in the vales of Penshurst fair,
Menalca, stepping from his evening fold,
Listeneth strange music, from the tiny breath
Of fairy minstrels warbled, which of old,
Dancing to thy sweet lays, they learned well.
On Raleigh's grave, O strew the sweetest flowers
That on the bosom of the green vale blow!
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids! [bring
Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme
To Raleigh's honour'd grave! There bloom the
The virgin rose, that, blushing to be seen, [bay,
Folds its fair leaves; for modest worth was his;
A mind where Truth, Philosophy's first born,
Held her harmonious reign: a Britain's breast,
That, careful still of Freedom's holy pledge,
Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,
Disdain'd and died! Where was thy spirit then,
Queen of sea-crowning isles, when Raleigh bled?
How well he serv'd thee, let Iberia tell!
Ask prostrate Cales, yet trembling at his name,
How well he serv'd thee: when her vanquish'd hand
[illegible] forth the base bribe, [illegible]
[illegible] cried, [illegible]
And blast the reigns [illegible]
Of those that gave [illegible]
Gift with a Brunswick [illegible]
The honour'd Viceroy [illegible]
Shall Halifax behold, [illegible]
A favour'd land ungrateful to his care.
O for the Muse of Milton [illegible]
The honours of that day, [illegible]
Hibernia's senate with one voice proclaim'd
A nation's high applause; when, long opp[illegible]
With wealth-consuming war, their eager love
Advanc'd the princely dignity [illegible]
While Halifax presided! O, [illegible]
By every Muse, grace of the [illegible] court,
The peasant's guardian, then wh[illegible]
Thy liberal bosom! not the low delight
Of Fortune's added gifts, greatly [illegible]
No, 'twas the supreme bliss that [illegible]
Of conscious Virtue, happy to be old
Her cares successful in a nation's joy.
But O, ye sisters of the sacred spring,
To sweetest accents tune the polish'd lay,
The music of persuasion! You alone
Can paint that easy eloquence that fl[illegible]
In Attic streams, from Halifax that fl[illegible]
When all ferne listen'd. Albion hea[illegible]
And felt a parent's joy: "No more, [illegible]
"No more shall Greece the man of [illegible]
Whose magic periods smooth'd the list[illegible] wave
Of rapt Ilyssus. Rome shall claim no [illegible]
The flowery path of eloquence alone
To grace her consul's brow; for never s[illegible]
Himeria's Viceroy words of fairer phras[illegible]
Forgetful of Alpheus' hastening stream
When Arethusa stop'd her golden tide [illegible] [swains,
And call'd her nymphs, and call'd her shepherd
To leave their sweet pipes silent. Silent lay
Your pipes, Hibernian Shepherds." Liffe[illegible] nil'd
And on his soft hand lean'd his dimply [illegible]
Attentive: "Once so Wharton [illegible] cried,
"Unhappy Wharton, whose young [illegible]
Yet vibrates on mine ear." Whatever powers,
Whatever genii old, of vale or grove
The high inhabitants, all throng'd to hear.
Sylvanus came, and from his temples grey
His oaken chapled flung, lest haply leaf
Or interposing bough should meet the sound,
And bar its soft approaches to his ear,
Pan ceas'd to pipe—a moment ceas'd—for th[illegible]
Suspicion grew, [illegible] in disguise
His ancient reign invaded: down he cast,
In petulance, his [illegible] seiz'd it soon
And fill'd the woods with clangour. Measures [illegible]
The wanton Satyrs dan[illegible]d, then listening sto[illegible]
And gaz'd with uncouth joy.
But hark! wild [illegible] shake the peaceful p[illegible]
The gathering tumult roars, and Faction ope[illegible]
Her blood-requesting eye. The frighted sw[illegible]
Mourns o'er his wasted labours, and implores
His country's guardian. Previous to his [illegible]
That guardian's care he found. The [illegible]
[illegible]'d,
And Faction clos'd her blood-requesting eye.
Be these thy honours, Halifax! and these
The liberal Muse, that never stain'd her page

With flattery, shall record: from each low view,
Each mean connection free, her praise is fame.
O, could her hand in future times obtain
One humble garland from th' Aonian tree,
With joy she'd bind it on thy favour'd head,
And greet thy judging ear with sweeter strains!
Mean while pursue, in public virtue's path,
The palm of glory: only there will bloom
Pierian lauress. Should'st thou deviate thence,
Perish the blossoms of fair folding fame!
E'en this poor wreath, that now affects thy brow,
Would lose its little bloom, the Muse repine,
And blush that Halifax had stole her praise.

PRECEPTS OF CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

Friend, sister, partner of that gentle heart
Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part;
While love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,
And Time puts on the yellow robe of Joy;
Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear
The moral Muse, nor deem her song severe?
Through the long course of life's unclouded day,
Where sweet Contentment smiles on Virtue's way;
Where Fancy opes her ever-varying views,
And Hope strews flowers, and leads you as she strews;
May each fair pleasure court thy favour'd breast,
By truth protected, and by love caress'd!
So Friendship vows, nor shall her vows be vain;
For every pleasure comes in Virtue's train;
Each charm that tender sympathies impart,
The glow of soul, the transports of the heart,
Sweet meanings, that in silent truth convey
Mind into mind, and steal the soul away;
These gifts, O Virtue, these are all thy own;
Lost to the vicious, to the vain unknown!
Yet blest with these, and happier charms than these,
By Nature form'd, by genius taught to please,
E'en you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
Must yield your human sacrifice to pain;
The wizard Care shall dim those brilliant eyes,
Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters rise.
With mind unbroke that darker hour to bear,
Nor, once his captive, drag the chains of Care,
Hope's radiant sun-shine o'er the scene to pour,
Nor future joys in present ills devour,
These arts your philosophic friend may show,
Too well experienced in the school of woe.
In some sad hour, by transient grief opprest,
Ah! let not vain reflection wound your breast;
For Memory then, to happier objects blind,
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
Life's varied sorrows studious to explore,
Turns the sad volume of its sufferings o'er.
Still to the distant prospect stretch your eye,
Pass the dim cloud, and view the brightening sky,
On Hope's kind wing, more genial climes survey,
Join Fancy join, but Reason guide your way;
For Fancy, still to tender woes inclin'd
May sooth the heart, but misdirects the mind.
The source of half our anguish, half our tears,
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;
Like ill-train'd children, still their treatment such,
Restrain'd too rashly, or indulg'd too much.
Hence Hope, projecting more than life can give,
Would live with angels, or refuse to live;
Hence spleen-ey'd Fear, o'er-acting Caution's part,
Betrays those succours Reason lends the heart.
Yet these, submitted to fair Truth's controul,
These tyrants are the servants of the soul;
Through vales of peace the dove-like Hope shall stray
And bear at eve her olive branch away,
In every scene some distant charm descry,
And hold it forward to the brightening eye;
While watchful Fear, if Fortitude maintain
Her trembling steps, shall ward the distant pain.
Should erring Nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose:
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.
Love, like the flower that courts the Sun's kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.
Oh shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires; and fair affection's lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear
The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.
If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmix'd with pain,
While Peace weaves flowers o'er Hymen's golden chain,
If tranquil days, if hours of smiling ease,
The sense of pleasure, and the power to please,
If charms like these deserve your serious care,
Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!
Like Hecla's mountain, while his heart's in flame,
His aspect's cold,—and Jealousy's his name.
His hideous birth-his wild disorders prove,
Begot by Hatred on despairing Love!
Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
And the fell sire with angry curses tore
His sable hair.—Distrust beholding smil'd,
And lov'd her image in her future child.
With cruel care, industrious to impart
Each painful sense, each soul-tormenting art,
To Doubt's dim shrine her hapless charge she led,
Where never sleep reliev'd the burning head,
Where never grateful fancy sooth'd suspense,
Or the sweet charm of easy confidence.
Hence fears eternal, ever-restless care,
And all the dire associates of despair.
Hence all the woes he found that peace destroy,
And dash with pain the sparkling stream of joy.
When love's warm breast, from rapture's trembling height,
Falls to the temperate measures of delight;
When calm delight to easy friendship turns,
Grieve not that Hymen's torch more gently burns.
Unerring Nature, in each purpose kind,
Forbids long transports to usurp the mind:
For, oft dissolv'd in joy's oppressive ray,
Soon would the finer faculties decay.
True tender love one even tenour keeps;
'Tis reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps.

The charm connubial, like [illegible]
Through life's fair vale, wit[illegible]
With many a plant along i[illegible]
With many a flower that bl[illegible] pride,
With many a shade, wher[illegible] rapturous
Holds sweet Affiance to her [illegible] breast, [rest
Pure in its source, and tem[illegible] its way,
Still flows the same, nor find [illegible] decay.
O bliss beyond what lonel[illegible] can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of jo[illegible] woe!
That magic charm which mak[illegible] sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the par[illegible] tear!
Long, beauteous friend, to y[illegible] may Heaven im-
The soft endearments of the s[illegible] heart! [part
Long to your lot may every bl[illegible] flow,
That sense, or taste, or virtue [illegible] bestow!
And oh, forgive the zeal your p[illegible] inspires,
To teach that prudence which i[illegible] admires.

OWEN OF CARR[illegible]N.

There is something romantic [illegible] the story of the following poem; but the auth[illegible] has his reasons for believing that there is s[illegible] likewise authentic. On the simple ci[illegible] of the ancient narrative, from which h[illegible] borrowed his idea, those reasons are princi[illegible] founded; and they are supported by others [illegible] which, in a work of this kind, to troub[illegible] his readers would be superfluous.

This poem is inscribed to a lady, whose elegant taste, whose amiable sensibility, and whose unaffected friendship, have long contributed to the pleasure and happiness of

THE AUTHOR.

On Carron's side the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sate in his eye,
The Sun his golden tresses gave,
The North's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
Tho' nobly born, is Owen laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge ye sung,
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
Far echoed from each evening fold.

'Twas in the pride of William's [1] day,
When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
The Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

[1] William the Lion, king of Scotland.

[illegible] far for him [illegible]
[illegible] fairer plains [illegible] spread;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that [illegible]
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's [2] charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy apply'd,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile,
And England's honest valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

"Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,
Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
Thy voice, the music of the shade!

"Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
For soon those gentle arms shall prove
The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth, by Ellen lov'd,
With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For Love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul beyond a vulgar state;
Th' unconquer'd banners he displays
Control our fears, and fix our fate.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wander'd west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day;

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the Sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore [3];

Led by those waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
Her wonted bower's seet Ellen sought,
And Carron murm[illegible]'d near, and south'd [illegible]
into rest.

There is some kind and [illegible] sprite
That o'er the [illegible] of [illegible] reigns,
[illegible] sunshine on the [illegible] night,
And smiles at slumber's powerless chains;

[2] The lady Ellen, [illegible] daughter of John [illegible] of Moray, betrothed [illegible] the earl of Nithisdale and [illegible] afterwards [illegible] the earl Barnard, [illegible] teemed one [illegible] the [illegible] women in Europe, so much th[illegible] the ha[illegible] [illegible]tors and [illegible] from for[illegible]

[3] A ch[illegible] [illegible]tains running through Scotland from [illegible] west.

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale;
And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight:
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight);

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Wav'd all the witcheries of love:

Yet it was wrought in simple show;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild rose wound her damask flower;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That love to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wild sing's blossom blushing fair,
Comb'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose looks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow?

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)—
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
And, when the fleeting form was past,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Hast struck thy wondering eye anew,
And brought the long-lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulders spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near,
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had the pale Moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd;
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

Led by the golden star of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep-defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day.

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imag'd on her breast,
That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From Earth to breathe elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame:

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in Slumber's chain,
Seem'd hap'ly o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Seiz'd all her soul—she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizzard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new-crept flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the Morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam,
What time the Sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any Muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When, wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke;
"Hail goddess of these groves," he cry'd,
"O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
"Let me in thy service bide!

"For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
"Unwearied chase the destin'd prey;
For thee I'll pierce the wild-wood deep,
"And part the sprays that vex thy way.

"For thee"—"O stranger, cease," she said,
And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confin'd
Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

O Love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born,
Where Nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of Morn;

Where the sweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing Love!

Ah! wherefore should grim Rage be nigh,
And dark Distrust, with changeful face,
And Jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind,
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her al[illegible] hour
He watch'd with all a m[illegible]r's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithisdale!
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?
No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And, "Haste to yonder groves," he cries,
"And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

"What time ye mark from bower or glen
A gentle lady take her way,
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray.

"Then ransack straight that range of groves,—
With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
If chance, a rosy stripling roves,—
Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep,
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the Sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featur'd vale;
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
Swift as the mountain deer he sped;
The evening shades will sink in night,—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! she will chide thy trifling stay,
E'en now the soft r[illegible] she frames
"Can lovers brook such [illegible] delay?
Lovers that boast of ardent flames!"

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft Slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train;
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
For her no balms their sweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds—
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas some poor youth—"ah Nithisdale!"
She said, and silent sunk away.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The wood-lark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead,
Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which Nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
O'er all his paly visage glides—
"Ah me! what means this misery here,
What fate this lady fair besides?"

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life he finds, has but retir'd;—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite [illegible]!

"Guide me in my humble [illegible],
Returning late to life [illegible];
"I'll bind thy crook [illegible] many a flower;
With many [illegible] thy head.

"Good [illegible] grove,
And, if [illegible]
Oh! [illegible]
Some p[illegible]

"Sure, th[illegible] swain
Thou kn[illegible] the sun-rise o'er the sea—
But oh! no [illegible] all thy train
[illegible] e'er so [illegible], so mild as he."

"He [illegible] on the wood-moss laid;
[illegible] wake his slumber deep—
[illegible] the redbreast o'er the shade—
Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure the privilege of mind
Can not be worth the wish of woe.

On melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow, consuming hour she'll weep,
Till Nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad, sombrous arms of Sleep.

"These jewels, all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou, she said, "good shepherd, take;
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

"So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

"Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy sheperdess's care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share."

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears Love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed;
He wears Love's sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

But ah! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it clos'd, wasn't weep,
And yield to tender [illegible] the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks th' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

Does Nature bear a tyrant's breast?
Is she the friend of stern Controul?
Wears she the despot's purple vest?
Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy children's breasts to bind?
Gav'st thou the Promethéan flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great Nature's—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege she gives to thee;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
Perhaps some feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part?

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand;
Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
Was low laid by his ruffian-band.

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married Love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with Heaven's own splendour bright;

But if no radiant star of love,
O Hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

And now has Time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;
No early charm returns again;
The parent, Nature, keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quivering light,
And shown the chequer'd field of man.

As the first human heir of Earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
With Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greenest glade,
He fondly fram'd this simple song:

"Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

"A silken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

"I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

"This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from sheperd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

"And O thou silent picture fair,
That lov'st to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy."

Ah, lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
See'st thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his eve[illegible] star,
And fate's more pointed arr[illegible] move,
Insidious, from his eye afar.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

"O tell me, parent if thou art,
What is this lovely picture dear?
Why wounds its mournful eye my heart?
Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?"

"Ah! youth! to leave thee loth am I,
Tho' I be not thy parent dear;
And would'st thou wish, or ere I die,
The story of thy birth to hear?

"But it will make thee much bewail,
And it will make thy fair eye swell:"—
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as sheperdess might tell.

The heart, that sorrow doom'd to share,
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

But when that seal is first imprest,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly:

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness cloth'd, and lifted hands,
And horrour's dread, unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;
But when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

"No, I am not a shepherd's boy,"
Awaking from his dream, he said:
"Ah, where is now the promis'd joy
Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

"O picture dear!—for her lov'd sake
How fondly could my heart bewail!
My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
And tell me more of this sad tale:

"O tell me more of this sad tale—
No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
And I will go to Lothian's vale,
And more than all her waters weep."

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
"O! art thou there," the full heart said,
"O art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, she is there; from idle s[illegible]
Oft has she stole her hour to [illegible]
Think how she 'by th[illegible]
And how she 'fondly [illegible]

Now tries his trembling [illegible]
Full many a tender line of [illegible]
And still he blues the parent [illegible]
For that, he fears, might f[illegible]

O'er a fair mountain's smiling [illegible]
Recl[illegible] clad [illegible]
Where every [illegible] want to [illegible]
That languish'd for its parti[illegible]

This scene he chose, this scene, assign'd
A parent's first embrace to wait,
And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

"She comes not;—can she then delay!"
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
"Whatever filial love could say,
To her I said, and call'd her dear."

"She comes—Oh! no—encircled round
'Tis some rude chief with many a spear
My hapless tale that earl has found—
Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear."

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
Image he deems a rival nigh.

'Tis o'er—those locks that wav'd in gu[illegible]
That wav'd adown those cheeks so [illegible]
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air!

That streaming head he joys to bear,
In horrid guise to Lothian's hall
Bids his grim ruffians place it the[illegible]
Erect upon the frowning wall.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
"Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale?"
The pictur'd bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er:
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

* See the ancient Scottish ballad, called Gill Morrice.

THE

FABLES OF FLORA.

———Sylvas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos——— VIRG.

FABLE I.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

As duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls:

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,
Within their little garden rear'd,
The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the rising sky,
Her golden brighter glory burn'd,
Still there her fond observant eye,
And there her golden breast she turn'd.

When calling from their weary height
On western waves his beams to rest,
Still there she sought the parting sight,
And there she turn'd her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves and drooping head,
Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd
The holy sisters smil'd to see,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid;
And lov'd its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
The praise that falls on Envy's ear,
O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
The canker'd Ivy clamb'd to hear.

And "See," she cried, "that specious flower,
Whose flattering bosom courts the Sun,
The pageant of a gilded hour,
The convent's simple hearts hath won!

"Obsequious meanness! ever prone
To watch the patron's turning eye;
No will, no motion of its own!
'Tis this they love, for this they sigh.

"Go, splendid sycophant! no more
Display thy soft seductive arts!
The flattering clime of courts explore,
Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

"To me their praise more justly due,
Of purer bloom, and happier grace!
Whose hanging mantles undefy'd view,
And find them in my fond embrace."

"How well," the modest flower replied,
"Can Envy's wrested eye divide
Foul Flattery from fair Gratitude.

"My duteous praise each hour I pay,
For few the hours that I must live;
And give to him my little day,
Whose grace another day may give.

"When low this golden form shall fall
And spread with dust its parent plain;
That dust shall hear his genial call,
And rise, to glory rise again.

"To thee, my gracious power, to thee
My love, my heart, my life are due!
Thy goodness gave that life to be;
Thy goodness shall that life renew.

"Ah me! one moment from thy sight
That thus my truant-eye should stray!
The god of glory sets in night!
His faithless flower has lost a day."

Sore griev'd the flower, and droop'd her head;
And sudden tears her breast bedew'd:
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And, wrapt in holy wonder, view'd.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
"Behold," the aged abbess cries,
"An emblem of that happier fate
Which Heaven to all but us denies.

"Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
No charm but duty's charm can move?
We shed no tears but holy tears
Of tender penitence and love.

"See there the envious world pourtray'd
In that dark look, that creeping pace!
No flower can bear the Ivy's shade;
No tree support its cold embrace.

"The oak that rears it from the ground,
And bears its tendrils to the skies,
Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
And in its poisonous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they by love, or duty led,
With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
(In convents still the tale is known)
The fable heard with silent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smil'd along the day,
And droop'd in tears at evening's fall;
Too well she found her life display,
Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy's gloomy shade,
That murder'd what it most embrac'd,
Too well that cruel scene convey'd
Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with silent horrour shook;
With sighs she sought her lonely cell:
To the dim light she cast one look;
And bade once more the world farewell.

FABLE II.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

There are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk ambition's losing game;

That far from Envy's lurid eye
The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die,
In Friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers tho' sweeter far,
The evening Primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,"
In pity's simple thought he cries,
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
The hamlet's little train beguile,
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd hies,
When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
For flowers he rifles all the meads,
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath:
Let smiling suns those gems illume!
Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal thro' even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answered thus the anxious swain.

"Live unseen!
By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing Day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle Evening fair, and her star-train'd queen.

"Didst thou, shepherd, never find,
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Hast thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind,
While all disarm'd, the cares of d
Steal thro' the falling gloom away
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious vie
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous
Guard thy emblematic flower."

FABLE III.

THE LAUREL AND THE RE

The reed that once the shepherd ble
On old Eurotas' hallow'd side,
To Sylla's fond bow applies,
Its godlike give master aloft.

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
Nor take the sweet reed's gentle breath
Thy rugged [illegible] with
Let music soothe the thirst of death.

He frown'd—he bade the [illegible]
The [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] his lips [illegible]
Nor was its vocal [illegible]

[illegible]

"Ah! what, unheeding have we [illegible]
What demons here in death [illegible]
What fiends that curse the [illegible]
What furies of infernal night

"See, see my peaceful shep[illegible]
Each heart in harmony that [illegible]
Smote by its own melodious [illegible]
Lies cold, along my bl[illegible] side.

"Back to your urn, [illegible]
Or find in earth some [illegible]
For horrour dim [illegible] sky,
And Hell has [illegible] day.

"Thro' Dolpo[illegible] death of shade
[illegible] sorrows ran;
[illegible] and mournful glade
[illegible] groves [illegible] can:

"In v[illegible]
[illegible] y mead,
(to s[illegible] wave,
[illegible] reed:

"In v[illegible]
Must [illegible]
While desolation [illegible]
And bids th[illegible]

[illegible]

The reed[illegible]
which [illegible]
[illegible]

id of the genial stream, behold
y laurel shades of leaves so bare!
e leaves no poet's brows enfold,
or bind Apollo's golden hair.

thy fair offspring, misapply'd,
r other purpose they supply;
murderer's burning cheek to hide,
id on his frowaful temples die.

t deem not these of Pluto's race,
hom wounded Nature sues in vain;
o disclaims the dire disgrace,
id cries, indignant, 'They are men."

FABLE IV.

THE GARDEN ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

"As Dee, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o'er Merioneth's plain,
By mountains forc'd his way to steer,
Along the lake of Pimble Mere,
Darts swiftly thro' the stagnant mass,
His waters trembling as they pass,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix'd, unsullied as they flow—
So clear thro' life's tumultuous tide,
So free could Thought and Fancy glide;
Could Hope as sprightly hold her course,
As first she left her native source,
Unsought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.
"But ah! they will not, will not last
When life's first fairy stage is past,
The glowing hand of Hope is cold;
And Fancy lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before;
We turn the former prospect o'er,
And find in Memory's faithful eye
Our little stock of pleasures lie.
"Come, then; thy kind recesses ope!
Fair keeper of the dreams of Hope!
Come with thy visionary train,
And bring my morning scenes again!
To Enon's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the woodland Genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame.—
"Or, where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves thro' solitary meads;
And only feeds the desert-flower,
Where once she south'd my slumbering boor:
Or rous'd by Stainmore's wintry blast,
She wearies Echo with her cry;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare.—
"Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Osty's brow,
Or Brockley's alder-shaded cave,
Or, winding round the Druid's grave,
Silently glide, with pious fear
To sound his holy slumbers near.—

"To these fair scenes of Fancy's reign,
Memory! hear me once again
For, when life's varied scenes are past,
'Tis simple Nature charms at last."

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
Th' indulgent power his pray'r approv'd,
And, ere the gather'd rose could fade,
Restor'd him to the scenes he lov'd.

A rose, the poet's favourite flower,
From Flora's cultur'd walks he bore;
No fairer bloom'd in Esher's bower,
Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could Fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's snowy hair;
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for shades a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave moves.

So marvell'd much in Enon's shade
The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,
When there the splendid Rose display'd
Her swelling breast and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
The pensive Eglantine complain'd.—

"Mistaken youth," with sighs she said,
"From Nature and from me to stray!
The bard, by splendid forms betray'd,
No more shall frame the purer lay.

"Luxuriant, like the flaunting Rose,
And gay the brilliant strains may be,
But far, in beauty, far from those,
That flow'd to Nature and to me."

The poet felt, with fond surprise,
The truths the sylvan critic told;
And, "Though this courtly Rose," he cries,
"Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

"Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
Wild sweetness which no words express,
And charms in thy simplicity,
That dwell not in the pride of dress."

FABLE V.

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

SHEPHERD, if near thy artless breast
The god of fond desires repair;
Implore him for a gentle guest,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's soul-enchanting smile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should these thy wandering eye beguile,
And steal thy wareless heart away;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
And soon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous bosom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial store.

Far from his hive one summer-day,
A young and yet unpractis'd bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon in play he pass'd,
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,
On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent skies
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
The velvet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its bounteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet;
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eyes with brighter [illegible],
When stealing near her orient breast,
Than felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untry'd,
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul-sustaining charms abound:
No honey'd sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led
Thro' those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
That courts thine eye with fair attire;
Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
Will smile to see that heart expire.

"This modest flower of humbler hue,
That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
Array'd in unbespangled blue,
The simple clothing of the skies—

"This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
May yet thy languid life renew:"
He said, and to the Violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

FABLE VI.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

From Bactria's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray;
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden day.

From Bactria's vales to Britain's shore
What time the Crown Imperial came,
Full high the stately stranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eastern state,
In all the eastern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it strange in distant time,
That freedom e'en to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime!

Through purple meads, and spicy gales,
Where Strymon's' silver waters play,
While far from hence their goddess dwells,
She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the Crown Imperial sought,
With high demand and haughty mien:
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival call'd the Meadow's Queen.

"In climes of orient glory born,
Where beauty first and empire grew;
Where first unfolds the golden morn,
Where [illegible] falls the fragrant dew:

"In [illegible] beauty drest,
Behold," [illegible], "the favour'd flower,
Which Flora's high commands invest
With ensigns of imperial power!

"Where [illegible] vales, and blushing meads,
And [illegible] his sway,
While Persia's lord his empire leads,
And bids the trembling world obey;

"[illegible] bedews the streaming bow,
And [illegible] rends the scatter'd air,
'Tis [illegible] to bind the victor's brow,
And [illegible] envy'd glory there.

"Then [illegible], ye British [illegible]
Confess your monarch's might [illegible]
And [illegible] only glory yours,
When [illegible] trembling to obey.

He said, and [illegible] o'er the plain [illegible]
[illegible] flower to flower a murmur [illegible]
With modest air, and milder strain
When thus the Meadow's Qu[illegible]

"If vain of birth, of glory vain
Or fond to bear a regal [illegible]
The pride of folly brings disdain,
And bids me urge a tyrant's claim:

"[illegible] calms as all,
[illegible] call,
[illegible] meeding vale,
[illegible] Nature's fall,

"[illegible] vengeful flower
[illegible] strife,
Nor leave the [illegible] wer
Such [illegible] life.

"One simple [illegible]!
The wish that [illegible] said;
The balm [illegible] tide*,
And [illegible] has made."

Their free consent by [illegible]
The flowers their [illegible] obey;
And fairer blush[illegible] rn,
And swe[illegible] day.

[illegible]
[illegible] that flower.

FABLE VII.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

"Why loves my flower, the sweetest flower
That swells the golden breast of May,
Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
To waste her solitary day?

"Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
The grove and genial garden call,
Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
Unheeded on the lonely wall?

"For never sure was beauty born
To live in death's deserted shade!
Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
My banks for life and beauty made."

Thus Pity wak'd the tender thought,
And by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The Genius of the Ruin spoke.

"From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns their former toil!

"Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade;
'Tis Nature tells her to bestow
Her honours on the lonely dead.

"For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon tow'rs to mould,
And undispers'd by tempests there,
They rise in vegetable gold.

"Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desert scenes distinction crave;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
Truth's, Honour's, Valour's, Beauty's grave.

"Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of th' insulting air;
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs are sleeping there.

"When that too shakes the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie!

"Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told;
For many a tender thought is due.

"Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
When evening brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower?

"Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost affection's lowly cell;
Tho' there, as fond remembrance grew,
Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

"Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign?
With vain but pious fondness borne
To deck thy Nancy's honour'd shrine?

"'Tis Nature pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.

"Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

"Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead oblivion into day?

"'Tis Nature prompts, by toil or fear
Unmov'd, to range through death's domain:
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again.

"Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
If haply near these haunts he stray;
Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

FABLE VIII.

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'Twas on the border of a stream
A gaily-painted Tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells!
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells:

"O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
Fair painting of a hand divine!
Superior far to mortal doom,
The hues of Heav'n alone are mine!

"Away, ye worthless, formless race!
Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers?
No more my native bed disgrace,
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

"Shall the bright daughter of the Sun
Associate with the shrubs of Earth?
Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
Respect her beauties and her birth.

"And thou, dull, sullen ever-green!
Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade!"

"Deluded flower!" the Myrtle cries,
Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
The mean'st shrub that you despise,
The meanest flower has merit more.

"That daisy, in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year;
Blush on the snow of Winter's gloom,
And bid the smiling Spring appear.

"The violet, that, those banks beneath,
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

"E'en I, who boast no golden shade,
Am of no shining tints possess'd,
When low thy lucid form is laid,
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

"And he, whose kind and fostering care
To thee, to me, our beings gave,
Shall near his breast my flowrets wear,
And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

"Deluded flower, the friendly screen
That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
And mocks thy passion to be seen,
Prolongs thy transitory day.

"But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
No more by virtue need be done:
I now withdraw my dusky shade.
And yield thee to thy darling Sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclos'd;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the Sun was sliding low
And ev'ning came, with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
Relax'd, exhausted, sick'ning, pale,
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

FABLE IX.

THE BEE FLOWER[1].

Come, let us leave this painted plain;
This waste of flowers that palls the eye;
The walks of Nature's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owe
Superior charms to Brockman's art,
Where, crown'd with elegant repose,
He cherishes the social heart—

Through those fair scenes we'll wander w
And on you pastur'd mountains rest;
Come, brother dear! come, Nature's ch
With all her simple virtues blest.

The Sun far-seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled seas
And ruins pale of princely bowers
On Beachb'rough's airy heights shall

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to gre
Murmurs and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breast
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breas
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thigh

Regardless, while we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
Or sees he no intruder near?
And rest in sleep his weary eyes?

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll set the captive free—
I sought the living Bee to bind,
And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus Nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her sports we call.

Be far, my friend, from you, from me,
The unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That she's majesty source may be
In [illegible] fancy's trifling vein.

Remember [illegible] Nature's plan
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, she first in man
Inspir'd the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power[2];
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft, as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frighted ploughman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
She seems e'en with herself at strife,
While fairer from her hand is shown
The pictur'd, than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear;
Where oft her studious hand engraves
The perfect form, and leaves it there.

O long, my Paxton[3], boast her art;
And long her laws of love fulfil:
To thee she gave her hand and heart,
To thee, her kindness and her skill!

[1] This is a species of the orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, Kent, and Herefordshire. Nature has formed a bee apparently feeding on the breast of a flower with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose she has observed an economy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genius of the orchis, or satyrion, she seems professedly to have made use of for her paintings, and on the different species has drawn the perfect forms of different insects, such as b[illegible]s, butterflies, &c.

[2] The well-known fables of the Painter and the Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly arose from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated.

[3] An ingenious portrait-painter in Rathbone Place.

FABLE X.

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

Is yonder green wood blows the broom;
Shepherds we'll trust our flocks to stray.
Court Nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from care one summer-day.

From him[1] whose gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed Hume with roses binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where slow the fairy Fortha winds.

And oh! that he[2] whose gentle breast
In Nature's softest mould was made,
Who left her smiling works impress
In characters that cannot fade;

That he might leave his lowly shrine,
Tho' softer there the seasons fall—
They come, the sons of verse divine,
They come to Fancy's magic call.

——"What airy sounds invite
My steps not unreluctant, from the depth
Of Shene's delightful groves? Reposing there
No more I hear the busy voice of men
Far-toiling o'er the globe—save to the call
Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear
Of death denies attention. Rous'd by her,
The genius of sepulchral silence opes
His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the Spring,
Or swells on Summer's breast, or loads the hand
Of Autumn, gathers heedful—Thee whose rit
At Nature's shrine with holy care are paid
Daily and nightly, boughs of brightest bloom,
And every fairest rose, the goddess loves,
The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.
Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
Tunefully trifling. Fair philosophy,
And Nature's love, and every mortal charm
That leads in sweet captivity the mind
To virtue—ever in thy nearest cares
Be these, and animate thy living page
With truth resistless, beaming from the source
Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boasts
That golden Broom its sunny robe of flowers;
Fair are the sunny flowers; but, fading soon
And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
To the well-loaded wilding—Shepherd, there
Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
Of all but moral beauty."

——"Not in vain"—
I hear my Hamilton reply.
(The torch of fancy in his eye)
"'Tis not in vain," I hear him say,
"That Nature paints her works so gay;
For, fruitless though that fairy broom,
Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
Cheer'd with that bloom, yon desert wild,
Its native horrours lost, and smil'd;
And oft we mark her golden ray
Along the dark wood scatter day.
"Of moral uses take the strife;
Leave me the elegance of life.
Whatever charms the ear or eye,
All beauty and all harmony;
If sweet sensations these produce,
I know they have their moral use;
I know that Nature's charms can move
The springs that strike to virtue's love."

[1] William Hamilton of Bangour.
[2] Thomson.

FABLE XI.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

In this dim cave a druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hollow'd o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of diff'rent creed,
An hermit's holy ashes rest:
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The druid's magic misletoe,
The holy hermit's passion-flower.

The off'rings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound.
When from the cave a deep'ning groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through mine ear,
The horrour rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodis'd with breath;
But, grinding through some scrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart," it cries;
"No tribute bear to shades unblest:
Know, here a bloody druid lies,
Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.

"Associate he with demons dire,
O'er human victims held the knife,
And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
Smil'd grimly o'er its quiv'ring life.

"Behold his crimson-streaming hand
Erect!—his dark, fix'd, murd'rous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—Dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's hallow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,
"Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
For, here a guilty hermit lies,
Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

"Though Nature lent him powers to aid
The moral cause, the mutual weal;
Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
The desp'rate suicide of zeal.

" Go, teach the drone of study haunts,
Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;
Though many a holy hymn he chants,
His life is one continu'd crime.

" And bear them hence, the plant, the flower
No symbols those of systems vain!
They have the duties of their hour;
Some bird, some insect to sustain."

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

BY ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.

PART THE FIRST.

TO RICHARD BURN, LL. D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTIES OF WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.

DEAR SIR,

A POEM written professedly at your request, naturally addresses itself to you. The distinction you have acquired on the subject, and your taste for the arts, give that address every kind of propriety. If I have any particular satisfaction in this publication, beside what arises from my compliance with your commands, it must be in the idea of that testimony it bears to our friendship. If you believe that I am more concerned for the duration of that than of the Poem itself, you will not be mistaken; for I am

DEAR SIR,

your truly affectionate brother
and faithful humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Somersetshire,
April 25, 1774.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN Richard's days, when lost his pastur'd plain,
The wand'ring Briton sought the wild wood's reign,
With great disdain beheld the feudal lord,
Poor life-let vassals of a Norman lord;
And, what no brave man ever lost, possess'd
Himself—for Freedom bound him to her breast.
Lov'st thou that Freedom? By her holy shrine,
If yet one drop of British blood be thine,
See, I conjure thee, in the desert shade,
His bow unstrung, his little household laid,
Some brave forefather; while his fields they share,
By Saxon, Dane, or Norman, banish'd there!
And think he tells thee, as his soul withdraws,
As his heart swells against a tyrant's laws,
The war with fate, though fruitless to maintain,
To guard that liberty he lov'd in vain.
Were thoughts like these the dreams of ancient time?
Peculiar only to some age, or clime?
And does not Nature thoughts like these impart,
Breathe in the soul, and write upon the heart?
Ask on their mountain yon deserted band,
That point to Paoli with no plausive hand;
Despising still, their freeborn souls [illegible]
Alike the Gallic and Ligurian yoke.
Yet while the patriot's gen'rous rage [illegible]
Still civil safety calls us back to care;
To Britain lost in either Henry's day,
Her woods her mountains one wild [illegible]
Fair Peace from all her bounteous [illegible]
And Law beneath the barbed arrow [illegible]
In happier days, with more auspicious [illegible]
The far-fam'd Edward heal'd his wounded [illegible]
Dread of his foes, but to his subjects dear.
These learn'd to love, as those are taught to fear;
Their laurell'd prince with British pride obey,
His glory shone their discontent away.
With care the tender flower of love to save,
And plant the olive on Disorder's grave,
For civil storms fresh barriers to provide,
He caught the fav'ring calm and falling tide.

THE APPOINTMENT, AND ITS PURPOSES.

The social laws from insult to protect;
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdu'd by art,
To aid, and bri[illegible]r rover to her heart;
Wild riot's [illegible] dignity to quell,
Forbid w[illegible]ons to rebel,
Wrest [illegible] [illegible]ueditated harm,
Fo[illegible] [illegible]ce rais'd her sacred arm;
F[illegible] this the [illegible]l magistrate of yore,
Th[illegible] honours, [illegible]ward, to his mansion bore.

[illegible]IENT JUSTICE'S [illegible]

Oft, where old [illegible]r in cens[illegible]s glory sails,
On silver waves th[illegible] flow thro' smiling vales,
In Harewood's [illegible]groves, where long my youth was laid,
Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade,
With many a groupe of antique columns crown'd,
In Gothic guise such mansion have I found.
Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits that sore bedizen Nature's face,
Of the more manly structures here ye view;
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have mov'd my spleen,
With Venus, and the Graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shopman, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books!
But, spare my Venus, spare each sister Grace,
Ye cits, that sore bedizen Nature's face.
Ye royal architects, whose antic taste,
Would lay the realms of Sense and Nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, tho' your eye no courtly creature sees;
Snakes on the ground, or monkies in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall,
On the plain precincts of the ancient hall.
For tho' no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's perroquets;
Tho' apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;

Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphynx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.
Long have these mighty monsters known disgrace,
Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;
Where, round the hall, the oak's high surbase rears
The field-day triumphs of two hundred years.
The enormous antlers here recall the day
That saw the forest-monarch forc'd away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain past,
Nor finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepar'd to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!
Here, fam'd for cunning, and in crimes grown old,
Hangs his grey brush, the felon of the fold.
Oft, as the rent feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudling farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Tho' known to every tenant of the vale.
Here, where, of old, the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are spread:
Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast sirloin
Vied in round magnitude—Respect I bear
To thee, tho' oft the ruin of the chair.
These, and such antique tokens that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gew-gaw train,
The whims and zigzag of a modern brain,
More than all Asia's marmosets to view
Grin, frisk, and water, in the walks of Kew.

CHARACTER OF A COUNTRY JUSTICE.

Thro' these fair vallies, stranger, hast thou stray'd,
By any chance to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the magistratial chair?
There Herbert sate—the love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and Mercy's melting shade;
Justice, that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one orphan's tear;
Fair Equity, and Reason, scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart—
These sate with Herbert, these shall best avail,
Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.

GENERAL MOTIVES FOR LENITY.

Be this, ye rural Magistrates, your plan;
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.
He whom the mighty master of this ball,
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the patriarch's truth however loth,
Holds but a mansion *crush'd before the moth.*
Frail in his genius, in his heart, too, frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail;
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?
Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.

APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS.

For him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore,
Who, then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed,
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

APOSTROPHE TO EDWARD THE THIRD.

O Edward, here thy fairest laurels fade!
And thy long glories darken into shade;
While yet the palms thy hardy veterans won,
The deeds of valour that for thee were done,
While yet the wreaths for which they bravely bled,
Fir'd thy high soul, and flourish'd on thy head,
Those veterans to their native shores return'd,
Like exiles wander'd and like exiles mourn'd;
Or, left at large no longer to bewail,
Were vagrants deem'd and destin'd to a jail!
Were there no royal, yet uncultur'd lands,
No wastes that wanted such subduing hands?
Were Cressy's heroes such abandon'd things?
O fate of war and gratitude of kings!

THE GYPSEY-LIFE.

The gypsey-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love.
Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx, of the common shore.
For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain
The sable eye, then, snugging, sleep again;
Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.
Far other cares that wandering mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of Fate!
From her to hear, in evening's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold;
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.
But, ah! ye maids, beware the gypsey's lures!
She opens not the womb of Time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung!

The parson's maid—sore cause had she to rue
The gypsey's tongue; the parson's daughter too,
Long had that anxious daughter sighed to know
What Vellum's sprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances, which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalms slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd, at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.
Where, in the darkling shed, the Moon's dim rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise,
Villaria sate, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe she sought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either side, the crooked sixpence seek;
Twice were those hands withdrawn from either side,
To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice she in Fortune's devious way!
"Ere yet," she cried, "ten rolling months are o'er,
Must ye be mothers; maids at least no more.
With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail
A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.
To Marian, once of Colin Clout the scorn,
Shall bumpkin come, and bumpkinets be born"
Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd sore,
Than ten short months had such events in store;
But holding firm, what village-maids believe,
"That strife with fate is milking in a sieve;"
To prove their prophet true, tho' to their cost,
They justly thought no time was to be lost.
These foes to youth, that seek, with dang'rous art,
To aid the native weakness of the heart;
These miscreants from thy harmless village drive,
As wasps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

PART II.

TO ROBERT WILSON CRACROFT, ESQ.

Born with a gentle heart, and born to please
With native goodness, of no fortune vain,
The social aspect of inviting ease,
The kind opinion, and the sense humane;

To thee, my Cracroft, whom, in early youth,
With lenient hand, and anxious love I led
Thro' paths where science points to manly truth:
And glory gilds the mansions of the dead:

To thee this offering of maturer thought,
That since wild Fancy flung the lyre aside,
With heedful hand the moral Muse hath wrought,
That Muse devotes, and bears with honest pride.

Yet not that period of the human year,
When Fancy reign'd, shall we with pain review,
All Nature's seasons different aspects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due:

Not that in youth we rang'd the smiling meads,
On Essex' shores the trembling angle play'd,
Urging at noon the slow boat in the reeds,
That wav'd their green uncertainty of shade;

Nor yet the days consum'd in Hackthorn[illegible]
That lonely on the heath's wide [illegible]
Should we with stern severity bewail,
And all the lighter hours of life de[illegible]

For Nature's seasons different aspects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits a[illegible]
Awhile she freed us from the scou[illegible]
But told us then—for social ends [illegible]

To find some virtue trac'd on life's short [illegible]
Some mark of service paid to human [illegible]
Alone can cheer the wintry paths of a[illegible],
Alone support the far-reflecting mind.

Oh! often thought—when Smith's discern[illegible]
To further days prolong'd this failing [illegible]
To die, was little—But what heart could [illegible]
To die, and leave an undistinguish'd name

Blagdon-House,
Feb. 22, 1775.

PROTECTION OF THE POOR.

Yet [1], while thy rod restrains the needy crew,
Remember that thou art their monarch too.
King of the beggars!—Lov'st thou not the name?
O, great from Ganges to the golden Tame!
Far-ruling sovereign of this begging ball,
Low at thy footstool other thrones shall fall.
His alms to thee the whisker'd Moor convey [2],
And [illegible]'s sturdy beggar own thy sway;
Courts [illegible] that bend the knee [3],
[illegible] are fiefs to thee!
[illegible] ndeur of thy reign,
[illegible] r crowns disdain;
[illegible] f power forego,
[illegible] manity's first foe.
Let [illegible] with feeble strife,
Worn by long [illegible] n the war of life;
Nor leave the [illegible], that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude assaults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!

If, when from heav'n severer seasons fall,
Fled from the [illegible] n roof, and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter-day, [tray;—
More strong than Teniers' pencil could por-
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said)
"These people come from far, and have no bread."

Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to *thy* ear.
He, where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
But chief thy notice shall one monster claim,
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,

[1] Refers to the conclusion of the first part.

[2] The Mahometan princes seem to have a regular system of begging. Nothing so common as to hear that the dey of Algiers, &c. &c. are dissatisfied with their presents. It must be owned, it would be for the welfare of the world, if princes in general would adhere to the maxim, that "it is better to beg than to steal."

[3] ——— Tu poscis vilia rerum,
Quamvis fers te nullius egentem.

The parish-officer!—tho' verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain;
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor *hind*, with length of years decay'd,
Leans feebly on his once subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His [illegible]able toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
When harvest's burning suns and sick'ning air
From labour's unbrac'd hand the grasp'd hook tear,
Where shall the hapless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control,
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
But, hapless! oft thro' fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of th' insulting foe,
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their pray'r,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And, left each poorer, pettier chace behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind?
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to indolence adieu!
And, first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;—
But Time untenants—Hah! what seest thou there?—
"Horrour!—By Heav'n, extended on a bed
Of naked fearn, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!"—
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told.
They died thro' want—
"By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Thro' whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies."—
They fell by thine.
"Infernal!—Mine!—by—"
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.
When thy good father held this wide domain,
The voice of sorrow never mourn'd in vain.
Sooth'd by his pity, by his bounty fed,
The sick found med'cine, and the aged bread.
He left their interest to no parish-care,
No bailiff urg'd his little empire there:
No village-tyrant starv'd them, or oppress'd;
He learnt their wants, and he those wants redress'd.
E'en these, unhappy! who, beheld too late,
Smote thy young heart with horrour at their fate,
His bounty found, and destin'd here to keep
A small detachment of his mountain sheep.
Still pleas'd to see them from the annual fair
Th' unwritten history of their profits bear;
More nobly pleas'd those profits to restore,
And, if their fortune fail'd them, make it more.
When Nature gave her precept to remove
His kindred spirit to the realms of love,
Afar their anguish from thy distant ear,
No arm to save, and no protection near,
Led by the lure of unaccounted gold,
Thy bailiff seiz'd their little flock, and sold.
Their want contending parishes survey'd,
And this disown'd, and that refus'd to aid:
A while, who should not succour them, they tried,
And in that while the wretched victims died.
"I'll scalp that bailiff—sacrifice—"
In vain
To rave at mischief, if the cause remain.
O days long lost to man in each degree!
The golden days of hospitality!
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife
To fill the noblest offices of life;
When Wealth was Virtue's handmaid, and her gate
Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of fate;
The poor at hand their natural patrons saw,
And lawgivers were supplements of law.
Lost are those days, and Fashion's boundless sway
Has borne the guardian magistrate away:
Save in Augusta's streets, on Gallia's shore,
The rural patron is beheld no more.
No more the poor his kind protection share,
Unknown their wants, and unreceiv'd their pray'r.
Yet has that Fashion, long so light and vain,
Reform'd at last, and led the moral train?
Have her gay vot'ries nobler worth to boast
For Nature's love, for Nature's virtue lost?
No—fled from these, the sons of fortune find
What poor respect to wealth remains behind.
The mock regard alone of menial slaves,
The worship'd calves of their outwitting knaves!
Foregone the social, hospitable days,
When wide vales echo'd with their owner's praise,
Of all that ancient consequence bereft,
What has the modern man of fashion left?
Does he, perchance, to rural scenes repair,
And "waste his sweetness" on the essenc'd air?
Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye scouring seas! and ye sulphureous springs!
And thou, Brightelmstone, where no cits annoy
(All borne to Margate, in the Margate-hoy,)
Where, if the hasty creditor advance,
Lies the light skiff, and ever-bailing France,
Do thou defend him in the dog-day suns;
Secure in winter from the rage of duns!
While the grim catchpole, the grim porter swear,
One that he is, and one, he is not there,
The tortur'd us'rer, as he murmurs by,
Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a sigh.

O, from each title folly ever took,
Blood! Maccarone! Cicisbeo! or Rook!
From each low passion, from each low resort,
The thieving alley, nay, the righteous court,
From Bertie's, Almack's, Arthur's, and the nest
Where Judah's ferrets earth with Charles unblest!
From these and all the garbage of the great,
At Honour's, Freedom's, Virtue's call—retreat!
Has the fair vale, where rest, conceal'd in flowers,
Lies in sweet ambush for thy careless hours;
The breeze, that, balmy fragrance to infuse,
Bathes its soft wing in aromatic dews; [breast,
The stream, to soothe thine ear, to cool thy
That mildly murmurs from its crystal rest;—
Have these less charms to win, less power to please,
Than haunts of rapine, harbours of disease?
Will no kind slumbers o'er thine eyelids creep,
Save where the sullen watchman growls at sleep?
Does morn no sweeter, purer breath diffuse,
Than streams thro' alleys from the lungs of Jews?
And is thy water, pent in putrid wood,
Bethesda-like, when troubled only good?
Is it thy passion Linley's voice to hear,
And has no mountain-lark detain'd thine ear?
Song marks alone the tribes of airy wing;
For, trust me, man was never meant to sing:
And all his mimic organs e'er exprest
Was but an imitative howl at best.
Is it on Garrick's attitude you doat;
See on the pointed cliff yon lordly goat!
Like Lear's, his beard descends in graceful snow,
And wild he looks upon the world below.
Superior here the scene in every part!
Here reigns great Nature, and there little art!
Here let thy life assume a nobler plan,
To Nature faithful, and the friend of man!
Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest [illegible]
Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's [illegible]
Far as thy power can save, thy bount[illegible]
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.
Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn, [illegible]
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild [illegible]
While yet to cheer the homeward shepl[illegible]
A few seem straggling in the ev'ning sk[illegible]
Not many suns have hasten'd down the [illegible]
Or blushing moons immers'd in clouds t[illegible]
Since there a scene, that stain'd thei[illegible] light,
With horrour stopp'd a felon in his flight
A babe just born that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursu'd,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore;
And gave a part of what he stole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear;
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.
Far other treatment she who breathless lay
Found from a viler animal of prey.
Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,
When ev'ning brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,
The ruffian officer oppos'd her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away;
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.
Abandon'd there—with fam[illegible]
And anguish, she expir'd—t[illegible]
"Now *let me swear*—For, [illegible] sigh,
That thief shall live, that ove[illegible]
Too late!—His life the ge[illegible]
Lost by that pity which his st[illegible]
No soul-discerning Mansfield [illegible]
No Hertford bore his prayer to [illegible]
No lib'ral justice first assign'd [illegible]
Or urg'd, as Camplin would ha[illegible]
The living object of thy hon[illegible]
Old in parochial crimes, and st[illegible]
The grave church-warden! un[illegible]
Weekly to church his book of w[illegible]
And pours, with all the blasphem[illegible] of praise,
His creeping soul in Sternhold's cr[illegible] lays!

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

PART THE THIRD.

To Thomas Smith, M. D. of Wrington, in the county of Somerset, this last of the little poems, intended to cultivate, in the provincial administration of justice, that *humanity* by which he is so amiably distinguished, is gratefully inscribed by his most obliged, most affectionate, and most faithful servant,

THE AUTHOR.

DEPREDATION.

O No!—sir John—the Muse's gentle art
Lives not to blemish, but to mend the heart.
While Gay's brave robber grieves us for his fate,
We hold the harpies of his life in hate.
Ingenuous youth, by Nature's voice addrest,
Finds not the hardeu'd, but the feeling breast;
Can form no wish the dire effects to prove
[illegible]less valour, or of venal love,
[illegible] fondness of the faithful maid,
[illegible] gen'rous passion unrepaid.
[illegible] praise the pious zeal that saves
[illegible] London from her world of knaves;
Yes, [illegible] I count it no inglorious strife
To scourge the pests of property and life.
Come then, long skill'd in theft's illusive ways,
Lord of the clue that threds her mighty maze!
Together let us beat all Giles's fields,
Try what the night-house, what the round-house yields,
Hang when we must, be candid when we please,
But leave no bawd, unlicens'd, at her ease.
Say first, of thieves above, or thieves below,
What can we order till their haunts we know?
Far from St. James's let your Nimrods stray,
But stop and call at Stephen's in their way.
That ancient victualler, we've been told of late,
Has kept bad hours, encourag'd high debate?
That those without still pelting those within,
Have stunn'd the peaceful neighbours with their [din;
That if you close his private walls invest,
'Tis odds, you meet with some unruly guest—
Good Lord, sir John, how would the people stare,
To see the present and the late lord mayor[1],
Bow to the majesty of Bow-street chair!

[1] This was written about the year 1776.

Illustrious chiefs! can I your haunts pass by,
Nor give my long-lov'd liberty a sigh?
That heav'nly plant which long unblemish'd
Dishonour'd only, only hurt by you! [blew,
Dishonour'd, when with harden'd front you claim
To deeds of darkness her diviner name!
For you calm Licence strove with hydra breath
To spread the blasts of pestilence and death:
Her poor vice, for dark ambition there,
Shatter'd poison thro' the social air.
Her's in vain—Oh, had her toil been vain,
When with black wing she swept the western main;
When with low labour, and insidious art,
She tore a daughter from her parent's heart!
Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
Fair honour's foil, and liberty's disgrace!
With spleen I see your wild illusions spread
Thro' the long region of a land misled;
See commerce sink, see cultivation's charms
Lost in the rage of anarchy and arms!
And thou, O Ch——m, once a nation's pride,
Borne on the brightest wave of glory's tide!
Hast thou the parent spurn'd, the erring child
With prospects vain to ruin's arms beguil'd?
Hast thou the plans of dire defection prais'd
For the poor pleasure of a statue rais'd?
Oh, patriots, ever patriots out of place,
From Charles quite graceless, up to Grafton's grace!
Where forty-five once mark'd the dirty door,
And the chain'd knife[1] invites the paltry whore;
Tho' far, methinks, the choicest guests are fled,
And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the dead,
Wilkes, who in death would friendship's vows fulfil,
True to his cause, and dies with Humphrey still—
Where sculks each dark, where roams each desp'rate wight,
Owls of the day and vultures of the night—
Shall we, O Knight, with cruel pains explore,
Clear these low walks, and think the bus'ness o'er?
No—much, alas! for you, for me remains,
Where Justice sleeps, and Depredation reigns.
Wrapt in kind darkness, you no spleen betray,
When the gilt Nabob lacqueys all the way:
Harmless to you his towers, his forests rise,
That swell with anguish my indignant eyes;
While in those towers raz'd villages I see,
And tears of orphans watering every tree.
Are these mock-ruins that invade my view?
These are the entrails of the poor Gentoo.
That column's trophied base his bones supply;
That lake the tears that swell'd his sable eye!
Let here, O Knight, their steps terrific steer
Thy hue and cry, and loose thy bloodhounds here.
Oh, Mercy! thron'd on His eternal breast,
Who breath'd the savage waters into rest;
By each soft pleasure that thy bosom smote,
When first creation started from his thought;
By each warm tear that melted o'er thine eye,
When on his works was written "These must die;"
If secret slaughter yet, nor cruel war
Have from these mortal regions forc'd thee far,
Still to our follies, to our frailties blind,
Oh, stretch thy healing wings o'er human kind!

[1] Chain'd to the table, to prevent depredations.

—For them I ask not, hostile to thy sway,
Who calmly on a brother's vitals prey;
For them I plead not, who, in blood embru'd,
Have ev'ry softer sentiment subdu'd.

PRISONS.

Yet, gentle power, thy absence I bewail,
When seen the dank, dark regions of a jail;
When found alike in chains and night enclos'd,
The thief detected, and the thief suppos'd!
Sure, the fair light and the salubrious air
Each yet-suspected prisoner might share.
—To lie, to languish in some dreary cell,
Some loathed hold, where guilt and horrour dwell,
Ere yet the truth of seeming facts be tried,
Ere yet their country's sacred voice decide
Britain, behold thy citizens expos'd,
And blush to think the Gothic age unclos'd!

FILIATION.

Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to raze
That pest of James's puritanic days,
The savage law[1] that barb'rously ordains
For female virtue lost a felon's pains!
Dooms the poor maiden, as her fate severe,
To toil and chains a long-enduring year.
Th' unnatural monarch, to the sex unkind,
An owl obscene, in learning's sunshine blind!
Councils of pathics, cabinets of tools,
Benches of knaves, and parliaments of fools,
Fanatic fools, that, in those twilight times,
With wild religion cloak'd the worst of crimes!—
Hope we from such a crew, in such a reign,
For equal laws, or policy humane?
Here, then, O Justice! thy own power forbear;
The sole protector of th' unpitied fair.
Tho' long entreat the ruthless overseer;
Tho' the loud vestry tease thy tortur'd ear;
Tho' all to acts, to precedents appeal,
Mute be thy pen, and vacant rest thy seal.
Yet shalt thou know, nor is the diff'rence nice,
The casual fall, from impudence of vice.
Abandon'd guilt by active laws restrain,
But pause.... if virtue's slightest spark remain.
Left to the shameless lash, the harduing jail,
The fairest thoughts of modesty would fail.
The down-cast eye, the tear that flows amain,
As if to ask her innocence again;
The plaintive babe, that slumb'ring seem'd to lie
On her soft breast, and wakes at the heav'd sigh;
The cheek that wears the beauteous robe of shame;
How loth they leave a gentle breast to blame!
Here, then, O Justice! thy own power forbear;—
The sole protector of th' unpitied fair!

[1] 7 Jac. c. 4.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

WARM from this heart while flows the faithful line,
The meanest friend of beauty shall be mine.
What Love, or Fame, or Fortune could bestow,
The charm of praise, the ease of life, I owe
To beauty present, or to beauty fled,
To Hertford living, or Caernarvon dead,

To Tweedale's taste, to Edgecumbe's sense serene,
And (Envy spare this boast) to Britain's queen;
Kind to the lay that all unlabour'd flow'd,
What Fancy caught, where Nature's pencil glow'd [1],
She saw the path to new, tho' humble fame,
Gave me her praise, and left me fools to blame.
Strong in their weakness are each woman's charms,
Dread that endears, and softness that disarms.
The tim'rous eye retiring from applause,
And the mild air that fearfully withdraws,
Marks of our power these humble graces prove,
And, dash'd with pride, we deeper drink of love.
Chief of those charms that hold the heart in thrall,
At thy fair shrine, O Modesty, we fall.
Not Cynthia rising o'er the wat'ry way,
When on the dim wave falls her friendly ray;
Not the pure ether of Æolian skies,
That drinks the day's first glories as they rise;
Not all the tints from evening-clouds that break,
Burn in the beauties of the virgin's cheek;
When o'er that cheek, undisciplin'd by art,
The sweet suffusion rushes from the heart.
Yet the soft blush, untutor'd to control,
The glow that speaks the susceptible soul,
Led by nice honour, and by decent pride,
The voice of ancient virtue taught to hide;
Taught beauty's bloom the searching eye to shun,
As early flowers blow fearful of the Sun.
Far as the long records of time we trace [2]
Still flow'd the veil o'er modesty's fair face:
The guard of beauty, in whose friendly shade,
Safe from each eye the featur'd soul is laid,—
The pensive thought that paler looks betray,
The tender grief that steals in tears away,
The hopeless wish that prompts the frequent sigh
Bleeds in the blush, or melts upon the eye.
The man of faith thro' Gerar doom'd to stray,
A nation waiting his eventful way,
His fortune's fair companion at his side,
The world his promise, Providence his guide;
Once, more than virtue dar'd to value life,
And call'd a sister whom he own'd a wife.
Mistaken father of the faithful race,
Thy fears alone could purchase thy disgrace.
"Go" to the fair, when conscious of the tale,
Said Gerar's prince, "thy husband is thy veil [3]."
O ancient faith! O virtue mourn'd in vain!
When Hymen's altar never held a stain;
When his pure torch shed undiminish'd rays,
And fires unholy died beneath the blaze!
For faith like this fair Greece was early known,
And claim'd the veil's first honours as her own.

Ere half her sons, o'er Asia's trembling [illegible]
Arm'd to revenge one woman's virtue lost;
Ere he, whom Circe sought to charm in vain,
Follow'd wild fortune o'er the various main,
In youth's gay bloom he plied th' exulting oar
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore:
Free to Nerician gales [4] the vessel glid[illegible]
And wild Eurotas [5] smoothes his warrior [illegible]
For am'rous Greece, when Love conducts the[illegible]
Beholds her waters, and her winds obey.
No object hers but Love's impression knows,
No wave that wanders, and no breeze that blows,
Her groves [6], her mountains have his power confest,
And Zephyr sigh'd not but for Flora's breast.
'Twas when his sighs in sweetest whispers stray'd
Far o'er Laconia's plains from Eva's [7] shade!
When soft-ey'd Spring resum'd his mantle gay,
And lean'd luxurious on the breast of May,
Love's genial banners young Ulysses bore
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore.
With all that soothes the heart, that wins, or warms,
All princely virtues, and all manly charms,
All love can urge, or eloquence persuade,
The future hero woo'd his Spartan maid.
Yet long he woo'd—in Sparta, slow to yield,
Beauty, like valour, long maintain'd the field.
"No bloom so fair Messene's banks disclose,
No breath so pure o'er Tempe's bosom blows;
No smile so radiant throws the genial ray
Thro' the fair eye-lids of the op'ning day;
But deaf to vows with fondest passion prest,
Cold as the wave of Hebrus' wint'ry breast,
Penelope regards her lover's pain,
And owns Ulysses eloquent in vain.
"To vows that vainly waste their warmth in air,
Insidious hopes that lead but to despair,
Affections lost, desires the heart must rue,
And love, and Sparta's joyless plains, adieu!
"Yet still this bosom shall one passion share,
Still shall my country find a father there.
Ev'n now the children of my little reign
Demand that father of the faithless main,
Ev'n now, their prince solicitous to save,
Climb the tall cliff, and watch the changeful wave.
"But not for him their hopes or fears alone!
They seek the promis'd partner of his throne;
For her their incense breathes, their altars blaze,
For her to Heaven the suppliant eye they raise.
Ah! shall they know their prince implor'd in vain?
Can my heart live beneath a nation's pain?"
There spoke the virtue that her soul admir'd,
The Spartan soul, with patriot ardour fir'd.
"Enough!" she cried—"Be mine to boast a part
In him, who holds his country to his heart.
Worth, honour, faith, that fair affection gives,
And with that virtue, ev'ry virtue lives.[8]"

[1] The Fables of Flora.

[2] Plato mentions two provinces in Persia, one of which was called the Queen's Girdle, the other the Queen's Veil, the revenues of which, no doubt, were employed in purchasing those parts of her majesty's dress. It was about the middle of the third century, that the eastern women, on taking the vow of virginity, assumed that veil which had before been worn by the Pagan priestesses, and which is used by the religious among the Romanists now.

[3] "He is the veil of thine eyes to all that are with thee, and to all others."—Gen. xx. 16. Vet. Trans.

[4] From the mountain Neritos in Ithaca, now called Nericia.

[5] The Spartan river.

[6] E merite d'Alberghe amore.—Tasso.

[7] A mountain in Peloponnesus.

[8] Omnes omnium caritates, &c.—Cic.

[illegible] the nobler principles could move
[illegible] heart, and soften it to love,
[illegible] the auspices divine,
[illegible] crown[9], and bless'd the holy [illegible]
[illegible] the dreaded parting hour to brave!
[illegible] affection griev'd for what it gave.
[illegible] the comfort of his life's decline,
[illegible] last charm to Ithaca resign?
[illegible] with her to a distant shore,
[illegible] long-lov'd banks no more?
Expose [illegible] hairs to an alien sky,
Nor on his country's parent bosom die[10]?
"No, prince," he cried; "for Sparta's happier plain
Leave the lov'd honours of thy little reign.
The grateful change shall equal honours bring.
—Lord of himself, a Spartan is a king."
When thus the prince, with obvious grief opprest,
"Canst thou not force the father from thy breast?
Not without pain behold one child depart,
Yet bid me tear a nation from my heart?
—Not for all Sparta's, all Eubœa's plains"—
He said, and to his coursers gave the reins.
Still the fond sire pursues with suppliant voice;
'Till, mov'd, the monarch yields her to her choice.
"Tho' mine by vows, by fair affection mine,
And holy truth, and auspices divine,
This suit let fair Penelope decide,
Remain the daughter, or proceed the bride."
O'er the quick blush her friendly mantle fell,
And told him all that modesty could tell.
No longer now the father's fondness strove
With patriot virtue or acknowledg'd love,
But on the scene that parting sighs endear'd,
Fair Modesty's[11] first honour'd fane he rear'd.
The daughter's form [illegible] pictur'd goddess wore,
The daughter's veil[12] before her blushes bore,

[9] The women of ancient Greece, at the marriage ceremony, wore garlands of flowers, probably as emblems of purity, fertility, and beauty. Thus Euripides,

—— αλλ' ὅμως
Σοι κατασεψατ' ἐγωνιν ἠνεν, ὡς γαμουμενην· IPH.

The modern Greek ladies wear these garlands in various forms, whenever they appear dressed; and frequently adorn themselves thus for their own amusement, and when they do not expect to be seen by any but their domestics.

Voyage Litteraire de la Grece.

[10] The ancients esteemed this one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall them. The Trojans thought it the most lamentable circumstance attending the loss of their pilot Palinurus, that his body should lie in a foreign country.

—— Ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ.

[11] Pausanias, who has recorded the story on which this little poem is founded, tells us that this was the first temple erected to Modesty in Greece.

[12] See the Veil of Modesty in the Musum Capitolinum, vol. iii.; and for further proofs of its high antiquity, see Hom. Odyss. lib. vi. Claud. Epithal. Honor. where he says,

Et crines festina ligat, peplumque fluentem
Allevat—
And taught the maids of Greece this sovereign law—
She most shall conquer, who shall most withdraw.

VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY.

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

Nec tantum ingenio, quantum servire dolori.
PROPERT.

LET others boast the base and faithless pride,
No nuptial charm to known, or known, to hide,
With vain disguise from Nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;
My verse the god of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.
Dear, silent partner of those happier hours,
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's bowers!
If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere;
If yet that pity which, of life possest,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd thro' thy breast;
If yet that tender thought, that gen'rous care,
The gloomy power of endless night may spare;
Oh! while my soul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding strains.
Wild, wretched wish! Can pray'r with feeble breath,
Pierce the pale ear, the statu'd ear of death?
Let patience pray, let hope aspire to prayer!
And leave me the strong language of despair!
Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lytteltons, ye shining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient strain,
Your flow'ry grief, your impotence of pain.
Oh! had ye known what I have known, to prove
The searching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart
Their fire, or mix the life-props of the heart!
Not like the streams that down the mountain side
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as thy glide;
Not like the breeze, that sighs at ev'ning-hour,
On the soft bosom of some folding flower;
Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,
Had sooth'd the breast with burning anguish torn.
The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,
Far-sounding floods that tear the mountain's steep;
Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating waves—
This soothes my soul—'Tis Nature's mournful breath,
'Tis Nature struggling in the arms of death!
See, the last aid of her expiring state,
See Love, e'en Love, has lent his darts to fate![1]

Iphig. in Taur. Act. iv.; and Colut. Rapt. Helen. lib. i. v. 381, where Hermione tears her gold-embroidered veil on the disappearance of Helen:

— Aureum quoque rupit capitis tegmen.

[1] The lady died in child-bed.

Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies round my head:
When crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
There, there his wreathes dejected Hymen strew'd;
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.
There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead;
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.
O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest! [wave,
Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pinions
We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave;
For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at last the luxury of woe!
Ye holy suff'rers, that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate!
That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb;
With you I'll waste the slow-departing day,
And wear with you th' uncolour'd hours away.
Oh! lead me to your cells, your lonely ailes,
Where resignation folds her arms and smiles:
Where holy faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Constantia sleeps:
There, let me there in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd passions die.

MONODY.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

The gentle pair that in these lonely shades,
Wand'ring, at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
Now, all in vain, I seek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn,
Along the grove, along the daisied green.
For them I've warbled many a summer's day,
Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.
Ah! where is now the hope of all my lay?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead!
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the list'ning ear of praise.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wint'ry sky
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
To sooth keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain.
That oft within the hospitable hall
Some scatter'd fragment haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb perchance for me design'd,
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird, those hopes are now no more!
Dull Time has blasted the departing year,
And Winter frowns severe,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar;
Yet not within the hospitable hall
The cheerful sound of human voice I hear;[a]
No piteous eye is near,
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

[a] See Spectator, No. 164.

TO A REDBREAST.

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane.
Ask of me thy daily store;
Go not near Avaro's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.
Savage!—He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

A CONTEMPLATION.

O Nature! grateful for the gifts of mind,
Dutcous I bend before thy holy shrine;
To other hands be Fortune's goods assign'd,
And thou, more bounteous, grant me only thine.
Bring gentlest Love, bring Fancy to my breast;
And if wild Genius, in his devious way,
Would sometimes deign to be my ev'ning guest,
Or near my lone shade not unkindly stray:
I ask no more! for happier gifts than these,
The suff'rer, man, was never born to prove;
But may my soul eternal slumbers seize,
If lost to Genius, Fancy, and to Love!

MENALCAS.

A PASTORAL.

Now cease your sweet pipes, shepherds! cease your lays,
Ye warbling train, that fill the echoing groves
With your melodious love-notes! Die, ye winds,
That o'er Arcadian valleys blow! ye streams,
Ye garrulous old streams, suspend your course,
And listen to Menalcas.—

MENALCAS.

Come, fairest of the beauteous train that sport
On Ladon's flow'ry side, my Delia, come!
For thee thy shepherd, silent as he sits
Within the green wood, sighs: for thee prepares

...ous wreathes in vain; explores the
...shade
...ly lurks the violet blue, where droops,
...eauty, its fair spotted bells,
...p: oft with plaintive voice he calls
...al Echo—What are streams or flowers,
...of blithe birds? What the blushing
...rose,
...th, or music, or the voice of praise,
...of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
...ales, when Delia dwells afar?

INSCRIPTIONS ON A BEECH TREE,

IN THE ISLAND OF SICILY.

Sweet land of Muses! o'er whose favour'd plains
Ceres and Flora held alternate sway;
By Jove refresh'd with life-diffusing rains,
By Phœbus blest with ev'ry kinder ray!

O with what pride do I those times survey,
When Freedom, by her rustic minstrels led,
Danc'd on the green lawn many a summer's day,
While pastoral Ease reclin'd her careless head.

In these soft shades: ere yet that shepherd fled,
Whose music pierc'd Earth, air, and Heav'n and Hell,
And call'd the ruthless tyrant of the dead
From the dark slumbers of his iron cell.

His ear unfolding caught the magic spell:
He felt the sounds glide softly through his heart; [tell;
The sounds that deign'd of Love's sweet power to
And, as they told, would point his golden dart.

Fix'd was the god: nor power had he to part,
For the fair daughter of the shep...rown'd queen,
Fair without pride, and lovely without art,
Gather'd her wild flowers on the daisied green.

He saw, he sigh'd; and that unmelting breast,
Which arms the hand of death, the power of love confest.

A MONODY,

INSCRIBED TO MY WORTHY FRIEND

JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

BEING WRITTEN IN HIS GARDEN AT AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE, THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1769.

Friend of my genius! on whose natal hour,
Shone the same star, but shone with brighter ray;
Oft as amidst thy Amwell's shades I stray,
And mark thy true taste in each winding bower,
From my full eye why falls the tender shower,
While other thoughts than these fair scenes convey,
Rear on my trembling mind, and melts its powers away?

Ah me! my friend! in happier hours I spread,
Like thee, the wild walk o'er the varied plain;
The fairest tribe of Flora's painted train,
Each bolder shrub that grac'd her genial bed,
When old Sylvanus, by young wishes led,
Stole to her arms, of such fair offspring vain,
That bore their mother's beauties on their head.
Like thee, inspir'd by love—'twas Delia's charms!
'Twas Delia's taste the new creation gave:
For her my groves in plaintive sighs would wave,
And call her absent to their master's arms.

She comes—Ye flowers, your fairest blooms unfold,
Ye waving groves, your plaintive sighs forbear,
Breathe all your fragrance to the am'rous air,
Ye smiling shrubs whose heads are cloth'd with gold!
She comes, by truth, by fair affection led,
The long lov'd mistress of my faithful heart!
The mistress of my soul, no more to part,
And all my hopes and all my vows are sped.
Vain, vain delusions! dreams for ever fled!
Ere twice the spring had wak'd the genial hour,
The lovely parent bore one beauteous flower,
And droop'd her gentle head,
And sunk, for ever sunk, into her silent bed.

Friend of my genius! partner of my fate!
To equal sense of painful suffering born!
From whose fond breast a lovely parent torn,
Bedew'd thy pale cheek with a tear so late—
Oh! let us mindful of the short, short date,
That bears the spoil of human hopes away,
Indulge sweet mem'ry of each happier day!
No, close, for ever close the iron gate
Of cold oblivion on that dreary-cell,
Where the pale shades of past enjoyments dwell,
And, pointing to their bleeding bosoms, say,
"On life's disastrous hour what varied woes await!"

Let scenes of softer, gentler kind,
Awake to fancy's soothing call,
And milder on the pensive mind,
The shadow'd thought of grief shall fall.
Oft as the slowly-closing day
Draws her pale mantle from the dew-star's eye,
What time the shepherd's cry
Leads from the pastur'd hills his flocks away,
Attentive to the tender lay
That steals from Philomela's breast,
Let us in musing silence stray,
Where Lee beholds in mazes slow
His uncomplaining waters flow,
And all his whisp'ring shores invite the charms of rest.

IMITATION OF WALLER.

WALLER TO ST. EVREMOND.

O vales of Penshurst, now so long unseen!
Forgot each shade secure, each winding green;
These lonely paths, what art have I to tread,
Where once young Love, the blind enthusiast, led?
Yet if the genius of your conscious groves
His Sidney in my Sacharissa loves;
Let him with pride her cruel power unfold;
By him my pains let Evremond be told.

THE DUCHESS OF MAZARINE.

ON HER RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

Ye holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,
These scenes where salutary sadness dwells;
Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;
O bid these passions for the world depart,
These wild desires, and vanities of heart,
Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,
And yield to Heaven the victory at last.
To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty greet thy holy shrine:
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.
The power that gave these little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confin'd their space;
Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,
Tear from the cheek the transient rose away.
But the free mind, ten thousand ages past,
Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.
Uncertain objects still our homes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy!
Of all that feel the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the search, and short the date,
Yet ev'n that boon what thousands wish to gain?
That boon of death, the sad resource of pain!
Once on my path all Fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell:
Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,
And vanity there fed her meteor fires,
This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,
An hour of innocence was worth them all.
Lord of my life! O, let thy sacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away,
Deluding, flattering, faithless world, adieu!
Long hast thou taught me, God is only true:
That God alone I trust, alone adore,
No more deluded, and misled no more.
Come, sacred hour, when wav'ring doubts shall cease!
Come, holy scenes of long repose and peace!
Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you?
Of pensive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise.
Great, gracious Master, whose unbounded sway,
Felt thro' ten thousand worlds, those worlds obey;
Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,
And deign t' espouse the creature thou hast made?
All other ties indignant I disclaim,
Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name!
O fatal ties for which such tears I've shed.
For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!
That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm;
That world without you, still might have its charm.
But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,
And seek the peaceful studies of repose:
Look on the past as time that stole away,
And beg the blessings of a happier day.
Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,
Scenes of high treats, and heart-bewitching balls!
Dress, figure, splendour, charms of play, farewell,
And all the toilet's science to excel;
E'en Love that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,
No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there.
Go, erring Love! for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven!
Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,
At once the period of their power and pride!
The helpless lover shall no more complain
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain;
While calmly sleep in each untutor'd breast
My secret sorrow, and his sighs profest.
Go, flattering train! and, slaves to me no more,
With the same sighs some happier fair adore!
Your alter'd faith I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet, (what woman is not frail?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that lov'd me knew no other love!
Yet were that ardour, which his breast inspir'd,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd;
What nobler pride! could I to Heaven resign
The zeal, the service that I boasted mine!
O, change your false desires, ye flattering train,
And love me pious, whom you lov'd profane!
These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakness show,
But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,
May spare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.

THE AMIABLE KING.

The free-born Muse he tribute rarely brings,
Or burns her incense to the power of kings!
But Virtue ever shall her voice command,
Alike a spade or sceptre in her hand.
Is there a prince untainted with a throne,
That makes the interest of mankind his own;
Whose bounty knows no bounds of time or place,
Who nobly feels for all the human race:
A prince that acts in reason's steady sphere,
No slave to passion, and no dupe to fear;
A breast where mild humanity resides,
Where virtue dictates, and where wisdom guides;
A mind that, stretch'd beyond the years of youth,
Explores the secret springs of taste and truth?
These, these are virtues which the Muse shall sing;
And plant, for these, her laurels round a king!
Britannia's monarch! this shall be thy praise;
For this be crown'd with never-fading bays!

THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

Virtue dwells in Arden's vale;
There her hallow'd temples rise,
There her incense greets the skies;
Grateful as the morning gale;
There, with humble Peace and her,
Lives the happy villager;
There, the golden smiles of morn
Brighter every field adorn;

the Sun's declining ray
paints the parting day:
the woodlark louder sings,
moves on softer wings,
in greener honours rise,
ure spreads the skies;
e fountains clearer flow,
s in brighter beauty blow:
h Peace and Virtue, there
e happy villager.
nt still from Arden's vale
the woes the bad bewail;
fell Remorse, and Pain,
y smiling o'er her chain!
ick pang, Despair's dead groan,
Are in Arden's vale unknown:
For, with Peace and Virtue, there
Lives the happy villager!
In his hospitable cell,
Love, and Truth, and Freedom dwell;
And, with aspect mild and free,
The graceful nymph, Simplicity.
Hail, ye liberal graces, hail!
Natives all of Arden's vale:
For, with Peace and Virtue, there
Lives the happy villager.

HYMENEAL.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

Awake, thou everlasting lyre!
That once the mighty Pindar strung,
When wrapt with more than mortal fire,
The gods of Greece he sung! Awake!
Arrest the rapid foot of Time again
With liquid notes of joy, and pleasure's melting strain.

Crown'd with each bounteous flower that blows
On Acidalia's tuneful side;
With all Aonia's rosy pride,
Where numerous Aganippe flows;
From Thespian groves and fountains wild,
Come, thou yellow-vested boy,
Redolent of youth and joy,
Fair Urania's favour'd child[1]!
George to thee devotes the day:
Io! Hymen, haste away!

Daughter of the genial main!
Queen of youth and rosy smiles,
Queen of dimple-dwelling wiles;
Come with all thy Paphian train:
O, give the fair that blooms for Britain's throne,
Thy melting charms of love, thy soul-enchanting zone!
Hi[illegible] of the genial main!
Bring that heart-dissolving power,
Which once in Ida's sacred bower
The soul of Jove oppos'd in vain:
The sire of gods thy conquering charms confess'd;
And, vanquish'd, sunk, sunk down of Juno's fost'ring breast.

She comes, the conscious sea subsides;
Old Ocean curbs his thund'ring tides:
Smooth the silken surface lies,
Where Venus' flow'ry chariot flies:

[1] See Catullus.

Paphian airs in ambush sleep
On the still bosom of the deep;
Paphian maids around her move,
Keen-ey'd Hope, and Joy, and Love:
Their rosy breasts a thousand Cupids lave,
And dip their wanton wings, and beat the buxom wave.

But mark, of more than vulgar mein,
With regal grace and radiant eye,
A form in youthful majesty!
Britain, hail thy favour'd queen!
For her the conscious sea subsides;
Old Ocean curbs his thund'ring tides,
O'er the glassy-bosom'd main
Venus leads her laughing train;
The Paphian maids move graceful by her side,
And o'er the buxom waves the rosy Cupids ride.

Fly, ye fairy-footed hours!
Fly, with aromatic flowers!
Such as bath'd in orient dews,
Beauty's living glow diffuse;
Such as in Idalia's grove
Breathe the sweets, the soul of love!

Come, genial god of chaste delight,
With wreathes of festive roses crown'd,
And torch that burns with radiance bright,
And liberal robe that sweeps the ground!
Bring the days of golden joy,
Pleasures pure, that never cloy!
Bring to Britain's happy pair,
All that's kind, and good, and fair!
George to thee devotes the day:
Io! Hymen, haste away.

Daughters of Jove! ye virgins sage,
That wait on Camus' hoary age;
That oft his winding vales along
Have smooth'd your silver-woven song;
O wake once more those lays sublime,
That live beyond the wrecks of time!
To crown your Albion's boasted pair,
The never-fading wreath prepare;
While her rocks echo to this strain,
"The friends of freedom and of Britain reign."

SONG.

'Tis o'er, the pleasing prospect's o'er!
My weary heart can hope no more—
Then welcome, wan Despair!
Approach with all thy dreadful train!
Wild Anguish, Discontent and Pain,
And thorny-pillow'd Care.

Gay Hope, and Ease, and Joy, and Rest,
All, all that charms the peaceful breast,
For ever I resign.
Let pale Anxiety instead,
That has not where to lay her head,
And lasting woe, be mine.

It comes! I feel the painful woe—
My eyes for Solyman will flow
In silent grief again;
Who, wand'ring o'er some mountain drear,
Now haply sheds the pensive tear,
And calls on me in vain.

Perhaps, along the lonely shores,
He now the sea's blue breast explores,

To watch the distant sail;
Perhaps, on Sundah's hills forlorn,
He faints, with aching toil o'erborn,
And life's last spirits fail.

Ah, no! the cruel thought forbear!
Avaunt, thou fiend of fell despair,
That only death canst give!
While Heav'n eternal rules above,
Almena yet may find her love,
And Solyman may live!

WRITTEN IN

A COTTAGE-GARDEN,

AT A VILLAGE IN LORRAIN.

OCCASIONED BY A TRADITION CONCERNING A TREE OF ROSEMARY,

Arbustum loquitur.

O THOU, whom love and fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever music smooth'd thy quill,
Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed,
Repose beneath my humble tree,
If thou lov'st simplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid
In toilsome scenes of busy life,
Full sorely may'st thou rue the strife
Of weary passions ill repaid.
In a garden live with me,
If thou lov'st simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year
O'er the village maiden's grave,
That, one memorial sprig to save,
Bore it from a sister's bier;
And, homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of simplicity.

And soon, her cottage window near,
With care my slender stem she plac'd;
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd;
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear:
For love sincere and friendship free
Are children of simplicity.

When past was many a painful day,
Slow-pacing o'er the village green,
In white were all its maidens seen,
And bore my guardian friend away.
Ah death! what sacrifice to thee,
The ruins of simplicity.

One gen'rous swain her heart approv'd,
A youth whose fond and faithful breast,
With many an artless sigh confess'd,
In Nature's language, that he lov'd:
But, stranger, 'tis no tale to thee,
Unless thou lov'st simplicity.

He died—and soon her lip was cold,
And soon her rosy cheek was pale;
The village wept to hear the tale,
When for both the slow bell toll'd—
Beneath yon flow'ry turf they lie,
The lovers of simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave;
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
And strew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
So lightly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lov'st simplicity.

THE PASTORAL PART OF *MILTON'S EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.*

O RON the soft lays of Himeria's maids!
The strains that died in Arethusa's shades;
Tun'd to wild sorrow on her mournful shore.
When Daphnis, Hylas, Bion breath'd no more!
Thames' vocal wave shall ev'ry note prolong,
And all his villas learn the Doric song.
How Thyrsis mourn'd his long lov'd Damon dead,
What sighs he utter'd, and what tears he shed—
Ye dim retreats, ye wandering fountains know,
Ye desert wilds bore witness to his woe:
Where oft in grief he past the tedious day,
Or lonely languish'd the dull night away.
Twice had the fields their blooming honours bore;
And Autumn twice resign'd his golden store,
Unconscious of his loss, while Thyrsis staid
To woo the sweet Muse in the Tuscan shade:
Crown'd with her favour, when he sought again
His flock forsaken, and his native plain;
When to his old elm's wonted shade return'd—
Then—then, he miss'd his parted friend—and mourn'd.
And go, he cry'd, my tender lambs, adieu!
Your wretched master has no time for you.
Yet are there pow'rs divine in Earth or sky?
Gods can they be who destin'd thee to die?
And shalt thou mix with shades of vulgar name;
Lost thy fair honours, and forgot thy fame?
Not he, the god whose golden wand restrains
The pale ey'd people of the gloomy plains,
Of Damon's fate shall thus regardless be,
Or suffer vulgar shades to herd with thee.
Then go, he cry'd, &c.

Yet while one strain my trembling tongue may try,
Not unlamented, shepherd, shalt thou die.
Long in these fields thy fame shall flourish fair,
And Daphnis only greater honours share;
To Daphnis only purer vows be paid,
While Pan or Pales loves the vulgar shade.
If truth or science may survive the grave,
Or, what is more, a poet's friendship save.
Then go, &c.

These, these are thine: for me what hope remain?
Save of long sorrow, and of anguish vain.
For who, still faithful to my side, shall go,
Like thee, through regions clad with chilling snow?
Like thee, the rage of fiery summers bear,
When fades the wan flower in the burning air?
The lurking dangers of the chase essay,
Or sooth with song and various tale the day?
Then go, &c.

To whom shall I my hopes and fears impart?
Or trust the cares and follies of my heart?
Whose gentle councils put those cares to flight?
Whose cheerful converse cheat the tedious night?

[illegible] when autumn's treasures store,
[illegible] winds without, and through the
[illegible] elm roar.
[illegible] go, &c.

[illegible] fierce suns of summer noons invade,
[illegible] in the green-wood shade,
[illegible] hide, the nymphs plunge down
the deep, [sleep.
[illegible] the hedge-row o'er the ploughman's
[illegible] charm with such address refin'd,
[illegible] wit, and elegance of mind?
Then go, &c.

Alas! now lonely round my fields I stray,
And lonely seek the pasture's wonted way.
Or in some dim vale's mournful shade repose—
There pensive wait the weary day's slow close,
While showers descend, the gloomy tempest raves,
And o'er my head the struggling twilight waves.
Then go, &c.

Where once fair harvest cloth'd my cultur'd plain,
Now weeds obscene and vexing brambles reign;
The groves of myrtle and the clustering vine
Delight no more, for joy no more is mine.
My flocks no longer find a master's care;
Ev'n piteous as they gaze with looks of dumb despair.
Then go, &c.

Thy hazel, Tyt'rus, has no charms for me;
Nor yet thy wild ash, lov'd Alphesibee,
No more shall fancy wave her rural dream,
By Ægan's willow, or Amynta's stream,
The trembling leaves, the fountains cool serene,
The murmuring zephyr, and the mossy green—
These smile unseen, and those unheeded play,
I cut my shrubs, and careless walk'd away.
Then go, &c.

Mopsus, who knows what fates the stars dispense,
And solves the grove's wild warblings into sense,
Thus Mopsus mark'd—"what thus thy spleen can move?
Some baleful planet, or some hopeless love?
The star of Saturn oft annoys the swain,
And in the dull cold breast long holds his leaden reign."
Then go, &c.

The nymphs too, piteous of their shepherd's woe,
Came the sad cause solicitous to know.
"Is this the port of jocund youth," they cry,
That look disgusted, and that downcast eye?
Gay smiles and love on time's soft season wait;
He's twice a wretch, whom beauty wounds too late[1].
Then go, &c.

One gentle tear the British Chloris gave,
Chloris the grace of Maldon's purple wave—
In vain—my grief no soothing words disarm,
No future hopes, nor present good can charm.
Then go, &c.

The happier flocks one social spirit moves,
The same their sports, their pastures and their loves;
Their hearts to no peculiar object tend,
None knows a fav'rite, or selects a friend.
So herd the various natives of the main,
And Proteus drives in crowds his scaly train;
The feather'd tribes too find an easier fate,
The meanest sparrow still enjoys his mate;
And when by chance or wearing age she dies,
The transient loss a second choice supplies.
Man, hapless man, for ever doom'd to know
The dire vexations that from discord flow,
In all the countless numbers of his kind,
Can scarcely meet with one congenial mind;
If haply found, Death wings the fatal dart,
The tender union breaks, and breaks his heart.
Then go, &c.

Ah me! what errour tempted me to go
O'er foreign mountains, and thro' Alpine snow?
Too great the price to mark in Tyber's gloom
The mournful image of departed Rome!
Nay, yet immortal, could she boast again
The glories of her universal reign,
And all that Maro left his fields to see,
Too great the purchase to abandon thee!
To leave thee in a land no longer seen!—
Bid mountains rise, and oceans roll between!—
Ah! not embrace thee!—not to see thee die!
Meet thy last looks, or close thy languid eye!
Not one fond farewell with thy shade to send,
Nor bid thee think of thy surviving friend!
Then go, &c.

Ye Tuscan shepherds, pardon me this tear!
Dear to the Muse, to me for ever dear!
The youth I mourn a Tuscan title bore—
See Lydian Lucca[2] for her son deplore!
O days of ecstacy! when wrapt I lay
Where Arno wanders down his flow'ry way,—
Pluck'd the pale violet, press'd the velvet mead,
Or bade the myrtle's balmy fragrance bleed!—
Delighted, heard amid the rural throng,
Menalcas strive with Lycidas in song.
Oft would my voice the mimic strain essay,
Nor haply all unheeded was my lay.
For, shepherds, yet I boast your gen'rous meed,
The osier basket, and compacted reed:
Francino crown'd me with a poet's fame,
And Dati[3] taught his beechen groves my name.

[1] Milton seems to have borrowed this sentiment from Guarini:

Che se t'assale a la canuta etate
Amoroso talento,
Havrai doppio tormento,
E di quel, che potendo non volesti,
E di quel, che volendo non potrai.

[2] The Tuscans were a branch of the Pelasgi that migrated into Europe, not many ages after the dispersion. Some of them marched by land as far as Lydia, and from thence detached a colony under the conduct of Tyrsenus to Italy.

[3] When Milton was in Italy, Carlo Dati was professor of philosophy at Florence—a liberal friend to men of genius and learning, as well foreigners as his own countrymen. He wrote a panegyric and some poems on Lewis XIV. besides other tracts.

TO THE REV. MR. LAMB.

LAMB, could the Muse that boasts thy forming care,
Unfold the grateful feelings of my heart,
Her hand for thee should many a wreath prepare,
And cull the choicest flowers with studious art.

For mark'd by thee was each imperfect ray
That haply wander'd o'er my infant mind;
The dawn of genius brighten'd into day,
As thy skill open'd, as thy lore refin'd.

Each uncouth lay that faulter'd from my tongue,
At eve or morn from Eden's murmurs caught;
Whate'er I painted, and whate'er I sung,
Tho' rude the strain, tho' artless was the draught;

You wisely prais'd, and fed the sacred fire
That warms the breast with love and honest fame;
You swell'd to nobler heights the infant lyre,
Rais'd the low thought, and check'd th' exuberant flame.

O could the Muse in future times obtain
One humble garland from th' Aonian tree!
With joy I'd bind thy favour'd brows again,
With joy I'd form a fairer wreath for thee.

EPISTLE TO MR. ——

FROM scenes where fancy no excursion tries,
Nor trusts her wing to smoke-envelop'd skies;
Far from the town's detested haunts remov'd,
And nought but thee deserted that I lov'd;
From noise and folly and the world got free,
One truant thought yet only stays for thee.
What is that world which makes the heart its slave?
A restless sea, revolving wave on wave:
There rage the storms of each uncertain clime;
There float the wrecks of fortune and of time:
There hope's smooth gales in soft succession blow,
While disappointment hides the rock below.
The syren pleasures tune their fatal breath,
And lull you to the long repose of death.
What is that world? ah!—'tis no more
Than the vext ocean while we walk the shore.
Loud roar the winds and swell the wild waves high,
Lash the rude beach, and frighten all the sky;
No longer shall my little bark be rent,
Since Hope resign'd her anchor to Content.
Like some poor fisher that, escap'd with life,
Will trust no more to elemental strife;
But sits in safety on the green-bank side,
And lives upon the leavings of the tide;
Like him contented you your friend shall see,
As safe, as happy, and as poor as he.

TO A LADY,

ON READING AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY SEARCH OF HAPPINESS.

To seek the lovely nymph you sing,
I've wander'd many a weary mile,
From grove to grove, from spring to spring
If here or there she deign'd to smile.

Nay what I now must blush to say,
For sure it hap'd in evil hour;
I once so far mistook my way,
To seek her in the haunts of power.

How should success my search betide,
When still so far I wander'd wrong?
For Happiness on Arrowe's side,
Was list'ning to Maria's song.

Delighted thus with you to stay,
What hope have I the nymph to see;
Unless you cease your magic lay,
Or bring her in your arms to me?

TO ALMENA.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE IRWAN.

"WHERE trembling poplars shade their parent vale,
And tune to melody the mountain gale;
Where Irwan murmurs musically slow,
And breathing breezes through his osiers blow;
Friend of my heart, behold thy poet laid
In the dear silence of his native shade!
Ye sacred vales, whereof the Muse, unseen,
Led my light steps along the moon-light green;
Ye scenes, where peace and fancy held their reign,
For ever lov'd, and once enjoy'd again!
Ah! where is now that nameless bliss refin'd,
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind?
As sweet the wild rose bears its balmy breast;
As soon the breeze with murmurs sooths to rest;
As smooth the stream of silver Irwan flows;
As fair each flower along his border blows;
Yet dwells not here that nameless bliss refin'd,
That tranquil hour, that vacancy of mind.
Is it that knowledge is affied to woe;
And are we happy only e'er we know?
Is it that Hope withholds her golden ray,
That Fancy's fairy visions fade away?
Or can I, distant far from all that's dear,
Be happy only when Almena's near?
That truth, the feelings of my heart disclose;
Too dear the friendship for the friend's repose."
Thus mourn'd the Muse, when thro' his osiers wild,
The hill-born Irwan rais'd his head and smil'd:
"Child of my hopes," he fondly cried, "forbear;
Nor let thy Irwan witness thy despair.
Has peace indeed forsook my flow'ry shore?
Shall Fame, and Hope, and Fancy charm no more?
Tho' Fame and Hope in kindred air depart,
Yet Fancy still should hold thee to her heart;
For, at thy birth, the village hind has seen
Her light wings waving o'er the shadowy green.
With rosy wreaths she crown'd the new-born hours,
And rival fairies fill'd thy bed with flowers;

[illegible] grief shall waste thy blooming years,
[illegible] dissolve in solitude and tears."

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

[illegible] TO THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

[illegible] neath the golden star of love,
[illegible] ppier fancy, passions more refin'd,
[illegible] ing charm of tenderness to prove,
[illegible] the finer movements of the mind—

[illegible] like these say, what the boasted gain
Of those who exquisitively feel or know?
The skill from pleasure to extract the pain,
And open all the avenues of woe.

Yet shall we, Colman, at these gifts repine?
Implore cold apathy to steel the heart?
Would you that sensibility resign,
And with those powers of genius would you part?

Ah me! my friend! nor deem the verse divine
That weakness wrote in Petrarch's gentle strain!
When once he own'd at love's unfav'ring shrine
"A thousand pleasures were not worth one pain."

The dreams of fancy sooth the pensive heart;
For fancy's urn can new delights dispense:
The powers of genius purer joys impart;
For genius brightens all the springs of sense.

O charm of every muse-ennobl'd mind,
Far, far above the grovelling crowd to rise!—
Leave the low train of trifling cares behind,
Assert its birthright, and affect the skies!

O right divine, the pride of power to scorn!
On fortune's little vanity look down!
With nobler gifts, to fairer honours born,
Than fear, or folly, fancies in a crown!

As far each boon that Nature's hand bestows
The worthless glare of fortune's train exceeds,
As yon fair orb, whose beam eternal glows,
Outshines the transient meteor that it feeds.

To Nature, Colman, let thy incense rise,
For, much indebted, much hast thou to pay;
For taste refin'd, for wit correctly wise,
And keen discernment's soul-pervading ray.

To catch the manners from the various face,
To paint the nice diversities of mind,
The living lines of character to trace,
She gave thee powers, and the task assign'd.

Seize, seize the pen! the sacred hour departs!
Nor, led by kindness, longer lend thine ear:
The tender tale of two ingenuous hearts
Would rob thee of a moment and a tear.

AN ODE

TO THE GENIUS OF WESTMORELAND.

Hail, hidden power of these wild groves,
These uncouth rocks, and mountains grey!
Where oft, as fades the closing day,
The family of Fancy roves.

In what lone cave, what sacred cell,
Coeval with the birth of Time,
Wrapt in high cares, and thoughts sublime,
In awful silence dost thou dwell?

Oft in the depth of winter's reign,
As blew the bleak winds o'er the dale;
Moaning along the distant gale,
Has Fancy heard thy voice complain.
Oft in the dark wood's lonely way,
Swift has she seen thee glancing by;
Or down the summer evening sky,
Sporting in clouds of gilded day.

If caught from thee the sacred fire,
That glow'd within my youthful breast;
Those thoughts too high to be exprest,
Genius, if thou didst once inspire,

O pleas'd accept this votive lay,
That, in my native shades retir'd,
And once, once more by thee inspir'd,
In gratitude I pay.

HYMN TO HOPE.

Μουνη δ' αυτοθι 'ΕΛΠΙΣ εν αρρηκτοισι δομοισιν
Ενδον ἐμιμνε —— Hes.

WRITTEN IN 1761.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

O come with such an eye and mien,
As when by amorous shepherd seen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
Repose, Belief, and Fancy vain;
That towering on her wing sublime,
Outstrips the lazy flight of Time,
Riots on distant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.

O come! and to my pensive eye
Thy far-foreseeing tube apply,
Whose kind deception steals us o'er
The gloomy waste that lies before;
Still opening to the distant sight
The sunshine of the mountain's height;
Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,
Elysian groves, and azure skies.

Nor, gentle Hope, forget to bring
The family of Youth and Spring;
The hours that glide in sprightly round,
The Mountain-nymphs with wild thyme crown'd;
Delight that dwells with raptur'd eye
On stream, or flower, or field, or sky:
And foremost in thy train advance
The Loves and Joys in jovial dance;
Nor last be Expectation seen,
That wears a wreath of ever-green.

Attended thus by Beleau's streams,
Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking dreams,

When, prone beneath an osier shade,
At large my vacant limbs were laid;
To thee and Fancy all resign'd,
What visions wander'd o'er my mind!
Illusions dear, adieu! no more
Shall I your fairy haunts explore;
For Hope withholds her golden ray,
And Fancy's colours faint away.
To Eden's shores, to Enon's groves,
Resounding once with Delia's loves,
Adieu! that name shall sound no more
O'er Enon's groves or Eden's shore:
For Hope withholds her golden ray,
And Fancy's colours faint away.

Life's ocean slept,—the liquid gale
Gently mov'd the waving sail.
Fallacious Hope! with flattering eye
You smil'd to see the streamers fly.
The thunder bursts, the mad wind raves,
From slumber wake the 'frighted waves:
You saw me, fled me thus distrest,
And tore your anchor from my breast.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again;
I love thee still, though false and vain.
Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.
To sooth Ambition's wild desires;
To feed the lover's eager fires;
To swell the miser's mouldy store;
To gild the dreaming chymist's ore;
Are these thy cares?—Or more humane,
To loose the war-worn captive's chain,
And bring before his languid sight
The charms of liberty and light:
The tears of drooping Grief to dry;
And hold thy glass to Sorrow's eye?

Or do'st thou more delight to dwell
With Silence in the hermit's cell?
To teach Devotion's flame to rise,
And wing her vespers to the skies;
To urge, with still returning care,
The holy violence of prayer;
In rapt'rous visions to display
The realms of everlasting day,
And snatch from Time the golden key,
That opens all eternity?

Perchance, on some unpeopled strand,
Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,
Thy soothing smile, in deserts drear,
A lonely mariner may cheer,
Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by Famine, Pain, and Death.
With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to stray:
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain
O'er the blue bosom of the main;
And meet, where distant surges rave,
A white sail in each foaming wave.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connection of the heart,
You the poor exile's steps attend,
The only undeserting friend.
You wing the slow-declining year;
You dry the solitary tear;
And oft, with pious guile, restore
Those scenes he must behold no more.

O most ador'd of Earth or skies!
To thee ten thousand temples rise;
By age retain'd, by youth carest,
The same dear idol of the breast.
Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore:
With thee the simple hind is gay,
Whose toil supports the passing day.

The rose-lip'd Loves that, round their queen,
Dance o'er Cythera's smiling green,
Thy aid implore, thy power display
In many a sweetly-warbled lay,
For ever in thy sacred shrine,
Their unextinguish'd torches shine;
Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,
And myrtles shed their balmy dews.
Ah! still propitious, may'st thou deign
To sooth an anxious lover's pain!
By thee deserted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.
His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And stop the frequent-falling tear.

For me, fair Hope, if once again
Perchance, to smile on me you deign,
Be such your sweetly-rural air,
And such a graceful visage wear,
As when, with Truth and young Desire,
You wak'd the lord of Hagley's lyre;
And painted to her poet's mind,
The charms of Lucy, fair and kind.

But ah! too early lost!—then go,
Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah! no;—that thought distracts my heart;
Indulge me, Hope, we must not part.
Direct the future as you please;
But give me, give me present ease.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

HYMN TO PLUTUS.

Great god of wealth, before whose sacred throne
Truth, Honour, Genius, Fame, and Worth lie prone!
To thy throng'd temples take one vot'ry more:
To thee a poet never kneel'd before.
Adieu the gods that caught my early prayer!
Wisdom that frowns, and Knowledge fraught with care,
Friendship that every veering gale could move!
And tantalizing Hope, and faithless Love!
These, these are slaves that in thy liv'ry shine:
For Wisdom, Friendship, Love himself is thine!
For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,
And leave the confines of enliv'ning day;
For thee Asturia's shining sands explore,
And bear the splendours of Potosi's ore;
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging sea,
And think, and toil, and wish, and wake for thee.
Farewell the scenes that thoughtless youth could please;
The flow'ry scenes of indolence and ease.

Where you the way with magic power beguile,
Bassora's deep, or Lybia's deserts smile.
Foes of thy worth, that, insolent and vain,
Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign,
The frantic tribe of virtue shall depart,
And make no more their ravage in my heart.
Away "The tears that pity taught to flow!"
Away that anguish for a brother's woe!
Adieu to these, and ev'ry tiresome guest,
That drain'd my fortunes, or destroy'd my rest!
Ah, good Avaro! could I thee despise?
Thee, good Avaro; provident and wise?
Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've said!
I love Avaro; poor Avaro's dead.
Yet, yet I'm thine; for Fame's unerring tongue
In thy sooth'd ear thus pours her silver song,
"Immortal Plutus! god of golden ease!
Form'd ev'ry heart, and ev'ry eye to please!
For thee Content her downy carpet spreads,
And rosy Pleasure swells her genial beds.
'Tis thine to gild the mansions of Despair,
And beam a glory round the brows of Care;
To cheat the lazy pace of sleepless hours
With marble fountains, and ambrosial bowers."
O grant me, Plutus, scenes like those I sung,
My youthful lyre when vernal fancy strung.
For me their shades let other Studleys rear,
Tho' each tree's water'd with a widow's tear.
Detested god!—forgive me! I adore.
Great Plutus, grant me one petition more,
Should Delia, tender, gen'rous, fair and free,
Leave love and truth, and sacrifice to thee,
I charge thee, Plutus, be to Delia kind,
And make her fortunes richer than her mind.
Be her's the wealth all Heaven's broad eye can view;
Grant her, good god, Don Philip and Peru.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

Parent of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

Come, ever welcome to my breast,
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart;
Ye cares, O harden not my heart.

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flatt'ring power beguile:
Nor borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Rememb'ring still it was but lent;
To modest Merit spread my store;
Unbar my hospitable door!
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While Want unpity'd pines in vain.

If Heav'n, in ev'ry purpose wise,
The envy'd lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
And thro' the Sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike, the foolish, and the vain,
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O, for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to Heav'n, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or when the heart o'er Friendship's grave
Sigh'd,—and forgot its power to save—
O, for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart oppress.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To Heav'n she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity.

Parent of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity.

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!
See the golden god appear;
Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable Grief, and Care, and Pain!
See the golden god advance!
On Taurus' heights his coursers prance:
With him haste the vernal Hours,
Breathing sweets, and drooping flowers.
Laughing Summer at his side,
Waves her locks in rosy pride;
And Autumn bland with aspect kind,
Bears his golden sheaf behind.
O haste, and spread the purple day
O'er all the wide ethereal way!
Nature mourns at thy delay:
God of glory haste away!
From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountains, spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!

A FAREWELL HYMN

TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN.

Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led;
And sooth'd me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blythe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has ev'ning clos'd my careless eye!
How oft, along those banks I've stray'd,
And watch'd the wave that wander'd by;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flow'ry banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Tho' far from these, and Irwan's vale!

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

Life of the world, Immortal Mind,
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on Nature's ample breast;
Explores the space of Earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Tho' thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of man;
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal Source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and ev'ning hours,
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Thro' Errour's maze, thro' Folly's night,
The lamp of Reason lends me light.
When stern Affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When Nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
E'en then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay Love with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again.
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give;
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let truth and virtue guide my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart;
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION [1].

1759.

Adonis dead, the Muse of woe shall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping Loves return.
The queen of beauty o'er his tomb shall shed
Her flowing sorrows for Adonis dead;
For earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
Adonis dead, the Muse of woe shall mourn;
Adonis dead, the weeping Loves return.

Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies:
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's last drops faintly flow,
In streams of purple, o'er those limbs of snow!
From the pale cheek the perish'd roses fly;
And death dims slow the ghastly gazing eye.
Kiss, kiss those fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With soothing fondness stay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain—ah! give the soothing fondness o'er!
Adonis feels the warm salute no more.
Adonis dead the Muse of woe shall mourn!
Adonis dead the weeping Loves return.
His faithful dogs bewail their master slain,
And mourning dryads pour the plaintive strain.
Not the fair youth alone the wound opprest,
The queen of beauty bears it in her breast.
Her feet unsandal'd, floating wild her hair,
Her aspect woeful, and her bosom bare,
Distrest she wanders the wild wastes forlorn,
Her sacred limbs by ruthless brambles torn.
Loud as she grieves, surrounding rocks complain,
And Echo thro' the long vales calls her absent swain.
Adonis hears not: life's last drops fall slow,
In streams of purple, down his limbs of snow.
The weeping Cupids round their queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Each rival grace that glow'd with conscious pride,
Each charm of Venus, with Adonis dy'd.
Adonis dead, the vocal hills bemoan,
And hollow groves return the sadd'ning groan.
The swelling floods with sea-born Venus weep,
And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep:

[1] Bion, the pastoral poet, lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet Σμυρναίος every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moschus confirms this, when he says to the river Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

——— Νυν παλιν αλλον
Υιὸν δακρυεις ———

It is evident, however, that he spent much of his time in Sicily. Moschus, as he tells us, was his scholar; and by him we are informed, that his master was not a poor poet. "Thou hast left to others thy riches," says he, "but to me thy poetry." It appears from the same author, that he died by poison. The best edition of his works, is that of Paris, by M. de Longe-Pierre, with a French translation.

Adonis dead, &c.] Adonis, the favourite of Venus, was the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief employment was hunting, though he is represented by Virgil as a Shepherd,

Oves ad flumina pavit Adonis.

He was killed by a wild boar, if we may believe Propertius, in Cyprus:

——— Percussit Adonim
Venantem Idalio vertice durus Aper.

The anniversary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Aristophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feast of Adonis among the chief festivals of the Athenians. The Syrians observed it with all the violence of grief, and the greatest cruelty of self-castigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian the apostate made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feast of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus says, that he was the favourite of Bacchus. Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the same, and that the Jews abstain'd from swine's flesh because Adonis was killed by a boar. Ausonius, Epig. 30, affirms that Bacchus, Osiris, and Adonis, are one and the same.

His faithful dogs, &c.—The queen of beauty, &c.] The lines in the original run thus:

Αγριον αγριον ἑλκε· ἐχει κατὰ μήρον Ἄδωνις.
Μείζον δ' ἀ Κυθερεια φερει ποτι καρδιον ἑλκος.
Κεῖνον μεν περι παιδαφιλοι κυνες ὠρυανται,
Και Νυμφαι κλαιουσιν ὀρειαδες.

The two first of these lines contain a kind of wittieism, which it was better to avoid.—The author had, however, too much true genius to be fond of these little affected turns of expression, which Musæus and others have been industrious to strike out.

These four verses are transposed in the translation for the sake of the connection.

Distrest, she wanders, &c.] This image of the sorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this place with great propriety and propriety. Indeed, most modern poets seem to have observed it, and have profited by it in their scenes of elegiac woe.

The swelling floods, &c.] When the poet makes the rivers mourn for Venus, he very properly calls her Αφροδίτα; but this propriety perhaps

In melting tears the mountain-springs comply;
The flowers, low drooping, blush with grief, and die.
Cythera's groves with strains of sorrow ring;
The dirge funereal her sad cities sing.
Hark! pitying Echoes Venus' sighs return;
When Venus sighs, can aught forbear to mourn?
But when she saw her fainting lover lie,
The wide wound gaping on the with'ring thigh;
But streaming when she saw life's purple tide,
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice she cry'd:
"Yet stay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiss thee!—hold thee to my heart!
A little moment, dear Adonis! stay!
And kiss thy Venus, ere those lips are clay.
Let those dear lips by mine once more be prest,
'Till thy last breath expire into my breast;
Then, when life's ebbing pulse scarce, scarce can move,
I'll catch thy soul, and drink thy dying love.
That last-left pledge shall sooth my tortur'd breast,
"When thou art gone ———
When, far from me, thy gentle ghost explores
Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming shores.
"Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life imprison'd whom the Fates confine.
He comes! receive him to thine iron-arms;
Blest queen of death! receive the prince of charms.
Far happier thou, to whose wide realms repair
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.
The smiles of joy, the golden hours are fled:
Grief, only grief, survives Adonis dead."
The Loves around in idle sorrow stand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone! the myrtle's flow'ry pride!
Delight and beauty with Adonis died.
"Why didst thou, vent'rous, the wild chase explore,
From his dark lair to rouse the tusky boar?

was merely accidental, as he has given her the same appellation when she wanders the desert.

The flowers, low-drooping, blush, &c.]

Ανθεα δ' ἐξ ὀδυνας ἐρυθραινεται.———

Paleness being the known effect of grief, we do not at first sight accept this expression; but when we consider that the first emotions of it are attended with blushes, we are pleased with the observation.

Cythera's groves, &c.]

ἅ δε Κυθήρη
Παντας ἀνα κναμῳ καὶ ἀαν πτολιν οἰκτρον ἀειδει.

This passage the scholiasts have entirely misunderstood. They make Κυθήρη Venus, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name she borrows from that island being always Κυθερεία, nor the least probability from the connection.

This proves that the island Cythera was the place where Adonis perished, notwithstanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

Far other sport might those fair lim[illegible]
Than the rude combat, or the savage [illegible]
Thus Venus griev'd—the Cu[illegible] deplore;
And mourn her beauty, and her love no [illegible]
Now flowing tears in silent grief complain,
Mix with the purple streams, and flo[illegible] plain.
Yet not in vain those sacred drops shall [illegible]
The purple streams in blushing roses gle[illegible]
And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
Their azure heads anemonies shall rear.
But cease in vain to cherish dire despair,
Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain-air;
The last sad office let thy hand supply,
Stretch the stiff limbs, and close the glaring eye.
That form repos'd beneath the bridal vest
May cheat thy sorrows with the feint of rest.
For lovely smile those lips, tho' void of breath,
And fair those features in the shade of death.
Haste, fill with flowers, with rosy wreaths his bed.
Perish the flowers! the prince of beauty's dead.
Round the pale corse each breathing essence strew,
Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew.
Perish the balms, unable to restore
Those vital sweets of love that charm no more.
'Tis done.—Behold, with purple robes array'd,
In mournful state the clay-cold limbs are laid.
The Loves lament with all the rage of woe,
Stamp on the dart, and break the useless bow,
Officious these the wat'ry urn supply.
Unbind the buskin'd leg, and wash the bleeding thigh.
O'er the pale body those their light wings wave,
As yet, tho' vain, solicitous to save.
All, wild with grief, their hapless queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty and her love no more.
Dejected Hymen droops his head forlorn,
His torch extinct, and flow'ry tresses torn:
For nuptial airs, and songs of joy, remain
The sad slow dirge, the sorrow-breathing strain.
Who wou'd not, when Adonis dies, deplore?
Who wou'd not weep when Hymen smiles no more;
The Graces mourn the prince of beauty slain,
Loud as Dione on her native main:
The Fates relenting join the general woe,
And call the lover from the realms below.
Vain, hopeless grief! can living sounds pervade
The dark, dead regions of eternal shade?
Spare, Venus, spare that too luxuriant tear
For the long sorrows of the mournful year.

For the long, &c.] Numa seems to have borrowed the custom he instituted of mourning a year for the deceased, from the Greeks. For though it is said only ten months were set apart, yet ten months were the year of Romulus, till regulated by his successor.

EXTRAIT D'UNE ODE SUR LA MEDIOCRITE.

PAR M. GRESSET.

Séduit par d'aveugles idoles
Du bonheur; fantômes frivoles,
Le vulgaire et les grands ne te suivirent pas :
Tu n'eus pour sujets que ses sages
Qui doivent l'estime des âges
A la sagesse, acquise on marchant sur tes pas.

Tu vis naître dans tes retraites
Ces nobles et tendres poëtes,
Dont la voix n'eut jamais formé de sons brillans.
Si la faveur de la fortune,
Ou si indigence importune
Eût troublé leur silence, ou caché leurs talens.

Mais en vain tu fuyois la gloire.
La renommé, et la victoire
Vinrent dans tes déserts se choisir des héros;
Mieux formés par tes loix stoïques,
Aux vertus, aux faits héroïques,
Que parmi la mollesse, et l'orgueil des faisceaux.

Pour Mars tu formois, loin des villes
Les Fabrices, et les Camilles,
Et ses sages vainqueurs, philosophes guerriers
Qui, du char de la Dictature
Descendant à l'agriculture,
Sur tes secrets autels rapportoient leurs lauriers.

Trop heureux, déïté paisible,
Le mortel sagement sensible,
Qui jamais loin de toi a porte ses desirs,
Par sa douce mélancolie,
Sauvé de l'humaine folie,
Dans la vérité seul il cherche ses plaisirs,

Ignoré de la multitude,
Libre de tout servitude,
Il n'envia jamais, les grands biens, les grand noms,
Il n'ignore point que la foudre
A plus souvent réduit en poudre
Le pin de monts altiers, que l'ormeau des valons.

Sourd aux censures populaires,
Il ne craint point les yeux vulgaires,
Son œil perce au-delà de leur foible horison :
Quelques bruits que la foule en sème,
Il est satisfait de lui même,
S'il a scû mériter l'aveu de la raison.

Il rit du sort, quand les conquêtes
Promènent de têtes en têtes
Les couronnes du nord, ou celles du midi :
Rien n'altère sa paix profonde,
Et les derniers instans du monde
N'épouvanteroient point son cœur encore hardi.

Amitié, charmante immortelle,
Tu choisis à si cœur fidèle
Peu d'amis mais constans, vertueux comme lui :
Tu ne crains point que le caprice,
Que l'intérêt les désunisse,
Ou verse sur leurs jours les poisons de l'ennui.

Ami des frugales demeures,
Sommeil, pendant les sombres heures,
Tu répans sur ses yeux tes songes favoris ;
Ecartant ces songes funèbres
Qui, parmi l'effroi des ténèbres,
Vont reveiller les grands sous les riches lambris.

THE HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE, AND MODERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET.

O goddess of the golden mean,
Whom still misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each delusive scene;
Thy only subjects are the wise.
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of fame.

See foster'd in thy fav'ring shade,
Each tender bar of verse divine!
Who lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd or want confin'd,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you slight the flow'ry crown,
That fame wreathes round the favour'd head!
Whilst laurell'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy shades have led;
There form'd, from courtly softness free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
Fabricius just, Camillus wise,
Those philosophic sons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast
The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
With all thy sober charms possest,
Whose wishes never learnt to stray.
Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
And pensive thoughts from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For safe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-sounding storms the mountain pine o'erwhelm,

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whose thought, to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies:
With reason's suffrage at his side,
Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
The northern, or the southern shore,
He smiles at fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild storm roar.
Ev'n Nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And bursting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O Friendship fair, immortal maid;
The few caprice could never move,
The few whom int'rest never sway'd;
Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft Sleep, that lov'st the peaceful cell,
On these descends thy balmy power;
While no terrific dreams dispel
The slumbers of the sober hour;
Which oft, array'd in darkness drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

C'est pour ce bonheur légitime
Que le modeste Abdolonyme
N'acceptoit qu'à regret le sceptre de Sidon:
Plus libre dans un sort champêtre.
Et plus heureux qu'il ne sût l'être
Sur le trône éclatant des ayeux de Didon.

C'est pas ces vertus pacifiques,
Par ces plaisirs philosophiques,
Que tu scais, cher R***, remplir d'utiles jours,
Dans ce Tivoli solitaire,
Où le Cher de son onde claire
Vient à l'aimable Loire associer le cours.

Fidèle à ce sage sistême,
Là, dans l'étude de toi-même,
Chaque soleil te voit occuper tes loisirs;
Dans le brillant fracas du monde,
Ton nom, ta probité profonde
T'eut donné plus d'éclat, mais moins de vrais plaisirs.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus Sidon's monarch liv'd unknown,
And sigh'd to leave his litt'le field,
For the long glories of a throne—
There once more happy and more free
Than rank'd with Dido's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues blest,
These charms of philosophic ease,
Wrapt in your Richmond's tranquil rest
You pass, dear C——, your useful days
Where Thames your silent vallies laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage
Your time that thus consistent flows,
And following still these maxims sage
For ever brings the same repose;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happiness so pure.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PETRARCH.

1765.

SONETTO CLXXIX.

In nobil sangue vita umile e queta,
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;
Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiori,
E'n aspetto pensoso anima lieta,
Raccolto ha 'n quessa donna 'l suo pianeta,
Anzi 'l re delle stelle; e 'l vero onore,
Le degne lode, e 'l gran pregio, e 'l valore,
Ch' è da stancar ogni divin poeta.
Amor s' è in lei con onestate aggiunto;
Con beltà naturale abito adorno;
Ed un atto, che parla con silenzio;
E non so, che negli occhi, che 'n un punto
Può far chiara la notte, oscuro il giorno,
E 'l mel amaro, ed addolcir l' assenzio.

SONNET CLXXIX.

Tho' nobly born, to humble life resign'd;
The purest heart, the most enlighten'd mind;
A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age!
A cheerful spirit, with an aspect sage,——
The pow'r that rules the planetary train
To her has given, nor shall his gifts be vain.
But on her worth, her various praise to dwell,
The truth, the merits of her life to tell,
The Muse herself would own the task too hard,
Too great the labour for the happiest bard.
Dress that derives from native beauty grace,
And love that holds with honesty his place;
Action that speaks—and eyes whose piercing ray
Might kindle darkness, or obscure the day!
* * * * * *

SONETTO CCLXXIX.

Rotta è l' alta colonna, e 'l verde lauro,
Che facean ombra al mio stanco pensero:
Perdut' ho quel, che ritrovar non spero
Dal Borea all' Austro, O dal Mar Indo al Mauro,
Tolto m'hai, morte, il mio doppio tesauro,
Che mi fea viver lieto, e gire altero;
E ristorar nol può terra, nè impero,
Nè gemma oriental, nè forza d'auro,
Ma se consentimento è di destino;
Che poss' io più, se no aver l' alma trista;
Umidi gli occhi sempre, e 'l viso chino?
O nostra vita, ch' é si bella in vista;
Com' per de agevolmente in un mattino
Quel, che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s'aquista!

SONNET CCLXXIX.

Fall'n the fair column, blasted is the bay,
That shaded once my solitary shore!
I've lost what hope can never give me more.
Tho' sought from Indus to the closing day.
My twofold treasure death has snatch'd away,
My pride, my pleasure left me to deplore;
What fields far-cultur'd, nor imperial sway,
Nor orient gold, nor jewels can restore.
O destiny severe of human kind!
What portion have we unbedew'd with tears!
The downcast visage and the pensive mind
Thro' the thin veil of smiling life appears;
And in one moment vanish into wind
The hard-earn'd fruits of long, laborious years.

SONETTO CCLVII.

Ov' è la fronte' che con picciol cenno
Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e' n quella?
Ov' è 'l bel ciglio, e l' una, e l' altra stella
Ch' al corso di mia viver lume denno?

SONNET CCLVII.

Where is that face, whose slightest air could move
My trembling heart, and strike the springs of love?
That Heaven, where two fair stars, with genial ray,
Shed their kind influence on my life's dim way.

lor, la conoscenza, e 'l senno,
ita, onesta, umil, dolce favella?
le bellezze accolte in ella,
tempo di me lor voglio fenno?
bra gentil del viso humano;
e riposo dava all' alma stanca,
ve i miei pensier scritti eran tutti?
lei, che mia vita ebbe in mano?
tal misero mondo, e quanto manca
chi miei! che mai non sieno asciutti.

SONETTO CCXXXVIII.

Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover soavemente all aura estiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode d' una fiorita e fresca riva;
Là, v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e scriva;
Lei che 'l ciel ne mostrò, terra n' asconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo: ch' ancor viva
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
Deh, perchè innanzi tempo ti consume?
Mi dice con pietato: "a che pur versi
Degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
Di me non pianger tu, che miei dì fersi,
Morendo, eterni, e nell 'eterno lume,
Quando mostrai pi chiuder gli occhi apersi."

Where are that science, sense and worth confest,
That speech by virtue, by the graces drest?
Where are those beauties, where those charms
combin'd,
That caus'd this long captivity of mind!
Where the dear shade of all that once was fair,
The source, the solace of each amorous care;
My heart's sole sovereign, Nature's only boast?
—Lost to the world, to me for ever lost!

SONNET CCXXXVIII.

Wail'd the sweet warbler to the lonely shade;
Trembled the green leaf to the summer gale;
Fell the fair stream in murmurs down the dale,
Its banks, its flow'ry banks with verdure spread,
Where, by the charm of pensive Fancy led,
All as I fram'd the love-lamenting tale,
Came the dear object whom I still bewail,
Came from the regions of the cheerless dead:
"And why," she cried, "untimely wilt thou
die?
Ah why, for pity, shall those mournful tears,
Start in wild sorrow from that languid eye?
Cherish no more those visionary fears,
For me, who range yon light-invested sky!
For me, who triumph in eternal years!"

MILTON'S

ITALIAN POEMS TRANSLATED,

AND ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN OF ITALY

ADDRESS TO SIGNOR MOZZI,

OF MACERATA.

To thee, the child of classic plains,
The happier hand of Nature gave
Each grace of Fancy's finer strains,
Each Muse that mourn'd o'er Maro's grave.

Nor yet the harp that Horace strung
With many a charm of easy art;
Not yet what sweet Tibullus sung,
When Beauty bound him to her heart;

Nor all that gentle Provence knew,
Where each breeze bore a lover's sigh,
When Petrarch's sweet persuasion drew
The tender woe from Laura's eye;

Nor aught that nobler Science seeks,
What truth, what virtue must avoid,
Nor aught the voice of Nature speaks,
To thee unknown, or unenjoy'd?

O wise beyond each weaker aim,
That weds the soul to this low sphere,
Fond to indulge the feeble frame,
That holds awhile her prisoner here!

Trust me, my friend, that soul survives,
(If e'er had Muse prophetic skill)
And when the fated hour arrives,
That all her faculties shall fill,

Fit for some nobler frame she flies,
Afar to find a second birth,
And, flourishing in fairer skies,
Forsakes her nursery of Earth.

Oh! there, my Mozzi, to behold
The man that mourn'd his country's wrong,
When the poor exile left his fold,
And feebly dragg'd his goat along![1]

On Plato's hallow'd breast to lean,
And catch that ray of heavenly fire,
Which smooth'd a tyrant's sullen mien,
And bade the cruel thought retire!

Amid those fairy-fields to dwell
Where Tasso's favour'd spirit saw
What numbers none but his could tell,
What pencils none but his could draw!

And oft at eve, if eve can be
Beneath the source of glory's smile,
To range Elysian groves, and see
That nightly visitant—ere while,

Who, when he left immortal choirs,
To mix with Milton's kindred soul,
The labours of their golden lyres
Would steal, and "whisper whence he stole."

[1] Hanc etiam vix Tityre duco. VIRG.

Ausonian bard, from my fond ear
By seas and mountains sever'd long,
If, chance, these humble strains to hear,
You leave your more melodious song,

Whether, adventurous, you explore
The wilds of Apenninus' brow,
Or musing near Loretto's[2] shore,
Smile piteous on the pilgrim's vow;

The Muse's gentle offering still
Your ear shall win, your love shall woo,
And these spring-flowers of Milton fill
The favour'd vales where first they grew.

For me, depriv'd of all that's dear,
Each fair, fond partner of my life,
Left with a lonely oar to steer,
Thro' the rude storms of mortal strife;—

When Care, the felon of my days,
Expands his cold and gloomy wing,
His load when strong affliction lays
On hope, the heart's elastic spring:

For me what solace yet remains,
Save the sweet Muse's tender lyre;
Sooth'd by the magic of her strains,
If, chance, the felon Care, retire?

Save the sweet Muse's tender lyre,
For me no solace now remains!
Yet shall the felon, Care, retire;
Sooth'd by the magic of her strains.

Blagdon-House,
June 26, 1776.

SON. I.

O LADY fair, whose honour'd name is borne
By that soft vale where Rhyne so loves to stray,
And sees the tall arch crown his wat'ry way!
Sure, happy he, tho' much the Muse's scorn,
Too dull to die beneath thy beauty's ray,
Who never felt that spirit's charmed sway,
Which gentle smiles, and gentle deeds adorn,
Tho' in those smiles are all love's arrows worn,
Each radiant virtue tho' those deeds display!
Sure, happy he who that sweet voice should hear
Mould the soft speech, or swell the tuneful strain,
And, conscious that his humble vows were vain,
Shut fond attention from his closed ear;
Who, piteous of himself, should timely part,
Ere love had held long empire in his heart!

SON. II.

As o'er yon wild hill, when the browner light
Of evening falls, the village maiden hies
To foster some fair plant with kind supplies,
Some stranger plant, that, yet in tender plight,
But feebly buds, ere Spring has open'd quite
The soft affections of serener skies:
So I, with such like gentle thought devise
This stranger tongue to cultivate with care,
All for the sake of lovely lady fair,
And tune my lays in language little try'd
By such as wont to Tamis' banks repair,
Tamis' forsook for Arno's flow'ry side,
So wrought Love's will that ever ruleth wide!

[2] Within a few miles of Macerata.

SON. III.

CHARLES, must I say, what strange it seems to say,
This rebel heart that Love hath held as naught,
Or, haply, in his cunning mazes caught,
Would laugh, and let his captive steal away;
This simple heart hath now become his prey.
Yet hath no golden tress this lesson taught,
Nor vermeil cheek that shames the rising day:
Oh! no—'twas Beauty's most celestial ray,
With charms divine of sov'reign sweetness fraught!
The noble mien, the soul-dissolving air,
The bright arch bending o'er the lucid eye,
The voice that, breathing melody so rare,
Might lead the toil'd Moon from the middle sky!
Charles, when such mischief arm'd this foreign fair,
Small chance had I to hope this simple heart should fly.

SON. IV.

IN truth I feel my sun in those fair eyes,
So strongly strike they, like that powerful ray,
Which falls with all the violence of day
On Lybia's sands—and oft, as there, arise
Hot wasting vapours from the source where lies
My secret pain; yet, haply, those may say,
Who talk love's language, these are only sighs,
That the soft ardours of the soul betray[1].

SON. V.

AN artless youth, who, simple in his love,
Seem'd little hopeful from his heart to fly,
To thee that heart, O lady, nor deny
The votive gift, he brings; since that shall prove,
All change and fear and falsity above,
Of manners that to gentle deeds comply,
And courteous will, that never asketh why;
Yet mild, as is the never wrathful dove,
Firmness it hath, and fortitude to bear
The wrecks of nature, or the wrongs of fate,
From envy far, and low-designing care,
And hopes and fears that vulgar minds await,
With the sweet Muse, and sounding lyre elate.
And only weak, when love had entrance there.

[1] The concetti of the Italian in the conclusion of this Sonnet were so obstinate, that it seemed scarce possible to reduce them into any reputable form of translation. Such trifling liberties as the translator shall appear to have taken with these poems, must be imputed to a desire of getting over blemishes of the same kind.

CANZON.

...and frolic damsels round me throng,
...ling say, "Why, shepherd, wilt thou
...write
...of love adventurous to recite
...ew numbers and a foreign tongue?
...d Hope hath ever wrought thee wrong,
...om her and Fancy's fairy light
... —So they to sport with me delight;
...ther shores," they say, "and other streams
...my presence wait; and sweetest flowers that
blow,
Their ripening blooms reserve for thy fair brow,
Whose glory soon shall bear her brightest beams:"
Thus they, and yet their soothing little seems;
If she, for whom I breathe the tender vow,
Sing the soft lays, and ask the mutual song,
This is thy language, Love, and I to thee belong!

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

Lesbia, live to love and pleasure,
Careless what the grave may say:
When each moment is a treasure,
Why should lovers lose a day?

Setting suns shall rise in glory,
But when little life is o'er,
There's an end of all the story:
We shall sleep; and wake no more.

Give me then a thousand kisses,
Twice ten thousand more bestow,
Till the sum of boundless blisses
Neither we nor envy know.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

LIFE OF GOLDSMITH,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE materials for a life of Dr. Goldsmith are very copious, although, not perhaps uniformly authentic. His acquaintance was extensive, and his memory so much respected, that his friends have been eager to accumulate anecdotes of his many peculiarities; but of all the regular accounts, that prefixed to the genuine edition of his Prose and Poetical Works, in 4 vols. 8vo. published by the London booksellers in 1801, and again in 1807, seems entitled to preference. The greater part, it is now no secret, was contributed by Dr. Percy, the present bishop of Dromore, and what follows is a mere abridgment of that very curious and entertaining memoir.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on Nov. 29, 1728, at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney, and county of Longford, in Ireland. His father, the rev. Charles Goldsmith, a native of the county of Roscommon, was a clergyman of the established church, and had been educated at Dublin College. He afterwards held the living of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath. By his wife, Anne, the daughter of the rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school of Elphin, he had five sons, and two daughters. His eldest son, Henry, went into the church, and is the gentleman to whom our poet dedicated his Traveller. Oliver was the second son, and is supposed to have faithfully represented his father in the character of the Village Preacher in the Deserted Village.

Oliver was originally intended for some mercantile employment, as his father found his income too scanty for the expenses of the literary education which he had bestowed on his eldest son. With this view he was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a common school, the master of which was an old soldier, of a romantic turn, who entertained his pupil with marvellous stories of his travels and feats, and is supposed to have imparted somewhat of that wandering and unsettled turn which so much appears in his future life. It is certain that Oliver had not been long in this humble school before he proved that he was "no vulgar boy." He made some attempts in poetry when he was scarcely eight years

old, and by the irregularities of his temper and conduct, betrayed a disposition more favourable to the flights of genius than the regularity of business. This after some time became so obvious, that his friends, who had at first pleaded for his being sent to the university, now determined to contribute towards the expense, and by their assistance he was placed at a school of reputation where he might be qualified to enter the college with the advantages of preparatory learning.

In June 1744, when in his fifteenth year, he was sent to Dublin College, and entered as a sizer, under the rev. Mr. Wilder, one of the fellows, but a man of harsh temper and violent passions, and consequently extremely unfit to win the affections and guide the disposition of a youth, simple, ingenuous, thoughtless and unguarded. His pupil, however, made some progress, although slow, in academical studies. In 1747, he was elected one of the exhibitioners on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth; and in 1749, two years after the regular time, he was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts. His indolence and irregularities may in part account for this tardy advancement to the reputation of a scholar, but much may likewise be attributed to the unfeeling neglect of his tutor, who contended only for the preservation of certain rules of discipline, while he gave himself little trouble with the cultivation of the mind. On one occasion he thought proper to chastise Oliver before a party of young friends of both sexes, whom, with his usual imprudence, he was entertaining with a supper and dance in his rooms. Oliver immediately disposed of his books and clothes, left college, and commenced a wanderer, without any prospect, without friends, and without money. At length, after suffering such extremity of hunger, that a handful of grey peas, which a girl gave him at a wake, appeared a luxurious meal, he contrived to acquaint his brother with his situation, who immediately clothed him and carried him back to college, effecting at the same time a reconciliation between him and his tutor, which it may be supposed was more convenient than cordial on either side.

Soon after this event, his father died, and his friends wished him to prepare for holy orders; but to this he declared his dislike; and finding himself equally uncomfortable as tutor in a private family to which he had been recommended, he again left the country with about thirty pounds in his pocket. After an absence of six weeks, he returned to his mother's house without a penny, having expended the whole in a series of whimsical adventures, of which the reader will find a very entertaining account in the Life above-mentioned. His mother and friends being reconciled to him, his uncle the rev. Thomas Contarine, resolved to send him to the Temple to study law; but in his way to London, he met, at Dublin with a sharper who tempted him to play, and stript him of fifty pounds, with which he had been furnished for his voyage and journey. His youth must furnish the only apology that can be made for this insensibility to the kindness of his friends, who could ill afford the money thus wantonly lost. Again, however, they received him into favour, and it being now decided that he should study physic, he was sent to Edinburgh for that purpose.

This appears to have taken place about the year 1752 or 1753; but still his thoughtless and eccentric disposition remained, and betrayed him into many ludi-

crous situations. He formally indeed attended the lectures of the medical professors, but his studies were neither regular nor profound. There was always something he liked better than stated application. Among his fellow-students he wished to recommend himself, and he was not unsuccessful, by his stories and songs, as a social companion, and a man of humour; and this ambition to shine in company by such means never wholly left him when he came to associate with men who are not charmed by noisy vivacity.

After he had gone through the usual course of lectures, his uncle, who appears to have borne the principal expenses of his education, equipped him for the medical school of Leyden, at which, however, he did not arrive without meeting with some of those incidents which have given an air of romance to his history. At Leyden he studied chemistry and anatomy for about a year; but a taste for gaming, which he appears to have caught very early, frequently stript him of his money, and plunged him into difficulties, without any of the benefits of experience. Even the money which he was compelled to borrow in order to enable him to leave Holland, was expended on some costly flowers which he bought of a Dutch florist, as a present to his uncle; and when he set out on his travels he "had only one clean shirt, and no money in his pocket."

Any other man would have laid his account with starving; but Goldsmith had "a knack of hoping," and, however miserably provided, determined to make the tour of Europe on foot. In what manner he performed this singular undertaking, he is supposed to have informed us in "The history of a philosophic Vagabond," in chap. xx. of the Vicar of Wakefield. He had some knowledge of music, and charmed the peasants so much as to procure a lodging, and a subsistence. He also entered the foreign universities and convents, where upon certain days theses are maintained against any adventitious disputant, for which, if the champion opposes with some dexterity, he may claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for the night. At one time, he is said to have accompanied a young Englishman as a tutor; but his biographer doubts whether this part of the Philosophic Vagabond's story was not a fiction. It is certain, however, that in the manner above related, and with some assistance from his uncle, he contrived to travel through Flanders, and part of France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. It was probably at Padua that he took a medical degree, as he remained here about six months; but one of his earliest biographers thinks he took the degree of bachelor of medicine at Louvain. His generous uncle dying while he was in Italy, he was obliged to travel through France to England on foot, and landed at Dover in 1756.

He arrived in London in the extremity of distress, and first tried to be admitted as an usher in a school or academy, and having with difficulty obtained that situation, he remained for some time in it, submitting to mortifications of which he has given probably an exaggerated account, in the story of the Philosophic Vagabond. He next procured a situation in the shop of a chemist, and, while here, was found out by Dr. Sleigh, one of his fellow students at Edinburgh, who liberally shared his purse with him, and encouraged him to commence practitioner. With this view, he settled, if any measure of our poet deserves that epithet, in

Bankside, Southwark; and afterwards removed to the Temple, or its neighbourhood. In either place his success as a physician is not known; his own account was, that he had plenty of patients, but got no fees.

About this time, however, he appears to have had recourse to his pen. His first attempt was a tragedy, which he probably never finished. In 1758, he obtained by means of Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept a school at Peckham, which our author superintended during the doctor's illness, an appointment to be physician to one of our factories in India. In order to procure the necessary expences for the voyage, he issued proposals for printing by subscription, the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe, with what success we are not told, nor why he gave up his appointment in India. In the same year, however, he wrote what he very properly calls a catchpenny Life of Voltaire, and engaged with Mr. Griffiths as a critic in the Monthly Review. The terms of this engagement were his board, lodging, and a handsome salary, all secured by a written agreement. Goldsmith declared he usually wrote for his employer every day from nine o'clock till two. But at the end of seven or eight months it was dissolved by mutual consent, and our poet took lodgings in Green-Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey, amidst the dwellings of indigence, where he completed his Present State of Polite Literature, printed for Dodsley, 1759, 12mo.

He afterwards removed to more decent lodgings in Wine-Office-court, Fleet-street, where he wrote his admirable novel, The Vicar of Wakefield, attended with the affecting circumstance of his being under arrest. When the knowledge of his situation was communicated to Dr. Johnson, he disposed of his manuscript for sixty pounds, to Mr. Newberry, and procured his enlargement. Although the money was then paid, the book was not published until some time after, when his excellent poem, The Traveller, had established his fame. His connection with Mr. Newberry was a source of regular supply, as he employed him in compiling or revising many of his publications, particularly the Art of Poetry, 2 vols. 12mo. the Life of Beau Nash, and Letters on the History of England, 2 vols. 12mo. which have been attributed to lord Lyttelton, the earl of Orrery and other noblemen, but were really written by Dr. Goldsmith. He had before this been employed by Wilkie, the bookseller, in conducting a Lady's Magazine, and published with him, a volume of essays, entitled The Bee. To the Public Ledger, a newspaper, of which Kelly was at that time the editor, he contributed those letters which have since been published under the title of The Citizen of the World.

In 1765, he published The Traveller, which at once established his fame. The outline of this he formed when in Switzerland, and polished it with great care, before he submitted it to the public. It soon made him known and admired, but his roving disposition had not yet left him. He had for some time been musing on a design of penetrating into the internal parts of Asia, and investigating the remains of ancient grandeur, learning, and manners. When he was told of lord Bute's liberality to men of genius, he applied to that nobleman for a salary to enable him to execute his favourite plan, but his application was unnoticed, as his name had not then been made known by his Traveller; this poem, however, having procured him the unsolicited friendship of lord Nugent, afterwards earl of

Clare, he obtained an introduction to the earl of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, who invited our poet to an interview. Goldsmith prepared a complimentary address for his excellency, which, by mistake, he delivered to the groom of the chambers, and when the lord lieutenant appeared, was so confused that he came away without being able to explain the object of his wishes. Sir John Hawkins relates that when the lord lieutenant said he should be glad to do him any kindness, Goldsmith answered that he had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, that stood in need of help: "as for himself, he had no dependence on the promises of great men: he looked to the booksellers: they were his best friends, and he was not inclined to forsake them for others." This was very characteristic of Goldsmith, who, as sir John Hawkins adds, was "an *ideot* in the affairs of the world;" but yet his affectionate remembrance of his brother on such an occasion merits a less harsh epithet. Goldsmith was grateful for the kindness he had received from this brother, and nothing probably would have given him greater pleasure than if he had succeeded in transferring the earl's patronage to him. From this time, however, although he sometimes talked about it, he appears to have relinquished the project of going to Asia. "Of all men," says Dr. Johnson, "Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an inquiry; for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently could not know what would be accessions to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. He would bring home a grinding-barrow, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement."

In 1764, Goldsmith fixed his abode in the Temple, where he ever afterwards resided, first in the library staircase, afterwards in the King's Bench Walks, and ultimately at No. 2 in Brick-court, where he had chambers on the first floor elegantly furnished, and where he was visited by literary friends of the most distinguished merit. When Dr. Johnson's literary club was founded, he was one of the first members, and his associates were those whose conversations have given such interest to Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Having now acquired considerable fame as a critic, a novelist, and a descriptive poet, he was induced to court the dramatic Muse. His first attempt was the comedy of the Good-Natured Man, which Garrick, after much delay, declined; and it was produced at Covent Garden theatre, in 1768, where it kept possession of the stage for nine nights, but did not obtain the applause which his friends thought it merited. Between this period and the appearance of his next celebrated poem, he compiled the Roman History in 2 vols. 8vo. and afterwards an abridgement of it, and the History of England in 4 vols. 8vo. both elegantly written, and highly calculated to attract and interest young readers; although it must be owned, he is frequently superficial and inaccurate. His pen was also occasionally employed in introductions and prefaces to books compiled by other persons: as Guthrie's History of the World, and Dr. Brooks's System of Natural History. In this last preface, he so far excelled his author in the graces of a captivating style, that the booksellers engaged him to write a History of the Earth and Animated Nature, which he executed with much elegance, but with no very deep knowledge of the subject. He also drew up a life of Dr. Parnell, prefixed to an edition of his poems, which afforded Dr. Johnson an opportunity of paying an affectionate tribute to his me-

mory, when he came to write the life of Parnell for the English poets. He wrote also a life of Bolingbroke, originally prefixed to the Dissertation on Parties, and afterwards to Bolingbroke's works. In one of his compilations he was peculiarly unfortunate. Being desired by Griffin, the bookseller, to make a selection of elegant poems from our best English classics, for the use of boarding schools, he carelessly marked for the printer one of the most indecent tales of Prior. His biographer adds, "without reading it;" but this was not the case, as he introduces it with a criticism. These various publications have not been noticed in their regular order, but as their dates are not connected with any particulars in our author's history, this will appear a matter of little consequence.

In 1769, he produced his admirable poem The Deserted Village, which he touched and retouched with the greatest care before publication. How much it added to his reputation it is unnecessary to mention. No poem since the days of Pope has been so repeatedly read, admired, and quoted.

At the establishment of the Royal Academy of Painting in 1779, his friend sir Joshua Reynolds procured for him the appointment of professor of ancient history, a complimentary distinction attended neither with emolument nor trouble, but which entitled him to a seat at some of the meetings of the society. His situation in life was now comfortable at least, and might have been independent had he mixed a little prudence with his general conduct; but it is much to his honour that his errours were almost always on the right side. He was kind and benevolent, wherever he had it in his power, and although frequently duped by artful men, his heart was never hardened against the application of the unhappy. And such was the celebrity of his writings, that he was even looked up to as a patron and promoter of schemes of public utility. His biographer has published a very curious letter from the notorious Thomas Paine, in which he solicits Goldsmith's interest in procuring an addition to the pay of excisemen.

In the month of March 1773, his second comedy, She Stoops to Conquer, was presented at Covent Garden, and received with the highest applause, contrary to the opinion of the manager, Mr. Colman. It is founded on an incident which, his biographer informs us, happened to the author in his younger days, when he mistook a gentleman's house for an inn. In the same year, he appeared before the public in a different character. A scurrilous letter, probably written by Kenrick, was inserted in the London Packet, a paper then published by the late Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller in Paternoster Row. Goldsmith resented no part of the abuse but that which reflected on a young lady of his acquaintance. Accompanied by one of his countrymen, he waited on Mr. Evans, and stated the nature of his complaint.—Mr. Evans, who had no concern in the paper but as publisher, went to examine the file, and while stooping for it, Goldsmith was advised by his friend to take that opportunity of caning him, which he immediately began to do: but Evans, a stout and high-blooded Welshman, returned the blow with so much advantage, that Goldsmith's friend fled, and left him in a shocking plight. Dr. Kenrick, who was then in the house, came forwards, and affecting great compassion for Goldsmith, conducted him home in a coach. This foolish quarrel afforded considerable sport for the newspapers before it was finally made up.

One of his last publications was the History of the Earth and Animated Nature, before mentioned, in 8 volumes octavo, for which he received the sum of £850, and during the time he was engaged in this undertaking, he had received the copy money for his comedy, and the profits of his third nights; but his biographer informs us, "he was so liberal in his donations, and profuse in his disbursements, he was unfortunately so attached to the pernicious practice of gaming; and from his unsettled habits of life, his supplies being precarious and uncertain, he had been so little accustomed to regulate his expenses by any system of economy, that his debts far exceeded his resources; and he was obliged to take up money in advance from the managers of the two theatres, for comedies which he engaged to furnish to each; and from the booksellers, for publications which he was to finish for the press. All these engagements he fully intended, and doubtless would have been able to fulfil with the strictest honour, as he had done on former occasions in similar exigences; but his premature death unhappily prevented the execution of his plans, and gave occasion to malignity to impute these failures to deliberate intention, which were merely the result of inevitable mortality."

Some time before his death, although they were not printed until after that event, he wrote his poems, The Haunch of Venison, Retaliation, and some of the smaller pieces admitted into his works. But the chief project he had at heart was an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in the execution of which it is said he had engaged all his literary friends and the members of the literary club, but this was prevented by his death, which is thus related by his biographer:

"He was subject to severe fits of the strangury, owing probably to the intemperate manner in which he confined himself to the desk, when he was employed in his compilations, often indeed for several weeks successively without taking exercise. On such occasions he usually hired lodgings in some farm-house a few miles from London, and wrote without cessation till he had finished his task. He then carried his copy to the bookseller, received his compensation, and gave himself up perhaps for months without interruption, to the gaieties, amusements, and societies of London.

"And here it may be observed, once for all, that his elegant and enchanting style in prose flowed from him with such facility, that in whole quires of his histories, Animated Nature, &c. he had seldom occasion to correct or alter a single word; but in his verses, especially his two great ethic poems, nothing could exceed the patient and incessant revisal which he bestowed upon them. To save himself the trouble of transcription, he wrote the lines in his first copy very wide, and would fill up the intermediate space with reiterated corrections, that scarcely a word of his first effusions was left unaltered.

"In the spring of 1774, being embarrassed in his circumstances, and attacked with his usual malady, his indisposition, aggravated too by mental distress, terminated in a fever, which on the 25th of March had become exceedingly violent, when he called in medical assistance. Although he had then taken ipecacuanha to promote a vomit, he would proceed to the use of James's fever powder, contrary to the advice of the medical gentlemen who attended him. From the application of these powders he had received the greatest benefit in a similar at-

tack nearly two years before, but then they were administered by Dr. James himself in person. This happened in September 1772. But now the progress of the disease was as unfavourable as possible; for from the time above mentioned [illegible] tom became more and more alarming, till Monday, April 4th, when h[illegible] forty-five."

His remains were privately interred in the Temple burial-ground, [illegible] April 9th; but afterwards, by a subscription raised among his friends, and by his brethren of the club, a marble monument was erected to his memory in minster Abbey, with an inscription by Dr. Johnson, the history of which th der may find in Boswell's Life, where are likewise many curious traits poet's variegated character.

"He was," adds his biographer, "generous in the extreme, and so strongly affected by compassion, that he has been known at midnight to abandon his rest, in order to procure relief and an asylum for a poor dying object who was left destitute in the streets. Nor was there ever a mind whose general feelings were more benevolent and friendly. He is however supposed to have been often soured by jealousy or envy, and many little instances are mentioned of this tendency in his character: but whatever appeared of this kind was a mere momentary sensation, which he knew not how like other men to conceal: it was never the result of principle, or the suggestion of reflection: it never embittered his heart, nor influenced his conduct. Nothing could be more amiable than the general features of his mind: those of his person were not perhaps so engaging.

"His stature was under the middle size, his body strongly built, and his limbs more sturdy than elegant; his complexion was pale, his forehead low, his face almost round and pitted with the small-pox, but marked with strong lines of thinking. His first appearance was not captivating: but when he grew easy and cheerful in company, he relaxed into such a display of good-humour as soon removed every unfavourable impression.

"Yet it must be acknowledged that in company he did not appear to so much advantage as might have been expected from his genius and talents. He was too apt to speak without reflection, and without a sufficient knowledge of the subject: which made Johnson observe of him, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had." Indeed with all his defects, (to conclude nearly in the words of that great critic) "as a writer he was of the most distinguished abilities. Whatever he composed he did it better than any other man could. And whether we consider him as a poet, or a comic writer, or as an historian (so far as regards his powers of composition), he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class."

Although this character may be thought in some respects exaggerated, it cannot be denied that the indelible stamp of genius rests on his Vicar of Wakefield; and on his poems, The Traveller, Deserted Village, and Edwin and Angelina. In description, pathos, and even sublimity, he has not been exceeded by any of the poets of his age, except that in the latter quality he must yield to Gray. But it is unnecessary to enter into a minute examination of poems whose popularity for

many years has known no abatement. Those who wish to ascertain his precise rank among English poets will find many valuable remarks in an Essay on the Poetry of Goldsmith, by Dr. Aikin, prefixed to a beautiful edition of his poems published in 1804; and in a Critical Life of Dr. Goldsmith, by Mr. Egerton Brydges, in the fifth volume of his Censura Literaria.

The present edition of his poems is copied from the octavo principally, with the addition of the Threnodia Augustalis, a piece which has hitherto escaped the researches of his editors. It is now printed from a copy given by the author to his friend Joseph Cradock, esq. of Gumley, author of Zobeide, &c. and obligingly lent to me by Mr. Nichols. If it adds little to his fame, it exhibits a curious instance of the facility with which he gratified his employers on a very short notice.

POEMS

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER: OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office; where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her, they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care, and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for errour is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires, his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse, to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am,
dear sir,
your most affectionate brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue [view;
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain [vain?
That good which makes each humbler bosom
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd, [round,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, [plies:
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked Negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As diff'rent good, by art or Nature giv'n
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails; [vails.
And honour sinks where commerce long pre-
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state;

At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest:
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cow'ring on the nest:
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain:
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:

From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise; [teem,
They please, are pleased, they give to get es-
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore;
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote, for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.

[illegible] round Britain's peopled shore,
[illegible] exchang'd for useless ore?
[illegible] triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaming tapers bright'ning as they waste;
[illegible] grandeur to maintain,
[illegible] depopulation in her train,
[illegible] where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
[illegible] call,
[illegible] frequented village fall?
Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all round distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrours reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear sir,
your sincere friend,
and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove: [like these,
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptation tries,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won. [glow,
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wre ched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares dis-trest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, [spread,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-found,
And news much older than their ale went round;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;

Around the world each needful product flies:
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies:
She, once perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrours of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrours of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curs'd by heav'n's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldly woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame,
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;

source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
found'st me p or at first, and keep'st me so;
guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well;
ell! and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
arno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
ner where equinoctial fervours glow,
ater wraps the polar world in snow,
thy voice, prevailing over time,
s iff rigours of th' inclement clime;
ghted truth, with thy persuasive strain,
ch erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Ne'er rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was scoruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chamber, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtû:
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest, in my turn,
It's a truth, and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn[1].
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best:
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose:
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when. [H—ff,
There's H—d; and C—y, and H—rth, and
I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it may hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he called himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the ven'son and me.
"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why whose should it be?" cry'd I with a flounce; [bounce:
"I get these things often"—but that was a
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then,"—cry'd he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be there; [Clare.
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord
And, now that I think on't, as I am sinner!
We wanted this ven'son to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty; it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this ven'son with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself[2];"
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty, [pasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb [come;
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale.
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty;
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew, [you;
They're both of them merry, and authors like
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.
At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinnage and pudding made hot!
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;

[1] Lord Clare's nephew.

[2] See the letters that passed between his royal highness Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Grosvenor—12°, 1760.

So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue, [his brogue:
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on; [my poison,
Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all." [a trice,
"O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
"I dont care if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the de'il mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot; [that."
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her?) [baker.
That she came with some terrible news from the
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste.
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION.

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774,

AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house.—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united. [fish,
If our landlord[1] supplies us with beef and with
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:

Our dean[2] shall be ven'son, just fresh from the plains; [brains;
Our Burke[3] shall be tongue, with the garnish of
Our Will[4] shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour;
And Dick[5] with his pepper shall heighten the savour:
Our Cumberland's[6] sweet-bread its place shall obtain;
And Douglass[7] is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our Garrick's[8] a sallad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge[9] is anchovy, and Reynolds[10] is lamb;
That Hickey's[11] a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind: [his throat
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
To persuade Tommy Townshend[12] to lend him a vote; [fining,
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refine,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;

where the doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.

[2] Dr. Barnard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

[3] Mr. Edmund Burke.

[4] Mr. William Burke, late secretary to general Conway, and member for Bedwin.

[5] Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

[6] Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, The Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

[7] Dr. Douglas, the late bishop of Salisbury, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

[8] David Garrick, esq.

[9] Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

[10] Sir Joshua Reynolds.

[11] An eminent attorney.

[12] Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

[1] The master of St. James's coffee-house

For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove none;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had home;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard [13], whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet:
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flatt'ring painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine:
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout,
His fools have their follies so lost in a crow'd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings, alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostures, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own:
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds [14] shall be pious, our Kenricks [15] shall lecture;

Macpherson [16] write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line!
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And bedaub'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, [17] and Woodfalls [18] so grave,
What a commerce was your's, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will:
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good-nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!

[13] Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

[14] The rev. Dr. Dodd.

[15] Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil tavern, under the title of The School of Shakespeare.

[16] James Macpherson, esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

[17] Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

[18] Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Then what was his *failing*? come, tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.
Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civally steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing; [and stuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios,
He shifted his trumpet [9], and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord [1], from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun [2];
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily bon mots half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.
What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet conceit "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall [3] confess'd him a wit.
Ye newspaper witlings, ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press [4].
Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit [wit:
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said

[9] Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

[1] Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

[2] Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

[3] Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

[4] Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot.
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse."

To this Postscript the reader may be pleased to find added the following

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. GOL[DSMITH]
SUPPLEMENT TO HIS RETA[LIATION]

[FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE AUGUST 1778.]

Doctor, according to our wishes,
You've character'd us all in dishes;
Serv'd up a sentimental treat
Of various emblematic meat:
And now it's time, I trust, yon'll think
Your company should have some drink:
Else, take my word for it, at least
Your Irish friends won't like your feast.
Ring, then, and see that there is plac'd
To each according to his taste.
To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
Of critic lore, give ancient hock;
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
Pure unadulterated wine;
For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.
To Johnson, philosophic sage,
The moral Mentor of the age,
Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
With melting heart, but look austere,
Give liquor of an honest sort,
And crown his cup with priestly port.
Now fill the glass with gay champagne,
And frisk it in a livelier strain;
Quick, quick, the sparkling nectar quaff,
Drink it, dear Garrick!—drink and laugh!
Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
Rich burgundy, of ruby tint;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
With ruddy light refresh the faces,
And warm the bosoms of the Graces.
To Burke a pure libation bring,
Fresh drawn from clear Castalian spring:
With civic oak the goblet bind,
Fit emblem of his patriot mind;
Let Clio at his table sip,
And Hermes hand it to his lip.
Fill out my friend, the Dean [1] of Derry,
A bumper of conventual sherry!
Give Ridge, and Hickey, generous souls
Of whiskey punch convivial bowls;
But let the kindred Burkes regale
With potent draughts of Wicklow ale!
To C*****k next in order turn ye,
And grace him with the vines of Ferney!
Now, doctor, you're an honest sticker,
So take your glass, and chuse your liquor:
Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
Or damask'd at Silenus' nose?
With Wakefield's vicar sip your tea
Or to Thalia drink with me?
And, doctor, I would have you know it,
An honest, I, though humble poet;

[1] Dr. Barnard.

I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
Who drives his cart the Dover road,
There, traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade:
Hence with all such! for you and I
By English wares will live and die.
Come, draw your chair, and stir the fire;
Here, boy!—a pot of Thrale's entire!

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, APPEARED IN THAT PAPER IN JUNE, 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one [1] by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think that there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy, some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing; and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, sir,
yours, &c.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Pow'r that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answ'ring care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling things than they.

[1] The Friar of Orders Grey, Reliq. of Anc. Poetry, vol. i. p. 243.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest:
On Earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cry'd;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heav'n and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he:
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or pow'r had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carrol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom op'ning to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Tho' inconstancy was mine!

"For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he dy'd.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fa
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hi
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heav'n!" the hermit
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

PUBLISHED IN DR. GOLDSMITH'S VOLUME OF ESSAYS, 1765.

Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.
Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
O!——But let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace;
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.
The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too:
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:

But when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found all the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.
Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee:
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were past between
Insulting repartee or spleen.
Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown:
He fancies ev'ry vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz:
And though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.
Now, to perplex the ravelled noose,
As each a diff'rent way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r
Withers the beauty's transient flow'r,
Lo! the small-pox, with horrid glare
Levell'd its terrours at the fair;
And, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.
The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.
Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone,
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery, is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature ev'ry day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems or gold impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Logicians have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em:
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature:
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute;
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noster-row:

No jugglers, fidlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupedes;
No single brute his fellow leads;
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape.
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act;
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

Long had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and Nature's spite:
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed so furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.
Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, fearning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed;
A just comparison—proceed.
In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air;
And here my simile unites,
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.
Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his ha...
Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses:
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
No poppy-water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to Hell.
Now to apply, begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This diff'rence only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf
Instead of others, damns himself.
And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Good people all, of ev'ry sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked ev'ry day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

[illegible] it seem'd both sore and sad
[illegible] christian eye;
[illegible] they swore the dog was mad,
[illegible] swore the man would die.

[illegible] wonder came to light,
[illegible] show'd the rogues they ly'd;
[illegible] recover'd of the bite,
[illegible] it was that dy'd.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desir'd by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William show'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

LINES,

ATTRIBUTED TO

DR. GOLDSMITH,

INSERTED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE OF APRIL 3, 1800.

E'en have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display:
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came, [cheek;
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her
I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN,

I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of She Stoops to Conquer, but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called, The Humours of Balamagairy, to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words: but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care. I am, gentlemen,

your humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL.

SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover;
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent and loses a lover.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

Amidst the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, tho' dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

This tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flow'ry way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heav'n, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his words shall rise,
While converts think their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON [1].

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and fin'ry fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not dy'd to day.

A SONNET.

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to ev'ry gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, th' oppress oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS [1].

What! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?

[1] This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's Henriade.

[1] This translation was first printed in one of our author's earliest works, The present State of Learning in Europe, 12mo. 1759.

...was, when glory was my guide,
...r fraud could turn my steps aside;
...by pow'r, and unappall'd by fear,
...thrift I held my honour dear;
...vile hour disperses all my store,
...ard of honour is no more;
...partial to my life's decline,
...persuades, submission must be mine;
...whom Heav'n himself obeys,
...species of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
...then at once I welcome ev'ry shame,
...and cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF ZOBEIDE.

In these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reck'ning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dang'rous coast.
Lord! what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
[*Upper gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em— [*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em— [*Balconies.*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground:
[*Tasting them.*
Th' inhabitants are cannibals I fear.
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance:
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;
Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promises so ample?
—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

Hold! prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest,
[*Takes off his mask.*
Whence and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth:
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do?
No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
"Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
soft—'twas but a dream." [treating;
Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no re-
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood, [less,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick shanks,
They neither have my gratitude nor thanks;
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now."
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew. [hind.
Hoicks! bark forward! came thund'ring from be-
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.
[*Taking a jump through the stage door.*

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

What! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress, sure, has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking; [thinking.
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of
Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? aye, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my cue:
The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you. [*To Pozes, Pit, and Gallery.*

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridle on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots, in party-colour'd suits, that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got pow'r to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem ev'ry thing but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, damme! who's afraid? [*Mimicking.*
Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps to vulgar eyes bestrides the state;
Yet when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to ev'ry gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY AND MISS CATLEY.

Enter Mrs. Bulkley, who curtsies very low as beginning to speak. Then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the audience.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Hold, ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The epilogue.

MRS. BULKLEY.

The epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, ma'am. The epilogue *I* bring it.

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.

RECITATIVE.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Why sure the girl's beside herself: an epilogue of singing,
A hopeful end indeed to such a blest beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set!
Excuse me, ma'am; *I* know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the house?

MRS. BULKLEY.

The house!—Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And she, whose party's largest, shall proceed.
And first, I hope, you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands;
Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands:
What, no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a diff'rent set—Old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

RECITATIVE.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair, with voice beguiling:

AIR—COTILLON.

Turn my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye:
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu,
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho.
Da capo.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit:
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain:
Who take a trip to Paris once a year,
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here;
Lend me your hands.—O fatal news to tell,
Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle!

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers, travellers indeed!
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
Where are the cheels? Ah, ah, I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairne:
A bonny young lad is my Jockey.

AIR.

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be once merry when you are but gay;
When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away,
With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute*:
Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
"I hold the odds—Done, done, with you, with [you."
Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace,
"My lord—your lordship misconceives the case:"
Doctors, who answer every misfortuner,
"I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner:"
Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

AIR—BALEINAMONY.

MISS CATLEY.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack,

re I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
he ladies are calling, to blush, and hang back:
or you're always polite and attentive,
till to amuse us inventive,
nd death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULKLEY.

madam, what if, after all this sparring,
oth agree, like friends, to end our jarring?

MISS CATLEY.

that our friendship may remain unbroken,
if we leave the epilogue unspoken?

MRS. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And now, with late repentance,
Un-epilogued the poet waits his sentence:
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flatt'ry, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR MRS. BULKLEY.

THERE is a place, so Ariosto sings,
A treasury for lost and missing things:
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they, who lose their senses, there may find them.
But where's this place, this storehouse of the age?
The Moon, says he:—but I affirm, the Stage:
At least in many things, I think, I see
His lunar and our mimic world agree.
Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the Sun goes down.
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.
But in this parallel my best pretence is,
That mortals visit both to find their senses.
To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.
The gay coquet, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and doats on dancing,
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *ballet*, and calls for Nancy Dawson.
The gamester too, whose wit's all high or low,
Quits here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk too—with angry phrases stor'd,
As "Dam'me, sir," and, "sir, I wear a sword;"
Has lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our author's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, or coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics [1].

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

SPOKEN AND SUNG IN THE GREAT ROOM IN SOHO-SQUARE,

Thursday the 20th of February 1772.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days; and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius.

In justice to the composer it may likewise be right to inform the public, that the music was adapted in a period of time equally short.

SPEAKERS.

Mr. Lee and Mrs. Bellamy.

SINGERS.

Mr. Champnes, Mr. Dine, and Miss Jameson.

The music prepared and adapted by Signor Vento.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

OVERTURE—A SOLEMN DIRGE.

AIR—TRIO.

Arise, ye sons of worth, arise,
And waken every note of woe!
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below.

CHORUS.

When truth and virtue, &c.

MAN SPEAKER.

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour,
Mere transitory things.
The base bestow them: but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.—
But when to pomp and power are join'd
An equal dignity of mind:
When titles are the smallest claim:
When wealth, and rank, and noble blood,
But aid the power of doing good,
Then all their trophies last—and flattery turns to fame.

[1] This epilogue was given in MS. by Dr. Goldsmith to Dr. Percy (now Bishop of Dromore); but for what comedy it was intended is not remembered.

Blest spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
Shall spread and flourish from the tomb,
How hast thou left mankind for Heaven!
Even now reproach and faction mourn,
And, wondering how their rage was born,
Request to be forgiven!
Alas! they never had thy hate:
Unmov'd in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send:
In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urged thy end:
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchased strength from its increasing load.
Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free,
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity!
Virtue on herself relying,
Every passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hopes of being blest.
Every added pang she suffers,
Some increasing good bestows,
And every shock that malice offers,
Only rocks her to repose.

SONG. BY A MAN—AFFETUOSO.

Virtue on herself relying, &c.
to
Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Yet ah! what terrours frown'd upon her fate,
Death with its formidable band,
Fever, and pain, and pale consumptive care,
Determined took their stand.
Nor did the cruel ravagers design
To finish all their efforts at a blow:
But, mischievously slow,
They rob'd the relic and defac'd the shrine.—
With unavailing grief,
Despairing of relief,
Her weeping children round,
Beheld each hour
Death's growing pow'r,
And trembled as he frown'd.
As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
While winds and waves their wishes cross:
They stood while hope and comfort fail,
Not to assist, but to bewail
The inevitable loss.—
Relentless tyrant, at thy call
How do the good, the virtuous fall!
Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage,
But wake thy vengeance and provoke thy rage.

SONG. BY A MAN—BASSO, STACCATO, SPIRITUOSO.

When thee my dart and scythe supply,
How great a king of terrours I!
If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
Tremble ye mortals at my rage!

Fall, round me fall, ye little things,
Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings!
If virtue fail her counsel sage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

MAN SPEAKER.

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer:
Let us prize death as the best gift of nature,
As safe inn where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd thro' a world of care,
May put off life and be at rest for ever.
Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy sables,
May oft distract us with their sad solemnity.
The preparation is the executioner.
Death, when unmask'd, shows me a friendly face,
And is a terrour only at a distance:
For as the line of life conducts me on
To death's great court, the prospect seems more fair,
'Tis nature's kind retreat, that's always open
To take us in when we have drain'd the cup
Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.—
In that secure, serene retreat,
Where all the humble, all the great,
Promiscuously recline:
Where wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie,
May every bliss be thine.
And ah! blest spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
May cherubs welcome their expected guest,
May saints with songs receive thee to their rest,
May peace that claim'd while here thy warmest love,
May blissful endless peace be thine above.

SONG. BY A WOMAN—AMOROSO.

Lovely lasting Peace below,
Comforter of every woe,
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky;
Lovely lasting Peace appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Our vows are heard! Long, long to mortal eyes,
Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies:
Celestial-like her bounty fell,
Where modest want and patient sorrow dwell,
Want pass'd for merit at her door,
Unseen the modest were supplied,
Her constant pity fed the poor,
Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
And oh! for this! while sculpture decks thy shrine,
And art exhausts profusion round,
The tribute of a tear be mine,
A simple song, a sigh profound.
There Faith shall come, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay:
And calm Religion shall repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship, shall agree
To blend their virtues while they think of thee.

AIR. CHORUS—POMPOSO.

Let us, let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee.

PART II.

OVERTURE.—PASTORALE.

MAN SPEAKER.

Fast by that shore where Thames' translucent stream
Reflects new glories on his breast,
Where, splendid as the youthful poet's dream,
He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest:
Where sculptur'd elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place:
While, sweetly blending, still are seen
The wavy lawn, the sloping green:
While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through every maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene:
There sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
Forlorn, a rural bard complain'd,
All whom AUGUSTA's bounty fed,
All whom her clemency sustain'd;
The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
The modest matron, clad in home-spun grey,
The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
The shatter'd veteran, now first dismay'd;
These sadly join beside the murmuring deep,
And as they view the towers of Kew,
Call on their mistress, now no more, and weep.

CHORUS.—AFFETTUOSO, LARGO.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes,
Let all your echoes now deplore,
That she who form'd your beauties is no more.

MAN SPEAKER.

First of the train the patient rustic came,
Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,
Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
With many a tear, and many a sigh between,
"And where," he cried, "shall now my babes have bread,
Or how shall age support its feeble fire?
No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
Nor can my strength perform what they require:
Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
My noble mistress thought not so!
Her bounty, like the morning dew,
Unseen, tho' constant, used to flow,
And as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew."

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In decent dress, and coarsely clean,
The pious matron next was seen,
Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
By use and daily meditation worn;
That decent dress, this holy guide,
AUGUSTA's care had well supply'd.
And ah! she cries, all woe begone,
What now remains for me?
Oh! where shall weeping want repair
To ask for charity?
Too late in life for me to ask,
And shame prevents the deed,
And tardy, tardy are the times
To succour, should I need.
But all my wants, before I spoke,
Were to my mistress known;
She still reliev'd, nor sought my praise,
Contented with her own.
But every day her name I'll bless,
My morning prayer, my evening song,
I'll praise her while my life shall last,
A life that cannot last me long.

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless,
My morning and my evening song,
And when in death my vows shall cease,
My children shall the note prolong.

MAN SPEAKER.

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
Scarr'd, mangl'd, maim'd in every part,
Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
In nought entire—except his heart:
Mute for a while, and sullenly distress'd,
At last the impetuous sorrow fir'd his breast.
Wild is the whirlwind rolling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And wild the tempest howling
Along the billow'd main:
But every danger felt before,
The raging deep, the whirlwind's roar,
Less dreadful struck me with dismay,
Than what I feel this fatal day.
Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave;
I'll seek that less inhospitable coast,
And lay my body where my limbs were lost.

SONG. BY A MAN.—BASSO SPIRITUOSO.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
To do thy memory right:
For thine and Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In innocence and youth complaining,
Next appear'd a lovely maid,
Affliction o'er each feature reigning,
Kindly came in beauty's aid;
Every grace that grief dispenses,
Every glance that warms the soul,
In sweet succession charms the senses,
While pity harmoniz'd the whole. [say.)
"The garland of beauty" ('tis thus she would
"No more shall my crook or my temples adorn,
I'll not wear a garland, AUGUSTA's away,
I'll not wear a garland until she return:
But alas! that return I never shall see:
The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows proclaim,
There promis'd a lover to come, but, oh me!
'Twas death, 'twas the death of my mistress that came.
But ever, for ever, her image shall last,
I'll strip all the Spring of its earliest bloom;
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb."

SONG.—BY A WOMAN.—PASTORALE.

With garlands of beauty the queen of the May
No more will her crook or her temples adorn;
For who'd wear a garland when she is away,
When she is remov'd, and shall never return.

On the grave of AUGUSTA these garlands be plac'd,
We'll rifle the Spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primr
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall
tomb.

CHORUS.—ALTRO MODO.

On the grave of AUGUSTA this garland
We'll rifle the Spring of its earliest
And there shall the cowslip and prim
And the tears of her country sha
tomb.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

THE

LIFE OF ARMSTRONG

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THESE scanty materials are taken principally from Mr. Nichols's Life of Bowyer, and the Biographical Dictionary. To the former they were communicated, however sparingly, by the friends of Dr. Armstrong.

He was born in the parish of Castleton in Roxburghshire, where his father and brother were clergymen: and having compleated his education at the university of Edinburgh, took his degree in physic, Feb. 4, 1732[1], with much reputation. His thesis *De Tabe purulente* was published as usual.

He appears to have courted the Muses while a student: his descriptive sketch in imitation of Shakespeare was one of his first attempts, and received the cordial approbation of Thomson, Mallet, and Young. Mallet, he informs us, intended to have published it, but altered his mind. His other imitations of Shakespeare were part of an unfinished tragedy written at a very early age. Much of his time, if we may judge from his writings, was devoted to the study of polite literature, and although he cannot be said to have entered deeply into any particular branch, he was more than a superficial connoisseur in painting, statuary, and music.

At what time he came to London is uncertain, but in 1735, he published an octavo pamphlet, without his name, entitled An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic: to which is added a Dialogue between Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the Practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society. As also an Epistle from Usbeck the Persian, to Joshua Ward, esq. It is dedicated to the "Antacademic Philosophers, to the generous despisers of the schools, to the deservedly-celebrated Joshua Ward, John Moor, and the rest of the numerous sect of inspired physicians." The Essay, which has been lately reprinted in Dilly's Repository, is an humourous attack on quacks and quackery, with allusions to the neglect of medical education among the practising apothecaries:

[1] Three days after he sent a copy of his thesis to sir Hans Sloane, accompanied by a handsome Latin letter, now in the British Museum. I find in the same repository a paper written by him in 1744 on the alcalescent disposition of animal fluids, which appears to have been read in the Royal Society, but not published. C.

but the author had exhausted his wit in it, and the Dialogue and Epistle are consequently flat and insipid.

In 1737, he published A Synopsis of the History and Cure of the Venereal Disease, probably as an introduction to practice in that lucrative branch: but it was unfortunately followed by his poem, The Economy of Love, which, though it enjoyed a rapid sale, has been very properly excluded from every collection of poetry, and is supposed to have impeded his professional career. In 1741, we find him soliciting Dr. Birch's recommendation to Dr. Mead, that might be appointed physician to the forces then going to the West Indies.

His celebrated poem, The Art of Preserving Health, appeared in 1744, and contributed highly to his fame as a poet. Dr. Warton, in his Reflections on Didactic Poetry, annexed to his edition of Virgil, observed that "To describe so difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. Armstrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed it at the end of the third book of his Art of Preserving Health," where he hath given us that pathetic account of the sweating sickness. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images." Dr. Mackenzie, in his History of Health, bestowed similar praises on this poem, which was indeed every where read and admired.

In 1746, he was appointed one of the physicians to the hospital for lame and sick soldiers behind Buckingham-house. In 1751, he published his poem on Benevolence, in folio, a production which seems to come from the heart, and contains sentiments which could have been expressed with equal ardour only by one who felt them. His Taste, an Epistle to a young critic, 1753, is a lively and spirited imitation of Pope, and the first production in which our author began to view men and manners with a splenetic eye. In 1758, he published Sketches, or Essays on Various Subjects, under the fictitious name of Lancelot Temple, esq. In some of these he is supposed to have been assisted by the celebrated John Wilkes, with whom he lived in habits of intimacy. What Mr. Wilkes contributed we are not told, but this gentleman, with all his moral failings had a more chaste classical taste and a purer vein of humour than we find in these Sketches, which are deformed by a perpetual flow of affectation, a struggle to say smart things, and above all a most disgusting repetition of vulgar oaths and exclamations. This practice, so unworthy of a gentleman or a scholar, seems to have predominated in Dr. Armstrong's conversation, and is not unsparingly scattered through all his works, with the exception of his Art of Preserving Health. It incurred the just censure of the critics of his day, with whom, for this reason, he could never be reconciled.

In 1760, he was appointed physician to the army in Germany, where in 1761 he wrote a poem called Day, addressed to Mr. Wilkes. It was published in the same year, probably by some person to whom Mr. Wilkes had lent it. The editor, in his prefatory advertisement, professes to lament that it is not in his power to present the public with a more perfect copy of this spirited letter. He ventures to publish it exactly as it came into his hands, without the knowledge or consent of the author, or of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. His sole motive is to

communicate to others the pleasure he has received from a work of taste and genius.' He thinks himself secure of the thanks of the public, and hopes this farther advantage will attend the present publication, that it will soon be followed by a correct and compleat edition from the author's own manuscript.

All this is somewhat mysterious, but there will not, however, be much injustice in supposing that Mr. Wilkes conveyed to the press as much of this Epistle as he thought would do credit to the author and to himself. It is certain the poem was published by Andrew Miller who was well acquainted with Dr. Armstrong, and would not have joined in any attempt to injure his fame or property. The poem contains many striking allusions to manners and objects of taste, but the versification is frequently careless: the author did not think proper to add it to his collected works, nor was it ever published in a more correct form.

In this poem he was supposed to reflect on Churchill, but in a manner so distant that few except of Churchill's irascible temper could have laid hold of any cause of offence. This libeller, however, retorted on our author in The Journey, with an accusation of ingratitude, the meaning of which is said to have been, that Dr. Armstrong forgot certain pecuniary obligations he owed to Mr. Wilkes. About the same time a coolness took between place Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Wilkes on political grounds. Armstrong not only serving under government as an army-physician, but he was also a Scotchman, and could not help resenting the indignity which Wilkes was perpetually attempting to throw on that nation in his North Briton. On this account they appear to have continued at variance as late as the year 1773, when our author called Wilkes to account for some reflections on his character which he suspected he had written in his favourite vehicle, the Public Advertiser. The conversation which passed on this occasion was lately published in the Gentleman's Magazine (1792), and is said to have been copied from minutes taken the same afternoon, April 7, 1773, and sent to a friend: but as the doctor makes by far the worst figure in the dialogue, it can be no secret by whom the minutes were taken, and afterwards published. The contests, however, of Wilkes and his friends are of very little moment: there appears to have been no sound principle of friendship among them, and no ties which they did not think themselves at liberty to violate when it suited their interest.

After the peace, Dr. Armstrong resided some years in London, where his practice was confined to a small circle, but where he was respected as a man of general knowledge and taste, and an agreeable companion. In 1770, he published two volumes of Miscellanies, containing the articles already mentioned, except the Economy of Love (an edition of which he corrected for separate publication in 1768) and his Epistle to Mr. Wilkes. The new articles were, the Imitations of Shakespeare and Spenser, the Universal Almanac, and the Forced Marriage, a tragedy, which was offered to Garrick about the year 1754, and rejected. A second part of his Sketches was likewise added to these volumes, and appeared to every delicate and judicious mind, as rambling and improper as the first. "I know not," says Dr. Beattie to his friend sir William Forbes, "what is the matter with Armstrong, but he seems to have conceived a rooted aversion at the whole human race, except a few friends, who, it seems, are dead. He sets the public opinion at defiance: a piece of boldness, which neither Virgil nor Horace

were ever so shameless as to acknowledge. I do not think that Dr. Armstr has any cause to complain of the public: his Art of Health is not indeed a po lar poem, but it is very much liked, and has often been printed. It will make l known and esteemed by posterity: and I presume he will be more esteeme all his other works perish with him. In his Sketches, indeed, are many sens and some striking remarks: but they breathe such a rancorous and contemptu spirit, and abound so much in odious vulgarisms and colloquial execrations, in reading we are as often disgusted as pleased. I know not what to say of Univeral Almanac; it seems to me an attempt at humour, but such humour is either too high or too low for my comprehension. The plan of his tragedy, called The Forced Marriage, is both obscure and improbable: yet there are good strokes in it, particularly in the last scene."

In 1771, he published another extraordinary effusion of spleen, under the title of A short Ramble through some parts of France and Italy, and with his assumed name of Lancelot Temple. This ramble he took in company with Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter, who speaks highly in favour of the general benevolence of his character[2]. In 1773, under his own name, and unfortunately for his reputation, appeared a quarto pamphlet of Medical Essays, in which, while he condemns theory, he plunges into all the uncertainties of theoretical conjectures. He complains, likewise, in a very coarse style, of the neglect he met with as a physician, and the severity with which he was treated as an author, and appears to write with a temper soured by disappointment in all his pursuits.

He died at his house in Russell-street, Covent Garden, on Sept. 7, 1779. His death was attributed to an accidental contusion in his thigh, while getting into the carriage which brought him to town from a visit in Lincolnshire. To the surprise of his friends, who thought that poverty was the foundation of his frequent complaints, he left behind him more than three thousand pounds, saved out of a very moderate income arising principally from his half-pay.

His character is said to have been that of a man of learning and genius, of considerable abilities in his profession, of great benevolence and goodness of heart, fond of associating with men of parts and genius, but indolent and inactive, and therefore totally unqualified to employ the means that usually lead to medical employment, or to make his way through a crowd of competitors. An intimate friendship always subsisted between him and Thomson the poet; as well as with other gentlemen of learning and genius; and he was intimate with, and respected by sir John Pringle, at the time of his death[3]. In 1753, Dr. Theobald addressed two Latin Odes, Ad ingenuum virum, tum medicis, tum poeticis facultatibus præstantem, Johannem Armstrong, M. D[4].

Dr. Armstrong's fame as a poet must depend entirely on his Art of Preserving

[2] He had been acquainted with Mr. Fuseli for many years; and Mr. Isaac Reed informed me that it is to this gentleman he alludes in the following passage in one of his Sketches, published in 1770, On the Influence of Climate upon Genius.—"As to history (painting) itself, besides some promising specimens of it at home, perhaps even this batren age has produced a genius, not indeed of British growth; unpatronized, and at present almost unknown; who may live to astonish, to terrify, and delight all Europe." C.

[3] Nichols' Life of Bowyer, p. 281, 282, 4to. edit. I am happy to inform my readers, that they may soon expect an enlarged edition of this valuable collection of literary history, in four volumes 8vo. C.

[4] Ibid. p. 593.

Health, which, although liable to some of the objections usually offered against didactic poetry, is yet free from the weightiest; and in this respect he may be deemed more fortunate, as he certainly is superior to Philips, Dyer, and Grainger. The Art of Preserving Health is so different from those which are mechanical, that his Muse is seldom invited to an employment beneath her dignity. The means of preserving health are so intimately connected with the mind, and depend so much on philosophy, reflection, and observation, that the author has full scope for the powers of fancy, and for many of those ornamental flights which are not only pleasing, but constitute genuine poetry. In considering the varieties of air and exercise, he has seized many happy occasions for picturesque description; and when treating on the passions, he has many striking passages of moral sentiment, which are vigorous, just, and impressive. In Book II. on Diet, we discover more judgment than poetical inspiration, and he seems to be aware that the subject had a natural tendency to lower his tone. He seems therefore intent in this book principally to render useful precepts familiar, and if possible to make them take hold of the imagination. There are however descriptive passages even here that are very grand. It would perhaps be difficult to select from these volumes an image more finely conceived and uniformly preserved, than where he inculcates the simple precept, that persons who have been exhausted for want of food ought not to indulge when plenty presents itself:

> ——————————While the vital fire
> Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
> But prudently foment the wandering spark
> With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch:
> Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
> At first: that kindled, add a little more:
> Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
> Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows [5].

[5] I have great pleasure in referring the reader to an elaborate criticism on this poem, by Dr. Aikin, prefixed to an ornamented edition, published by Messrs. Cadell and Davies in 1803.

POEMS

OF

DR. ARMSTRONG.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK I.—AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygeia [1]; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant Nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the North,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue serenity of Heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the Fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the shuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth, and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten South;
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess, heav'nly gay!
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
"How best the fickle fabric to support
Of mortal man; in healthful body how
A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.
Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O Mead! a well-design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully Heaven's transparent dom
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she

[1] Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundering chimnies, tame
The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all the unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat!
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
Where choose thy seat in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay.) O! from the summer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Unbrageous Ham!—But if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power of gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
Cold tremours come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine,
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away:
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train:
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow Fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.
In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
For from the humid soil and wat'ry reign
Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.
Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The subtle Heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
Their flexible vibrations! or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
That slow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
Unactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone; and hence in climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.
Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of choosing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further task ensues;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere: though custom moulds
To every clime the soft Promethean clay;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend;
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of wat'ry exhalation: wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray the unwilling lake into the stream;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
Or through the thickets send the crackling flames.
Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air: and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds

upply; or what the wilds
ome pleasures of the chase.
wine, the boast of ripening
ur cups: the languid frame,
from yesterday's debauch,
cold embrace of wat'ry Heavens.
nor all Apollo's arts,
dangers of the dropping sky,
exercise and manly toil [blood.
nerves, and spur the lagging
clime let all the sons of ease
indolence would wish to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening
blood;
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate their rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast: your food supply'd
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave:
That through the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
For with the viscous blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or Winter rolls
His horrours o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
A ponderous Heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the Heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy air, and skies serene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! the brooding elements,
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix in every monstrous day.
Meantime, the moist malignity to shun [paign
Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry cham-
Swells into cheerful hills: where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon [2] with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the West:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring North,
And bleak affliction of the peevish East.
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'r the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious
frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! and whereso'er you build,
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd;
Dry be your house: but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body through with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your
voice,
Or moist gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.
Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the South, commend?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales,
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the Sun!
While on the neighbouring hill the rose in-
flames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fost'ring Sun, whose energy divine

[2] The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of Heaven, and only less than God!

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II.—DIET.

Enough of air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horrour in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and errour leads
Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the table and the homely gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu!
The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; scourg'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at lasts forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
That ripening Nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, those plastic particles
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was given,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expense of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence, the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.
Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too easily subu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But, ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.
Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
The stedfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
Indulge the veteran ox; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal Nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd and scanty fare: for, old or young,
The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholesome food, the abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coyly they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Choose sober meals; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on the enfeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.
I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of India
Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder sustenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment detest
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales; soft, delicious and benign:
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the spring;
The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
The best refection of declining age;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food

As suits [illegible] stomach. But (except,
Amid the [illegible] mass of fish and fowl,
And [illegible] and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sink oppress'd, or whether not by all)
Taught by experience soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue;
Or much diminish or too much increase
Th' expense, which Nature's wise economy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.
Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish; tho' fabling Greece resound
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of Nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy,
Sated with Nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim,
Dismiss your parasites who praise for hire;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men, [yours,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with ev'ry charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of obnoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not meanwhile
How much to morrow differ from to day;
So far indulge; 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.
So Heaven has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts: so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food: unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburthen the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; not often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear: and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
Such feasts might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feeds its kindest touch
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At first; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.
But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: so nature learns to bear

Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is the time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted grace
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen Heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world
The dreaded causos[3] roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and the warmer fare;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impose. Thro' Autumn's languishing domain
Descending, Nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of Winter when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to the indulgent sky:
Now bounteous Nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;
Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most; so does each clime.
Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless Earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know:
These, and their willing slave the deer that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either land maintains:
Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,

[3] The burning fever.

Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervour, and tempestuous course;
Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape:
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Thro' the green shade the golden orange glows:
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp: the cocoa swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: the autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in else intolerable air:
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid Hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks [song.
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves [Po
A mighty flood to water half the East;
And there in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! thro' every nerve
A sacred horrour thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way! Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
Command) to praise your chrystal element:
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works:
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable streams? with eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;

None earnest sought the sires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! their equal days
Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasing yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of Gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.
Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain
The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage [4]
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best: the lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summers heat secure. The crystal stream,
Thro' rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome, pure,
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters;) till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.
Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine, [years,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.
We curse not wine: the vile excess we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! fly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian maids
Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes and various powers.
Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which, by habit's power,
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein.
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane: and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.
Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys;
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain?
What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But, ah! what woes remain! life rolls apace
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime;
Except kind Nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: 'till the larger tubes
Acquiring (from their elemental veins [6],

[4] Hippocrates.

[5] See Book IV.

[6] In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course become less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of

Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows meantime, amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery; and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs: there is a point,
By Nature fix'd, when life must downward tend.
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th' ill supported heart.
This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters still; and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of Nature; thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his song.
What does not fade? the tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the Sun,
The Sun himself, shall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss:
'Till the Great FATHER thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay:
It ever did, perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III.—EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has past;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,

the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

If aught these lays the fickle health [illegible]
To you, ye delicate, I write; for [illegible]
I tame my youth to philosophic [illegible]
And grow still paler by the midnight [illegible]
Not to debilitate with timorous [illegible]
A hardy frame: nor needlessly to [illegible]
Inglorious dangers, proud of [illegible]
Is all the lesson that in wholesome [illegible]
Concerns the strong. His care were [illegible]
Who would with warm effeminacy [illegible]
The thriving oak which on the [illegible]
Bears all the blasts that sweep the [illegible]
ven.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies!
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.
Such the reward of rude and sober life;
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid; if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons; [way,
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.
Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of Nature and the year; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy Heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languour o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.
But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds

Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;
[stream
The Esk, derhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddel; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song; though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery, more romantic
groves,
[flood!
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
Forever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, while life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton
swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The vista best, and best conducts the stream:
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome Spring salutes; who
shows
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champagne.
Thrice happy days! in rural business past:

Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild and tastes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labour in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where, from field to field,
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom still the meed [1] of the green archer
charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your
limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and springy activity,
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire;
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter, and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells,
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous
coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the source

[1] This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies reward or prize.

Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma, and feller peripneumony[s],
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.
Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven deny'd
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity,
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil
Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd, and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,
Or the warm deeds of some important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear! no other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of science; and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded Heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft: or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways.
For through the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious waste
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move: but this restrain'd

Or more or less, so more or less you
The functions labour: from this
What woes descend, never to be
To take their number were to
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd
Or waves that, when the blustering
broils
The Baltic, thunder on the German
Subject not then, by will emollient
This grand expense, on which your
To every caprice of
The genius of your
Least tickle rise the
And least obnoxious to the
Which breathe through straiter and more callous
pores.
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement
Heaven;
And hence our painted ancestors defied
The east: nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.
The body, moulded by the clime, endures
The equator heats or hyperborean frost:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds: and he who
By daily use the kindest regimen [makes
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar: for by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of Hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms

[s] The inflammation of the lungs.

Are loathsome. This the venal graces know;
So doubtless do your wives: for married sires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.
But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wisely done: for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach burn the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharged with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year;
Endless to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the Sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrours of the solemn wood
While the soft evening saddens into night:
Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.
The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too sordid, or too full:
But be the first concoction half-mature'd
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the furies, works with poison'd thought;
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul;
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens and all restless woes.
In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it naught avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies steal.
Creep on, and through the sick'ning functions
As, when the chilling east invades the Spring,
The delicate narcissus pines away
In hectic languor, and a slow disease
Paints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns: But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
O shame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!
By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind
Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply:
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence with long repose
Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt every sense and pow'rless every limb.
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard matrass or elastic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down:
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.
He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd,

Who rises, cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer's glows;
The parting Summer sheds Pomona's store,
And aged Autumn brews the winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of the important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe;
Funeral Autumn all the sickly dread;
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, though the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what seasons teem
With what diseases; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the demon of the East:
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song,
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality;
Soon as a not unpleasing horrour glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:
The all-surrounding Heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, though the putrid
Be shut; though no convulsive agony [South
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less maliguant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drunk
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had quench'd
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field
While, for which tyrant England shed
Her legions in incestuous murders slain,
And daily horrours; all the fates were
With kindred blood by kindred hands
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid fury, like other pests,
Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First, through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash convulsion thence, the quivering
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within; [spark
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the folded pores, the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor ought reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horrour crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid steams
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;
For who surviv'd the Sun's diurnal race
Rose from the dreary gates of Hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive:
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind:
In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursu'd.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,

To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where should they fly? The circumambient Heaven
Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs;
Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigued with vain resources; and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horrour ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.
Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires
That lead thro' Heav'n the wandering year! ye powers
That o'er th' encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities, from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thulé's wintry reign;
While in the west, beyond the Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV.—THE PASSIONS.

The choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic shades
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.
There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to Heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain,
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.
By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes
The natural vital functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.
But 'tis not thought, (for still the soul's employ'd)
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the Heaven and Earth; but long intent
On microscopic arts, its vigour fails.
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious study, discontent, and care,
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,
And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears;
The lover's paleness; and the sallow hue
Of envy, jealousy; the meagre stare
Of sore revenge; the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.
The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift: from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.
While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit

Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:
Quite unemployed, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind;
There madness enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The Sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of Nature: Earth becomes
A dreary desert, and Heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise;
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear
Forms out of nothing, and with monsters teems
Unknown in Hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrours that the murderer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.
Such phantoms pride in solitary scenes,
Or fear, or delicate self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous self-love, with sick'ning fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason: some for fear of want
Want all their lives; and others every day
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish if you can
Those fatal guests; and first the demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events;
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And Heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present: nor with needless cares,
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven.
Oft from the body, by long ails mis-tun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy: and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise;
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely fall'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling [illegible]
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or [illegible] wish
Of nobler minds, and [illegible]
Or join the caravan in quest of [illegible]
New to your eyes, and shifting every [illegible]
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines,
Or more advent'rous, rush into the [illegible]
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul:
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.
But most, too passive when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely harvesting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill. [solves
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dis-
In empty air, Elysium opens round,
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your Heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and as the thund'ring stream,
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cythæron's cruel sides
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish port; you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive champaign you pour
A thousand curses; for to Heav'n it wrapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue even that diviner gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts, decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in Heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A sacred cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;

A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.
How to live happiest? how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen: he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
"Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,"
He said, "'tis the pursuit of all that live:
Yet few attain it, if 'twas ere attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flowery paths of sauntering joy
Seek this coy goddess: that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale:
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
"'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
The gawdy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

"Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care; (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supply'd;)
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy."
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway,
He knew, as far as reason can control
The lawless powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them as you may.
Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope: the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.
But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul;
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,
(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May safely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleases. But ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loathes
The genial board: your cheerful days are gone;
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves

Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body wastes away; th' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven, from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul;
And some have died for love; and some run mad;
And some with desperate hands themselves have slain.
Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with every sting,
And what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still: when Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature: Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of soft joys [was!
How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,
Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diseases haunt you; and untimely age
Creeps on; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious epicure! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour pursue.
Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone;
He chooses to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd, proceeds, and wilful to his fate.
But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway,
Tears up each virtue planted in his breast,
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
For pale and trembling anger [illegible]
With fault'ring speech, and eyes [illegible]
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the [illegible]
Desperate, and arm'd with more [illegible] strength.
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd [illegible]
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or [illegible] with silent care,
Envy, or ignominy, or baser grief,
Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades:
But he whom anger [illegible], drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes [illegible] down:
Or a fierce fever [illegible] him to Hell.
For, as the body thro' [illegible] strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul;
As is the passion, such is still the pain
The body feels, or chronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm [illegible] o'erpowers
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.
There are, meantime, to whom the boist'rous
Is health, and only fills the sails of life. [fit
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl.
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horrour all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.
While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong.
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend, that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well; see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculations of your wiser hours.
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow:
With all that urge or lure us on to fate:
What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new passions to your aid:
With indignation would extinguish fear;
With fear, or generous pity, vanquish rage;
And love with pride; and force to force oppose.
There is a charm, a power, that sways the
Bids every passion revel or be still; [breast;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.

Their power is music: far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt:
Who, like our dancers, (light indeed and strong!)
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;
Good Heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest peals
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
And with insipid show of rapture, die
Of ideot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sound,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breasts;
Or melts the hearts with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One power of physic, melody, and song.

OF BENEVOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES.[1]

1751.

KIND to my frailties still, Eumenes, bear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.
Not oft I sing: the happier for the town,
So stunn'd already they're quite stupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.
Happy for them, I seldom court the Nine;
Another art, a serious art is mine.
Of nauseous verses offer'd once a week,
"You cannot say I did it," if you're sick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to shine by flashy fits
Amongst the daily, weekly, monthly wits.
Content if some few friends indulge my name,
So slightly am I stung with love of fame,
I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praise of all the magazines.
Yet once a moon, perhaps, I steal a night;
And, if our sire Apollo pleases, write. [follow,
You smile: but all the train the Muse that
Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo.

[1] This little piece was addressed to a worthy gentleman, as an expression of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the author a great piece of service.

Unhappy still our poets will rehearse
To Goths, that stare astonish'd at their verse;
To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays:
So gross, so bestial, is the lust of praise!
I to sound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to those who most my subject feel.
Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust [disgust.
With you, whom nought that's moral can
With you I venture, in plain home-spun sense,
What I imagine of Benevolence.
Of all the monsters of the human kind,
What strikes you most is the low selfish mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The steady miser can his years employ;
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Despis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honest warmth of heart, with some degree
Of pity that such wretched things should be,
You scorn the sordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himself the wiser of the two.—
'Tis all but taste, howe'er we sift the case;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boast an angel's share,
Yet has what happiness his organs bear.
Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphic soul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl.
Heav'n form'd him too, and doubtless for some use:
But Crane-court knows not yet all Nature's views.
'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.
Better be born with taste to little rent,
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty which the Gods bestow,
Can Fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
As well might Fortune in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an oyster sovereign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majestic Wren expands the dome;
Blank as pale stucco Rubens lines the room:
Lost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain;
Great Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of Nature are effac'd;
Tempe's soft charms, the raging wat'ry waste;
Each greatly-wild, each sweet romantic scene,
Unheeded rises, and almost unseen.
Yet these are joys, with some of better clay,
To sooth the toils of life's embarrass'd way.
These the fine frame with charming horrours chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all taste the noblest and the best,
The first enjoyment of the generous breast,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious state
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.
Fair views of Nature, shining works of art,
Amuse the fancy: but those touch the heart.
Chiefly for this proud epic song delights,
For this some riot on th' Arabian Nights.
Each case is ours: and for the human mind
'Tis monstrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy, who could taste
Elysium? or be solitarily blest?
Shock'd with surrounding shapes of human woe,
All that or sense or fancy could bestow,
You would reject with sick and coy disdain,
And pant to see one cheerful face again.
But if life's better prospects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould;
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleasing view!

This is a joy possess'd by few indeed!
Dame Fortune has so many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her store,
To yield her smiles where Nature smil'd before.
To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to surprize a friend;
To cheer the modest stranger's lonely state;
Or snatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, possess'd with virtue's noblest fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;
Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a solid fame: [seize;
These are such joys as Heaven's first favourites
These please you now, and will for ever please.
Too seldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, th' occasion must conspire.
Yet few there are so impotent and low,
But can some small good offices bestow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add still something to the general sum:
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits; and Heaven demands no more.
Unhappy he! who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind essay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;
Who, scornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
And with a distant lover's silent pain
Must the best movements of his soul restrain.
But men sagacious to explore mankind
Trace even the coyest passions of the mind.
Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad distress demands it still.
This with the generous lays distinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that resentment ever ought to rise;
For even excess of virtue ranks with vice:
And there are villanies no bench can awe,
That sport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjust nor mean
To seize the proper time for honest spleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even insult the base in humbled state;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.
But I detain you with these tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, but fewer praise.
No matter: could I please the polish'd few
Who taste the serious or the gay like you,
The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
Of every grace—but curse me if I care.
Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twonld more indulge my pride to hear it said,
That I with you the paths of honour tread,
Than that amongst the proud poetic train
No modern boasted a more classic vein;
Or that in numbers I let loose my song,
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn strong.

TASTE.

AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam [illud]
tet?—Malim, me hercule, solus insanire
sobrius aut plebis aut [cujusvis] rhetoris
naviter assentari.—

Author anonym.

Range from Tower-hill all London [through] Fleet,
Thence round the Temple [to] Drurmond's [Bow]-street;
Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn;
Miss not, be sure, my lords and gentlemen;
You'll hardly raise, as I with Petty guess,
Above twelve thousand men of taste; unless
In desperate times a connoisseur may pass.
"A connoisseur! what's that?" 'Tis hard to say:
But you may call around the fair and gay
Have sense, would-be rake, a fluttering fool,
Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.
Alas, vain youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!
You'd split to hear th' insipid coxcomb cry
"Ah, charming Nancy! 'tis too much! I die!"
"Die and be d—n'd," says one; "but let me tell ye
I'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye."
'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote:
At Nando's 'twill but cost you half a groat; [sir;
The Bedford school at three-pence is not dear,
At White's—the stars instruct you for a tester.
But he, whom Nature never meant to share
One spark of taste, will never catch it there:—
Nor no where else; howe'er the booby beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.
Good native taste, though rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in music, painting, or in song.
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
I know, my dear, 'tis needless to deny't,
You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright:
But seven years hence, your relish more matur'd,
What now delights will hardly be endur'd.
The boy may live to taste Racine's fine charms,
Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:
But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care,
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair;
Or with Erasmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squab-hall of merry memory;
Will die a Goth: and nod at Woden's feast[2],
Th' eternal winter long, on Gregory's breast[3].
Long may he swill, this patriarch of the dull,
The drowsy mum—But touch not Maro's skull!
His holy barbarous dotage sought to doom,
Good Heaven! the immortal classics to the tomb!—
Those sacred lights shall bid new genius rise
When all Rome's saints have rotted from the skies.

[1] Sir William Petty, author of the Political Arithmetic.

[2] Alluding to the Gothic Heaven, Woden's hall; where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors out of the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.

[3] Pope Gregory the VIth, distinguished by the name of St. Gregory; whose pious zeal in the cause of barbarous ignorance and priestly tyranny, exerted itself in demolishing, to the utmost of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.

Be these your guides, if at the ivy crown
You aim: each country's classics, and your own.
But chiefly with the ancients pass your prime,
And drink Castalia at the fountain's brim.
The man of genuine Burgundy bred up,
Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his cup.
Those sovereign masters of the Muses skill
Are the true patterns of good writing still.
Their ore was rich and seven times purg'd of lead.
Their art seem'd nature, 'twas so finely hid.
Though born with all the powers of writing well,
What pains it cost they did not blush to tell.
Their ease (my lords!) ne'er loung'd for want of fire,
Nor, did their rage through affectation tire,
Free from all tawdry and imposing glare
They trusted to their native grace of air.
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling soul they seize,
Or sly coy beauties steal it by degrees;
The more you view them still the more they please.
Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit
Who worm their sense out but ne'er taste their spirit.
Witness each pedant under Bentely bred;
Each commentator that e'er commented.
[You scarce can seize a spot of classic ground,
With leagues of Dutch morass so floated round.)
Witness—but sir, I hold a cautious pen,
Lest I should wrong some "honourable men."
They grow enthusiasts too—"'Tis true!,'tis pity!"
But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.
Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad,
Ashley once turn'd a solid barber's head:
Hear all that's said or printed if you can,
Ashley has turn'd more solid heads than one.
Let such admire each great or specious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the same.
"Right!" Yes, a thousand times.—Each fool has heard
That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Despise them civilly with all my heart—
But to convince them is a desperate part.
Why should you tease one for what secret cause
One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras?
'Tis cruel, sir, 'tis needless, to endeavour
To teach a sot of taste he knows no flavour.
To disunite I neither wish nor hope
A stubborn blockhead from his fav'rite fop.
Yes—fop I say, were Maro's self before 'em:
For Maro's self grows dull as they pore o'er him.
But hear their raptures o'er some specious rhyme
Dubb'd by the musk'd and greasy mob sublime.
For spleen's dear sake hear how a coxcomb prates
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats;
"Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, and oaks,"—and all the rest:
"I've heard"—Bless these long ears!—"Heav'ns what a strain!
Good God! what thunders burst in this Campaign!
Hark! Waller warbles! ah! how sweetly killing!
Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!
Rowe breathes a Shakespeare here!—That ode of Prior
Is Spenser quite! egad his very fire!—
As like"—Yes faith! as gum-flowers to the rose,
Or as to claret flat Minorca's dose;
As like as (if I am not grossly wrong)
Erle Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer sung.

Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruse
Each fav'rite modern, ev'n each ancient muse.
With all his comic salt and tragic rage,
The great stupendous genius of our stage,
Boast of our island, pride of human-kind,
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.
His frailties are to ev'ry gossip known:
Yet Milton's pedantries not shock the town.
Ne'er be the dupe of names, however high;
For some outlive good parts, some misapply.
Each elegant Spectator you admire;
But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire?
Masques for the court, and oft a clumsey jest,
Disgrac'd the Muse that wrought the Alchemist.
"But to the ancients."—Faith! I am not clear,
For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which lasts in prose or song
Two thousand years, deserves to last so long.
For not to mention some eternal blades
Known only now in th' academic shades,
(Those sacred groves where raptur'd spirits stray,
And in word-hunting waste the live-long day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics scan,
Do read Messalas'[4] praises if you can.
Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart
While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the Loves and Muses melt in tears;
But not a word of some hexameters.
"You grow so squeamish and so dev'lish dry,
You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I.
Some find him tedious, others think him lame:
But if he lags, his subject is to blame. [tried,
Rough weary roads through barren wilds he
Yet still he marches with true Roman pride:
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
He streams athwart the philosophic night.
Find you in Horace no insipid odes?—
He dar'd to tell us Homer sometimes nods;
And but for such a critic's hardy skill
Homer might slumber unsuspected still.
Tasteless, implicit, indolent, and tame,
At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame.
Hence 'tis, for else one knows not why or how,
Some authors flourish for a year or two:
For many some, more wond'rous still to tell;
Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of Hell.
Of solid merit others pine unknown;
At first, though Carlos[5] swimmingly went down,
Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town.
Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay,
'Till Sommer's hand produc'd him to the day.
But, thanks to Heav'n and Addison's good grace,
Now ev'ry fop is charm'd with Chevy Chace.
Specious and sage, the sovereign of the flock
Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock
Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train
Or crop the downs, or headlong seek the main.
As blindly we our solemn leaders follow,
And good, and bad, and execrable swallow.

[4] A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verse; as yawning and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

[5] Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and justly forgotten, went off with great applause; while his Orphan, a somewhat better performance, and what is yet more strange, his Venice Preserved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of those times, met with a very cold reception.

Pray, on the first throng'd evening of a play
That wears the facies hippocratica [6],
Strong lines of death, signs dire of reprobation;
Have you not seen the angel of salvation
Appear sublime; with wise and solemn rap
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap?—
The rabble knows not where our dramas shine;
But where the cane goes pat—"By G— that's fine!"
Judge for yourself; nor wait with timid phlegm
'Till some illustrious pedant hum or hem.
The lords who starv'd old Ben were learn'dly fond
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd.
Their sons, whose ears bold Milton could not seize,
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and snuff and sneeze,
And swear, and seem as tickled as you please.
Their spawn, the pride of this sublimer age,
Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage.
Though liv'd he now he might appeal with scorn
To lords, knights, 'squires, and doctors, yet unborn;
Or justly mad, to Moloch's burning fane
Devote the choicest children of his brain.
Judge for yourself; and, as you find, report
Of wit, as freely as of beef or port.
Zounds! shall a pert or bluff important wight,
Whose brain is fanciless, whose blood is white;
A mumbling ape of taste; prescribe us laws
To try the poets, for no better cause
Than that he boasts per ann. ten thousand clear,
Yelps in the house, or barely sits a peer?
For shame! for shame! the liberal British soul
To stoop to any stale dictator's rule!
I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
But right or wrong with friends, with foes 'twill out.
Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain
Of trite invention and a flimsy vein,
Tame characters, uninteresting, jejune,
And passions drily copied from Le Brun [7].
For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men, generous Fenelon.
But in the name of goodness, must I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could see?

And then to flatter where there's no reward—
Better be any patron-hunting bard,
Who half our lords with filthy praise besmears,
And sing an anthem to all ministers:
Taste-th' Attic salt in ev'ry peer's poor rebus,
And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.
Alas! so far from free, so far from brave,
We dare not show the little taste we have.
With us you'll see ev'n vanity control
The most refin'd sensations of the soul.
Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakespeare's we defy:
"Lard, madam! 'tis so unpolite to cry!—
For shame, my dear! d'ye credit all this stuff?—
I vow—well, this is innocent enough."
At Athens long ago, the ladies—(married)
Dreamt not they misbehav'd though they miscarried.
When a wild poet with licentious rage
Turn'd fifty furies loose upon the stage.
They were so tender and so easy mov'd,
Heav'ns! how the Grecian ladies must have lov'd!
For all the fine sensations still have dwelt,
Perhaps, where one was exquisitely felt.
Thus he who heavenly Maro truly feels,
Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
The grosser senses too, the taste, the smell,
Are likely truest where the fine prevail:
Who doubts that Horace must have eater'd well?
Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess
What books you doat on from your fav'rite mess.
Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whome'er
The frothy pertness strikes of weak small-beer.
Who steeps the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce
Will hardly loathe the praise that bastes an ass.
Who riots on scotch collops scorns not any
Insipid, fulsome, trashy miscellany;
And who devours whate'er the cook can dish up,
Will for a classic consecrate each bishop [8].
But I am sick of pen and ink; and you
Will find this letter long enough. *Adieu!*

[6] The appearance of the face in the last stage of a consumption, as it is described by Hippocrates.

[7] First painter to Lewis XIV. who, to speak in fashionable French English, called himself Lewis the Great. Our sovereign lords the passions, Love, Rage, Despair, &c. were graciously pleased to sit to him in their turns for their portraits; which he was generous enough to communicate to the public; to the great improvement, no doubt, of history-painting. It was he who they say poisoned Le Sueur; who, without half his advantages in many other respects, was so unreasonable and provoking as to display a genius with which his own could stand no comparison. It was he and his Gothic disciples, who, with sly scratches, defaced the most masterly of this Le Sueur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could snugly reach them. Yet after all these achievements he died in his bed! A catastrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the fine arts are as zealously and judiciously patronised as they are well understood.

IMITATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND SPENSER.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER.

The following imitation of Shakespeare was one of our author's first attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It helped to amuse the solitude of a winter passed in a wild romantic country; and, what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson, soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He showed it to his poetical friends, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who, it seems, did great honour to it; and the first-mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring the author's leave to publish it; a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted. But Mr. Mallet altered his mind; and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

[8] See Pelton's Classics.

The other imitations of Shakespeare happen to have been raked out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of Tereus and Philomela; attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for such achievements. However, they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little repast of scraps.

Now Summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the south-side of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the live-long day.
While Winter rising pale from northern seas
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum.
A blast so shrewd makes the tall-bodied pines
Unsinew'd bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their savage tenements.
Now blows the surly north, and chills throughout
The stiffening regions; while, by stronger charms
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd,
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks,
Lies all bestill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the wither'd reeds: and the rash flood
That from the mountains held its headstrong course,
Buried in livid sheets of vaulting ice,
Seen through the shameful breaches, idly creeps
To pay a scanty tribute to the ocean.
What wonder? when the floating wilderness
That scorns our miles, and calls geography
A shallow pryer; from whose unsteady mirror
The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks;
When this still-raving deep lies mute and dead,
Nor heaves its swelling bosom to the winds.
The surges, baited by the fierce north-east,
Tossing with fretful spleen their angry heads
To roar and rush together,
Even in the foam of all their madness struck
To monumental ice, stand all astride
The rocks they washed so late. Such execution,
So stern, so sud'den, wrought the grisly aspect
Of terrible Medusa, ere young Perseus
With his keen sabre cropt her horrid head,
And laid her serpents rowling on the dust;
When wandering thro' the woods she frown'd to stone
Their savage tenants: just as the foaming lion
Sprung furious on his prey, her speedier power
Outrun his haste; no time to languish in,
But fix'd in that fierce attitude he stands
Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argoses
Lie wedg'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abysm
Has chang'd our ships to horses; the swift bark
Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart,
That now from isle to isle maintain the trade;
And where the surface-haunting dolphin led
Her sportive young, is now an area fit
For the wild school-boy's pastime.
Meantime the evening skies, crusted with ice,
Shifting from red to black their weighty skirts,
Hang mournful o'er the hills; and stealing night
Rides the bleak puffing winds, that seem to spit
Their foam sparse thro' the welkin, which is nothing
If not beheld. Anon the burden'd Heaven
Shakes from its ample sieve the boulted snow;
That fluttering down besprinkles the sad trees
In mockery of leaves; piles up the hills
To monstrous altitude, and chokes to the lips
The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
As to the centre, Nature's vasty breaches.
While all the pride of men and mortal things
Lies whelm'd in Heaven's white ruins.—
The shivering clown digs his obstructed way
Through the snow-barricadoed cottage door;
And muffled in his home-spun plaid encounters
With livid cheeks and rheum-distilling nose
The morning's sharp and scourging breath; to count
His starving flock whose number's all too short
To make the goodly sum of yester-night:
Part deep ingurgitated, part yet struggling
With their last pantings melt themselves a grave
In Winter's bosom; which yields not to the touch
Of the pale languid crescet of this world,
That now with lean and churlish husbandry
Yields heartlessly the remnants of his prime;
And, like most spendthrifts, starves his latter days
For former rankness. He with bleary eye
Blazons his own disgrace; the harness'd waste
Rebellious to his blunt defeated shafts;
And idly strikes the chalky mountains' tops
That rise to kiss the welkin's ruddy lips;
Where all the rash young bullies of the air
Mount their quick slender penetrating wings,
Whipping the frost-burnt villagers to the bones;
And growing with their motion mad and furious,
'Till swoln to tempests they out-rage the thunder;
Winnow the chaffy snow, and mock the skies
Even with their own artillery retorted;
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills
Into the vallies. And as rude hurricanes,
Discharg'd from the wind-swoln cheeks of Heaven,
Buoy up the swilling skirts of Araby's
Inhospitable wilds,
And roll the dusty desert through the skies,
Choaking the liberal air, and smothering
Whole caravans at once; such havoc spreads
This war of Heaven and Earth, such sudden ruin
Visits their houseless citizens, that shrink
In the false shelter of the hills together,
And hear the tempest howling o'er their heads
That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,
Those few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe
Of amorous Summer, quit their ruffian element;
And with domestic tameness hop and flutter
Within the roofs of persecuting man,
(Grown hospitable by like sense of sufferance;)
Whither the hinds, the debt o' the day discharg'd,
From kiln or barn repairing, shut the door
On surly Winter; crowd the clean-swept hearth
And cheerful shining fire; and doff the time,
The whilst the maids their twirling spindles ply,
With musty legends, and ear-pathing tales,
Of giants, and black necromantic bards,
Of air-built castles, feats of madcap knights,
And every hollow fiction of romance.
And, as their rambling-humour leads them, talk
Of prodigies, and things of dreadful utterance,
That set them all agape, rouse up their hair,
And make the ideot drops start from their eyes;
Of church-yards belching flames at dead of night,
Of walking statues, ghosts unaffable,
Haunting the dark waste tower or airless dungeon;
Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
Drinking the summer's moonlight from the flowers;

And all the toys that phantasy pranks up
T' amuse her fools withal.—Thus they lash on
The snail-pac'd hyperborean nights, till Heaven
Hangs with a juster poize: when the murk clouds
Roll'd up in heavy wreathes low-bellying, seem
To kiss the ground, and all the waste of snow
Looks blue beneath 'em; till plump'd with bloating dropsy,
Beyond the bounds and stretch of continence,
They burst at once; down pours the hoarded rain,
Washing the slippery winter from the hills,
And floating all the vallies. The fading scene
Melts like a lost enchantment or vain phantasm
That can no more abuse. Nature resumes
Her old substantial shape; while from the waste
Of undistinguishing calamity,
Forests, and by their sides wide-skirted plains,
Houses and trees arise; and waters flow,
That from their dark confinements bursting, spurn
Their brittle chains; huge sheets of loosen'd ice
Float on their bosoms to the deep, and jarr
And clatter as they pass; th' o'erjutting banks,
As long unpractis'd to so steep a view,
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.
Now ev'ry petty brook that crawl'd along,
Railing its pebbles, mocks the river's rage,
Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge Danube,
While melting mountains rush into its tide,
Rolls with such headstrong and unreined course,
As it would choke the Euxine's gulphy maw,
Bursting its crystal cerements. The breathing time
Of peace expir'd, that hush'd the deafning scenes
Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian war
Rebels, and Nature stands at odds again:
When the rous'd furies of the fighting winds
Torment the main; that swells its angry sides,
And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws;
While through the savage dungeon of the night
The horrid thunder growls. Th' ambitious waves
Assault the skies, and from the bursting clouds
Drink the glib lightening; as if the seas
Would quench the ever-burning fires of Heaven.
Straight from their slipp'ry pomp they madly plunge
And kiss the lowest pebbles. Wretched they
That 'midst such rude vexation of the deep
Guide a frail vessel! Better ice-bound still,
Than mock'd with liberty thus be resign'd
To the rough fortune of the froward time;
When Navigation all a-tiptoe stands
On such unsteady footing. Now they mount
On the tall billow's top, and seem to jowl
Against the stars; whence (dreadful eminence!)
They see with swimming eyes (enough to hurry round
In endless vertigo the dizzy brain)
A gulph that swallows vision, with wide mouth
Steep-yawning to receive them; down they duck
To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
The adamantine gates of vaulted Hell:
Thence toss'd to light again: till borne adrift
Against some icy mountain's bulging sides
They reel, and are no more.—Nor less by land
Ravage the winds, that in their wayward rage
Howl through the wide unhospitable glens;
That rock the stable-planted towers, and shake
The hoary monuments of ancient time
Down to their flinty bases; that engage
As they would tear the mountains from their roots, [heads;
And brush th' high Heavens with their woody
Making the stout oaks bow.—But I forget
That sprightly Ver trips on old Winter's heels.
Cease we these notes too tragic for the time,
Nor jar against great Nature's symphony;
When even the blustrous elements grow tuneful,
Or listen to the concert. Hark! how loud
The cuckoo wakes the solitary wood!
Soft sigh the winds as o'er the greens they stray,
And murmuring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE'S DREAM:

DARKLY EXPRESSIVE OF SOME PAST EVENTS THAT WERE SOON TO BE REVEALED TO HER.

— — — Last night I dreamt,
Whate'er it may forebode it moves me strangely,
That I was rapt into the raving deep;
An old and reverend sire conducted me:
He plung'd into the bosom of the main,
And bade me not to fear but follow him.
I followed: with impetuous speed we div'd,
And heard the dashing thunder o'er our heads,
Many a slippery fathom down we sunk,
Beneath all plummet's sound, and reach'd the bottom.
When there, I ask'd my venerable guide
If he could tell me where my sister was;
He told me that she lay not far from thence
Within the bosom of a flinty rock,
Where Neptune kept her for his paramour,
Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's sight:
And said he could conduct me to the place.
I beg'd he would. Through dreadful ways we past, [side,
'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either
Whence here and there the branching coral sprung; [gold and gems,
O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of
Into a hideous kind of wilderness,
Where stood a stern and prison-looking rock,
Daub'd with a mossy verdure all around,
The mockery of paint. As we drew near,
Out sprung a hydra from a den below,
A speckl'd fury; fearfully it hiss'd,
And roll'd its sea-green eyes so angrily
As it would kill with looking. My old guide
Against its sharp head hurl'd a rugged stone—
The curling monster rais'd a brazen shriek,
Wallow'd and died in fitful agonies.
We gain'd the cave. Through woven adamant
I look'd, and saw my sister all alone.
Employ'd she seem'd in writing something sad,
So sad she look'd: her cheek was wond'rous wan,
Her mournful locks like weary sedges hung.
I call'd—she, turning, started when she saw me,
And threw her head aside as if asham'd:
She wept, but would not speak—I call'd again;
Still she was mute.—Then madly I addrest,
With all the lion-sinews of despair,
To break the flinty ribs that held me out;
And with the struggling wak'd.—

A STORM;

RAISED TO ACCOUNT FOR THE LATE RETURN OF A MESSENGER.

——The Sun went down in wrath;
The skies flash'd brass, and soon th' unchained winds
Burst from the howling dungeon of the north:
And rais'd such high delirium on the main,
Such angry clamour; while such boiling waves
Flash'd on the peevish eye of moody night,
It look'd as if the seas would scald the Heavens.
Still louder chid the winds, th' enchafed surge
Still answer'd louder; and when the sickly morn
Peep'd ruefully through the blotted thick-brow'd cast
To view the ruinous havoc of the dark,
The stately towers of Athens seem'd to stand
On hollow foam tide-whipt; the ships that lay
Scorning the blast within the marble arms
Of the sea-chid Portumnus, dane'd like corks
Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other;
And some were dash'd to fragments in this fray
Against the harbour's rocky chest. The sea
So roar'd, so madly rag'd, so proudly swell'd,
As it would thunder full into the streets,
And steep the tall Cecropian battlements
In foaming brine. The airy citadel,
Perch'd like an eagle on a high-brow'd rock,
Shook the salt water from its stubborn sides
With eager quaking; the Cyclades appear'd
Like ducking cormorants—Such a mutiny
Out-clamour'd all tradition, and gain'd belief
To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
Seven days it storm'd, &c.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

WRITTEN AT MR. THOMSON'S DESIRE, TO BE INSERTED INTO THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Full many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,
And made of passive wights an easy prey.
Here Lethargy with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his sides; and snored night and day.
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eye he shut straightway:
He led I ween the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain or strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsie;
Unwieldly man, with belly monstrous round
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And here a moping mystery did sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye:
She call'd herself the Hypochondriac Fit,
And frantic seem'd to some, to others seem'd a wit:

A lady was she whimsical and proud,
Yet oft thro' fear her pride would crouchen low.
She felt or fancied in her fluttering mood
All the diseases that the spitals know,
And sought all physic that the shops bestow;
And still new leaches and new drugs would try.
'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,
For sometimes she would laugh and sometimes cry,
Sometimes would waxen wroth; and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless virgin pin'd,
With aching head and squeamish heartburnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
But lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shook his chilling wings.
And here the Gout, half tiger half a snake,
Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred stings.
These and a thousand furies more did shake
Those weary realms, and kept ease-loving men awake.

A DAY:

AN EPISTLE TO JOHN WILKES, OF AYLESBURY, ESQ.

Escap'd from London now four moons, and more,
I greet gay Wilkes from Fulda's wasted shore,
Where cloth'd with wood a hundred hills ascend,
Where Nature many a paradise has plann'd:
A land that, e'en amid contending arms,
Late smil'd with culture, and luxuriant charms;
But now the hostile scythe has bar'd her soil,
And her sad peasants starve for all their toil.
What news to day?—I ask you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune 's now in vogue;
What forward blundering fool was last preferr'd,
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;
With what new cheat the gaping town was smit;
What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit;
What stuff for winter the two Booths have mixt;
What bouncing mimic grows a Roscius next.
Wave all such news: I've seen too much, my friend,
To stare at any wonders of that kind.
News, none have I: you know I never had;
I never long'd the day's dull lye to spread;
I left to gossips that sweet luxury,
More in the secrets of the great than I;
To nurses, midwives, all the slippery train,
That swallow all, and bring up all again:
Or did I e'er a brief event relate,
You found it soon at length in the Gazette.
Now for the weather—This is England still
For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill.
Even now the pond'rous rain perpetual falls,
Drowns every camp, and crowds our hospitals.
This soaking deluge all unstrings my frame,
Dilutes my sense, and suffocates my flame—
'Tis that which makes these present lines so tame.
The parching east wind still pursues me too—
Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew?—
By Heaven, it slays Japan, perhaps Peru!
It blasts all Earth with its envenom'd breath,
That scatters discord, rage, diseases, death.

'Twas the first plague that burst Pandora's chest,
And with a livid smile sow'd all around the rest.
Heaven guard my friend from every plague that flies,
Still grant him health, whence all the pleasures rise.
But oft diseases from slow causes creep,
And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

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Mean time excuse me that I slily snatch
The only theme in which I shine your match.
You study early: some indulge at night,
Their prudish Muse steals in by candle-light;
Shy as the Athenian bard, she shuns the day,
And finds December genial more than May.
But happier you who court the early Sun,
For morning visits no debauch draw on,
Nor so the spirits, health, or sight impair,
As those that pass in the raw midnight air.
The task of breakfast o'er; that peevish, pale,
That lounging, yawning, most ungenial meal;
Rush out, before these fools rush in to worry ye,
Whose business is to be idle in a hurry,
Who kill your time as frankly as their own,
And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone.
These flies all fairly flung, where'er the house,
Your country's business, or your friend's, allows,
Rush out, enjoy the fields and the fresh air;
Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.
Yet in the torrid months I would reverse
This method, leave behind both prose and verse;
With the grey dawn the hills and forest roam,
And wait the sultry noon embower'd at home,
While every rural sound improves the breeze,
The railing stream, the busy rooks, and murmur of the bees.
You'll hardly choose these cheerful jaunts alone—
Except when some deep scheme is carrying on.
With you at Chelsea oft may I behold
The hopeful bud of sense her bloom unfold,
With you I'd walk to * * * * * *
To rich, insipid Hackney, if you will:
With you no matter where, while we're together,
I scorn no spot on Earth, and curse no weather.
When dinner comes, amid the various feast,
That crowns your genial board, where every guest,
Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,
And none e'er sigh'd for the mind's elbow-room;
I warn you still to make your chief repast
On one plain dish, and trifle with the rest.

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Beef, in a fever, if your stomach crave it,
Ox-cheek, or mawkish cod, be sure you have it.
For still the constitution, even the case,
Directs the stomach; this informs the taste;
And what the taste in her capricious fits
Coyly, or even indifferently admits,
The peevish stomach, or disdains to toil,
Or indolently works to vapid chyle.
This instinct of the taste so seldom errs,
That if you love, yet smart for cucumbers,
Or plumbs of bad repute, you'll likely find
'Twas for you separated what Nature join'd,
The spicy kernel here, and there the rind.

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'Tis strange how blindly we from Nature stray!
The only creatures we that miss their way!
"To err is human," man's prerogative,
Who'as too much sense by Nature's laws to live:
Wiser than Nature he must thwart her plan,
And ever will be spoiling, where he can.
'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream,
Nor earth to a gilded cake; not e'en could tame
Niagara's steep abyss to crawl down stairs',
Or dress in roses the dire Cordelliers *:
But what he can he does: well can he trim
A charming spot into a childish whim;
Can every generous gift of Nature spoil,
And rates their merits by his cost and toil.
Whate'er the land, whate'er the seas produce,
Of perfect texture, and exalted juice,
He pampers, or to fulsome fat, or drains,
Refines and bleaches, till no taste remains.

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Enough to fatten fools, or drive the dray,
But plagues and death to those of finer clay.
No corner else, 'tis not to be denied,
Of all our isle so rankly is supplied
With gross productions, and adulterate fare,
As our renown'd abode, whose name I spare.
They cram all poultry, that the hungry fox
Would loathe to touch them; e'en their boasted ox
Sometimes is glutted so with unctuous spoil,
That what seems beef is rather rape-seed oil.
D'ye ye know what brawn is?—O th' unhappy beast!
He stands eternal, and is doom'd to feast
Till—but the nauseous process I forbear—
Only, beware of brawn—besure, beware!
Yet brawn has taste—it has; their veal has none,
Save what the butcher's breath inspires alone;
Just Heaven one day may send them hail for wheat,
Who spoil all veal because it should be white.
'Tis hard to say of what compounded paste
Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no taste,
Whether 'tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour,
Shell'd and refin'd till it has taste no more;
But if the lump be white, and white enough,
No matter how insipid, dry or tough.
In salt itself the sapid savour fails,
Burnt alum for the love of white prevails:
While tasteless cole-seed we for mustard sail-low,
'Tis void of zest indeed—but still 'tis yellow.
Parsnip, or parsley-root, the rogues will soon
Scrape for horse-radish, and 'twill pass unknown,
For by the colour, not the taste, we prove all,
As hens will sit on chalk, if 'tis but oval.
I must with caution the cook's reign invade,
Hot as the fire, and hasty from his trade,

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* Vide Chatsworth, 1753.

* Les Cordelleiras des Andes are a chain of hills which run through South-America.

A cook of taste, bid him roast a hare,
By all that's hot and horrible would swear,
Parch out of dryness! zounds, that's not the thing—
But stew it up, and he might half dine a king.
His gen'rous broth I shout! almost prefer
To turtle soup, though turtle travels far.
You think me nice perhaps: yet I could dine
On roasted rabbit; or fat turkey and chine;
Or fulsome hasket; or most drily cram
My throat with tasteless fillet and wet ham:
But let me ne'er of mutton-saddle eat,
That solid phantom, that most specious cheat;
Yet loin is passable, he was no fool
Who said the half is better than the whole:

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But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,
We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er,
I would all claret, even champaign forbear;
Give me fresh water—bless me with small-beer.
But still whate'er you drink with cautious lip
Approach, survey, and e'er you swallow, sip;
For often, O defend all honest throats!
The reeling wasp on the drench'd borage floats.
I've known a dame, sage else as a divine,
For brandy whip off ipecacuan wine;
And I'm as sure amid your careless glee,
You'll swallow port one time for cote-rotie.
But you aware of that Lethean flood,
Will scarce repeat the dose—forbid you should!
'Tis such a deadly foe to all that's bright,
'Twould soon encumber e'en your fancy's flight:
And if 'tis true what some wise preacher says,
That we our gen'rous ancestors disgrace,
The fault from this pernicious fountain flows,
Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes;
And ere our maudlin genius mounts again,
'Twill cause a sea of claret and champaign
Of this retarding glue to rinse the nation's brain.
The mud-fed carp refines amid the springs,
And time and burgundy might do great things:
But health and pleasure we for trade despise,
For Portugal's grudg'd gold our genius dies.
O hapless race! O land to be bewail'd!
With murders, treasons, horrid deaths appal'd;
Where dark-red skies with livid thunders frown,
While Earth convulsive shakes her cities down;
Where Hell in Heaven's name holds her impious court,
And the grape bleeds out that black poison, port;
Sad poison to themselves, to us still worse,
Brew'd and rebrew'd, a double, treble, curse.
Toss'd in the crowd of various rules, I find
Still some material business left behind:

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The fig, the gooseberry, beyond all grapes,
Mellower to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.
But pleasures of this kind are best enjoy'd,
Beneath the tree, or by the fountain side,
Ere the quick soul, and dewy bloom exhale,
And vainly melt into the thankless gale.

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Who from the full meal yield to natural rest,
A short repose; 'tis strange how soon you'll find
A second morn rise cheerful on your mind:
Besides it softly, kindly, sooths away
The saddest hour to some that damps the day.
But if you're coy to sleep, before you spread
Some easy-trotting poet's lines—you're dead
At once: even these may hasten your repose,
Now rapid verse, now halting nearer prose;
There smooth, here rough, what I suppose you'd chuse,
As men of taste hate sameness in the Muse:
Yes, I'd adjourn all drinking till 'tis late,
And then indulge, but at a moderate rate.
By Heaven not * * * with all his genial wit,
Should ever tempt me after twelve to sit—
You laugh—at noon you say: I mean at night.
'I long to read your name once more again,
But while at Cassel, all such longing's vain.
Yet Cassel else no sad retreat I find,
While good and amiable Gayot[3] is my friend,
Generous and plain, the friend of human-kind;
Who scorns the little-minded's partial view;
One you would love, one that would relish you.
With him sometimes I sup, and often dine,
And find his presence cordial more than wine.
There lively, genial, friendly, Goy and I
Touch glasses oft to one whose company
Would—but what's this?—Farewell—within two hours
We march for Hoxter—ever, ever yours.

[3] Mons. de Gayot, fils, conseiller d'estat, et intendant de l'armée Françoise en Allemagne.

THE

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

THE

LIFE OF JOHNSON,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE admission of Dr. Johnson's poems into the supplement to his own collection, published in 1793, renders some account of his life necessary in this place. I am aware that the following is short and may not be thought satisfactory, for what can be satisfactory to those who have read Mr. Boswell's very interesting volumes, and who that has read them is unacquainted with the mind, the habits, the genius of Dr. Johnson? Still as some account is indispensible to preserve the uniformity of our plan, an attempt has been made to compress the leading events of his life in a short narrative, which may perhaps refresh the memory, although it can add nothing to the vast fund of information already before the public.

This highly distinguished writer was born on the 18th of September 1709, at Litchfield in Staffordshire, where his father Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, was at that time a bookseller and stationer. His mother, Sarah Ford, was a native of Warwickshire, and sister to Dr. Ford, physician, who was father to Cornelius Ford, a clergyman of loose character, whom Hogarth has satirized in one of the prints of his Modern Midnight Conversation.

Our author was the eldest of two sons. Nathaniel, the youngest, died in 1737, in his twenty-fifth year. The father was a man of robust body and active mind, yet occasionally depressed by melancholy, which Samuel inherited, and, with the aid of a stronger mind, was not always able to shake off. He was also a steady high-churchman, and an adherent of the house of Stuart, a prejudice which his son outlived in the nation at large, without entirely conquering in himself. Mrs. Johnson was a woman of good natural understanding, unimproved by education, and our author acknowledged, with gratitude, that she endeavoured to instil sentiments of piety as soon as he was capable of any instruction. There is little else in his family history worthy of notice, nor had he much pleasure in tracing his pedigree. He venerated others, however, who could produce a recorded ancestry; and used to say, that in him this was disinterested, for he could scarcely tell who was his grandfather.

That he was remarkable in his early years has been supposed, have not been advanced by his biographers. He had, indee mory, and soon discovered symptoms of an impetuous temper. stances are not enough to distinguish him from hundreds of chi tain eminence. In his infancy he was afflicted with the scro his sight, and he was carried to London to receive the royal of queen Anne, the last of our sovereigns who encouraged stition.

He was first taught to read English by a woman who ke children at Litchfield, and afterwards by one Brown. Lati field-school, under Mr. Hunter, a man of severe disci teacher. Johnson owned that he needed correction, and spare him, but this instead of being the cause of unpleas advanced life, served only to convince him that severity in cessary, and in all his conversations on the subject, he persisted in liberal use of the rod.

At this school his superiority was soon acknowledged by his companions, who could not refuse submission to the ascendancy which he acquired. His proficiency, however, as in every part of his life, exceeded his apparent diligence. He could learn more than others in the same allotted time, and he was learning when he seemed to be idle. He betrayed an early aversion to stated tasks, but, if roused, he could recover the time he appeared to have lost with great facility. Yet he seems afterwards to have been conscious that much depends on regularity of study, and we find him often prescribing to himself stated portions of reading, and recommending the same to others. No man perhaps was ever more sensible of his failings, or avowed them with more candour, nor, indeed, would many of them have been known, if he had not exhibited them as warnings.

His memory was uncommonly tenacious, and to his last days he prided himself on it, considering a defect of memory as the prelude of total decay. Perhaps he carried this doctrine rather too far, when he asserted that the occasional failure of memory in a man of seventy must imply something radically wrong; but it may be in general allowed that the memory is a pretty accurate standard of mental strength.

Although his weak sight prevented him from joining in the amusements of his school-fellows, for which he was otherwise well qualified by personal courage and an ambition to excell, he found an equivalent pleasure in sauntering in the fields, or reading such books as came into his way, particularly old romances. For these he retained a fondness throughout life, but was wise and candid enough to attribute to them, in some degree, that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his fixing in any profession.

About the age of fifteen, he paid a long visit to his uncle Cornelius Ford, but on his return his master, Hunter, refused to receive him again on the foundation of Litchfield-school; what his reasons were is not known. He was now removed to the school of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, where he remained about a year, with very little acquisition of knowledge but here, as well as at Lichfield, he gave several proofs of his inclination to poetry, and afterwards published some of

[illegible] juvenile productions in the Gentleman's Magazine. From Stourbridge he [illegible] home, where he remained about two years, without any regular appli[illegible] time, however, was not entirely wasted, as he employed it in reading many of the ancient writers, and stored his mind with so much various information, that when he went to Oxford, Dr. Adams said he "was the best qualified for the university that he had ever known come there."

By what means his father was enabled to defray the expense of an university education has not been very accurately told. It is generally reported that he went to assist the studies of a young gentleman of the name of Corbet. His friend, Dr. Taylor, assured Mr. Boswell, that he never could have gone to college, had not a gentleman of Shropshire, one of his school-fellows, spontaneously undertaken to support him at Oxford, in the character of his companion, though, in fact, he never received any assistance whatever from that gentleman. He was, however, entered a commoner of Pembroke College on the 31st October 1728. His tutor was Mr. Jordan, a fellow of Pembroke, a man whom Johnson mentioned with respect many years after, but to whose instructions he did not pay much regard, except that he formally attended his lectures, as well as those in the College-hall. It was at Jordan's request that he translated Pope's Messiah into Latin verse, as a Christmas exercise. Pope is said to have expressed his high approbation of it, but critics in that language, among whom Pope could never be ranked, have not considered Johnson's Latin poems as the happiest of his compositions. When Jordan left college to accept of a living, Johnson became a scholar of Dr. Adams, who was afterwards the head of Pembroke, and with whom Johnson maintained a strict friendship to the last hour of his life.

During the vacation, in the following year, he suffered severely by an attack of his constitutional melancholy, accompanied by alternate irritation, fretfulness and languor. It appears, however, that he resisted his disorder by every effort of a great mind, and proved that it did not arise from want of mental resources, or weakness of understanding. On his return to the university, he probably continued his desultory manner of reading, and occasionally formed resolutions of regular study, in which he seldom persisted. Among his companions he was looked up to as a young man of wit and spirit, singular and unequal in temper, impatient of college rules, and not over respectful to his seniors. Such at least seems to be the result of Mr. Boswell's inquiries, but little is known with certainty, except what is painful to relate, that he either put on an air of gaiety to conceal his anxious cares, or secluded himself from company that that poverty might not be known which at length compelled him to leave college without a degree.

He now (1731) returned to Litchfield, with very gloomy prospects. His father died a few months after his return, and the little he left behind him was barely sufficient for the temporary support of his widow. In the following year our author accepted the place of usher of the school of Market Bosworth in Leicestershire, an employment which the pride of sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron, soon rendered irksome, and he threw it up in a disgust which recurred whenever he recollected this part of his history. For six months after, he resided at Birmingham as the guest of Mr. Hector, an eminent surgeon, and is supposed during that time to have furnished some periodical essays for a newspaper printed by Warren a bookseller in

Birmingham. Here, too, he abridged and transl[illegible] Abyssinia, which was published in 1735 by Bettes[illegible] Row, London. For this, his first literary performa[illegible] sum of five guineas. In the translation there is little tha[illegible] son, but in the preface and dedication are a few passages in [illegible] manly style which he may be said to have invented, and [illegible] countrymen.

In 1734, he returned to Litchfield, and issued proposals for an edition [illegible] Latin poems of Politian, with the history of Latin poetry, from the era of [illegible] trarch to the time of Politian, and also the life of Politian; the book to be print[illegible] ed in thirty octavo sheets, price five shillings. Those who have not attended [illegible] the literary history of this country will be surprised that such a work could [illegible] be undertaken without the precaution of a subscription, and they will regret [illegible] in this case the subscription was so inadequate to the expense of printing as to [illegible] our author from executing what probably would have made him known and pa[illegible] tronized by the learned world.

Disappointed in this scheme, he offered his services to Mr. Cave, the proprie[illegible] tor and editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, who had given some proofs of a li[illegible] beral spirit of enterprize in calling forth the talents of unknown and ingenious writers. On this occasion he suggested some improvements in the management of the Magazine and specified the articles which he was ready to supply. Cave answered his letter, but it does not appear that any agreement was formed at this time. He soon, however, entered into a connection of a more tender kind, which ended in marriage. His wife, who was about twenty years older than himself, was the widow of Mr. Porter, a mercer of Birmingham, a lady whose character has been variously represented, but seldom to her discredit. She was, however, the object of his first passion, and although they did not pass the whole time of their union in uninterrupted harmony, he lamented her death with unfeigned sorrow, and retained an enthusiastic veneration for her memory.

She had a fortune of eight hundred pounds, and with part of this he hired a large house at Edial near Litchfield, which he fitted up as an academy, where young gentlemen were to be boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages. Gilbert Walmsley, a man of learning and worth, whom he has celebrated by a character drawn with unparalleled elegance, endeavoured to promote this plan, but it proved abortive. Three pupils only appeared, one of whom was David Garrick: with these he made a shift to keep the school open for about a year and a half, and was then obliged to discontinue it, perhaps not much against his inclination. No man knew better than Johnson what ought to be taught, but the business of education was confessedly repugnant to his habits and his temper.

During this short residence at Edial, he wrote a considerable part of his Irene, which Mr. Walmsley advised him to prepare for the stage, and it was probably by this gentleman's advice that he determined to try his fortune in London. His pupil Garrick had formed the same resolution, and in March 1737, they arrived in London together. Garrick, after some farther preparatory education, was designed for the study of the law, but in three or four years went on the stage, obtained the highest honours that dramatic fame could confer, with a fortune splendid

beyond all precedent. The difference in the lot of these two young men [illegible] to many reflections on the taste of the age, and the value of its patron[illegible] they are too obvious to be obtruded on any reader of feeling or judg[illegible] and to others they would be unintelligible.

In what manner Johnson was employed for some time after his arrival in London, is not known. He brought a small sum of money with him, and he husbanded it with frugality, while he mixed in such society as was accessible to a friendless and uncourtly scholar, and amused himself in contemplating the manners of the metropolis. It appears that at one time he took lodgings at Greenwich, and proceeded by fits to complete his tragedy. He renewed his application also to Cave, sending him a specimen of a translation of the History of the Council of Trent, and desiring to know if Cave would join in the publication of it. Cave appears to have consented, for twelve sheets were printed for which our author received forty-nine pounds, but another translation being announced about the same period (1738) by a rival whose name was also Samuel Johnson, librarian of St. Martins in the Fields, our author desisted, and the other design was also dropped.

In the course of the summer he went to Litchfield, where he had left Mrs. Johnson, and there, during a residence of three months, finished his tragedy for the stage. On his return to London with Mrs. Johnson, he endeavoured to prevail on Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury-lane theatre, to accept Irene, but in this was unsuccessful, and having no interest with any other manager, he laid aside his play in pursuit of literary employment. He had now become personally known to Cave, and began to contribute to the Magazine original poetry, Latin, and English translations, biographical sketches, and other miscellaneous articles, particularly the debates in parliament, under the name of the Senate of Lilliput. At that time the debates were not allowed to be published, as now, the morning after the day of meeting, and the only safe mode of conveying the substance of them to the public was by adopting a historical form at more distant periods. At first, Johnson merely revised the manuscript as written by Guthrie [1], who then supplied this department of the Magazine, but when Guthrie had attained a higher rank among authors, the whole devolved on his coadjutor. His only materials were a few notes supplied by persons who attended the houses of parliament, from which, and sometimes from information even more scanty, he compiled a series of speeches, of which the sentiments as well as the style were often his own. In his latter days he disapproved of this practice, and desisted from writing the speeches as soon as he found they were thought genuine.

The value of his contributions to this Magazine must have been soon acknowledged. It was then in its infancy, and there is a visible improvement from the time he began to write for it. Cave had a contriving head, but with too much of literary quackery. Johnson, by recommending original or selected pieces calculated to improve the taste and judgment of the public, raised the dignity of the Magazine above its contemporaries, and to him we certainly owe, in a great measure, the various information and literary history for which that miscellany has ever

[1] Guthrie composed the parliamentary speeches from July 1736, and Johnson succeeded him November 1740, and continued them to February 1742-3. *C.*

been distinguished, and in which it has never been interrupted by a rival. By some manuscript memorandums concerning Dr. Johnson, the late Dr. Farmer, and obligingly given to me by Mr. Nichols, it appears he was considered as the conductor or editor of the Magazine for some time, received an hundred pounds per annum from Cave.

In the year 1738, he made his name at once known and highly respected among the eminent men of his time, by the publication of London, a poem in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. The history of this publication is not uninteresting. Young authors did not then present themselves to the public without much care and preparation. Johnson conveyed his poem to Cave as the production of another, of a man who was "under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune," and to give some encouragement to the printer, he not only offered to correct the press, but even to make any stroke of satire which he might dislike. Cave, whose heart appears to have been in advantage in this than in some other of his transactions with authors, sent a present to Johnson for the use of his poor friend, and afterwards, it appears, recommended Dodsley as a purchaser. Dodsley had just began business, and had speculated but on a few publications of no great consequence. He had, however, judgment enough to discern the merit of the poem now submitted to him, and bargained for the whole property. The sum Johnson received was ten guineas, and such were his circumstances, or such the state of literary property at that time, that he was fully content, and was ever ready to acknowledge Dodsley's useful patronage.

The poem was accordingly published in May 1738, and on the same morning with Pope's Satire of Seventeen Hundred and Thirty Eight. Johnson's was so eagerly bought up, that a second edition became necessary in less than a week. Pope behaved on this occasion with great liberality. He bestowed high praise on the London, and intimated that the author, whose name had not yet appeared, could not be long concealed. In this poem may be observed some of those political prejudices for which Johnson contended more frequently afterwards. He thought proper to join in the popular clamour against the administration of sir Robert Walpole, but lived to reflect with more complacency on the conduct of that minister when compared with some of his successors.

His London procured him fame, and Cave was not sorry to have engaged the services of a man whose talents had now the stamp of public approbation. Whether he had offers of patronage, or was thought a formidable enemy to the minister, is not so certain, but having leisure to calculate how little his labours were likely to produce, he soon began to wish for some establishment of a more permanent kind. With this view an offer was made to him of the mastership of the school of Appleby in Leicestershire, the salary of which was about sixty pounds, but the laws of the school required that the candidate should be a master of arts. The university of Oxford, when applied to, refused to grant this favour. Earl Gower was then solicited in behalf of Johnson, by Pope, who knew him only as the author of London. His lordship accordingly wrote to Swift, soliciting a diploma from the university of Dublin, but for what reason we are not told, this application too was unsuccessful. Mr. Murphy says, "There is reason to think that Swift declined to meddle in the business: and to that circumstance Johnson's known dislike of Swift has often been imputed." That Swift declined to meddle

in the business is not improbable, for it appears by his letters of this date (August 1738) that he was incapable of attending to any business: but Johnson's Life of Savage proves that his dislike had a more honourable foundation.

About this time Johnson formed a design of studying the civil law, in order to practise in the Commons, yet this also was rendered impossible for want of a degree, and he was obliged to resume his labours in the Gentleman's Magazine. The various articles which came from his pen are enumerated in chronological series by Mr. Boswell. It will be sufficient for the present sketch to notice only his more important productions, or such as were of sufficient consequence to be published separately.

In 1739, he wrote A complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage, from the malicious and scandalous Aspersions of Mr. Brooke, Author of Gustavus Vasa: and a political tract entitled Marmor Norfolciense, or an Essay on an ancient prophetical Inscription, in monkish Rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk, by Probus Britannicus. These pieces, it is almost needless to add, were ironical, a mode of writing in which our author was not eminently successful. Some notice has already been taken of Gustavus Vasa in the life of Brooke. The Marmor Norfolciense was a severe attack on the Walpole administration and on the reigning family: but whether it was not well understood, or when understood, considered as feeble, it certainly was not much attended to by the friends of government, nor procured to the author the reputation of a dangerous opponent. Sir John Hawkins indeed says, that a prosecution was ordered, but of this no traces can be found in any of the public offices. One of his political enemies reprinted it in the year 1775, to show what a change had been effected in his principles by a pension, but the publisher does not seem to have known how little change was really effected, and how little was necessary to render Johnson a loyal subject to his munificent sovereign, and a determined enemy of the popular politics of that time.

His next publication of any note was his Life of Savage, which he afterwards prefixed to that poet's works when admitted into his collection. With Savage he had been for some time intimately acquainted, but how long is not known. They met at Cave's house. Johnson admired his abilities, and while he sympathized with the very singular train of misfortunes which placed him among the indigent, was not less touched by his pride of spirit, and the lofty demeanour with which he treated those who neglected him. In all Savage's virtues, there was much in common with Johnson, but his narrative shows with what nicety he could separate his virtues from his vices, and blame even firmness and independence when they degenerated into obstinacy and misanthropy. He has concealed none of Savage's failings, and what appears of the exculpatory kind, is merely an endeavour to present a just view of that unfortunate combination of circumstances by which Savage was driven from the paths of decent and moral life; and to incite every reflecting person to put the important question "who made me to differ?"

This life, of which two editions were very speedily sold, affords an extraordinary proof of the facility with which Johnson composed. He wrote forty-eight pages of the printed copy in the course of a day, or night, for it is not very clear which.

His biographer who records this, enter
tended to prove that Savage was not the
had this been possible, it would surely
might have been rendered unanswerable.

In 1745, he published Miscellaneous
beth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas H
he affixed proposals for a new edition o
devoting his whole time to this undertak
cal contributions during the years 1745 and 1746. It is perhaps too rash to con-
clude that he declined writing in the Magazine because he would not join in the sup-
port of government during the rebellion in Scotland; but there are abundant proofs
in Mr. Boswell's Life, that his sentiments were favourable to that attempt. As to
plan of an edition of Shakspeare, he had many difficulties to encounter. Little notice
was taken of his proposals, and Warburton was known to be engaged in a simi-
lar undertaking. Warburton, however, had the liberality to praise his observa-
tions on Macbeth, as the production of a man of parts and genius: and Johnson
never forgot the favour. Warburton, he said, praised him when praise was of
value.

In 1747, he resumed his labours in the Gentleman's Magazine, and although
many entire pieces cannot be ascertained to have come from his pen, he was fre-
quently, if not constantly, employed to superintend the materials of the magazine,
and several introductory passages may be pointed out which bear evident marks
of his composition. In this year his old pupil and friend, Garrick, became mana-
ger of Drury-lane theatre, and obtained from Johnson a prologue, which is ge-
nerally esteemed one of the finest productions of that kind in our language. In
this year also he issued his plan for a Dictionary of the English language.

The design of this great work was at first suggested by Dodsley, and Johnson,
having consented to undertake it, entered into an agreement with the booksellers for
the sum of fifteen hundred guineas, which he was to receive in small payments propor-
tioned to the quantity of manuscript sent to press. The plan was addressed to the
celebrated earl of Chesterfield, who had discovered an inclination to be the patron
of the author, and Johnson having made suitable preparations, hired a house in
Gough-Square, engaged amanuenses, and began a task which he carried on by fits,
as inclination and health permitted, for nearly eight years. His amanuenses
were six in number, and employed upon what may be termed the mechanical part
of the work, but their expenses and his own were so considerable, that before
the work was concluded, he had received the whole of the money stipulated for
in his agreement with the proprietors. In what time it might have been com-
pleted, had he, to use his own phrase, "set doggedly about it," it is useless to
conjecture, and it would perhaps have been hurtful to try. Whoever has been em-
ployed on any great literary work knows, not only the pleasure, but the neces-
sity of occasional relaxation; and Johnson's mind, stored with various knowledge,
and a rich fund of sentiment, afforded him many opportunities of this kind, in ad-
dition to the love of society, which was his predominant passion. We find ac-
cordingly, that during the years in which his Dictionary was on hand, he accepted

soon inferior employment from the booksellers, and produced some of the most valuable of his original works.

1749, he published his second imitation of Juvenal, under the title of the Vanity of Human Wishes, for which, with all the fame he had now acquired, he received fifteen guineas. In his London, we have the manners of common life; in the Vanity of Human Wishes, he has given us more of his own mind, more of the train of sentiment, excited sometimes by poverty, and sometimes by disappointment, which always inclined him to view the gloomy side of human affairs.

In the same year, Garrick offered to produce his Irene on the Drury-lane theatre, but pressed at the same time to suggest such alterations as his superior knowledge of stage effect might be supposed to justify. Johnson did not much like that his labours should be revised and amended at the pleasure of an actor, and with some difficulty was persuaded to yield to Garrick's advice. The play, however, was at length performed, but without much success; although the manager contrived to have it played long enough to entitle the author to the profits of his three nights, and Dodsley bought the copy right for one hundred pounds. It is now added to his poetical works, as it has ever been admired in the closet, for the propriety of its sentiments and the elegance of its language.

In 1750, he commenced a work which raised his fame yet higher than it had ever yet reached, and will probably convey his name to the latest posterity. He appears to have entered on the Rambler without any communication with his friends, or desire of assistance. Whether he proposed the scheme himself, is uncertain, but he was fortunate enough in forming a connexion with Mr. John Payne, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, and afterwards chief accountant in the Bank of England, a man with whom he lived many years in habits of friendship, and who on the present occasion treated him with great liberality. He engaged to pay him two guineas for each paper, or four guineas *per* week, which at that time must have been to Johnson a very considerable sum; and he admitted him to a share of the future profits of the work, when it should be collected into volumes: this share Johnson afterwards sold. As I have given a full history of this paper in another work[2], it may suffice to add that it began Tuesday, March 20, 1749-50, and closed on Saturday, March 14, 1752. So conscious was Johnson that his fame would in a great measure rest on this production, that he corrected the first two editions with the most scrupulous care, of which specimens are given in the volume referred to in the note.

In 1751, he was carrying on his Dictionary and the Rambler, and besides some occasional contributions to the Magazine, assisted in the detection of Lauder, who had imposed on him and on the world by advancing forged evidence, that Milton was a gross plagiary. Dr. Douglas, the late bishop of Salisbury, was the first who refuted this unprincipled impostor; and Johnson, whom Lauder's ingenuity had induced to write a preface and postscript to his work, now dictated a letter addressed to Dr. Douglas, acknowledging his fraud in terms of contrition, which Lauder subscribed. The candour of Johnson on this occasion was as readily ac-

[2] British Essayists, vol. xix. Preface to the Rambler. *C.*

knowledged at that time, as it has since bee
rents to Milton's politics. Lauder, how
and published in 1754, a pamphlet entitle
Milton convicted of Forgery against Charl
in the Gentleman's Magazine of that year,

The Rambler was concluded on March
thor's wife died, a loss which he long deplo
recollected without emotion. Many instan
collection of Prayers and Meditations publish
they may expose him to ridicule, combine to
uniformly sincere. She was buried at Brom
scription on her tomb. She left a daughter
means our author became acquainted with
Zachary Williams, a physician who died ab
woman of considerable talents, and her conv
left in poverty by her father, and had the additional affliction of being totally blind. To relieve his melancholy reflections, Johnson took her home to his house in Gough-Square, procured her a benefit play from Garrick, and assisted her in publishing a volume of poems, by both of which schemes she raised about three hundred pounds. With this fund, she became an inmate in Johnson's house, where she passed the remainder of her days, protected and cheered by every act of kindness and tenderness which he could have showed to the nearest relation.

When he had in some measure recovered from the shock of Mrs. Johnson's death, he contributed several papers to the Adventurer, which was carried on by Dr. Hawkesworth and Dr. Warton. The profit of these papers he is said to have given to Dr. Bathurst, a physician of little practice, but a very amiable man, whom he highly respected. Mr. Boswell thinks he endeavoured to make them pass for Bathurst's, which is highly improbable[3]. In 1754, we find him approaching to the completion of his Dictionary. Lord Chesterfield, to whom he once looked up as to a liberal patron, had treated him with neglect, of which, after Johnson declined to pay court to such a man, he became sensible, and, as an effort at reconciliation, wrote two papers in the World, recommending the Dictionary, and soothing the author by some ingenious compliments. Had there been no previous offence, it is probable this end would have been answered, and Johnson would have dedicated the work to him. He loved praise, and from lord Chesterfield, the Mæcenas of the age, and the most elegant of noble writers, praise was at this time valuable. But Johnson never departed from exacting the just respect due to a man of letters, and was not to be appeased by the artifice of these protracted compliments. He could not even brook that his lordship should for a moment suppose him reconciled by his flattery, but immediately wrote that celebrated letter which has been so much admired as a model of dignified contempt. The allusion to the loss of his wife and to his present situation, is exquisitely beautiful: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it:

[3] See this matter explained in the Preface to the Adventurer, British Essayists, vol. xxiii. C.

[illegible] vocabulary, and cannot impart it: till I am known, and do not want it." [illegible] Chesterfield is said to have concealed his feelings on this occasion with his [illegible] art, conscious perhaps that they were not to be envied.

In 1755, the degree of master of arts was conferred upon him by the university of Oxford, after which (in May) his Dictionary was published in two large [illegible] folio. Of a work so well known, it is unnecessary to say more in this place, than that after the lapse of half a century, neither envy has injured, nor industry rivaled its usefulness or popularity.

In the following year, he abridged his Dictionary into an octavo size, and engaged to superintend a monthly publication entitled the Literary Magazine, or Universal Register. To this he contributed a great many articles enumerated by Mr. Boswell, and several reviews of new books. The most celebrated of his reviews, and one of most his finished compositions, both in point of style, argument and wit, was that of Soame Jenyns's Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil. This attracted so much notice that the bookseller was encouraged to publish it separately, and two editions were rapidly sold. The Magazine continued about two years, after which it was dropt for want of encouragement. He wrote also, in 1756, some essays in the Universal Visitor, another magazine which lasted only a year. His friend Cave died in 1754, and, for whatever reason, Johnson's regular contributions appear no more in the Gentleman's Magazine. But he wrote a very elegant life of Cave, and was afterwards an occasional contributor. This, it would appear, was one of his worst years as to pecuniary matters. We find him, in the month of March, arrested for the sum of five pounds eighteen shillings, and relieved by Mr. Richardson. His proposal for an edition of Shakspeare was again revived, and subscription tickets issued out, but it did not go to press for many years after.

In 1758, the worthy John Newbery, bookseller, who frequently employed Johnson in his literary progress, began a newspaper called the Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette, in conjunction with Mr. John Payne. To give it an air of novelty, Johnson was engaged to write a short periodical paper, which he entitled The Idler. Most of these papers were written in haste, in various places where he happened to be on the eve of publication, and with very little preparation. A few of them express the train of thought which prevails in the Rambler; but in general they have more vivacity, and exhibit a species of grave humour in which Johnson excelled. When the Universal Chronicle was discontinued, these papers were collected into two small volumes, which he corrected for the press, making a few alterations, and omitting one whole paper which has since been restored.

No. 41 of the Idler alludes to the death of his mother, which took place in 1759: he had ever loved her with anxious affection [4], and had contributed to her support, often when he knew not where to recruit his finances. On this event, he wrote his Rasselas, with a view to raise a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of her funeral, and pay some little debts she had left. His mind appears to have been powerfully excited and enriched both with the subject and the

[4] See his very tender letters on this subject, in Boswell's Life, vol. i. p. 315, et seq. which are thus particularly referred to, as they are to be found only in the edition of 1807. C.

motive; for he wrote the whole of thi
the evenings of one week, and sent it to
received one hundred pounds from Mes
the copy, and twenty-five more when it
Few works of the kind have been mor
by means of translation. Yet the autho
leeting the melancholy occasion which
missed it with some degree of indifferer
time to the year 1781, when he found it
with Mr. Boswell, he declared he had
Lobo probably suggested his placing th
scarce volume, unnoticed by his biograp
hints. It is entitled The late Travels
man, into the remotest Countries of the
Lond. 1670.

Among his occasional productions abo
sertation on the Greek Comedy, for Mr
general Conclusion of the book; and a
collection of voyages and travels, projected by his friend Newbery.—When a new bridge was about to be built over the Thames at Blackfriars, he wrote some papers against the plan of the architect, Mr. Mylne. His principal motive appears to have been his friendship for Mr. Gwyn, who had given in a plan, and probably he only clothed Gwyn's arguments in his own stately language. Such a contest was certainly not within his province, and he could derive little other advantage than the pleasure of serving his friend. He appeared more in character when he assisted his contemporaries with prefaces and dedications, very frequently solicited from him. Poor as he was at this time, he tau
dications might be written without servile submission or flattery, and
the courtesy, compliment and elegance, which a liberal mind could e

But an end was now approaching to his pecuniary embarrassments while he was proceeding with his edition of Shakspeare, he was sur
information that his present majesty had been pleased to grant him three hundred pounds a year, not, as has been invidiously asserted induce him to write for administration, but as the reward of his literar it been otherwise, he had surely the strongest inducement to have ex lents in favour of lord Bute, by whose recommendation the pension and who at this time wanted much abler support than the hired write ment could supply. But it is well known that he wrote no polit nearly eight years afterwards. He now took a house in Johnson's street, and allotted an apartment for Mrs. Williams. In 1765, he was the late Mr. Thrale and family, a circumstance which contributed much to alleviate the solicitudes of life, and furnished him with the enjoyment of an elegant table, and elegant society. Here an apartment was fitted up for him, which he occupied when he pleased, and he accompanied the family in their various summer excursions, which tended to exhilarate his mind, and render the return of his constitutional melancholy less frequent.

In the same year, he received a diploma from Trinity College Dublin, complimenting him with the title of doctor of laws, and after many delays, his edition of Shakspeare was published in eight volumes octavo. The preface is universally acknowledged to be one of the most elegant and acute of all his compositions. But as an illustrator of the obscurities of Shakspeare, it must be allowed he has not done much. Nor was this a study for which he was eminently qualified. He was never happy when obliged to borrow from others, and he had none of that useful industry which indulges in research. Yet his criticisms have rarely been surpassed, and it is no small praise that he was the precursor of Steevens and Malone.

The success of the Shakspeare was not great, although upon the whole it increased the respect in which the literary world viewed his talents. Kenrick made the principal attack on this work, which was answered by an Oxford student, named Barclay. But neither the attack nor the answer attracted much notice.

In 1766, he furnished the preface and some of the pieces which compose a volume of poetical miscellanies by Mrs. Anna Williams. This lady was still an inmate in his house, and was indeed absolute mistress. Although her temper was far from pleasant, and she had now gained an ascendancy over him which she often maintained in a fretful and peevish manner, he forgot every thing in her distresses, and was indeed, in all his charities, which were numerous, the most remote that can be conceived from the hope of gratitude or reward. His house was filled by dependents, whose perverse tempers frequently drove him out of it, yet nothing of this kind could induce him to relieve himself at their expense. His noble expression was, "If I dismiss them, who will receive them?" Abroad, his society was now very extensive, and included almost every man of the age, distinguished for learning, and many persons of considerable rank, who delighted in his company and conversation.

In 1767, he had the honour to be admitted to a personal interview with his majesty in the library of the queen's palace. Of the conversation which passed, Mr. Boswell has given a very interesting and authentic account, which, it may here be mentioned, he prized at so high a rate, as to print it separately in a quarto sheet, and enter it in that form at Stationers' Hall, a few days before the publication of his Life of Johnson. He attempted in the same manner to secure Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield.—In 1767, on the institution of the Royal Academy of Arts, Johnson was appointed professor in ancient literature, and there probably was at that time some design of giving a course of lectures. But this, and the professorship of ancient history, are as yet mere sinecures.

In 1770, his first political pamphlet made its appearance, in order to justify the conduct of the ministry and the house of commons in expelling Mr. Wilkes, and afterwards declaring col. Luttrell to be duly elected representative for the county of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had the majority of votes. The vivacity and pointed sarcasm of this pamphlet formed its chief recommendation, and it continues to be read as an elegant political declamation; but it failed in its main object. It made no converts to the right of incapacitating Mr. Wilkes by the act of expulsion, and the ministry had not the courage to try the question of absolute incapacitation. Wilkes lived to see the offensive resolutions expunged from the journals of the house of commons, and what seemed yet more improbable, to be reconciled

to Johnson, who, with unabated dislike of his mora
miring his classical learning, and social talents. His
False Alarm, was answered by two or three anony

In 1771, he appeared to more advantage as the
Transactions respecting Falkland Islands, from
the ministry, but highly enriched by his vigorou
thought. The object of this pamphlet was to re
barren island as an insufficient cause of war; and i
has taken an opportunity to depict the miseri
unnecessary war, in a burst of animated and ap
probably never be exceeded. His character of Jun
inferior.—The sale of the first edition was stopt
a few alterations made before it appeared in a sec
two pamphlets was, that "there is a subtlety of
which is worth all the fire of the other."

About this time, an ineffectual attempt was
Strahan, his majesty's printer, to procure him a
phers have amused their readers by conjectures on the probable figure he would make in that assembly, and he owned frequently that he should not have been sorry to try. Why the interference of his friends was ineffectual, the minister only could tell, but he was certainly not ill advised. It is not improbable that Johnson would have proved an able assistant on some occasions, where a nervous and manly speech was wanted to silence the inferiors in opposition, but it may be doubted whether he would have given that uniform and open consent which is expected from a party man. Whatever aid he might be induced to give by his pen on certain subjects which accorded with his own sentiments, and of which he thought himself master, he by no means approved of many parts of the conduct of those ministers who carried on the American war; and he was ever against the principle (if it may be so called) that a man should go alo party right or wrong. "This," he once said, "is so remote from na from scholastic virtue, that a good man must have undergone a great fore he can reconcile himself to such a doctrine. It is maintaining th lie to the public, for you do lie when you call that right which you th or the reverse."

In the year 1773, he carried into execution a design which he had tated of visiting the western isles of Scotland. He arrived at Edinb 18th of August, and finished his journey on the 22d of November. time he passed some days at Edinburgh, and then went by St. Andre deen, Inverness and Fort Augustus, to the Hebrides, visiting the isles of Sky, Rasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth and Icolmkill. He then travelled through Argyleshire by Inverary, and thence by Lochlomond and Dumbarton to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The popularity of his own account, which has perhaps been more generally read than any book of travels in modern times, and the Journal of his pleasant companion Mr. Boswell, render any farther notice of this journey unnecessary. The censure he met with is now remembered with indifference, and his Tour continues to be read without any of the unpleasant emotions which

first excited, in those who contended that he had not stated the truth, or were unwilling that the truth should be stated.

During his absence, his humble friend and admirer, Thomas Davies, bookseller, undertook to publish two volumes entitled Miscellanies and fugitive Pieces, which were advertised in the newspapers, as the production of the "author of the Rambler." Johnson was inclined to resent this liberty, until he recollected Davies' narrow circumstances, when he cordially forgave him, and continued his kindness to him as usual. A third volume appeared soon after, but all its contents were not from Dr. Johnson's pen.

On the dissolution of parliament in 1774, he published a short political pamphlet entitled The Patriot, the principal object of which appears to have been to repress the spirit of faction which at that time was too prevalent, especially in the metropolis. It was a hasty composition, called for, as he informed Mr. Boswell, on one day, and written the next. The success, since his time, of these mock-patriots whom he has so ably delineated, is too decisive a proof that the reign of political delusion is not to be shortened by eloquence or argument.

During his Tour in Scotland, he made frequent inquiries respecting the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, and received answers so unsatisfactory that, both in his book of travels and in conversation, he did not hesitate to treat the whole as an imposture. This excited the resentment of Macpherson, the editor, to such a degree that he wrote a threatening letter to Johnson, who answered it in a composition which, in the expression of firm and unalterable contempt, is perhaps superior to that he wrote to Lord Chesterfield. In that he mixed somewhat of courtesy, but Macpherson he despised both as a man and a writer, and treated him as a ruffian.

The rupture between Great Britain and America once more roused our author's political energies, and produced his Taxation no Tyranny, in which he endeavoured to prove that distant colonies, which had in their assemblies a legislature of their own, were, notwithstanding, liable to be taxed in a British parliament, where they had no representatives, and he thought that this country was strong enough to enforce obedience. This pamphlet, which appeared in 1775, produced a controversy which was carried on for some time with considerable spirit, although Johnson took no share in it: but the right of taxation was no longer a question for discussion: the Americans were in arms, blood had been spilt, and "successful rebellion became revolution." No censure was more generally advanced, at this time, against our author, than that his opinions were regulated by his pension, and none could be more void of foundation. His opinion, whether just or not, of the Americans was uniform throughout his life, and he continued to maintain them when, in strict prudence, they might as well have been softened to the measure of changed times.

It is not improbable, however, that he felt the force of some of the replies made to his pamphlet, seconded as they were by the popular voice and by the discomfiture of the measures of administration. It is reported that he complained, and perhaps about this time, of being called upon to write political pamphlets, and threatened to give up his pension. Whether this complaint was carried to the proper quarter, Mr. Boswell has not informed us, but it is certain he wrote no more in defence

of the ministry, and he received no kind of re
pension neither he or his friends ever considered
make him acquiesce more readily in what the m
to do something for gratitude, but nothing for

A few months after the publication of his last
as doctor of laws from the university of Oxfo
mendation from the chancellor, lord North. I
never assumed this title in writing notes or ca
he went on a tour to France with Mr. and Mr
well has printed a few memorandums, which w
dation of a more regular narrative, but this he d
As the tour lasted only about two months,
more sentiment than description.

In 1777, he was engaged by the London boo
ces to an edition of the English poets, and thi
his literary undertakings, some account of
as the precise share which belongs to him
It is perhaps too late now to inquire into the propriety of the decision of the house of lords respecting literary property. It had not, however, taken place many months before some of the predicted consequences appeared. Among other instances, an edition of the English poets was published at Edinburgh, in direct violation of that honourable compact by which the booksellers of London had agreed to respect each other's property, notwithstanding their being deprived of the more effectual support of the law. This, therefore, induced the latter to undertake an edition of the poets in a more commodious form, and with suitable accuracy of text. A meeting was called of about forty of the most respectable booksellers of London, the proprietors, or the successors and descendants of the proprietors of copyrights in these works, and it was agreed that an elegant
form edition of The English Poets should be printed, with a co
of the life of each author by Dr. Samuel Johnson, and that Messrs. Str
and T. Davies, should wait upon him with their proposals.

Johnson was delighted with the task, the utility of which had prob
red to his mind long before, and he had certainly more acquaintance th
then living with the poetical biography of his country, and appeare
qualified to illustrate it by judicious criticism. Whether we consider w
dertook, or what he performed, the sum of two hundred guineas wh
manded, will appear a very trivial recompense. His original intentio
indeed that was expected from him, was a very concise biographical a
account of each poet, but he had not proceeded far before he began
the lives to the present extent, and at last presented the world with such a b
of criticism as was scarcely to be expected from one man, and still less from one
now verging on his seventieth year.

Of this edition it is yet necessary to say, that Dr. Johnson was not in all respects to be considered as the editor. He had not the choice of the poets to be admitted, although in addition to the list prepared by his employers, he recommend Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden. The selection was made by the booksel-

ters, who appear to have been guided, partly by the acknowledged merit of the ... and partly by his popularity, a quality which is sometimes independent of the ... The author, however, felt himself under no restraint in accepting the list ... nor did he in any instance consider himself bound to lean with partiality ... merely that the admission of his works might be justified. This ab... prejudice which has contaminated so many single lives and critical ... repugnant to his, as it must ever be to the opinion of every man who ... truth as essential to biography, and that the possession of talents, however ... ought to be no excuse for the abuse of them.—Every preliminary having ... settled in the month of April, 1777, the new edition of the poets was sent to ... and Johnson was informed that his lives might be written in the meantime, ... to be ready to accompany the publication.

Not long after he undertook this work, he was invited to contribute the aid of his eloquent pen in saving the forfeited life of Dr. William Dodd, a clergyman, who was convicted of forgery. This unhappy man had long been a popular preacher in the metropolis: and the public sentiment was almost universal in deprecating so shameful a sight as that of a clergyman of the church of England suffering by a public execution. Whether there was much in Dodd's character to justify this sentiment, or to demand the interference of the corporation of London, backed by the petitions of thousands of the most distinguished and wealthy citizens, may perhaps be doubted. Johnson, however, could not resist what put every other consideration out of the question, "a call for mercy," and accordingly contributed every thing that the friends of Dodd could suggest as useful. He wrote his Speech to the Recorder of London, delivered at the Old Bailey when sentence of death was about to be passed on him: The Convict's Address to his unhappy Brethren, a sermon delivered by Dodd in the chapel of Newgate: two letters, one to the lord chancellor Bathurst, and one to lord chief justice Mansfield: a petition from Dr. Dodd to the king: another from Mrs. Dodd to the queen: observations inserted in the newspapers, on occasion of earl Percy's having presented to his majesty a petition for mercy to Dodd, signed by twenty thousand persons: a petition from the city of London; and Dr. Dodd's last solemn declaration, which he left with the sheriff at the place of execution. All these have been printed in Dr. Johnson's works, with some additional correspondence which Mr. Boswell inserted in his life. Every thing is written in a style of pathetic eloquence, but as the author could not be concealed, it was impossible to impress a stronger sense of the value of Dodd's talents than had already been entertained. The papers, however, contributed to heighten the clamour which was at that time raised against the execution of the sentence, and which was confounded with what was then thought more censurable, the conduct of those by whom the unhappy man might have been saved before the process of law had been begun.

In 1779, the first four volumes of his Lives of the Poets were published, and the remainder in the year 1781, which he wrote, by his own confession, "dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste." He had, however, performed so much more than was expected, that his employers presented him with an hundred pounds in addition to the stipulated sum. As he never was insensible to the pleasure or value of fame, it is not improbable that he was

yet more substantially gratified by the eagerness w
were read and praised. He enjoyed likewise anoth
he thought not unnecessary to the reputation of a g
on all sides for his contempt of Milton's politics, a
censure he had bestowed on the poetry of Prior, L
few others. The errours, indeed, which on any
for errours of judgment, were by the irascible temper
high treason against the majesty of poetic genius.
were not few, nor very respectful to a veteran wh
at the head of the literature of his country; but th
observed to rise very considerably after his de
opinion had consecrated, was revlled with the
who during his life were glad to conceal their host
to retract the admiration in which they had joine
to discover faults in a body of criticism which, aft
admitted, was never equalled, and perhaps never will be equalled for
acuteness and elegance. Where can we hope to find discussions that ca
pared with those introduced in the lives of Cowley, Milton, Dryden a
His abhorrence indeed of Milton's political conduct led him to details
vations which can never be acceptable to a certain class of politicians,
he comes to analyze his poetry, and to fix his reputation on its *proper* basis,
must surely be confessed that no man, since the first appearance of Paradise Lost,
has ever bestowed praise with a more munificent hand. He appears to have collected his whole energy to immortalize the genius of Milton, nor has any advocate for Milton's democracy appeared who has not been glad to surrender the guardianship of his poetical fame to Johnson.

In 1782, the public demand rendered it necessary to print an editio
in four octavo volumes; and in 1783, another edition of the same
considerably enlarged, altered and corrected by the author. I can
press a circumstance communicated by my worthy friend, Mr. N
may check the murmurs of the public respecting improved edition
the corrections and alterations of the edition of 1783 were printed s
offered *gratis* to the purchasers of the former, not ten copies were c

With this work the public labours of Johnson ended, and when
his advanced time of life, and the almost unabated vigour of his m
surely added, that his sun set with unrivalled splendour. But th
age were now undermining a constitution that had kept perpetual
ditary disease, and his most valued friends were dropping into th
him. He lost Mr. Thrale and Mrs. Williams: his home became cheerless,
much visiting was no longer convenient. His health began to decline more visibly from the month of June 1783, when he had a paralytic stroke, and although he recovered so far as to be able to take another journey to Litchfield and Oxford towards the close of the year, symptoms of a dropsy indicated the probability of his dissolution at no distant period. Some relief, however, having been administered, he rejoined the society of his friends, and with a mind still curious, intelligent, and active, renewed his attention to the concerns of literature, dic-

tating information wherever it was wanted, and trying his faculties by Latin translations from the Greek poets. Nothing was so much the subject of alarm with him, as the decay of memory and judgment, of which, however, to the last he never betrayed the least symptom.

In Midsummer 1784, he acquired sufficient strength to go for the last time into Derbyshire. During his absence, his friends, who were anxious for the preservation of so valuable a life, endeavoured to procure some addition to his pension, that he might be enabled to try the efficacy of a tour to the southern part of the continent. Application was accordingly made to the lord chancellor Thurlow, who seconded it in the proper quarter, but without success. He evinced, however, his high respect for Johnson, by offering to advance the sum of five hundred pounds, and Johnson, when the circumstance was communicated, thanked his lordship in a letter, elevated beyond the common expressions of gratitude, by a dignity of sentiment congenial to the feelings of his noble and liberal correspondent. Dr. Brocklesby also made a similar offer, although of a lesser sum; and such indeed was the estimation in which Johnson was held, that nothing would have been wanting which money or affection could procure, either to protract his days, or to make them comfortable.

But these offers were not accepted. The scheme of a continental tour, which he once thought necessary, was never much encouraged by his physicians, and had it promised greater effects, was now beyond his strength. The dropsy and asthma were making hasty approaches, and although he longed for life, and was anxiously desirous that every means might be used to gain another day, he soon became convinced that no hopes were left. During this period, he was alternately resigned to die, and tenacious of life, tranquil in the views of eternity, and disturbed by gloomy apprehensions, but at last his mind was soothed with the consolatory hopes of religion, and although the love of life occasionally recurred, he adjusted his worldly concerns with composure and exactness, as one who was conscious that he was soon to give an account. On Monday the 13th of December, he tried to obtain a temporary relief by puncturing his legs, as had been before performed by the surgeon, but no discharge followed the operation, and about seven o'clock in the evening he breathed his last, so gently, that some time elapsed before his death was perceived.

On the 20th, his body was interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of his friend Garrick. Of the other honours paid to his memory, it may suffice to say that they were more in number and quality than were ever paid to any man of literature. It was his singular fate that the age, which he contributed to improve, repaid him by a veneration of which we have no example in the annals of literature; and that when his failings as well as his virtues were exhibited without disguise and without partiality, he continued to be revered by the majority of the nation, and is now, after scrutiny and censure have done their worst, enrolled among the greatest names in the history of English genius.

But to delineate the character of Johnson is a task which the present writer wishes to decline. Five large editions of Mr. Boswell's Life have familiarized Johnson to the knowledge of the public so intimately, that it would be impossible to advance any thing with which every reader is not already acquainted. The

suffrages of the nation have been taken, and the question is finally decided. On mature consideration, there appears no reason to depart from the generally received opinions as to the rank Johnson holds among men of genius and virtue; a rank which those who yet capriciously dwell on his failings, will find it difficult to disturb. His errours have been brought forward with no sparing hand both by his friends and his enemies, yet when every fair deduction is made from the reputed excellence of his character as a man and a writer, enough, in my opinion, will remain to gratify the partiality of his admirers, and to perpetuate the public esteem.

It is unpleasant, however, to quit a subject which the more it is revolved, serves to gladden the mind with pleasing recollections. There are surely circumstances in the history of Johnson which compel admiration in defiance of prejudice or envy. That a man of obscure birth, of manners by no means prepossessing, whose person was forbidding, whose voice was rough, inharmonious and terrifying, whose temper was frequently harsh and overbearing; that such a man should have forced his way into the society of a greater number of eminent characters than perhaps ever gathered round an individual; that he should not only have gained but increased their respect to a degree of enthusiasm, and preserved it unabated for so long a series of years; that men of all ranks in life, and of the highest degrees of mental excellence, should have thought it a duty, and found it a pleasure, not only to tolerate his occasional roughness, but to study his humour, and submit to his controul, to listen to him with the submission of a scholar, and consult him with the hopes of a client; all this surely affords the strongest presumption that such a man was remarkable beyond the usual standard of human excellence. Nor is this inference inconsistent with the truth, for it appears that whatever merit may be attributed to his works, he was perhaps yet more to be envied in conversation, where he exhibited an inexhaustible fertility of imagination, an elegance and acuteness of argument, and a ready wit, such as never [illegible] have been combined in one man. And it is not too much to say, that [illegible] opinion was entertained by those who knew him only in his [illegible] could have risen to that pitch of admiration which has been excited [illegible] of his industrious biographer.

His death formed a very remarkable era in the literary world. For a considerable time, the periodical journals, as well as general conversation, were occupied on an event which was the subject of universal regret; [illegible] hastened with such contributions as memory supplied, to illustrate [illegible] which all took a lively interest. Numerous anecdotes were published, authentic and some imaginary, and the general wish to know more of him was for some years insatiable.

At length the proprietors of his printed works met to consider of a complete and uniform edition; but as it was feared that the curiosity which follows departed genius might soon abate, some doubt was entertained of the policy of a *collection* of pieces, the best of which were already in the hands of the public in various forms; but this was fortunately over-ruled, and in the course of the last year (1806) these collected works were printed for the fourth time, and will probably be long considered as a standard book in every library. Less fortunately, however, sir

John Hawkins, who was one of Johnson's executors, and professed to be in possession of materials for his life, was engaged to write that life, as well as to collect his works. They accordingly appeared in 1787, in eleven volumes 8vo. Of the Life it is unnecessary to add any thing to the censure so generally passed. Sir John spoke his mind, perhaps honestly, but his judgment must have been as defective as his memory, when he decided with so much prejudice and so little taste or candour, on the merits of his author, and of other eminent persons, whom, as a [illegible] humorously said "he brought to be tried at the Middlesex quarter sessions." In collecting the works, he inserted some which no man could suspect to be Johnson's, while he omitted other pieces that had been acknowledged. A more correct arrangement, however, has been since adopted.

Two years before this edition appeared, Mr. Boswell published his Tour to the Hebrides, and exhibited such a sample of Dr. Johnson's conversation-talents as raised very high expectations from the Life which he then announced to be in a state of preparation. Mr. Boswell's acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced in the year 1763, and from that time he appears to have meditated what he at length executed, the most complete and striking portrait ever exhibited of any human being. His Tour having shown the manner in which he was to proceed, Johnson's friends willingly contributed every document they could collect from memory or writing, and Mr. Boswell, who meditated one volume only, was soon obliged to extend his work to two bulky quartos. These were published in 1791, and bought up with an avidity, which their wonderful variety of entertainment, vivacity, anecdote and sentiment, amply justified. Four very large editions have since appeared, and it seems to be one of those very fortunate and fascinating books of which the public is not likely to tire.

Mr. Boswell, indeed, has proved, contrary to the common opinion, and by means which will not soon be repeated, that the life of a mere scholar may be rendered more instructive, more entertaining, and more interesting, than that of any other human being. And although the "confidence of private conversation" has been thought to be sometimes violated in this work, for which no apology is here intended, yet the world seems agreed to forgive this failing in consideration of the pleasure it has afforded; that wonderful variety of subjects, of wit, sentiment, and anecdote, with which it abounds; and above all the valuable instruction it presents on many of the most important duties of life. It must be allowed that it created some enemies to Dr. Johnson among those who were not enemies before this disclosure of his sentiments. Vanity has been sometimes hurt, and vanity has taken its usual revenge. It is generally agreed, however, that Mr. Boswell's account of his illustrious friend is impartial: he conceals no failings that revenge or animosity has since been able to discover; all his foibles of manner and conversation are faithfully recorded, and recorded so frequently that it is easier to form a just estimate of doctor Johnson than of any eminent character in the whole range of biography[b].

One singular effect was produced by this extraordinary book. When it was determined to discard sir John Hawkins's Life of Johnson, application was made to Mr. Murphy to furnish another to be prefixed to the second edition of the works

[b] British Essayists, Preface to the Rambler, vol. xix. C.

published in 1793. This Mr. Murphy executed under the title (which he had used in the case of Fielding) of An Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson; but he had conceived a prejudice of jealousy of Mr. Boswell's fame, and notwithstanding the latter had strengthened his narrative by every possible proof, Murphy persisted in taking his facts from the very inaccurate narrative of sir John Hawkins, and the more flippant anecdotes published by Mrs. Piozzi. In his Essay, therefore, it is not wonderful that many circumstances are grossly, and considering that proofs were within his reach, we may add, wilfully misrepresented[6].

As Dr. Johnson has been introduced in the present collection as an English poet, it may be necessary to take some notice of the poems now presented to the reader. They are what have been published in his works, and no doubts, as far as the present writer knows, have ever been entertained of their authenticity. What he might have produced, if he had devoted himself to the Muses, it is not easy to determine. That he had not the essentials of a poet of the higher order must, I think, be allowed; but as a moral poet, his acknowledged pieces stand in a very high rank. Like Pope, he preferred reason to fancy, and his two imitations of Juvenal are not only equal to any thing that writer has produced, in the happy delineation of living manners, and in elegance of versification, but are perhaps superior to any compositions of the kind in our language. His Irene is remarkable for splendour of language, richness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, but as a tragedy it is radically defective: it excites neither interest or passion. Of his lesser pieces, the Prologue on Opening the Theatre in 1747, and that for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, are perfect models of elegant and manly address. His odes are defective in imagination and description; he always undervalued this species of poetry, and certainly has not improved it. A few of his translations are more happily executed, particularly the Dove of Anacreon. The poem on the death of his humble friend Levet is one of those pathetic appeals to the [illegible] are irresistible.

[6] The principal of these are corrected in notes appended to the last edition of Johnson. Murphy's narrative was in truth little more than what was compiled in 1787, from sir John Hawkins by the Monthly Reviewers, whose style and reflections he has in general copied verbatim, without a word of acknowledgment. *C.*

POEMS

OF

DR. JOHNSON.

LONDON;

A POEM:

IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

WRITTEN IN 1738.

—Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? JUV.

'Tho' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd Thales[2] bids the town farewell,

Juv. Sat. III.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinat, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

Sir John Hawkins says, that by Thales we are to understand Savage. Mr. Boswell asserts this is entirely groundless, and adds, "I have been assured that Dr. Johnson said, he was not much acquainted with Savage when he left London." This, added to the circumstance of the date (for Savage did not set out for Wales till July 1739) might be decisive, if, unfortunately for Mr. Boswell, he had not a few pages after, given us some highly complimentary lines which "he was assured were written by Johnson," Ad Ricardum Savage, in April 1738, about a month before London was published. This surely implies previous acquaintance with Savage, for Dr. Johnson would not have praised a stranger in such terms, and gives a very strong probability to sir John Hawkins's conjecture. That Savage did not set out for Wales until the following year, is a matter of little consequence, as the intention of such a journey would justify the lines alluding to it. See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. i. p. 100, and p. 139, 8vo. edit. 1804. C.

Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length from vice and London far
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
[3] For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
[4] While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza[5] birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

[3]—Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, & mille pericula sæva
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas?
[4] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Substitit ad veteres arcus.—
[5] Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring town.
[6] Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no [7] staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
[8] Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for [9] pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
[10] Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our [11] silenc'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold? [gold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven:
[12] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, tho' Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer?[13]
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
[13] Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away:
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[14] For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
[15] But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
[16] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
[17] I cannot bear a French metropolis.
[18] Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel?
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics, import,
[19] Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.

[6] Hic tunc Umbritius: quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, here quam fuit, ac eadem eras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illue
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities.——

[7] —— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

[8] Cedamus patriâ: vivant Artûrius istic
Et Catullus: maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.

[9] The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses of parliament.

[10] Queis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.——
Munera nunc edunt.

[11] The licensing act was then lately made.

[12] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.——

[12] The paper which at that time [illegible] apologies for the court.

[13] —— Ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit [illegible]
Quæ mandat norint alii; me nemo [illegible]
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

[14] Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius? [illegible]
Carus erit Veri, qui Verrem tempore, [illegible]
Accusare potest.——

[15] —— Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in [illegible] aurum,
Ut somno careas.——

[16] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

[17] —— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.——

[18] Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

[19] Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus.——

painful trade their industry can 'scape,
ing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a
clap:
sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
d, bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
we the breath of life in English air;
s early taught a Briton's right to prize,
d lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
he gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
d flattery prevails when arms are vain?
Studious to please, and ready to submit;
e supple Gaul was born a parasite:
ll to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
t, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
om ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
ain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
d get a kick for awkward flattery.
Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend;
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile:
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then on your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit,
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.
Quid quod adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
Aventini?———
quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat
indocti faciem deformis amici?
Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: sed illis
Creditur.
Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.
Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.——
Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold:
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrours take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey;
Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;

——— Materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda & scissa lacerna, &c.
Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.
——— Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.
The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.
Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus.———
——— Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio.———
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.
——— Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.
Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.———

The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate; [band
[34] With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
[35] Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
[36] Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
[37] Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
[38] Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
[39] Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay;
Lords of the street and terrours of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
[40] In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
[41] Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means [42] support the sinking land,
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king [43].
[44] A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
[45] Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land:
[46] Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warns't succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Let[1] observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;

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[34] ——Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.——

[35] ——Meliora, ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus.——

[36] Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic.——
Vive bidentis amans et culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.

[37] ——Possis ignavis haberi,
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas.——

[38] Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.——

[39] ——Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina
Vitari jubet, & comitum longissimus ordo, [læna
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea
lampas. [spoliet te

[40] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui
Non deerit; clausis domibus, &c.

[41] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ & sarcula desint.

[42] A cant word in the house of commons for methods of raising money.

[43] The nation was discontented at the visits made by the king to Hanover.

[44] Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.

[45] His alias poteram, & pluries subnectere
Sed jumenta vocant.—— [causas:

[46] ——Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Elvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis; satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam calligatus in agros.

[1] Ver. 1—11.

With [illegible] impetuous courage glows,
With [illegible] sweetness elocution flows,
[illegible]ument stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
[illegible] restless fire precipitates on death.
But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the
[illegible] gen'ral massacre of gold; [bold
[illegible] wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety
The dangers gather as the treasures rise. [buys,
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet [4] still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once [4] more, Democritus arise on Earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How would'st thou shake at Briton's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
[3] Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great,
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-flown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
[6] What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?
[7] When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion [8] trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!

[2] Ver. 12—22. [3] Ver. 23—27. [4] Ver. 28—55.
[5] Ver. 56—107.
[6] Ver. 108—113. [7] Ver. 114—132.
[8] There is a tradition, that the study of friar

Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end[9]. [stows,
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize be-
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent:
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

[10] The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt; [vey
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right con-
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

[11] On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign; [in vain;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,

On Moscow's walls till Goth[ic]
And all be mine beneath the
The march begins in military
And nations on his eye suspend
Stern Famine guards the solit[ude]
And Winter barricades the real[m]
He comes, nor want nor cold his
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pulto[wa]
The vanquish'd hero leaves his b[roken] bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her errour mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

[12] All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

[13] "Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;

Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident it was pulled down many years since.

[9] See Gent. Mag. vol. lxviii. p. 951. 1027.

[10] Ver. 133—146. [11] Ver. 147—167.

[12] Ver. 168—187. [13] Ver. 188—233.

Now [illegible] tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And [illegible] with sighs her slave resigns,
[illegible] minstrels, try the soothing strain,
[illegible] the [illegible] lenitives of pain:
[illegible] would touch th' impervious [illegible] [near;
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus
[illegible] lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor [illegible] of a virtuous friend;
But [illegible] dictates crowd his tongue,
[illegible] or positively wrong.
The still [illegible] tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring [illegible],
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search de- [scend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprize,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.
[14] The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;

[14] Ver. 289—315.

What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save, [slave?
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
Against your fame with fondness have combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd:
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
[15] Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes [rose;
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart:

[15] Ver. 346—366.

Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong, [long:
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.
Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her antient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet[1] may dance.
Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

IRENE;

A TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE.

YE glitt'ring train, whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress!

[1] Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

From grov'ling business and s
Ye sons of Avarice, a moment
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshi
Dismiss the pleasing phantom
Our daring bard, with spirit
Spreads wide the mighty mo
Learn here how Heav'n su
mind,
Daring, though calm; and
Learn here what anguish ra
In pow'r dependent, in succ
Learn here that peace from innocence
All else is empty sound and idle show.
If truths like these with pleasing language join:
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine;
If no wild draught depart from reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! though his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads,
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd though witlings sneer and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In reason, nature, truth, he dares to trust:
Ye fops, be silent: and ye wits, be just!

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET,	emperor of the Turks,	Mr. Barry.
CALI BASSA,	first visier,	Mr. Berry.
MUSTAPHA,	a Turkish aga,	Mr. Sowden.
ABDALLA,	an officer,	Mr. Havard.
HASAN, CARAZA,	Turkish captains,	Mr. Usher. Mr. Burton.
DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS,	Greek noblemen,	Mr. Garrick. Mr. Blakes.
MURZA,	an eunuch.	Mr. King.

WOMEN.

ASPASIA, IRENE,	Greek ladies,	Mrs. Cibber. Mrs. Pritchard.

Attendants on Irene.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS AND LEONTIUS, in Turkish habits.

LEONTIUS.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,
And vent our suff'rings in clandestine groans?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathless fury rested from destruction,
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain;
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd

Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
So sees the glutted sabre thirsts for blood,
And wears cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,
No short interval of peaceful sorrow;
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,
The last corruption of degenerate man!
Chid by the imperious soldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden ca-
verns [envy,
Pregnant with stores that India's mines might
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too sacred for their country's use!
That wealth, too pleasing to be lost for freedom!
That wealth, which, granted to their weeping
prince,
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates!
But, thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting av'rice now too late discovers
Her own neglected in the public safety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not misery.—The sons of Greece,
Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,
With false security beheld invasion.
Why should they fear?—That pow'r that kindly
spreads
The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of sinking states.
When public villany, too strong for justice,
Shows his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When some neglected fabric nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
Must Heav'n dispatch the messengers of light,
Or wake the dead, to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink
Before such foes of more than human force;
Some pow'r invisible, from Heav'n or Hell,
Conducts their armies, and asserts their cause.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the pow'r of constancy and courage?
Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ram-
parts? [Leontius,
'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our pow'rs.

LEONTIUS.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand com-
passion.

Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,
Quitting my close retreat, I range the city,
And, weeping, kiss the venerable ruins:
With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to pray'r; and wander through the
streets,
Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghastly desolation
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;
Now superstition, ignorance, and errour,
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace bursts a mingled clamour,
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright and wailings of distress.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Arose to Heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears
My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost As-
pasia!

LEONTIUS.

Suspend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madness;
Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her!

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak philosophy denies her succours.
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin-martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,
With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,
And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

DEMETRIUS.

From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me:
In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,
O! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose
thee.

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius:
I came obedient to thy friendly summons,

And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows:
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,
To what are we reserv'd?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not:
But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour;
If happiness can be without Aspasia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-sprung hope?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Bassa,
The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels.
He, tir'd of slavery, though the highest slave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he restore the state he could not save?
In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their measures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,
At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown
Sounds in my sleeping ear, "Awake, Demetrius,
Awake, and follow me to better fortunes."
Surpriz'd I start, and bless the happy dream;
Then, rousing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,
Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the shore where Cali stood,
Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.
There, in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft' had practis'd fraud, and oft' detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for speedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow-captives,
Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails
So small a force? or why should Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour;
Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!
Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal:
If, chasing past events with vain pursuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A single thought now rove, recall it home.
But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,
The cause of liberty, the cause of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Observe him closely with a statesm[illegible]
Thou that hast long perus'd the [illegible]
ture,
And know'st the characters of vi[illegible]
Left by the hand of Heav'n on h[illegible]

CALI.

His mien is lofty, his demean[illegible]
Nor sprightly folly wantons in [illegible]
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
Does adamantine faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner the trembling leaves shall find a voice,
And tell the secrets of their conscious walks;
Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,
And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.
Your slaughter'd multitudes, that swell the shore
With monuments of death, proclaim his cou-
Virtue and liberty engross his soul [rage;
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

LEONTIUS.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour;
Consult in private, call me when your scheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the sword.
[*Going.*

DEMETRIUS.

Leontius, stay.

CALI.

Forgive an old man's weakness,
And share the deepest secrets of my soul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.—
When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,
Embroil'd the Turkish state, our sultan's father,
Great Amurath, at my request, forsook
The cloister's ease, resum'd the tott'ring throne,
And snatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast:
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts,
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch or the people.

CALI.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r
And lawless passion hold the sword of justice.
If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state;

Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her great unions shine bright with every virtue;
Not tainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all mute to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of Nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

But say great basha, why the sultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

CALI.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy
The empire's darling and the soldier's boast;
But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverse thy doom?

CALI.

The tyrant's death.

DEMETRIUS.

But Greece is still forgot.

CALI.

On Asia's coast,
Which lately bless'd my gentle government,
Soon as the sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,
My policy shall raise an easy throne;
The Turkish pow'rs from Europe shall retreat,
And harass Greece no more with wasteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

DEMETRIUS.

That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thousand fatal questions birth:
Why stor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

CALI.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;
Which granted, hides my purpose from the world.
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the sultan.

LEONTIUS.

How can a single hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels enclose?

CALI.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving soldier seiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In Sophia's temple!—What alarm!—Proceed.

CALI.

The sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd:
In passion lost, he bade the conquering fair
Renounce her faith, and be the queen of Turkey,
The pious maid, with modest indignation,
Threw back the glittering bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celestial goodness!
It must, it must be she; her name?

CALI.

Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

What hopes, what terrours, rush upon my soul!
O lead me quickly to the scene of fate;
Break through the politician's tedious forms:
Aspasia calls me; let me fly to save her.

LEONTIUS.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue?

CALI.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,
At length rekindled his accustomed fury,
And chang'd the endearing smile and am'rous whisper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

DEMETRIUS.

These tedious narratives of frozen age
Distract my soul; dispatch thy lingering tale;
Say, did a voice from Heav'n restrain the tyrant?
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Just in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer, brought the bright Irene:
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,
Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue;
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits
Gain'd all his heart! at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail!

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears.
With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and sooths him to delay.
For her, repose is banish'd from the night,
And business from the day. In her apartments
He lives———

LEONTIUS.

And there must fall.

CALI.

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to speak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' inestimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble,
When weigh'd with Greece, with virtue, with Aspasia?
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

CALI.

At least this day be calm—If we succeed,
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.—
See! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes:
Invest Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits:
Remember, freedom, glory, Greece, and love.
[*Exeunt* Demetrius and Leontius.

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,
And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene;
Irene steals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd in ev'ry thought.

CALI.

Why should the sultan shun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breast against the force of love?
Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves
The warrior's labours and the monarch's cares.
But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca?

MUSTAPHA.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,
Fear and ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms.
Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

CALI.

Soon will th' unequal contest be decided.
Prospects, obscur'd by distance, faintly strike;
Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,
And ev'ry danger shocks with double horrour.

MUSTAPHA.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate!
How will the bright Aspasia shine above her!

CALI.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our prophet's law—

MUSTAPHA.

Heav'n will contemn the mercen[ary]
Which love of greatness, not of t[ruth]

CALI.

Cease, cease thy censures; for t[hy]
Alone, with am'rous haste to see[k]

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUST[APHA]

CALI.

Hail! terrour of the monarchs of the world,
Unshaken be thy throne as Earth's firm base,
Live till the Sun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courses!

MAHOMET.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers;
For what is length of days without Irene?
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

CALI.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,
As those that bless the mansions of the good!

MAHOMET.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,
Swells the fair breast or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins;
Yet, unacquainted with these soft emotions,
I walk'd superior through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great sultan, that intrusive duty
Inquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counsellor.

MAHOMET.

Go, see him die;
His martial rhet'ric taught the Greeks resistance;
Had they preavil'd, I ne'er had known Irene.
[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul;
There let Aspasia, since my fair entreats it,
With converse chase the melancholy moments.
Sure chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood
At sight of female charms will glow no more.

CALI.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Desires more pure, and other cares than love.

Ev'n have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb
To pour my pray'rs for thy successful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,
And sink into the silent grave in peace.

MAHOMET.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,
Pours o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey!
While fair Hungaria's unexhausted valleys
Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps!
Nor could'st thou more support a life of sloth
Than Amurath—

CALI.

Still full of Amurath! [*Aside.*

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,
Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

CALI.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

MAHOMET.

For those who could not please by nobler service.
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprizing virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,
And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.
Shine thou, distinguish'd by superior merit,
With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,
Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,
And ev'ry suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

CALI.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.
Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politics to vulgar kings,
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,
His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r,
When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore;
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace, [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

Aspasia, yet pursue the sacred theme;
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the sultan's passion.
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.
The glittering vanities of empty greatness,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,
And bar the passes of Irene's mind
Against returning guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art absent,
Death rises to my view with all its terrours;
Then visions horrid as a murd'rer's dreams,
Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue:
Stern torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,
And anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

Since fear predominates in ev'ry thought,
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that await th' apostate;
So shall timidity assist thy reason,
And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that power that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame?

ASPASIA.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create;
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till, affectation ripening to belief,
And folly frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate.
Thy soul, by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unencumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aspasia, but her beauty 's man.

ASPASIA.

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius;
Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave restore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour set us free,
And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

IRENE.

He may yet live.

ASPASIA.

Alas! delusive dream!
Too well I know him; his immoderate courage,
Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,
Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI to ABDALIA, as they advance.

Behold our future sultaness, Abdalla;—
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,
Glide through Irene to the sultan's ear.
Wouldst thou subdue th' obdurate cannibal
To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.
[To IRENE.]
Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings:
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impatient sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terrour of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world!

IRENE.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to pow'r, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

CALI.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes,
No feeble tyrant of a petty state,
Courts thee to shake on a dependant throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range unciviliz'd from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of Nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise:
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends:
Just as I mark'd them they forsook the shore,
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

CALI.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace:
Such heav'nly beauty, form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquest!
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

CALI, solus.

How Heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought [illegible]
Extends his mighty schemes [illegible]
And towers and triumphs in [illegible]
Some accidental gust of oppo[illegible]
Blasts all the beauties of his [illegible]
O'erturns the fabric of pres[illegible]
And whelms the swelling ar[illegible]
Had not the breeze untwin'd [illegible]
And through the parted [illegible]
Greeks,
Th' important hour had pass'd [illegible]
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,
In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus—

DEMETRIUS.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid—

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

CALI.

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose.
Calmly he heard till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudest cries of Nature urge us forward;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,
The pow'rful voice of love inflames Demetrius;
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

CALI.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?
Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,
And listen eager to the rising wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once an hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And ev'ry voice was "Liberty and Greece."

DEMETRIUS.

[illegible] upon the careless tyrant,
[illegible] him leisure for another crime.

FRONTIUS.

[illegible] now resolve, nor idly waste
[illegible] in dull deliberation.

CALI.

[illegible], where, determin'd to protract our counsels,
[illegible] Mustapha.—Your Turkish robes conceal you.
[illegible] with speed, while I prepare to meet him
[illegible] artificial smiles, and seeming friendship.

SCENE V.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

See the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow;
These days of love and pleasure charm not thee!
Too slow these gentle constellations roll;
Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,
And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,
Beneath the load of business, and of years!

CALI.

Sure, by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,
My heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's;
I share, by secret instinct all his joys,
And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

MUSTAPHA.

The sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither; let no rude intrusion
Molest these private walks, or care invade
These hours assign'd to pleasure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horrour.
Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?
Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting soul?
Was it for this, that, sick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and fult'ring cry'd,
"Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?"
Are these the counsels, this the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?
Confest?——

MUSTAPHA.

Confest by dying Menodorus.
In his last agonies the gasping coward,
Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,
Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

MAHOMET, examining the paper.

His correspondence with our foes of Greece:
His hand! his seal! The secrets of my soul
Conceal'd from all but him! All, all *conspire*
To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain!
Our schemes for ever cross'd, our mines *discover'd*,
Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,
Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason,

MUSTAPHA.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;
But yet, great emperor, beware of treason;
Th' insidious Bassa, fir'd by disappointment—

MAHOMET.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.
Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' assembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of seeming innocence,
His bland address, and sorcery of tongue;
And, should he fall unheard by sudden justice,
Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

Cali, this day, with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,
I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.
Now let him go, pursued by silent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in some distant land obscurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,
Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
Disperse rebellion through the Eastern world;
Bribe to his cause, and list beneath his banners,
Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftness,
And arm the Persian heretic against thee;
There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy conquests,
And, though at length subdu'd, elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance! No—My troops shall range
Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Mæotis,
And Afric's torrid sands, in search of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him almost above the wond'ring clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence shall my fury drag him down to tortures:
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

MAHOMET.

Suspend his sentence—empire and Irene
Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside
For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatness of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice since the morning rose I saw the bassa,
Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch
In private conference; beside him stood
Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,
And stern composure, of despairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thoughts, at sight of me,
As blasted by my presence, they withdrew
With all the speed of terrour and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul
Allow no pause for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.
Do thou resolve: for see Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder gust of thought
Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,
And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

[Cali *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatness height-[en'd,
Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

IRENE.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state?
Must I for these renounce the hope of Heav'n,
Immortal crowns, and fulness of enjoyment?

MAHOMET.

Vain raptures all—for your inferior natures,
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death, and careless of hereafter;
While Heaven's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thou[ght],
Surveys your plays with ina[ttention],
And leaves the lovely trifler[s]

IRENE.

Why then has Nature's vai[n]
Profusely pour'd her bounti[es],
Whence then those cha[rms],
deign'd to flatter,
That air resistless, and enchanting blush,
Unless the beauteous fabric was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul?

MAHOMET.

Too high bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace:
Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem: let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'rers of the sky;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with music.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet.
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,
Whence all the bliss and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss?
To want give affluence? and to slavery freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure and a waking dream.

IRENE.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted are our own;
Nor has impartial Nature's frugal hand
Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you.
Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought (forgive, my fair,) the noblest aim,
The strongest effort of a female soul,
Was but to chuse the graces of the day,
To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roses to the fades cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,
I coldly listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

MAHOMET.

O seize the power to bless—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian;
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
Shall arm no more her plunder'd palaces.

IRENE.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

MAHOMET.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
Security shall spread her shield before thee,
And love infold thee with his downy wings.
If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring:
To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
And e'en our Prophet's gardens envy thine:
Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

[CALI enters with a discontented air; to him enter ABDALLA,]

CALI.

Is this the fierce conspirator Abdalla?
Is this the resistless diligence of treason?
Where hast thou linger'd while th' encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counsels.

CALI.

Some petty passion! some domestic trifle!
Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!
A weeping wife, perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues?
When eager vengeance shows a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

ABDALLA.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature,
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

CALI.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
E'en from the birth affects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet and silver lake
Mix undistinguish'd in the general roar.

ABDALLA.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast,
Claim but the second place: there mighty love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event—But let us reason—

ABDALLA.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,
To cant, at last, of reason to a lover?
Such ill-tim'd gravity, such serious folly,
Might well befit the solitary student,
Th' unpractis'd deryise, or sequester'd faquir.
Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?
Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties?
Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason?
Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,
That loses all because she hazards nothing!
Reason! the tim'rous pilot, that, to shun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port!

CALI.

But why this sudden warmth?

ABDALLA.

Because I love;
Because my slighted passion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioness distress'd by hunger?
Why foams the swelling wave when tempests rise?
Why shakes the ground when subterraneous fires
Fierce through the bursting caverns rend their way?

CALI.

Not till this day thou sawst this fatal fair;
Did ever passion make so swift a progress?
Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream;
The subtler flames emitted from the sky
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

CALI.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?
Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak;

When e'en as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast;
And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.
[*Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

CALI.

Now be some moments master of thyself;
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To disagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope? [dom,
Still languish in our chains, and dream of free-
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through their wither'd limbs?

CALI.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull security,
Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

LEONTIUS.

So weak is man when destin'd to destruction!—
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

CALI.

At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the sentinels retire;
With all the license of authority,
Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to morrow's action fix the scene.

DEMETRIUS.

To morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still doat upon to morrow!
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Still sees to morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The present hour with open arms invites;
Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom,

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger
May spare the fatal bow-string till to morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our first Asian foes but known
We still had wander'd on Tartarian
Rouse, Cali; shall the sons of conc
Lead us to danger, and abash their
This night with all her conscious s
Who merits most, Demetrius or

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits most!—I knew not

CALI.

Young man, forbear—the hea
more—
Well, 'tis decreed—this night sl te.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,
With cautious secrecy, Leontius, steer
Th' appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails ex-
Await our coming, equally prepar'd [panded,
For speedy flight, or obstinate defence.
[*Exit* Leont.

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now pause, great bassa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence
Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,
Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.
A little longer, and she's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,
Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

CALI.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy call; this kind consent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life.
[*Exit* Dem.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my reward—to burn, to languish,
To rave unheeded; while the happy Greek,
The refuse of our swords, the dross of conquest,
Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast.
Is't not enough he lives by our indulgence,
But he must live to make his masters wretched?

CALI.

What claim hast thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The claim of pow'r,
The unquestion'd claim of conquerors and kings!

CALI.

You claim of pow'r remember justice.

ABDALLA.

Can then th' assassin lift his trench'rous hand
Against his King, and cry, remember justice?
Justice demands the fortfeit life of Cali;
Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Justice demands—but see th' approaching sultan!
Oppose my wishes, and—remember justice.

CALI.

Disorder sits upon thy face—retire.
[*Exit* Abdalla, *enter* Mahomet.

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the sultan blest'd with happy love!
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,
When, pale and anxious for their years to come,
They see the Sun surmount the dark eclipse,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion;
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

CALI.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair:
Call to your aid, with boundless promises,
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination,
That raises tumults in the female breast
The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

MAHOMET.

These arts I try'd, and, to inflame her more,
By hateful business hurried from her sight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.
[*Exit* Mahomet.

SCENE VI.

CALI, *solus.*

He's gone—Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy dissipated pow'rs.——
Our distant int'rests, and our diff'rent passions,
Now haste to mingle in one common centre,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.
Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise!—
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.
Reason with reason fights on equal terms;
The raging madman's unconnected schemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.
Deep in my breast be treasur'd this resolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies.
Too fierce, too faithless, for neglect or trust.
[*Enter* Irene *with Attendants.*

SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

CALI.

Amidst the splendour of encircling beauty,
Superior majesty proclaims thee queen,
And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

IRENE.

Reserve this homage for some other fair;
Urge me not on to glitt'ring guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

CALI.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the sultan's justice,
We court thy gentleness.

ASPASIA,

Can Cali's voice
Concur to press a hapless captive's ruin?

CALI.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon *me*,
And duty bids me chuse a distant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, Attendants.

ASPASIA.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,
Swell not thyself beyond advice or friendship,
Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,
Suspend awhile the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of truth; dismiss thy train,
Shake off th' encumbrances of state a moment,
And lay the tow'ring sultaness aside,
[Irene *signs to her attendants to retire*
While I foretel thy fate; that office done,—
No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,
But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

IRENE.

Did regal diadems invest my brow,
Yet should my soul, still faithful to her choice
Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The soul, once tainted with so foul a crime,
No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour:
Those holy beings, whose superior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancied wickedness;
I am not yet a queen or an apostate.

But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuse,
The dread of instant death restrains my tongue?

ASPASIA.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds!
Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

IRENE.

If built on settled thought, this constancy
Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,
Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness.
Made passive fortitude the praise of woman:
Our only arms are innocence and meekness.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city;
But, while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' Eternal Pow'r to shield my country,
With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O! did Irene shine the queen of Turkey,
No more should Greece lament those pray'rs rejected;
Again should golden splendour grace her cities,
Again her prostrate palaces should rise,
Again her temples sound with holy music:
No more should danger fright, or want distress
The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends pursu'd by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed:
That maxim, publish'd in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title;
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth:
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of Heaven.

IRENE.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happiness of mourning millions?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain:
When social laws first harmonis'd the world,
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,
The scale of justice, and the sword of power,
Nor left us ought but flattery and state.

IRENE.

To me my lover's fondness will restore
Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

ASPASIA.

When soft security shall prompt t[illegible]
Freed from the tumults of unsettle[illegible]
To fix his court, and regulate his [illegible]
Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid[illegible]
Close like th' eternal bars of death[illegible]
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual [illegible]
That gloomy slumber of the stagn[illegible]
There shalt thou view from far the [illegible]
And sigh for cheerful poverty in [illegible]
There wear the tedious hours of l[illegible]
Beneath each curse of unrelenting [illegible]
Despair and slav'ry, solitude and [illegible]

IRENE.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heaven,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,
Oft shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languish on in dull obscurity;
Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

ASPASIA.

On me should Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,
Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes:
Soon should'st thou see, how false thy weak reproach.
My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

Ambition is the stamp impress'd by Heaven
To mark the noblest minds; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire;
While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
And ask, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs:
While some archangel, nearer to perfection,
In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careless nod,
Conducts the Sun, and regulates the spheres.

ASPASIA.

Well mayst thou hide in labyrinths of sound
The cause that shrinks from reason's pow'rful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,

And set in glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Set pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime;
Angels' greatness is angelic virtue.
Amid the clare of courts, the shout of armies,
Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish, too late, for innocence and peace,
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy state and agonizing pomp?

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A Turkish stranger, of majestic mien,
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

IRENE.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy message,
[*aside.*
Thanks for this kind relief—With speed admit him.

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever;
When I am gone, remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous,
[*Exit* Irene; *enter* Demetrius.

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis she—my hope, my happiness, my love!
Aspasia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, still the same—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze———

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheeks?
Why shoots this chilness through thy shaking nerves?
Why does thy soul retire into herself?
Recline upon my breast, thy sinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

ASPASIA.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful sounds
Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confusion,
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul;
The present, past, and futures swim before me,
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such extacy of love, such pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

ASPASIA.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,
Demand a voice, and struggle into birth;
A thousand questions press upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

O say, bright being, in this age of absence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers, hast thou known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd!
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain!
Say, how the hand of violence was rais'd!
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius!

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather how thy happy courage
Stemm'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death.
Did savage anger and licentious conquest
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes?
And, thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

DEMETRIUS.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,
Conclurr'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

ASPASIA.

Sure Heaven (for wonders are not wrought in vain!)
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The hasty sultan sign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion;
She cannot, must not, shall not, linger here;
Prudence and friendship bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die!

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis freedom, calls Aspasia hence;
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part ———

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part ———

ABDALLA.

Dispatch; th' increasing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go.
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,
If fate pursues me, let it find me here.

Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infus'd in vain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, enter as talking,

ASPASIA.

Enough—resistless reason calms my soul—
Approving justice smiles upon your cause,
And Nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.
Yet, when your hand is lifted to destroy,
Think, but excuse a woman's needless caution,—
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,
Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance, from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and virtue,
Then strike secure, and Heaven assist the blow!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My soul, first kindled by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,
Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Those glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,
That spread their colours to the genial beam,
And sparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But, when the tempest with sonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,
Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—still new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.
Oft' when the fierce besiegers' eager host
Beholds the fainting garrison retire,
And rushes joyful to the naked wall,
Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,
And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away.
Perhaps in vain the sultan's anger spar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treacher'rous friendship—
Abdalla!———

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then dissemble!
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour!

ASPASIA.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cause of Greece restr
Aspasia should not fear a secon

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns ins
And intermix'd my praises with
His wealth, his rank, his honou
Till, in the midst of arrogance
Th' approaching sultan forc'
palace;
Then, while he gaz'd upon his
I stole unheeded from their ra
And sought this happy grove in

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,
Lest baleful discord crush our infant scheme,
And strangled freedom perish in the birth!

ASPASIA.

My bosom, harass'd with alternate passions,
Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

Think how the Sov'reign Arbiter of kingdoms
Detests thy false associates' black designs,
And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,
When Heaven shall bid the swelling billows rage,
And point vindictive light'nings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heaven
Successful treasons punish impious kings,

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrours with the sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waste
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry side, confusion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beset the treacherous way with fatal ambush;
Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconstant,
Too much to fear or trust is equal weakness.
Sometimes the wretch, unaw'd by Heaven or Hell
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The bassa, reeking with his master's murder,
Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

ASPASIA.

How soon, alas! will int'rest, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow such weak, such accidental, virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortified by conscience?

DEMETRIUS.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction:
What gain, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,
Still guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

DEMETRIUS.

Dismiss these needless fears—a troop of Greeks,
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.
Borne on the surface of the smiling deep,
Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, still, distrust sits heavy on my heart:
Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece?

DEMETRIUS.

Should Heav'n, yet unappeas'd, refuse its aid,
Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,
Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt
Diffuse a brightness o'er our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canst thou support the woes of exile?
Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,
To live obscure upon a foreign coast,
Content with science, innocence, and love?

ASPASIA.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss.
O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the public ruins,
Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,
And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.
Cheerful I follow to the rural cell;
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue.

DEMETRIUS.

Submissive, and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the last award of Heav'n,
Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.
The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts
To kind Ithalia's hospitable shades;
There shall soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,
And Peace propitious smile on fond desire:
There shall despotic Eloquence resume
Her antient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There Poetry shall tune her sacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the Western world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling Sun resigns the world
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not these hours as part of vulgar time,
Think them a sacred treasure lent by Heaven,
Which, squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No prayer recalls, no diligence redeems.
To morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king
Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on his throne;
To morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waste no longer these important moments
In soft endearments, and in gentle murmurs;
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love, combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
And fans the slumbering spark of heavenly fire.
Retire, my fair; that Pow'r that smiles on goodness
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace!

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of separation!
[*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire,
And show Irene to the shouting people:
Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r;
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty [after
Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er here-
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge
Reclines against the shore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A single blow completes our wishes;
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

LEONTIUS.

Suspected still!—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dare join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood?
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,
An idle list'ner to the distant cries
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords?
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of glory,
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools;

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of glory?
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,
No records, but the records of the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,
While I destroy the oppressor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?
Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,
My name shall echo through the shouting field:
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

Must Greece still wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?
Demetrius justly pleads a double title;
The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,
My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs!
All ye, whose blood tyrannic rage effus'd,
Or persecution drank, attend our call;
And from the mansions of perpetual peace
Descend, to sweeten labours once your own!

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence [beam
Confirm your troops; and when the Moon's fair
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.
[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Leon.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate unmindful of Abdalla!

CALI.

Far be such blank ingratitude
When Asia's nations own me
Wealth, and command, and
thine.

ABDALLA.

Is this the recompense reser
Dar'st thou thus dally with
Henceforward hope no more
ship,
Wake from thy dream of p
And bid thy visionary throne

CALI.

Name, and enjoy thy wish—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it;
Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,
Nor hope, nor wish, nor live, but for Aspasia.

CALI.

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius
Heaven makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her, and possess; thou know'st thy rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, since on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.
Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat;
The rights of princes let the sword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour:
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach
A surer passage to his hated heart.

CALI.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet before we storm the palace,
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league;
Then shall these juices taint Demetrius' draught,
[*Showing a phial.*
And stream destructive through his freezing veins:
Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,
And perish ere he taste the joys of conquest.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene!
The matchless fair has bless'd me with compliance;
Let every tongue resound Irene's praise,
And spread the general transport through mankind.

CALI.

[illegible] for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
[illegible] the joys of paradise and empire,
[illegible] upon thy people's and thy Cali's prayers;
[illegible] thy passage to the seats of bliss,
[illegible] for Houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

Forbear — I blame the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

How can I the eyes of kings, like those of Heav'n,
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,
Or scan they find ingratitude and treason,
By smiles and oaths, and praises ill disguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crouded courts,
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine.

MUSTAPHA.

Yet, ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger:
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,
The hungry janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle sabre.

MAHOMET.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth Sun
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouse to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble:
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,
To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,
To canonize the slaves of superstition,
And fill the world with follies and impostures,
Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O, could her fabled saints and boasted prayers
Call forth her antient heroes to the field, [tions,
How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of na-
To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,
And bid the master genius rule the world!
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpose.
[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives: and must he live to morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,
Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,
And wait your summons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.
[*Exit* Mustapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, SOLUS.

Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,
Of happiness lures on from toil to toil,
Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.
Behold him here, in love, in war, successful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime; but meaner folly
Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on false-
And idolize th' apostate I contemn. [hood,
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,
O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

Caraza speak—have ye remark'd the bassa?

CARAZA.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps;
His air disorder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,
Absorb'd in thought; then, starting from his trance,
Constrains a sudden smile, and shoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla!

MAHOMET.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great;
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treason level'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private passage
Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,
Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.
[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Mustapha.

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

HASAN.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs and propagate sedition?

CARAZA.

Whate'er their scheme, the bassa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

HASAN.

What ties to slaves? what gratitude to foes?

CARAZA.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unresisted from the giant hand
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,
And dash'd the might of Asan from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blush to make it known,
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life.—

HASAN.

Do thou repay the gift,
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,
When Heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, SOLA.

In these dark moments of suspended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country
Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful Virtue!
Attentive rise, survey the fair creation,
Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, these joys, dear innocence! are thine:
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[*Enter* Irene *and* Attendants.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, and Attendants.

IRENE.

See how the Moon through all th' unclouded sky
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews
Revive the languid flow'rs; thus Nature shone
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primeval spring;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral
Is sure the smile of unoffende
Yet! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th'
Aspasia stands—

IRENE.

Wi
Pensive, and envious of Ire
Steal unperceiv'd upon h
But see, the lofty maid,
Resumes th' imperious a
Are these th' unceasing j
sures
For which Aspasia scorn
Is this th' unshaken conf
Is this the boasted bliss of conscious vi
When did content sigh out her cares in secret?
When did felicity repine in deserts?

ASPASIA.

Ill suits with guilt the gaieties of triumph:
When daring vice insults eternal Justice,
The ministers of wrath forget compassion,
And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

IRENE.

Forbear thy threats, proud prophetess of ill,
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear!—But thou art sunk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
And all within is darkness and confusion.
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye;
While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,
Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin,

[*Enter* Demetrius.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my love! destruction rushes on us,
The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

ASPASIA.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more; the prosperous tyrant lives
Reserv'd for other lands, the scourge of Heav'n

ASPASIA.

Say by what fraud, what force, were you de
feated?
Betray'd by falsehood or by crowds o'erborne?

DEMETRIUS.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla ——

ASPASIA.

Hated name! his jealous rage
[illegible]—Oh curs'd Aspasia,
[illegible] ruin of her country!
[illegible] from upbraiding Greece;
[illegible] from myself!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitless grief
[illegible] alone, nor dare to seize
[illegible] where virtue guards the throne of peace.
[illegible] dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,
[illegible], or rage, or treachery, betray us!

IRENE, aside.

A private station may discover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence:
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.
[*Withdraws.*

ASPASIA.

Yet tell

DEMETRIUS.

To tell or hear were waste of life.

ASPASIA.

The life which only this design supported,
Were now well lost in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,
And seize my sword with disencumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The stratagem? Did then Abdalla—

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek!
"Then all is past," he cry'd—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

ASPASIA.

Why did you stay, deserted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary bassa
Stood torpid in suspense; but soon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made resistance vain,
And bade his new confederates seize the traitors.
Cali disarm'd was borne away to death;
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call
The day disastrous that secures our flight;
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.
[*Enter* Abdalla.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

DEMETRIUS.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation:
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;
Thy love, Aspasia, calls; restrain thy sword;
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly!

DEMETRIUS.

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult;
Tell how Demetrius shunn'd his single hand,
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate loiterer, has Fate in vain
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd with stupefaction?

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my fair; 'tis life, 'tis nature calls:
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

ASPASIA.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon thy call.
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy sword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.
[*Quitting* Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,
And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake;
Alike my death or thine is gain to thee;
But soon thou shalt repent: another moment
Shall throw th' attending janizaries round thee.
[*Exit hastily* Abdalla.

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

Abdalla fails; now, Fortune, all is mine. [*Aside.*
Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the sultan
[*To one of her Attendants.*
Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful. [*Exit* Murza.
This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan,
Secure his confidence, and fix his love. [*Aside.*

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a boaster's worth! Now snatch, my fair,
The happy moment; hasten to the shore,
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

ASPASIA.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love; my trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee;
Forsake a wretch abandon'd to despair,
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;
Come, haste and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

IRENE.

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuse their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather, scornful of flagitious greatness,
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,
Leave slavery, guilt, and infamy behind.

IRENE.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Assist her efforts with her strong persuasion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquish'd vice shall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember peace and anguish are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and Heav'n and Hell.

ASPASIA.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind Heav'n affords thee, and inviting mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

IRENE.

Stay—in this dubious twili
The gleams of reason, and
Irradiate and obscure my
Stay but a moment, and
Will spread resistless light

DEMETR

But since none knows the d
And Heav'n forbids to lavis
Let kind compulsion termi

Ye Christian captives, fol
A galley waits us, and the

IREN

Whence is this violence?

DEMETR

Y
Will teach a gentler term.

IREN

Forbear this rudeness,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's queen:
Fly, slaves, and call the sultan to my rescue.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewell, unhappy maid: may every joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest prayer to pitying Heav'n!
[*Exeunt* Dem. Asp. *with part of the attendants.*

SCENE VI.

[IRENE walks at a distance from her attendants.]

After a pause.

Against the head, which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain, [Heav'n.
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of
Perhaps even now the lovers unpursu'd
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy b
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging mai
To guide thy passage shall th' aërial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its be
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue;
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at mysel
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex, [bra
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of ren
And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!
Come, let us seek new pleasures in the palace,
[*To her attendants going o*
Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

SCENE VII.

[Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and stopping her.]

MUSTAPHA.

Fair falsehood, stay.

IRENE.

What dream of sudden power
Has taught my slave the language of command!
Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness—
Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!
Ask thy heart; attend the voice of conscience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud resentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accusation,
The sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is past;
Hard was the strife of justice and of love;
But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.
Know'st thou not Cali? know'st thou not Demetrius?

IRENE.

Bold slave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them traitors.

IRENE.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondness for the sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The sultan knows it,
He knows how near apostacy to treason—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.
I go, lest vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.
[*Exit* Mustapha.

IRENE, *to her attendants.*

Go, blust'ring slave—He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous message frees me from suspicion.

SCENE VIII.

Enter HASAN, CARAZA, with Mutes, who throw the black robe upon IRENE, and sign to her attendants to withdraw.

HASAN.

Forgive, fair excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,
Bids beauty such as thine prepare to die.

IRENE.

What wild mistake is this! Take hence with speed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

HASAN.

Alas! they come commanded by the sultan,
Th' unpitying ministers of Turkish justice,
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

IRENE.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,
Aspasia now within her lover's arms
Securely sleeps, and in delightful dreams
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

CARAZA.

We come, bright virgin, though relenting nature
Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction;
When summon'd by the sultan's clam'rous fury,
We ask'd with tim'rous tongue th' offender's name,
He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd, Irene.
We started at the sound, again inquir'd;
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene.

IRENE.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has wrong'd me?
What fraud misleads him? or what crimes incense?

HASAN.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his master's death.

IRENE.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful bosom
Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,
Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

IRENE.

Some ill-designing statesmen's base *intrigue*!
Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,
Now haste to murder, ere returning thought
Recal th' extorted doom.——It must be so:
Confess your crime, or lead me to the sultan;
There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser;
Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, ev'ry change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.
[*Enter* ABDALLA; *he stops short and listens.*

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA, *aside.*

All is not lost, Abdalla; see the queen,
See the last witness of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death—Dispatch her, and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,
The fraudful moments ply their silent wings,
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.,
The raging sultan burns till our return,
Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,
That thus you parly with detected treason?
Should she prevail to gain the sultan's presence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;
Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge;
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,
A little life, for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,
And saw him skulking in the closest walks:
I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the sultan,
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime;
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death. [*Beckons the Mutes.*

IRENE.

O name not death! Distraction and amazement,
Horrour and agony, are in that sound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on some pathless shore,
Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,
Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverse the sentence of the sultan,
Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.
But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.
[*The Mutes at the sign lay hold of her.*

ABDALLA.

Dispatch, ye ling'ring slaves; or nimbler hands,
Quick at my call, shall execute you
Dispatch, and learn a fitter time f

IRENE.

Grant me one hour, O grant me
And bounteous Heav'n repay the
With peaceful death, and happi

CARAZA.

The prayer I cannot grant—I d
Short be thy pains. [*Signs a*

IRENE.

Unutte
Guilt and Despair, pale spe
me,
And stun me with the yellings
O, hear my pray'rs! accept,
These tears, these pangs, th
Nor let the crimes of this d
Be charg'd upon my soul. O

SCENE

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA, *aside.*

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius's flight,
Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm.
Now shalt thou shine the darling of the sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

HASAN to CARAZA.

Does not thy bosom (for I know thee tender,
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy)
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

CARAZA.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul.
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;
The stormy sultan rages at our stay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your report with circumspective art:
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience:
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

CARAZA.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why should he, whose violence of duty
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;
Perhaps I will not stoop to plead my cause,
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

CARAZA.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue;
Nor hope his fortune, while thou want'st his worth.

HASAN.

The sultan comes, still gloomy, still enraged.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

[illegible]? Where's this smiling
[illegible] could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.

[illegible] sultan! are perform'd,
[illegible] breathless clay.

MAHOMET.

[illegible] the claim of justice,
[illegible] vengeance burns in vain.
I came to heap new tortures by reproach.
And add new terrours to the face of death.
Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire?
True, she was fair; the smile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So shone the first apostate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,
Name for the scene of death Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,
Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

MAHOMET.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!
There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods,
Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,
And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

MURZA.

Forgive, great sultan! that, by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message, from Irene.

MAHOMET.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treason
Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

MURZA.

The queen requested that a chosen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

MUSTAPHA.

The Greek Demetrius! whom th' expiring bassa
Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt!

MAHOMET.

A chosen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—
The queen requested—Wretch, repeat the message;
And, if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,
Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,
Those trembling limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring traitor.

MURZA.

The queen requested——

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead Irene?
Was she then guiltless! has my thoughtless rage
Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of Heav'n!
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidst her kind solicitudes for me!
Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage,
[*To* Has. *and* Car.
Ye blind officious ministers of folly, [der?
Could not her charms repress your zeal for mur-
Could not her pray'rs, her innocence, her tears,
Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal errour!
One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

CARAZA.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,
Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,
Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

MAHOMET.

What hadst thou lost by slighting those commands?
Thy life perhaps—Were but Irene spar'd,
Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd;
Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought
With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! But think, illustrious sultan,
Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Success and conquest now are empty sounds,
Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast;
Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear Irene, [ties,
Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beau-
Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.
[Mahomet *goes back and returns.*
Yet, ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,
Let one just act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of distraction,
[*Painting to* Hasan *and* Caraza.
Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence.
And speed the stroke, lest mercy should o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

MAHOMET.

Hear, shall I hear thee! didst thou hear Irene?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

Hadst thou heard a moment,
Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou had'st spar'd Irene.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

MAHOMET.

And wish'd—be still thy fate to wish in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard, and soften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it,
The wretch, whose guilt, declar'd by tortur'd Cali, [brance:
My rage and grief had hid from my remem-
Abdalla brought her doom!

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,
While yet she begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

MAHOMET.

O seize me, madness—Did she call on me!
I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And stopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My spirits fail, awhile support me, vengeance—
Be just, ye slaves; and, to be just, be cruel;
Contrive new racks, imbitter ev'ry pang,
Inflict whatever treason can deserve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.
[*Exit* Mahomet; Abdalla *is dragged off.*

SCENE XIII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

MUSTAPHA TO MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures, are in store for thee,
Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave!
Behold the model of consummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning Earth by thy neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the will of Heav'n—A band of Greeks
That mark'd my course, suspicious of my pur- pose, [arm'd,
Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and un-
Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me, till Demetrius set me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So sure the fall of greatness, rais'd on crimes!
So fix'd the justice of all-conscious Heav'n!
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

BY SIR WILLIAM YONGE.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty tyrant
Who thinks us women born to dre
To please his fancy! see no othe
Let him persuade me to it—if
Besides, he has fifty wives, an
To have the fiftieth part her
'Tis true the fellow's hand
tall,
But how the devil should
My swain is little—true—
My pride's to have that
Men will be ever to the
Where woman's not
I swear this eastern
And for one man—one of con-
science.
In vain proud man usurps what an's due,
For us alone, they honour's paths pursue:
Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend;
Woman the source, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory, they re- ceive,
These are all trifles to what we can give.
For us the statesman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights;
And, when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750, BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS

ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MILTON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame, [name,
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times,
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble Muse to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage,
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more. [tell
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,
Ambitious, catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow,
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold

Shakspeare, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
[illegible] hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
[illegible]though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
[illegible]ving Muse her morning dreams inspire;
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tuteiary nations guard her cell.
Your's is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE GOOD-NATURED MAN, 1769.

Press'd by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fear, and wishes, just the same;
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day, the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote."
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe;
Yet, judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But, confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF A WORD TO THE WISE[1].

SPOKEN BY MR. HULL.

This night presents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage[*],

[1] Performed at CoventGarden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, esq. (the author of the play) and her children.

[*] Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.

From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him, who cannot hurt, allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING,

AN ODE.

Stern Winter now by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife;
And Nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure with the laughing train.
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain,
Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic[1] tyranny consigns;
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings and beauty shines.
Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.
Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.
Here let me through the vales pursue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great Nature's works renew,
Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.
From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The gen'rous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.
When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.
But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright Wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

[1] The author being ill of the gout.

MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.
Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling air,
And cheer me with a lambent light.
Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds;
Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.
Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.
Let me when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and Nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.
'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer-fruits desert the bough.
The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.
The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths, are wild and bare;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd with rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure, wanders there.
No more while through the midnight shade,
Beneath the Moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.
From this capricious clime she soars,
Oh! would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.
Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.
What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?
Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour!
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.
Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl,
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray,
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse to sing,
Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat,
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And ev'ry bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER,

AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of purple dyes.
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.
The ling'ring hours prolongs the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.
By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths now sought in vain.
Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.
In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.
Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.
Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
No music charm—though Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.
Catch, then, Oh! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower:
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!
Nor only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter! is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.
Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
Resign the heart to spleen and care;
Scarce frighted love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

on groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.
Fir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife,
Snatch me, O Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.

TO MISS *****

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING[1].

Though gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine;
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand, that knows the subtle art
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glitt'ring vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

TO MISS *****

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD IN A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN PAINTING[2].

When Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound;
Ah! think not, in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.
When charms thus press on ev'ry sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.
Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well-accorded strife
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same;
Thy music teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

[1] Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

[2] Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.

EVENING:

AN ODE.

TO STELLA.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely, Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light:
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silent as best, and conscious shades
Please the hearts that love invades,
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

TO THE SAME.

Whether Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at other's woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expense
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love and still approve.
Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendent gems and rich brocade.
Those charms alone can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

TO A FRIEND.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
Oh! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl!
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.
Thus taste the feast by Nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife,
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

When lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs, who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.
"Fate! snatch away the bright disguise,
"And let the goddess trust her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And Fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But, brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress,
Since Stella still extends her reign,
Ah! how shall envy sooth her pain?
Th' adoring youth and envious fair,
Henceforth shall form one common prayer:
And love and hate alike implore
The skies—"That Stella mourn no more."

TO STELLA.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets, claim;
Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve;
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allures my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I
Nor seek I Nature's charms in va
In lovely Stella all combine;
And, lovely Stella! thou art mi

VERSES.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF
WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A

What hopes, what terrours,
Ambiguous emblem of unce
The myrtle (ensign of supre
Consign'd by Venus to Meli
Not less capricious than a
Oft favours, oft rejects, a
In myrtle shades oft sings
In myrtle shades despairi
The myrtle crowns the ha
Th' unhappy lovers grav
Oh! then, the meaning
And ease the throbbings
Soon must this bough, as
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

TO LADY FIREBRACE[2],

AT BURY ASSIZES.

At length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
For, such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a Muse and Grace.

TO LYCE, AN ELDERLY LADY.[1]

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flatt'ring poets given,
Who shine, by lavish lovers drest,
In all the pomp of Heaven;

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the Moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.

[1] These verses were first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1768, p. 439, but were written many years earlier. Elegant as they are, Dr. Johnson assured me, they were composed in the short space of five minutes. *N.*

[2] This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, esq. of that town. She became the second wife of sir Cordell Firebrace, the last baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000l.), July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, esq. uncle to the present duke of Argyle; and died July 3, 1782.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
The' stain'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

Let some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet some of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET,

ATTRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd,

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was night.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN[1].

Phillips! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPHIUM[2] IN THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum Thomas Hanmer Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri, è Peregrinâ Henrici North
De Mildenhall in com Suffolciæ Baronetti sosore et hærede,
Filius;
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti
Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo et patrimonio successit.
Duas uxores fortitus est;
Alteram Isabellam, honore à patre derivato, de Arlington comitissam,
Deindè celsissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam dotariam:
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Foulkes de Barton in com. Suff. armigeri
Filiam et hæredem.
Inter humanitates studia felicitèr enutritus,
Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.
Postquam excessit ex ephebis,
Continuò inter populares suos famâ eminens,
Et comitatûs sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus,
Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta se accinxit:
Cumque apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire,
Sed *probè* perpensa dissertè expromere,
Orator gravis et pressus;
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude commendatus,
Æquè omnium, utcunque inter se alioqui dissidentium,
Aures atque animos attraxit.
Annoque demum M DCC. XIII. regnante Annâ,
Felicissimæ florentissimæque memoriæ reginâ,
Ad Prolocutoris cathedram
Communi Senatûs universi voce designatus est:
Quod munus,
Cum nullo tempore non difficile,
Tum illo certè, negotiis
Et variis et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum,
Cum dignitate sustinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia quæ sibi in lucrum cederent munera,
Sedulò detrectavit,
Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ;
Justi rectique tenax,
Et fide in patriam incorruptâ notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civemque bonum decent, officiis satisfecisset,

1 These lines are among Mrs. Williams' Miscellanies: they are nevertheless recognised as Johnson's in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

2 At Hanmer church in Flintshire.

Paulatim se à publicis consiliis in otium recipiens,
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus,
Honorificè consenuit;
Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,
Desideratissimus obiit.
Hic, juxta cineres avi, suos condi voluit, et curavit
Gulielmus Bunbury Btus nepos et hæres.

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE EPITAPH.

BY DR. JOHNSON[1],

Thou who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at the tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,
Who hail'd him speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne!
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.
This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his stedfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety:
Nor e'er from virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled,
And fame pursu'd him where conviction led.
Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour sated, and with cares oppress;
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

[1] This Paraphrase is inserted in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is here said to be written by Dr. Freind. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

Calm conscience, then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till Nature call'd him to [illegible]
And virtue's sorrow dign[illegible]

TO MISS F[illegible]

PLAYING ON

Bright Stella, form'd fo[illegible]
Too well you know to k[illegible]
When in your eyes resis[illegible]
Aw'd into love our conq[illegible]
And yield reluctant to d[illegible]
But when your music so[illegible]
We bid propitious Heav'[illegible]
We bless the tyrant, and [illegible]
When old Timotheus stru[illegible]
Ambition's fury fir'd the [illegible]
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by music's dreadful pow'r,
He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire;
No more delighted with destructive war,
Ambitious only now to please the fair;
Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

PARAPHRASE[2]

OF PROVERBS, CHAP. VI.

Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 11.

"GO TO THE ANT THOU SLUGGARD."

Turn on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise:
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs;
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose?
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

[1] These lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, son to Mrs. Turton, the lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnson's life they may have been written, is not known.

[2] In Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing.

HORACE.

LIB. IV. ODE VII, TRANSLATED.

The snow, dissolv'd, no more is seen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green;
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again;
The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace;
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man;
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
Spring yields to summer's sov'reign ray;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again;
Her losses soon the Moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will toss us in a morning more?
What with your friend you nobly share
At least you rescue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to Earth,
Hippolytus, unjustly slain.
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of Hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

ON SEEING A BUST OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

Had this fair figure which this frame displays,
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
In every dome in every sacred place,
Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
And on its basis would have been enroll'd,
"This is Minerva, cast in virtue's mould."

The following Translations, Parodies, and Burlesque verses, most of them extempore, are taken from Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson published by Mrs. Piozzi.

ANACREON.

ODE IX.

Lovely courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it business? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.
Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove bestow'd:
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge, consign'd to me:
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward;
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the lib'ral grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed:
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast, and soft repose;
Now the gen'rous bowl I sip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip;
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers snatch his bread;
Sleek, with luscious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine, as courage springs,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And, when feast and frolic fire,
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canst not know;
Let me now my pinions ply.
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES

WRITTEN IN RIDICULE OF CERTAIN POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1777.

Wherever I turn my view,
All is strange; yet nothing new;
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that time hath flung away,
Uncouth words in disarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

PARODY

OF A TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

Ean shall they not, who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And, scanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where smoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the singer blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill;
By quiv'ring string or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around;
Where doom-enamour'd Mischief loves to dwell,
And Murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour,
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to music's soothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE

OF THE MODERN VERSIFICATIONS OF ANCIENT LEGENDARY TALES. AN IMPROMPTU.

The tender infant meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on,

TRANSLATION

OF THE TWO FIRST STANZAS OF THE SONG "*Rio verde, Rio verde,*" PRINTED IN BISHOP PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY. AN IMPROMPTU.

Glassy water, glassy water,
Down, whose current, clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian roll along.

IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF ***.

Hermit hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,
When the hoary sage reply'd,
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

BURLESQUE

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES OF LOPEZ DE VEGA. AN IMPROMPTU.

Se acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di ser mas furiosa.

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES AT THE END OF BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY. AN IMPROMPTU.

Viva! viva la padrona!
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

Long may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young, and always pretty;
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young, and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING DISTICH ON THE APPEARANCE OF MODENA'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE COMET IN 1742 or 1743.

Se al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì —— durate un anno

If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets! come ev'ry day —— and stay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES OF M. BENSERADE A SON LIT.

Theatre des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT REPRESENTING PERSONS SKAITING.

Sur un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas,
Le précipice est sous la glace:
Telle est de nos plaisirs la légere surface:
Glissez, mortels; n'appuyez pas.

O'er ice the rapid skaiter flies,
With sport above, and death below;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF THE SAME.

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treach'rous Pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

TO MRS. THRALE,

ON HER COMPLETING HER THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR. AN IMPROMPTU.

Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five!
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,

Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tond your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU

ON HEARING MISS THRALE CONSULTING WITH A FRIEND ABOUT A GOWN AND HAT SHE WAS INCLINED TO WEAR.

Wear the gown and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF AN AIR IN THE CLEMENZA DE TITO OF METASTASIO, BEGINNING

Deh se piacermi vuoi.

Would you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart;
He, who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from ev'ry gen'rous mind:
He, who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANSLATION

OF A SPEECH OF AQUILEIO IN THE ADRIANO OF METASTASIO, BEGINNING

Tu che in Corte invecchiasti.

Grown old in courts, thou surely art not one
Who keeps the rigid rules of antient honour;
Well skill'd to soothe a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship:
Open to all, true only to thyself, [praise,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne;
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit:
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose
And only build upon another's ruin.

ONE AND TWENTY.

Long-expected one-and-twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown:
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great *** ****, are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betsies, Kates and Jennies,
All the names that banish care;
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly
Joy to see their quarry fly:
There the gamester, light and jolly,
There the lender, grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full, and spirits high—
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian friend or mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste:
Scorn their council, scorn their pother,
You can hang or drown at last.

POEMATA.

MESSIA[1].

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator. Scalig. Poet.

Tollite concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ
Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta, valete,
Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi:
Tu, mihi, qui flaminâ movisti pectora sancti
Sidereâ Isaiæ, dignos accende furores!
Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates
Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,
Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
Hinc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,
Dia salutares spirant medicamina rami;
Hic requies fessis; non sacra sævit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis
Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,
Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,

[1] This translation has been severely criticised by Dr. Warton, in his edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 105, 8vo. 1797. It certainly contains some expressions that are not classical. Let it be remembered, however, that it was a college-exercise, performed with great rapidity, and was at first praised beyond all suspicion of defect. C.

En! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deserti lætâ mollescunt aspera voce
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant, Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,
Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus;
En! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
En! salvator adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen;
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, qua lata vires-
cunt
Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos
Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,
Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit fulcos, illi teret area messem,
Et seræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis sente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per val es sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvencus.
Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formosa tibi spatiosa per atria, proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii; tibi balsama sudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina proruppunt; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipse diei
Proferet archetypos; cœlestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis:
Tu secura tamen confusa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

[Jan. 20, 21, 1778.]

Vitæ qui varias vices
Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
Læto cedere lumini
Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
Acri sanguine turgidos,
Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis
Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui no cuit dies,
Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece prosequar?
Sacri discipulis labri
Te semper studiis utilibus colam:
Grates, summe Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

Nunc dies Christo memoranda nato
Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni
Gratia Cœli!
Christe da tutam trepido quietem,
Christe, spem præsta stolidem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis
Annue, Christe.

[In Lecto, die Passionis. Apr. 13, 1780.]

Summe Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creâsti;
Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus:
Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.]

Spe non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur solatium.

[Nocta inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783.[1]]

Summe Pater, quodcunque tuum [2] de corpore Numen [3]
Hoc statuat[4], precibus [5] Christus adesse velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa rogâsse[6],
Qua solum potero parte, placere [7] tibi.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

Summe dator vitæ, naturæ æterne magister,
Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
Respice quem subiget senium, morbique seniles,
Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi;
Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

Pater benigne, summa semper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva:
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;
Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater;
Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia:
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam:
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

Summe Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.
Certa vetat dubitare fides, spes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.
Da, ne sint permissa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,
Et colere, et leges semper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piásti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo!

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

Mens mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In summo ut videas numine læta patrem;
Divinam insontes iram placavit Jesus;
Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

[1] The night above referred to by Dr. Johnson was that in which a paralytic stroke had deprived him of his voice; and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above lines, and said, concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his discerning this to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it showed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

[2] Al. tuæ. [3] Al. leges. [4] Al. statuant.
[5] Al. votis. [6] Al. precari. [7] Al. litare.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

Qui cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,
Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro
Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,
Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,
Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse
Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,
Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit
Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem;
Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Displiceat, servet tutum sub pectore rectum:
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.
Sed timeat semper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne stolidæ similis, leges sibi segreget audax
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte sua demens; nihilum decedere summæ
Vult Deus, at qui cuncta debit tibi, cuncta reposcit.
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente serena
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

Æterne rerum conditor,
Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitatis sedibus
Qui nec scelestos exigis,
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet;
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti spiritum
Succurre præsens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

Luce collustret mihi pectus alma,
Pellat et tristes animi tenebras,
Nec sinat semper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Christi:

Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi sanctus socium beatum
Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

Serviat ut menti corpus jejunia serva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, sume cibos.

AD URBANUM[1]. 1738.

Urbane, nullis fesse laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui fronte sertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret, et virebit;
Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, sollicitus parum,
Vacare solis perge Musis,
Juxta animo studiisque fœlix.
Linguæ procacis plumbea spicula,
Fidens, superbo frange silentio;
Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.
Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus emuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes opera camœnas.
Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis judicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.
Texente nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

Errat adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic delusa rudi frustrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis
Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris perière securibus umbræ,
Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent,
Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

(Post Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum).

Lexicon ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut duxit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,
Vile indignatus studium, nugasque molestas,
Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum,
Qui veterum modo facto ducum, modo carmina vatum,
Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid,
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis; temere sibi turba scholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras. [rum
Quisque suum nôrit modulum; tibi, prime viro-
Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,
Non mihi sorte datum; lenti seu sanguinis obsint
Frigora, seu nimium longo jacuisse veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem
Te sterili functum curæ, vocumque salebris
Tuto eluctatum spatiis sapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum sonatore magistrum.
Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis,
Desidiæ sors dura manet, graviorque labore
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala somnia mentis.
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ guadia mensæ,
Nunc loca sola placent; frustra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.
Omnia pereurro trepidus, circum omnia lustro
Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogi
Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans,
Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat.
Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fœcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.
Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis, [sens
Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus
Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce;
Non, operum serie seriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam.

IMITATION OF THE ABOVE, BY MR. MURPHY.

KNOW YOURSELF.

(AFTER REVISING AND ENLARGING THE ENGLISH LEXICON, OR DICTIONARY.)

When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabric rise,
He curs'd the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long,
And if, enrag'd he cried, Heav'n meant to shed
Its keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write lexicons in endless woe!
Yes, you had cause, great genius, to repent;
"You lost good days, that might be better spent;
You well might grudge the hours of ling'ring pain,
And view your learned labours with disdain.

[1] See Gent. Mag. Vol. VIII. p. 156; and see also the Introduction to Vol. LIV.

[1] See Scaliger's Epigram on this subject, communicated without doubt by Dr. Johnson, Gent. Mag. 1748. p. 8.

To you were given the large expanded mind,
The flame of genius, and the taste refin'd.
'Twas yours on eagle wings aloft to soar,
And amidst rolling worlds the great First Cause explore:
To fix the eras of recorded time,
And live in ev'ry age and ev'ry clime; [cause;
Record the chiefs, who propt their country's
Who founded empires, and establish'd laws;
To learn whate'er the sage with virtue fraught,
Whate'er the Muse of moral wisdom taught.
These were your quarry; these to you were known,
And the world's ample volume was your own.
Yet, warn'd by me, ye pigmy wits, beware,
Nor with immortal Scaliger compare.
For me, though his example strike my view,
Oh! not for me his footsteps to pursue.
Whether first Nature, unpropitious, cold,
This clay compounded in a ruder mould;
Or the slow current, loit'ring at my heart,
No gleam of wit or fancy can impart;
Whate'er the cause, from me no numbers flow,
No visions warm me, and no raptures glow.
A mind like Scaliger's, superior still,
No grief could conquer, no misfortune chill.
Though for the maze of words his native skies
He seem'd to quit, 'twas but again to rise;
To mount once more to the bright source of day,
And view the wonders of th' etherial way.
The love of fame his gen'rous bosom fir'd:
Each Science hail'd him, and each Muse inspir'd.
For him the sons of learning trimm'd the bays,
And nations grew harmonious in his praise.
My task perform'd, and all my labours o'er,
For me what lot has Fortune now in store?
The listless will succeeds, that worst disease,
The rack of indolence, the sluggish ease.
Care grows on care, and o'er my aching brain
Black Melancholy pours her morbid train.
No kind relief, no lenitive at hand,
I seek at midnight clubs, the social band; [spires,
But midnight clubs, where wit with noise con-
Where Comus revels, and where wine inspires,
Delight no more: I seek my lonely bed,
And call on Sleep to sooth my languid head.
But Sleep from these sad lids flies far away;
I mourn all night, and dread the coming day.
Exhausted, tir'd, I throw my eyes around,
To find some vacant spot on classic ground;
And soon, vain hope! I form a grand design;
Languor succeeds, and all my pow'rs decline.
If Science open not her richest vein,
Without materials all our toil is vain.
A form to rugged stone when Phidias gives,
Beneath his touch a new creation lives.
Remove his marble, and his genius dies;
With Nature then no breathing statue vies.
Whate'er I plan, I feel my pow'rs confin'd
By Fortune's frown and penury of mind.
I boast no knowledge glean'd with toil and strife,
That bright reward of a well-acted life.
I view myself, while reason's feeble light
Shoots a pale glimmer through the gloom of night,
While passions, errour, phantoms of the brain,
And vain opinions, fill the dark domain;
A dreary void, where fears and grief combin'd
Waste all within, and desolate the mind.

What then remains? Must I in slow decline
To mute inglorious ease old age resign?
Or, bold ambition kindling in my breast,
Attempt some arduous task? Or, were it best
Brooding o'er lexicons to pass the day,
And in that labour drudge my life away?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE.

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

Fateris ergo, quod populus solet
Crepare vecors, nil sapientiam
Prodesse vitæ, literasque;
In dubiis dare terga rebus.

Tu, queis laborat sors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
Te mille succorum potentem
Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpesque, languescisque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum,
Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti; vetustas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem querelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO,

March 8, 1771.

Tertii verso quater orbe lustri,
Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male litteratos
Sera voluptas!
Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis stupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?
Inter æquales, sine felle liber,
Codices, veri studiosus, inter
Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
Gaudia gratus.
Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At seni fluxo sapienter uti
Tempore restat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

Parva quidem regio, sed religione priorum
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces
Dicitur, et vanos dedocuisse deos.
Hue ego delatus placido per cærula cursu,
Scire locus volui quid daret iste novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.

Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,
Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere sub antris,
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.
Mollia non desunt vacuæ solatia vitæ
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.
Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ
Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.
Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus
Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis
Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod sacrifici versavit fœmina libros?
Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,
Hic secura quies, hic et honestus amor.

SKIA.

Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem,
Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe latescere.
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum
Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter;
Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus;
Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

ODE DE SKIA INSULA.

Permeo terras ubi nuba rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurique fumis
Fœda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor nostri, fideique solvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skæ

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

Hora sic peragit citata cursum;
Sic diem sequitur dies fugacem!
Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
Spes ludit stolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit, miseros ludens homullos.

VERSUS,

COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS INSCRIBENDI.

Perpetui, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

AD FŒMINAM QUANDAM GENEROSAM [illegible] LIBERTATIS CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

Liber ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

Hora perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

Quas navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

Quot vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

Εἰς ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ[1].

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρώην χαίρουσα γράφοντα
Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
Καὶ βίον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψης θανάτοιο βέλεσσι,
Σοῦ ποτε γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ἘΛΙΣΣΗΣ περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Ἀινίγμα[2].

Τῇ κάλλυς δυνάμει τὶ τέλος; Ζεὺς πάντα δεδωκὼν
Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτῷ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῷ.
Ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὄναρ, θεῖός ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὅμηρος,
Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητοὺς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν Ὄναρ.
Ζεὺς μοῦνος φλογόεντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῷ,
Ὄμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις ὀϊστὰ φέρει.

IN ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides descendere somnia narrat;
Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;
Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

[1] The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

[2] The lady on whom these verses, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

O qui benignus crimina ignoscis, pater
Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,
Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
Sterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

Per vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præsenti me tueare pater!
Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur;
Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.
Sic pomigam tua jussa libens, accinctus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam sic moriarque tibi.

Me, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,
Quem mœstum et timidum crimina dira gravant;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente serena,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et quo me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[Dec. 5, 1784[2].]

Sumus Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
Quem nil vafrities peccantum subdola celat;
Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes
Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor:
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet:
Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,
Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit!

PSALMUS CXVII.

Anni qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolum perpetuo colunt
Quovis sanguine cretæ
Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,
Omnes undique gentes,
Sancto dicito carmine.

---

[2]Sed te sæva sitis, levitas sive improba fecit,
Musca, mea comitem, participemque dapis,
Bone metum, rostrum fidens immitte culullo,
Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,
Carpe diem, fugit, heu non revocanda dies!

[1] This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy; the first, of that, beginning, "O God, whose nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.

[2] The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time; and eight days before his decease.

[3] The above is a version of the song, "Busy, curious, thirsty fly."

Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æstas,
Eheu, quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!
Olim præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

---

[1] Habeo, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

---

[2]*E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO EXCERPTUM.*

Nunc, per gramina fusi,
Densâ fronde salicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.
Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,
Nunc rescire priora,
Nunc instare futuris,
Nunc summi prece sanctâ
Patris numen adire est.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel spe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

[1] These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be, "On the monument of John of Doncaster;" which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;
What I spent that I had;
What I left that I lost.

[2] These lines are a translation of part of a song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the Sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an ozier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter!
Where in a dike,
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are still contented.
Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

[1] Quisquis iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Speluncæ latè Thamesis prætendit opacæ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Christallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendit, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum;
Ingredere O! rerum purâ cole mente parentem;
Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
Ingredere! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum!
Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ; hic, *Marmonti* pectore prima
Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Bas. Ann. 1549.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi esti, patria clara virûm.
Arte valent isti, mihi robo revivere solo est,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

Quandoquidem passim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

Pectore qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,
Labraque constrictus, semesos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

Fert humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

Qui, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris
Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

Sit tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.

[1] The above lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave."

Br. 18.

Ad Musas Venus hæc; Veneri paretę puellæ,
In vos ne missus spiculâ tendat amor.
Hæc Musæ ad Venerem; sic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Br. 19.

Prospera sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat sordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Br. 23.

Hora bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit:
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.

Br. 24.

Nunquam jugera messibus onusta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ satis est, peto, *Macrine*,
Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.

Br. 25.

Non opto aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

Recta ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est:
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

Tu neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,
Nec probrosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collacrymansque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

Nil non mortale est mortalibus, omne quod est hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

Democrite, invisas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

Elige iter vitæ ut possis: rixisque dolisque
Perstrepit omne forum; cera molesta domi est.

ura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes;
Pauperias misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cœlebs omnia solus ages. [est
Soles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ
Virtus, cauties cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

Dirige iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura; levat maris aspera Lucrum,
Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus:
Pauperies lati at, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cœlebs impediere minus;
Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.
Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,
Aut periisse; scatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

Vita omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

Quæ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera terras,
Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.
Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

Terram adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.
Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

Natus eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo:
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum.
Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Br. 29.

Quisquis adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

Felix ante alios nullius debitor æris,
Hunc sequitur cœlebs; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
Quales sint monades, quâ fit inane, sinas.

Br. 31.

Optarit quicunque senex sibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.
Cum procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,
Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

Omnis vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

Gratia ter grata est velox, sin forte moretur,
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

Seu prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poscentibus
abnue nobis.

Br. 60.

Me, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce canis!

Br. 70.

Telluri, arboribus ver frondens, sidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

Br. 75.

Impia facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

Antiope satyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Br. 92.

Ævi sat novi quam sim brevis; astra tuenti,
Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

Quod nimium est sit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror inest.

Br. 103.

Puppe gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum;
Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

Ditescis, credo, quid restat? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miserum sors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

VITÆ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morsus, restinctâ lampade, stultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere desinitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius absimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus,
Dario magno non minus ille potest.

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque
Si Phœbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent;
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam: stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, pleba salus.

Br. 304.

ET ferus est Timon sub terris: janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morsu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc vocis, flos hic pulcherrimus ævi est,
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

ZOSIMA, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fui.

Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus insit,
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque lrus, curaque summa Deûm.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendaris; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit Olympum,
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati; domus hospita nescit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

Br. 487.

CUM fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium

EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente,
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

PULCHRA est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, servatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

FERT humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius horos
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

FORMA animos hominum capit, at, si gratia desit,
Non tenet; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

COGITAT aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa strepit.

BUCCINA disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit
Quæ lyra, quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

MENTE senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda senex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

EXCEPTÆ hospitio musæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

STELLA mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

CLARA Cheroneæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc statuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces;
Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipse tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.

PROLEM Hippi et sua quâ meliorem secula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum soboiem, nuptam, matrem, atque sororem
Fecerunt nulli sors titulique gravem.

Cecropidis gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis.
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et armâ premunt.
Sint Demosthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.

Floribus in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

Murem Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi?
Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

Sæpe tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

Arti ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, supplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
Munera muneribus, si retulere fabri.

Illa triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

Crethida fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami;
Blandam lanifici sociam sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

Dicite, Causidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

Si forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETI.

Me, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
Quo, lege vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E THEOCRITO.

Poeta, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

Non immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm væcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus claris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit.
Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολοιγὸς ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι μάνυται
Καὶ τοῖος, Παφίην πολλὸν ἐρωῒ Θεάν.

The above is a version of a Latin epigram on the famous John duke of Marlborough by the abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis:
Haud alio, Cypriam percurit ore Deam.

The duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

Prima parit terras ætas, siccatque secunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia: quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta supersit;
Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

---

[1] His Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem,
Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem [2].

[1] To the above Lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment) in the doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, Geographia Metrica. As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, A new Survey of the Globe, and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done.—For the convenience of the reader it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's works, to that in doctor Johnson's verses which refers to it.

[2] In this first article that is versified, there is

Myrias[3] Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
Myrias adsciscit sibi nonagesima septem
Imperium quæ Turca[4] ferox exercet iniquum.
Undecies binas decadas et millia septem
Sortitur[5] Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit
Pastor[5] Arabs; decies octo sibi Persa[6] requirit.
Myriades sibi pulchra duas duo millia poscit
Parthenope[5]. Novies vult tellus mille Sicana[6].
Papa[7] suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus[8].
Centuriâ Ligures[9] augent duo millia quartâ.
Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca[10] secundæ.
Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi
Russia[11], myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
Sardiniam[12] cum sexcentis sex millia complent.
Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra[13] colendas.
Vult sibi vicenas millesima myrias addi,
Vicenis quinas, Asiam[14] metata celebrem.
Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa[15] doctæ.
Myriadas septem decies Europa[16] ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.
Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis[17].
Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque Anglia[18] nectit
Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne[19],

an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

3 The square miles in Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

4 The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 square miles.

5 In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verses are alike. We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be set down at 7,220 square miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Persia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

6 Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

7 The Pope's dominions, at 14,868.

8 Tuscany, at 6,640.

9 Genoa, in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is set down at 2,400.

10 Lucca, at 186.

11 The Russian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,303,485 square miles.

12 Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

13 The habitable world in Templeman, is computed in square miles, at 30,666,806 square miles.

14 Asia, at 10,257,487.

15 Africa, at 8,506,208.

16 Europe, at 2,749,349.

17 The British dominons, at 104,634.

18 England, as likewise in Johnson's expression; of the number, at 49,450.

19 Ireland, at 27,457.

Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget
Millia Belga[20] novem.
Ter sex centurias Hollandia[20] jactat opima
Undecimum Camber[20] vult septem millibus addi.

EPITAPHS.

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1. *AT LICHFIELD.*

H. S. E.

MICHAEL JOHNSON.

Vir impavidus, constans, animosus, periculorum immemor, laborum patientissimus; fiduciâ Christianâ fortis, fervidusque, pater familias apprimè strenuus; bibliopola admodum peritus; mente et libris et negotiis exculta; animo ita firmo, ut, rebus adversis diu conflictatus, nec sibi nec suis defuerit: lingua sic temperata, ut ei nihil quod aures, vel pias, vel castas læsisset, aut dolor, vel voluptas unquam expresserit.

Natus Cubleiæ, in agro Derbiensi, anno MDCLVI. obiit MDCCXXXI.

Apposita est SARA, conjux,

Antiqua FORDORUM gente oriunda; quam domi sedulam, foris paucis notam; nulli molestam, mentis acumine et judicii subtilitate præcellentem; aliis multum, sibi parum indulgentem: Æternitati semper attentam, omne fere virtutis nomen commendavit.

Nata Nortoniæ Regis, in agro Varvicensi, anno MDCLXIX; obiit MDCCLIX.

Cum NATHANAELE illorum filio, qui natus MDCCXII, cum vires, et animi, et corporis multa pollicerentur, anno MDCCXXXVII, vitam brevem piâ morte sinivit.

---

2. *AT BROMLEY, IN KENT.*

Hic conduntur reliquiæ
ELIZABETHÆ
Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,
Peatlingæ, apud Leicestrienses, ortæ;
Formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ, piæ;
Uxoris, primis nuptiis, HENRICI PORTER,
Secundis, SAMUELIS JOHNSON;
Qui multum amatam, diuque defletam
Hoc lapide contexit.
Obiit Londini, mense Mart.
A. D. MDCCLIII.

20 In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

3. *IN WATFORD CHURCH.*

Is the vault below are deposited the remains of
JANE BELL, wife of JOHN BELL, esq.
who, in the fifty-third year of her age,
surrounded with many worldly blessings,
heard, with fortitude and composure truly great,
the incurable malady, which had for some time
begun to afflict her,
pronounced incurable;
and for more than three years,
endured with patience and concealed with decency,
the daily tortures of gradual death;
continued to divide the hours not allotted to devotion, between the cares of her family, and the converse of her friends;
rewarded the attendance of duty,
and acknowledged the offices of affection;
and while she endeavoured to alleviate by cheerfulness, her husband's sufferings and sorrows,
increased them by her gratitude for his care,
and her solicitude for his quiet.

To the memory of these virtues,
more highly honoured as more familiarly known,
this monument is erected by
JOHN BELL.

'She died in the month of October, 1771.'

4. *IN STREATHAM CHURCH.*

Juxta sepulta est

HESTER MARIA SALISBURY,

THOMÆ COTTON de Combermere,
Baronetti, Cestriensis, Filia;
JOHANNIS SALISBURY Armigeri,
Flintiensis, uxor;
Forma felix, felix ingenio,
Omnibus jucunda, suorum amantissima.

Linguis, Artibusque ita exculta
Ut loquenti nunquam deessent
Sermonis nitor, sententiarum flosculi,
Sapientiæ gravitas, leporis gratia.
Quidum servandi adeo perita
Ut domestica inter negotia literis
Oblectaretur,
Et literarum inter delicias rem
Familiarem sedulo curaret.
Multis illi multos annos præsentibus
Diri carcinomatis [1] veneno contabuit,
Viribusque vitæ paulatim resolutis
E terris meliora sperans emigravit.
Nata 1707, Nupta 1739, Obiit 1771.

5. *IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,
Sive Risus essent movendi
Sive Lacrymæ.
Affectuum potens et lenis Dominator
Ingenio sublimis — Vividus Versatilis
Oratione grandis nitidus Venustus
Hoc Monumentum Memorum curavit
Sodalium Amor
Amicorum Fides
Lectorum Veneratio
Natus Hiberniæ Forneiæ Longfordiensis
In Loco qui Nomen Pallas
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXXI.
Eblanæ Literis institutus
Obiit Londini
April iv. MDCCLXXIV.

[1] Cancer.

END OF VOL. XVI.

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